

BLACKWOOD'S
Edinburgh
MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVIII.

JULY—DECEMBER, 1830.



WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH;

AND

T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

1830.

EDINBURGH :
PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND COMPANY,
PAUL'S WALK, CANONGATE.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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SOLD ALSO BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND CO. EDINBURGH.



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BEAR-HUNTING.*

ALL men who are eloquent on the cruelty of hunting, beat their wives. That is a general rule, admitting of no exceptions. There is another. All men who stammer on the cruelty of hunting, are beaten by their wives. Fortunately these classes are not numerous, otherwise we should be a cock-pecked and hen-pecked generation. Humanity, in the long run, rejoices in pursuing unto the death, on foot or horseback, lions, tigers, bears, wolves, hyenas, foxes, marts, and hares. Were you to talk to himself of the cruelty of killing a lion, he would stun you with a roar of derision—to a tiger, his stripes would wax blacker and brighter in contempt—to a bear, he would hug you to his heart, as the choicest of all imaginable ninnies—to a wolf, he would suspect you of being a man-trap—to a hyena, he would laugh in your face—to a fox, he would give you such a brush as you never had in your life—to a mart, he would look so sweet upon you that you would be scented like a milliner—to a hare, he would prick up his ears in vain emulation of the length of your own, and wonder to see an ass among the Bipedes. They all perfectly well know that they were made to be hunted—that they are provided, to fit them for that end, with certain organs and members, which otherwise would be, comparatively speaking, of little or no use, and would get so rusty, that

ere long the creatures would be almost incapable of locomotion, and would absolutely die of fat—the most cruel death in all the catalogue. Therefore, let Sir John Brute and Jerry Sneak henceforth—on the subject of hunting—belong to the dumb animals.

Lion-hunting and tiger-hunting are merely cat-hunting on a considerably larger scale;—wolf-hunting and fox-hunting are the same modified by climate;—of mart and hare-hunting, more hereafter;—but of bear-hunting it is now our intention to speak, under the guidance and direction of our sporting friend Mr Lloyd, who was born under Ursa Major, and does credit to the celestial sign of Bruin.

The passion of the chase is strong in Mr Lloyd's constitution. It seems for years to have been his ruling passion, and to have made him a perfect model of perpetual motion. But like all other passions, ruling or ruled, it can be thrown off *ad libitum* by a strong-bodied, strong-minded man. All of them, we hold, are in our own power, and at our own disposal. True, that while they are at their acme they hurry us away like whirlwinds. But then they are whirlwinds of our own raising, and we are still the magicians who can either allay the storm, or leap out of it, down upon the soft calm green of tranquillity and peace. Take ambition. You

* Field Sports of the North of Europe, comprised in a Personal Narrative of a Residence in Sweden and Norway, in the Years 1827-8. By L. Lloyd, Esq. London. Colburn and Bentley, 1830. Two Vols.

see the same man mad for power or fame in spring, and in summer lying half-asleep on a hillside, conversing dreamily with the clouds. Take Love. In May, a young gentleman knows of the existence in this world but of one auburn-haired, hazel-eyed, fragile-figured angel, with a slim ankle and small foot—and on the twelfth of August he is flirting with a red-headed Highland goatherdess, supported on pedestals barely human, and the terror of all worms. Just so with any other sport. In Wermeland and Dalecarlia, Mr Lloyd's whole soul was filled with bears. Then and there,

"How easy was a bush supposed a bear!"

In sleep, Bruin hugged him in his arms—awake, Bruin hobbled "before that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude." Between sleeping and waking, one cry was in his ears—"The Bear—the Bear!" And had he died of fever—which, thank Heaven, he did not—he would have confounded his medical and religious attendants—both alike ghostly—with apostrophes to Bruin. Occasionally the violence of his passion was a little relieved by a slight and transient change of its object—a wolf, for example, a lynx, a capercaillie, or a salmon. But we defy any man to cherish a permanent passion for a wolf. 'Tis a dirty, dingy-coloured, lean, hungry, cruel, cowardly brute, whom 'twould be paying an undeserved compliment to kill otherwise than in a pitfall, into which no sooner does the villain play plump, than his base heart dies within him; he coils himself up like a sick turnspit, pretends for a while to be a carcass, and, ere long, is so, out of pure, filthy bodily fear. As for your lynx, he is a person with whom we have little or no acquaintance; but, though sharp-sighted enough, we believe, he seems to be an insignificant devil; if not really scarce, he generally contrives to make himself so; and it is not to be supposed that a man of Mr Lloyd's abilities would give himself the trouble to pursue such a pitiful individual. Of the capercaillie on his pine, and of the salmon in his pool, heaven forbid that we should ever speak in any other terms but those of the highest respect and admiration. But

the feathered and the finned people, the one dwelling in air, and the other in water, do not readily enter into the same day or night-dream with the bear, to whom they have little, indeed no resemblance, but are entitled—each *per se*—to the whole of our imagination. Accordingly, though, throughout these most amusing and interesting volumes, they do now and then whirr from the forests and plunge in the floods, the bear is the prevailing, paramount, and predominant object of our friend's passion. He scampers in every paragraph, and gives up the ghost at the end of every chapter. The whole work is delightfully redolent of hides and tallow; and so full is our fancy at this moment of images of bears, that the very hands now tracing this rambling article, seem covered with hair,—

"Vory paws, as you might say;"

and most alarming would they be, were they to squeeze the "downy fist," and encircle the tender waist, of a virgin in the Gallopade.

There is something exceedingly contemptible in visiting, now-a-days, France and Italy, Paris and Rome. The talk of such tourists is *versch* indeed—nay, young gentlemen are tiresome at table who have gone up or down the Rhine. All the world and his wife have visited all the cities in Europe. But give us for our love and money, a man like Mr Lloyd, a gentleman, a scholar, and a sportsman, who has swept on *shidor* through the frozen forests of Scandinavia. Snow is inspiring, and ice bracing to the nerves of the soul; in narrating adventures in such a clime and country, a man's style gets as glowing and ruddy as his cheeks—as rapid as the motion of his limbs on snow-skates;—in writing about bears, he leaps over a chasm with as much agility as in hunting them—and his reader never falls asleep, so anxious is he to be in at the death.

As for picturesque description of scenery, our author seems to have lost no time in looking at it, and he loses none in describing it; but he gives us many striking touches as he moves along, and at the close of the volume, we feel that our imagination has been enriched with materials out of which to form to itself Scandinavian forest scenery at once singular and magnificent. Some

night-bivouacks are painted with great spirit.

We admire Mr Lloyd. He is a fine specimen of an English gentleman, bold, free, active, intelligent, observant, good-humoured, and generous,—no would-be wit—no paltry painter of the picturesque,—above all, no pedant and philosopher, forsooth—like your paid and professional vagrants, who go up and down untry book-making, and article-mongering to order, haunted all the while by the image of some far-off editor or publisher, and living at inns like bagmen, at the rate of two guineas a-sheet. Mr Lloyd's mind was wholly engrossed by his own wild and adventurous Scandinavian life; but when it was flown, he then began to lead it over again in imagination,—and, to ! “Field Sports of the North of Europe”

Mr Lloyd, it appears, was four years wandering over almost all parts of Scandinavia. In the summer of 1827, he lived at some eighty miles to the northward of Carlstad, a town situated at the northern extremity of the noble lake Wenern, among the largest and finest in Europe. The province of Wermeland is about a hundred and fifty miles in length, by one hundred in breadth, containing about 150,000 inhabitants. The more northern parts are hilly, mountainous, almost one continued forest—studded with numerous fine lakes, and watered by several large streams. Of the multitude of lakes we may form some idea, from the parish of Tuna in Norrland, which is commonly said to contain as many lakes as there are days in the year. Throughout the whole range which separates Sweden from Norway, nature assumes a most imposing aspect, and is sometimes seen on a magnificent scale.

There the winter is most severe, the snow usually remaining on the ground six months; but the summers are, in general, excessively warm, and vegetation proportionately rapid and rich. The principal river in Wermeland is the Klar, which, rising in the Norwegian mountains, after a course of three hundred miles, falls into the Wenern, near Carlstad. Mr Lloyd fixed his residence at a small hamlet, called Stjern, near the Klar, and on the bank of a lake eight or

nine miles long, the Råda. He occupied a single room, twenty feet square, in a peasant's cottage. Its great comfort was a large open fireplace or hearth—much needed—for on one occasion, when a friend had paid him a visit from Stockholm, some portwine, which he had brought along with him, and over which they had been enjoying themselves—as was right—in a sort of *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, till past midnight—Temperance Societies would not do there—was next morning frozen into so solid a mass, that they were unable to get a drop of it out of the bottles. Here he soon formed the friendship of Mr Falk, head-ranger or chief hunting-master of the Wermeland forests, which title alone would have given him the rank of a captain in the Swedish army. But in addition to this, and in consequence of his meritorious services in having ridded the country of very many noxious animals, he had received the honorary title of Hof Jägmästare, or Hunting-master to the Court, which put him on the footing of a colonel. He was a tall and handsome man, about forty years of age; his appearance, with which his actions fully accorded, denoting him to be possessed of great quickness and intelligence. In the different *shalls*, or battues, which he had commanded, he had killed, many of them with his own gun, 100 bears—but in all his conflicts never had received a wound. This gentleman found Mr Lloyd an apt scholar; and under his tuition the Englishman soon became as good a chasseur as in all Sweden. Mr Lloyd gives many interesting details of the domestic economy and character of the Swedish peasantry; and his volumes are well worth buying for the sake of these alone; but at present we have less to do with the boors than the bears—and therefore must forget our landlord, Sven Jansson, though somewhat of a bear himself, for sake of the veritable Bruin.

But one moment of dogs. Mr Lloyd had three:—Brunette, with pricked ears, and, but for her tail, which turned over her back, like a fox. She was a great coward, and frightened almost out of her senses at the sight or smell of a wild beast, but incomparable at capercailzie. Hector was black, with ears pricked, tail curled, and in appearance a cur,

Mr Lloyd purchased him in Norway, from a celebrated bear-hunter, named Daniel Anderson, residing at a place called Tissjöberget, who said he had killed in his day sixty bears, and thirteen of them with the aid of Hector. But Mr Lloyd had to exclaim—

“*Hec quantum mutatus ab illo
Hectore!*”

For he by no means turned out the capital dog his master's representation had led him to expect. The third was Pajjas, or Harlequin,—of a good size, very strongly built, and, with the exception of his toes, which were white, he was of a coal-black colour,—his ears were pricked,—and his tail, which was bushy, he usually carried much in the manner of a fox, while his countenance depicted, and truly, a great deal of courage. He, too, was a Norwegian, and presented to Mr Lloyd by Mr Falk. But he was old, and somewhat worn, and now incapable of great exertion, though in his younger days, a better dog for bears had never been seen in that part of Sweden. In his puppyhood, the first time he saw a bear, he flew at his head, and attempted to fasten, but was seized in the iron paws of the brute, and dashed with violence on the snow; his master, at that time a celebrated chasseur, came to the rescue; but Harlequin ever after tempered his courage with caution, and would hang on the hind-quarters of Bruin, worrying him for leagues through the woods. Such were Mr Lloyd's four-footed friends, with the two latter of which he did wonders. At one time, that noble animal, the Elk, abounded in all parts of Scandinavia. But Mr Lloyd tells us it is now seldom to be seen, and then only in particular districts—the line of demarcation running between Sweden and Norway a hundred miles to the northward of his abode. Roebuck and red-deer are there, too, to be found; and rein-deer are still numerous in the north, Mr Lloyd having fallen in with them in a wild state, as well upon the Hardanger and Dovre mountains in Norway, as upon the range of hills separating Swedish from Norwegian Lapland. But now for bears.

A bear is a fine fellow—whether white, black, brown, or grizzled—pugnacious, voracious, salacious, and sa-

gacious;—at times full of fun and frolic as O'Doherty—next hour grave as the Archbishop of Canterbury;—to-day feeding contentedly, like Sir Richard Phillips, on vegetables—to-morrow, like any alderman, devouring an ox. Always rough and ready, his versatility is beyond all admiration. Behold him for months sound asleep, as if in church—he awakes, and sucks his paw: with alacrity and elegance—then away over the snows like a hairy hurricane. He richly deserves hunting for the highest considerations—and for the lowest, only think on—Pomatum.

The Scandinavian bear—generally a dark brown—but frequently black, and then he is largest—and sometimes silver—for you seldom see two skins altogether alike—is, as we have hinted, fond of flesh; but auts and vegetables compose his principal food. Indeed, that excellent authority, Mr Falk, very justly observes, that an animal which is able to devour a moderate-sized cow in twenty-four hours, would, if flesh formed the chief part of its sustenance, destroy all the herds in the country. He thinks that the destruction which the bear commits upon cattle is often owing to the latter attacking him in the first instance; for, when provoked by the bellowing and pursuit of him, which not unfrequently commence as soon as they get a view of him, he then displays his superior strength, falls foul of them, and eats them up before sunset. Bears, Mr Falk says, may reside in the neighbourhood of cattle for years without doing them any injury, if they will but keep quiet; yet it is equally notorious that they will sometimes visit herds solely from the desire of prey. Young bears seldom molest cattle; but old bears, after having been insulted by them, and eaten a few, often become very destructive, and passionately fond of beef. Beef every day, however, palls on the palate of a bear, just as *ton-jours perdrix* did on that of Henry the Fourth of France. Accordingly, he varies his diet judiciously, by an intermixture of roots, the leaves and small branches of the aspen, mountain-ash, and other trees, such succulent plants as angelica and mountain-thistle, and berries, to which he is very partial—during the autumn devouring vast quantities of ripe cranberries, blaberries, raspberries,

strawberries, cloud-berries, and other berries common to the Scandinavian forests; and there can be no doubt that in a garden he would be an ugly customer among the grozets. Ripe corn he also eats, and seating himself on his haunches in a field of it, he collects, with his outstretched arms, nearly a sheaf at a time—what a contrast to Ruth!—and munches the ears at his leisure. By way of condiment, he sucks honey—plundering the peasants of their beehives; and, to subdue the excess of sweetness, he ever and anon takes a mouthful of ants, of which the taste is known to all amateurs of acids to be pungent. “If any of these little creatures,” quoth Professor Nillson, “sting him in a tender part, he becomes angry immediately, and scatters around the whole ant-hill.” That is scarcely decorous in a “budge doctor of the stoic fur;” but it is good exercise, and promotes digestion. Mr Lloyd says, “This may be perfectly true, for all I know to the contrary; if so, however, I apprehend the bear is generally in an ill-humour with the ants; because, wherever I have met with any of their nests at which the bear had been feeding, they had most commonly been turned inside out.” On the other hand, when a bear gets old, grows sick, and dies, the ants pay him back in his own coin; and, without getting angry, pick him—pomatum and all—to the bones. This, in Scandinavia—as elsewhere—is called tit for tat.

During the summer, of course, the bear is always as lean as a post—but in autumn, as fat as a pillow. He is not often found in poor hilly countries, but in the wildest recesses of the forest, where there are morasses and wild wood-fruit in abundance. These are his favourite haunts. Towards the end of October, he leaves off eating altogether for that year; his bowels and stomach become quite empty, and contracted into a very small compass, while the extremity of them is closed by an indurated substance, which in Sweden is called *tappen*. He retires to his den, and very wisely falls asleep. Professor Nillson avers he gets fatter and fatter in his slumbers on to the end of February; but Mr Lloyd is sceptical on that point; be-

cause, says he, “in the first place, it seems contrary to reason; and, in the next, I do not know how the point is to be ascertained.” Here we take part with the hunter against the Professor; yet one thing is certain, that, let the bear be killed at what period of the winter he may, our gentleman or lady is always *embonpoint*, nor can you feel his ribs. He retains his fat from the time he lies down in the early part of winter, till he rises in spring; and that is surely as much, if not more, than you can have any reason to expect. As spring approaches, he shakes off his lethargy—parts with his *tappen*—and enters on a new career of cows, ants, branches, plants, honey, berries, and corn. Rarely—and but very rarely—he passes his *tappen* during winter—and then he becomes a scarecrow. At first his stomach is nice, and he eats sparingly—not more, perhaps, than a large dog; confining himself to ants and other delicacies, till his stomach has resumed its natural tone, and then he devours almost every thing edible that comes in his way, according to his usual practice during the preceding autumn.

The story of the bear sucking his paws for nourishment, Mr Lloyd justly says, has long since been exploded; but still he does suck his paws—and the question is—Why? Mr Lloyd says, he has reason to believe that the bear obtains a new skin on the balls of his feet during the winter. If, therefore, he does suck his paws—and there is generally some truth in all old beliefs—may it not be done, he asks, for the purpose of facilitating this operation of nature? We think it is very likely so. Some tame bears in our author’s possession, were constantly sucking or mumbling their paws; the operation, which was often continued for hours together, being attended with a murmuring kind of noise, which might be heard at some distance. In consequence of this, their legs or feet were covered with saliva, or rather foam, which by ignorant people might not improbably be taken for the milk which it was at one time said the bear was in the habit of extracting from his paws. But it was not the want of food that caused Mr Lloyd’s bears to be so continually mouthing, for they were seen to be thus en-

gaged most commonly immediately after they had been fed.

It is a calumny against the cubs to assert, that when first born they are misshapen lumps, which the mother licks into form. They are no more misshapen lumps than the young of other animals—say man—but “bears in miniature.” The lady-mother bear is generally confined about the end of January, or in the course of February, and has from one to four at a birth. She suckles her progeny until summer is well advanced; and should she happen to be *enceinte* again in the same year, she does not suffer her former cubs to share her den next winter, but prepares quarters for them in the neighbourhood, within an easy walk. The succeeding summer, however, she is followed by both litters, who pass the ensuing winter all together in the mother’s den. Some people have talked of seeing thirty bears in one squad scampering through the Swedish woods. But they are not gregarious; and such tales are either lies altogether, or a double family, with Madame Mère at their head, amounting, perhaps, to some half dozen souls, have been multiplied by wonder into a whole regiment.

The bear is a fast and good swimmer—quite a Byron. In hot weather he bathes frequently, and runs about to dry himself in the air and sun, just like an Edinburgh citizen on the beach at Portobello. All the world knows he is a capital climber, and like ourselves, or any other rational animal, on descending trees or precipices, always comes down backwards. In a natural state he walks well on his hind-legs, and in that position can carry the heaviest burdens. Professor Nillson, erudite in bears, says, that he has been seen walking on his hinder feet along a small tree that stretched across a river, bearing a dead horse in his fore-paws. He is very fleet—continues to grow until his twentieth, and lives until his fiftieth year. The Scandinavian bear occasionally attains to a very great size. Mr Lloyd killed one that weighed four hundred and sixty pounds—and as it was in the winter-time, when his stomach was contracted, he was probably lighter by fifty or sixty pounds than he would have been during the autumnal months. The Pro-

fessor speaks of one that, when slung on a pole, ten men could with difficulty carry a short distance, and that weighed, he thinks, not less than seven hundred and fifty pounds English. It was killed during the autumnal months; and it had so enormous a stomach, as almost to resemble a cow in calf. After receiving several balls, he dashed at the cordon of people who surrounded him, and severely wounded seven of them in succession—one, in thirty-seven different places, and so seriously in the head that his brains were visible. One of Mr Falk’s under-keepers assured Mr Lloyd, that he had killed even much larger, the fat of which alone weighed one hundred pounds—and its wrists were so immense, that with both of his own two huge hands, he was unable to span either of them by upwards of an inch. “It was,” says Mr Lloyd, “a Daniel Lambert among his species,”—or rather an Irish giant. The powers of such animals must be indeed tremendous—for as the Swedes say, “together with the wit of one man, he has the strength of ten.” Sometimes they climb on to the roofs of cow-houses; tear them off; and having thus gained admittance to the inmates, they slaughter and carry them away, by shoving or lifting them through the aperture by which they themselves had entered. Capital *Cracksmen*. Mr Lloyd heard of a bear that, in the agonies of death, thinking he had got his opponent in his arms, hugged a tree, and tore it up by the roots in his fall. Inferior animals he strikes at once with his paws on the fore part of the head, laying bare the whole skull and beating it in; but Mr Lloyd never knew of any case in which a bear either hugged a person in his arms, or struck at him with his forepaw in the same manner as a tiger or a cat. He seems to tumble men down, and then to fasten his teeth in their arms or throat. A Swedish boor alleged, as the reason of this difference in Bruin’s procedure with men and animals, that “he supposed he was forbidden by Providence.” Mr Lloyd gives us many anecdotes of the strength and ferocity of bears. On one occasion a bear dashed in among some cattle, and first dispatching a sheep, slew a well-grown heifer, and carried it over

a strong fence of four or five feet in height into a wood. Having been frightened from his prey, he absconded, and the peasants, felling several trees, placed them over the dead carcass. But Bruin soon returned to the spot, and having by his enormous strength removed the trees, he had not left an ounce of flesh on the bones—and of the bones themselves but a few fragments.

Yet bears seldom—never—eat up the young children that watch the herds. Occasionally they devour a woman; but only when she foolishly attacks them, as in a case recorded by Doctor Mellerlong, who was an eye-witness to a hand, which was all that was left by a bear, of a woman who had chosen to hit him on the head with a billet of wood. Jan Finne, one of Mr Lloyd's Swedish friends, informed him that a bull was attacked by a rather small bear in the forest, when, striking his horns into his assailant, he pinned him against a tree. In this situation they were both found dead; the bull from starvation, and the bear from wounds. A bear is a match for a dozen wolves. Daniel Jansson, one of Mr Lloyd's guides, informed him that once during the chase, when he and his companions were far behind both the bear and a dog that was pursuing him, a drove of five wolves—as they knew by their tracks in the snow—attacked and devoured the dog. They had afterwards attacked the bear, but after a severe conflict, as was apparent from the state of the snow, and the quantity of hair both from the bear and the wolves that was lying about the place, the bear came off victorious, and was afterwards killed by the hunters, with his skin useless from the bites of the wolves. Jan Finne mentioned two instances of bears having been killed by wolves—in the one case, seven wolves, and in the other, eleven, having been engaged in the combat. From the immense powers of the bear, if his hind-quarters were protected, as in his den, Mr Lloyd thinks he would be a match for at least a score of wolves. He frequently attacks horses. With one of his terrible paws the ferocious brute keeps his hold of the poor horse, while with the other, he retards his progress by grasping at the trees. He thus destroys—and then devours

him. Sometimes the bear, by grasping with one of his paws at the surrounding trees, as he is carried along by the wounded horse, tears them up by the roots. But if the tree stands fast, so does the horse—such is the enormous power of the bear's muscular arm. That a bear should run down a horse, seems strange; but Swedish horses are often not very speedy, and doubtless lose their senses through fear. The bear never uses his teeth till he brings his victim down; but strikes him on the back and sides with his dreadful paws as if with a sledge hammer. Bears are often killed by the hunters, with their faces disfigured apparently by the kicks of horses. The wounds inflicted by bears on cattle are hideous. In the back and neck of a horse, Mr Lloyd saw holes of such a size, that he could have buried both his hands in them; and he has heard of the whole of the hind-quarters of a cow or a horse having been actually devoured, and yet the poor creatures found alive.

Such is a slight sketch of the character and common achievements of the Scandinavian bear, whom Mr Lloyd went to hunt in the forests. He thinks, both from personal experience, and from information derived from others, that these animals are exceedingly scarce now throughout Scandinavia; and that should such progressive inroads as have of late years been made in the forest continue, there is a fair chance of the breed being exterminated in the course of another century or two. Formerly they were to be found in all parts of Sweden; now, they are rarely to be heard of in the more southern provinces of that kingdom. They disappear with the great woods. Our countrymen, however, see bears whenever they choose to do so; and never more readily than in those districts where, Mr Lloyd truly says, they have ceased to exist for a century.

Let us suppose ourselves, then, to be along with our clever and spirited friend Mr Lloyd, at Malung, in Dalecarlia, ambitious of capturing and killing the lord of the Scandinavian forests. From the map, we should suppose this place must be some sixty or eighty miles from Stjern—the road, such as it is, lying for the

most part through a wild range of forest, destitute of inhabitants. Near to the hamlet of Ytter, or Lower Malung, where there is a considerable population, the party fell down upon the western branch of the river Dal, which flows almost in a line parallel with the Klar. Between these two streams, the deeply wooded country is more numerously infested with wild beasts than perhaps any other part of Sweden. The governor of the province had ordered a *skall* to take place on the 11th of June, 1827, in consequence of the great devastation which the bears had committed among the horses and cattle in that part of the country. One of these ferocious animals, in particular, (his tracks being known in consequence of his having lost a claw,) killed, it was said, not less than three horses in a single night. Mr Lloyd once saw a trap that had been set for this fellow: a frame of timbers placed over a horse which he had recently destroyed, on the top of which large quantities of stones were laid, so that, in the event of its falling upon him, the weight of it might crush him in pieces. The bear, however, was not to be thus caught; for, instead of making his entry at the mouth of the trap, as had been anticipated, he removed the stones, and broke through the top of it, and thus got possession of the horse without any danger to himself. A *skall* is a battue, implying a number of people acting in concert, and engaged in the chase of wild animals. This one was to be conducted on a very grand scale. It was to be composed of fifteen hundred men, and to embrace, at its first setting out, a tract of country of about sixty miles in circumference. The *skall-plats*, or *skall-place*, was situated on the side of a lake (Vän) about twenty miles to the eastward of Malung. This was an area, in the form of a half circle, the diameter of which might be about two or three hundred paces, marked by a pathway cut through the forest. This pathway was called the *shoot-ing-line*; and for some little distance in advance of it, the underwood, where it happened to be thick, was cleared away, so that the view of the shooter might not be obstructed. On this line, the people, after driving the country before them, were to con-

verge from all points; and within this the *skall* was, of course, to terminate. As the eastern side of the country intended to be embraced by the *skall* was flanked by rivers, lakes, &c.—obstacles which, unless hard-pressed, wild beasts seldom attempt to pass—a large portion of the people were left to form the remainder of the cordon; and in consequence, when first placed in position, it was calculated that they would not be at more than fifty paces apart from each other. In the great range of country to be hunted on this occasion, there were neither lakes nor rivers; the nights were short; and as bears, and other wild beasts, were known to be numerous therabouts, vast slaughter was anticipated. But it appears that the *skall*, though consisting of various divisions, each with its leader, was very badly commanded and conducted. By the laws of Sweden, every house where cattle is kept is required to contribute one man as a contingent to the *skall*; and should a Sunday or other holiday intervene prior to the *skall* taking place, a little before the conclusion of divine worship, a notification is given out from the pulpit, specifying the number of people required, the districts whence they are to come, and the day, hour, and place of rendezvous. Strictly speaking, neither women nor boys ought to form a part of it, but that rule is often transgressed by the boys, and sometimes by the women. "As in most cases," quoth Mr Lloyd, "wild beasts are turned by the shouts of the people, and as the sex in Scandinavia have to the full as good use of their tongues as our fair countrywomen, I am not sure that they are not almost as useful auxiliaries in a *skall* as their male companions. Indeed, if it comes to real fighting, women will often keep their ground on these occasions, and I have heard of instances in which they have come into actual personal conflict with the bear, and conducted themselves in the most gallant manner." Dogs are never allowed in *skalls*, for were they to be at large, they would irritate and annoy the bears to that degree that they would probably break through all obstacles.

The *skall* moved forwards, on the morning of Monday the 11th June, and about mid-day on Wednesday,

approached the skull-plats. Very bad order, however, had been kept, and through wide gaps on the line, many animals made their escape. The line became closer and more regular towards the close of the march—and our author thus describes the result.

“In this new position I had not remained more than a minute or two, when the heavy firing, to my left, evidently rapidly advancing towards me, together with the tremendous shouts of the people, gave me plainly to understand something was coming. In this I was not deceived; for, in a few seconds, a large and noble-looking bear, his head rather erect, and with the fire and spirit of a war-horse in his appearance, dashed at full speed into the small opening of which I have just made mention. His stay there, however, was but momentary; for, seeing probably that the people were too thick on the ground to give him a chance of escape, he wheeled about, and in another instant he was lost in the thicket. In the interim, however, I had time, though without taking any deliberate aim, to discharge both my barrels (a double gun made by John Manton, and a capital one of course); when one or both of my balls, as it was very evident from the growl he gave, took the desired effect: he did not, however, fall at the instant, though, after he had proceeded a few paces, and in that while it was said no person fired at him, he fell to rise no more.

“I now commenced reloading; but I had only got a ball into one of my barrels, when another bear dashed into, and was almost as instantaneously out of, my little opening; so that, by the time I had taken up my gun from the ground and placed it to my shoulder, he was all but out of sight. I fired, however, at random; but, as he was in the thicket and went off, I had no means of ascertaining whether my bullet took effect or the contrary.

“When one considers the apparently unwieldy shape of a bear, the pace that he goes at, if the snow be not very deep upon the ground, is really extraordinary. In this instance, these animals were galloping in every direction within the skull-plats, with the quickness and agility of so many rabbits. For the best of runners to escape from a bear in the open country is totally out of the question; and indeed, were the ground ever so favourable, a man, in the event of an attack, would have to thank his stars if he could manage to get out of his way.

“It was laughable, all this while, to see the peasants, or rather those with firearms; for, on the slightest alarm being

given, their guns were shouldered, and, with their fingers on the triggers, pointed towards the place whence the enemy might be expected to make his appearance. In general, however, there was an expression depicted on their countenances, which looked to me something beyond that of extreme interest; indeed, I am almost inclined to think their ‘over anxiety’ in some instances, converted hares, of which there were numbers running up and down, into bears, and that they fired at the former in consequence. Skalls, however, I should remark, were of rare occurrence in that part of Sweden; and the people were therefore less accustomed to the sight of bears than in some other districts in Scandinavia.

“After a while, and when the firing had ceased along the whole line, that part of the cordon where I was stationed had orders to move forward. At first we had to force our way through an almost impenetrably thick brake, which formed, as it were, a belt within the skull-plats. Subsequently, however, we came to some enclosures deeply intersected with ravines immediately overhanging the Wan lake, from which we might then be at about two hundred and fifty paces distance. We now heard tremendous shouting, and presently afterwards we saw a bear, at some forty or fifty paces from the land, swimming for the opposite side of the lake. Its escape, however, was next to impossible, as, to guard against a circumstance of this kind happening, several boats had been previously stationed on the water; these went in immediate pursuit, when a shot or two through the head presently put the bear *hors de combat*; and subsequently we observed its carcass towed to the land.

“The ground where we now stood was considerably elevated, and commanded a fine prospect of the boundless forest which surrounded us on every side, as well as of the beautiful lake Wan, which lay immediately beneath us. Added to this, the chase by the boats, and the death of the bear in the water, together with the formidable appearance of the fifteen or sixteen hundred armed men who composed the battue, and who, drawn up in the form of a crescent, and attired in as many various costumes as the number of parishes they belonged to, were now fully in view, formed a picture that was both highly interesting and animating.

“In the enclosures were still some small brakes, and these, it may be supposed, we took care to beat very closely, as nothing was more likely than that a wounded bear might have crept into them for shelter. We did not, however, meet with

any of those animals; but, from a close thicket, a lynx, a fine long-legged fellow, nearly as red, and twice as large, as a fox, went off at an awkward gallop. This animal, or at least one of the same species, I had previously seen when we were firing at the bears; but at that time I did not care to waste my powder and shot, when so much better game was on foot. When he first started, he was within about fifteen paces of me, and then I could probably have killed him; but at that time some of the people were in the line of my fire, and I was therefore obliged to let him go off unmolested. When he was at some sixty or seventy paces distance, I sent the contents of both my barrels after him, though, as far as I could judge, without any effect; his escape, however, was next to impossible, for the people at this time were eight or ten deep; so, after running the gauntlet of twenty shots at the least, he was at length slaughtered.

"Thirty or forty hares were still within the cordon, perfectly bewildered with the noise and uproar that was going forward. When, however, we had beaten the few remaining brakes, and ascertained beyond a doubt, that neither bear nor other wild beast was remaining, a war of extermination was carried on against them. Some of these poor animals were knocked on the head as they were running among the legs of the people; whilst others, and by far the greater part, were shot; this indeed was altogether contrary to orders; for, in skulls, no one is permitted to fire, except at bears or other wild beasts. Such shooting, however, I never before witnessed; for, in more than one instance, I saw twelve or fourteen shots fired in succession at the same hare, when within only a few paces of the muzzles of the guns, without its being touched; and after all, I almost suspect more of them died from fright, than in consequence of any actual injury they received.

"By the time all the hares were killed, we had advanced close upon the edge of the water, when, nothing else presenting itself, the skull of course terminated, and the people dispersed.

"The game was now to be collected from the different parts of the skull-plats; this was effected by slinging it on poles, and carrying it on men's shoulders. It was found to consist of a lynx and three bears. It was, however, reported that several bears had been killed during the battue, and secreted by the peasants and others for their own individual benefit. How far this story might be true I know not; though I certainly believed it the less, as I myself was numbered among the delinquents.

"One of the bears, the same that I had at least some hand in killing, was rather a large male; the other two were females. I did not very particularly examine any of them; but, from what I saw, I had reason to suppose that they had only received very few balls; this I should have been surprised at, had I not known what wretched performers the peasants usually are on these occasions, for I have no doubt but that between one and two hundred shots were fired at the bears alone during this particular battue. Their guns, however, and more particularly the locks, are commonly of a very sorry description; and in the course of the day, near to where I stood, I certainly heard as many clicks, or miss-fires, as explosions. At fixed objects, many of the Swedish peasants are capital marksmen; but in general they have little idea of hitting in rapid motion.

"Here was but a sorry return for the loss of time occasioned to fifteen or sixteen hundred men who composed this skull, many of whom, in consequence of residing at long distances, were absent from their homes for five or six days. The expense altogether I heard estimated at about five thousand rix-dollars, or two hundred and fifty pounds of our money, which was no inconsiderable sum in Sweden. I had the skull, however, been as well conducted in the commencement as it seemed to me to be towards the conclusion, I have little doubt, from what I know of that part of the country, that instead of three bears, ten or fifteen of these animals, together with many other wild beasts, might, with every facility, have been slaughtered. In this case the trouble and expense would have been well repaid.

"The bears in this instance died tamely, for I did not hear of their making an attack upon any part of the line; this however, as I have already shown, is not always the case in skulls; for those animals will occasionally dash at the people, when, if not quickly put *hors de combat*, they sometimes do much mischief.

"Neither elks nor wolves were seen, that I am aware of, on this occasion; the former, however, are sometimes to be met with in that part of Dalecarlia; and the latter are rather numerous.

"Some time after the battue was terminated, the game, with the exception of hares, which the peasants were allowed to keep themselves, was sold by public auction. The sale seemed to create a good deal of interest, though but little competition in regard to bidding; for, altogether, it produced the *mearest* trifle. This was the less to be wondered at, as

there were few besides peasants present on this occasion; indeed, with the exception of the Länsmän of the several parishes, and two or three others, I hardly noticed a person at all in the rank of a gentleman.

"When the sale was concluded, the people dispersed, and every one made for his respective home."

In summer skulls, which are generally the most interesting, wide tracts of country, as we have now seen, are often driven, or rather hunted, and a great variety and quantity of game is frequently collected together. Yet they are not certain of success; for as at that season it is not exactly known where a bear or other wild beast is to be found, it is only the suspected part of the forest that can be beaten; and in consequence, a blank day may sometimes occur. Mr Lloyd, on his return home from the summer skull above described, came up with five or six peasants, who were returning from it to Döngsjö, from which they had started on the preceding Sunday morning. The distance from that place to where the skull terminated, could not be less than fifty miles; and thus these poor fellows, independently of the sacrifice of their time, for five whole days, had nearly a hundred miles to travel, without any remuneration. Sometimes they had to travel a still greater distance; and to be absent from home a week or ten days. Yet such seems to be their stupidity and ignorance of the sport, that they do not kill one in ten that would fall a prey to more accomplished rangers. Sixteen hundred North-of-England men, or Highlanders,—witness the *Tinchels* of old,

When the hunter of deer and the warrior trode

To his hills that encircle the sea,—
would have swept the whole forest before them of bears, and wolves, and all other wild animals. But these Dalecarlians seem, with few exceptions, to be clumsy louts, and incapable of discipline, even in an expedition in which they have all an interest, and which has been for ages a national pursuit and pastime. They are miserable marksmen—or rather no marksmen at all—missing bears sitting, and always taken by surprise.

They are all so afraid of shooting one another, that Bruin sometimes breaks through the cordon without a shot being fired; and when they do let bang, it would seem they always shut their eyes, a preliminary process often unnecessary, as the pulling of the trigger is seldom followed either by pluff or explosion. A skull consisting of a score of English poachers, like the Westmoreland Allonbys, would kill more bears than a cordon of a thousand Dalecarlians. In former times, the sport was somewhat better understood; though the details of a skull got up for Frederick the First are, though imposing, rather barren of blood. Many thousand persons used to form those royal skulls—but the result of the greatest we read of, was but some five or six bears, a few wolves, and an elk or two, with some score of hares and such small deer—"great cry and little wool" indeed!

For our own part, we should much prefer a winter skull. Then the extent of country embraced is very limited in comparison, and a smaller number of people—who may be picked—are required. It is ascertained by *ringing* (tholma) where a bear has taken up his quarters in the winter time, and the skull narrows in upon his lair, with almost a certainty of success. Ringing is thus accomplished:—

When there is snow upon the ground, and the track of the animal (something resembling, in more respects than one, that of a human being) is discovered, a person follows it, until there is reason to believe that the bear may have taken up his quarters in the vicinity. This is indicated by his proceeding very slowly, and in a crooked direction, or rather by his doubling in the same manner as a hare; for, as long as he goes in a straight line, he has no intention of lying down. The man now leaves the track, and commences making an extended ring or circle round the suspected part of the forest: should he succeed in completing this without again meeting with the track, he of course knows to a certainty the bear is within it. If on the contrary, however, he finds the animal has proceeded beyond his intended circle, he commences

another ring, and thus he continues until he succeeds in accomplishing his object.

The size of a ring depends altogether upon circumstances,—the season of the year, the state of the snow, the localities, &c.; and in consequence, though some may not exceed a mile or two in circumference, others again are six or eight, or even more. To ring a bear properly requires great experience; and during the operation, if so it may be termed, the greatest silence and caution are necessary.

Mr Lloyd on several occasions commanded small skalls himself; but he prefers giving an account of one under the direction of his friend, Mr Falk, in the neighbourhood of Stjern, a celebrated general, who has published a pamphlet on skalls, of which Mr Lloyd gives us a translation—and it is a curious document enough. The place of rendezvous was near a lake called the Boda, and there assembled about five hundred men formed into two divisions, armed with axes, pikes, or spears, and presenting rather a warlike appearance. Mr Falk took command in person of the *dref*, or driving division; the other, the *hillet*, or stationary-division, he intrusted to one of the under-forest-keepers (*krono skogvaktare*), who was on all such occasions his right-hand man. His name was Daniel Andersen; but being of Finnish origin, he was known all over the country by the appellation of Jan Finne. Among these Fins—whose ancestors came to Sweden in consequence of an invitation from Charles the Ninth—are now to be found many of the most daring and successful bear-hunters in the kingdom; but Jan Finne was the champion. Though still in the prime of life, he had killed sixty-five bears with his own gun, independently of all those he had assisted in destroying in skalls. In all his combats he had never been wounded, owing chiefly to his incomparable activity on the *shidor* or snow-skates, of which more anon. A short time subsequent to the skall which Mr Lloyd describes, Mr Falk represented to the government Jan Finne's general good conduct as forest-keeper, and government awarded him a handsome silver medal,

with which his person was on Sunday decorated in the church at Råda. In presenting him with the medal, Mr Falk stated, in presence of the whole congregation, why such distinction had been conferred, and subsequently gave a sumptuous dinner in honour of the illustrious hunter, to which our author, in compliment to his gallantry and skill, was invited, and where he played an admirable knife and fork, as well as a spoon and cup. Indeed, though Mr Lloyd speaks of his own achievements with much modesty, we know that he is a first-rate sportsman; nor should we be afraid, now that he has led the skall repeatedly himself, to back him even against the Silver Medalist.

The winter skall, of which we now speak, formed a circle, the circumference of which was four thousand paces. On reaching the vicinity of the ring, a general halt took place—knapsacks were deposited, and the troops underwent a rigorous bodily search, for brandy—for a few drunk men disorder a whole skall. Mr Lloyd was with the stationary division, and on coming to a part of the forest where the trees were rather open, and where there was little brushwood, he placed himself in a favourable position in front of the cordon.

“Here I had not waited more than ten minutes, the people all the while keeping the most guarded silence, when to my left a great shout was set up of ‘The bears! the bears!’ In looking in that direction, I very indistinctly saw one of those animals at about a hundred paces distance; but he was so shrouded in the thicket, and my view of him was so transitory, that I did not think it worth while to fire. One of the peasants, however, discharged his piece at the bears, the four being together, though I believe without effect. This shot nevertheless, together with the shouts of the people, was the means of turning them, for they instantly headed about and faced towards the opposite, or eastern, side of the ring. It was fortunate they took this direction, as, had they made to the northward, from the cordon at that time being incomplete, they would in all probability have escaped. I was much afraid this would have been the case; and so, as I afterwards learnt, were Mr Falk and Jan Finne, both of whom, however, on hearing the shot, and apprehending what

might happen, hurried forward their respective divisions as fast as possible, and luckily they were in time to form a junction before the bears made their appearance in that direction.

"Every thing now remained perfectly tranquil for a long while; for, even when the cordon was completed, it became necessary to strengthen those parts that were the weakest, as well as to make certain other arrangements. To effect these objects, Mr Falk, Jan Finne, and the other officers, were kept very actively employed for a considerable time.

"At about one o'clock, three shots, the one from the centre, and the other from the wings of the opposite division, (the usual signals on these occasions,) together with the cries of the people, which might now be indistinctly heard in the distance, announced that it was advancing towards us. Two hours or more, however, must have elapsed, during which, from the quicksilver being little above zero, and from my only being provided with my common shooting-jacket, I was almost perished with cold, before we heard another discharge, or saw any thing of the bears; for, now that these animals found themselves environed on every side, they kept the closest and most tangled brakes; and the people, as is usual on these occasions, proceeded at a very slow pace.

"Beginning to tire at last with remaining so long idle in the same position, I advanced alone about 50 paces farther within the cordon, when I stationed myself in such a situation, that I could command a tolerable view of the surrounding forest. This, however, for the reasons already given when speaking of the *skull* in Dalecarlia, was altogether contrary to rule.

"Here I had not remained a very long while, when a shot to my left gave me to understand that the bears were not far off; and the next minute, at about one hundred and fifty paces from where I stood, I caught a glimpse of them as they were crossing a small opening among the trees. The old bear was in advance, and the cubs, which were of a very large size, were following in succession upon her track. I might now, by possibility, have done execution; but thinking, from the direction they were taking, that they would come nearer to me, I refrained from firing. In this, however, I acted wrong; for, instead of facing towards me, as I had anticipated, they made for the opposite side of the ring; presently afterwards, indeed, the shouts of the people, together with several shots, plainly indicated that they had made their appearance in that direction.

"Some little while subsequent to this, I was joined by Lieutenant Oldenburg, of the Swedish army, who resided in the vicinity of my quarters at Stjern, and from whom, on various occasions, I have received much civility and attention. This gentleman and myself were conversing together in an under tone of voice, and I had my double-gun, which was on the full cock, in my hand, when two of the young bears, either of them nearly as large as animals of that species we are accustomed to see in England, suddenly made their appearance on the outskirts of a thick brake, at about twenty paces from where we stood. On seeing us, however, they squatted like rabbits; or at least this was the case with one of them, for of the other I got the merest glimpse possible.

"We both now fired, the Lieutenant a little after myself, and the foremost of the bears as instantly fell; but the other, at the same moment disappearing in the brake, I had no time to discharge my second barrel. As that which was down, however, showed some disposition to get on his legs again, I ran close up to him, and sent a bullet through his skull. Besides the latter ball, the bear only received one other, which, on his body being opened at a subsequent period, was recognised to be mine. Indeed, when Lieutenant Oldenburg fired, the animal was in the act of falling; and of this he was himself fully aware. My first ball shattered the bear's right shoulder (the point exposed to me) to pieces, and after passing through his body and ribs, it lodged in the skin on the opposite side; in fact, it was within an ace of going through him altogether: the ball was, however, quite flattened, and as large as a halfpenny.

"For a while, all remained pretty quiet; but presently afterwards, the tremendous shouts of the people opposite to us, and these, probably, at little more than two hundred paces distance, together with the very heavy firing that was kept up, plainly told us the remaining bears were endeavouring to make their escape in that direction. The scene had now become very animating and interesting, for at one period we counted no less than ten shots in the space of about a minute.

"After a time, however, the firing ceased altogether; and Lieutenant Oldenburg and myself were then almost led to conclude that the whole of the bears were slaughtered. In this supposition, nevertheless, we were mistaken; for presently we viewed the old bear, which, from the manner of dragging herself along, was evidently much wounded, as she was slowly making her way across a small

glade in the forest. Though Jan Finne, who by this time had joined us, called out to me it was useless, I nevertheless sent a ball after her; but as she quickly disappeared in a thick brake, we had no great reason to suppose it took the desired effect.

"In the space of two or three minutes, during which several shots were fired immediately opposite to us, we again saw the old bear. Owing to an intervening brake, however, my view of her was much more indistinct than that obtained by my companions, who were a pace or two to the left of me. At this time she was standing motionless, with her front towards us, and at about 90 paces distant. Jan Finne and Lieutenant Oldenburg now lost no time in discharging the rifles with which both of them were provided. Jan Finne fired the first; and, though without a rest of any kind, with so good an aim, that his ball, as we subsequently found, entered her breast near to the shoulder, and ran the whole length of her body, when it lodged in her haunches. She did not, however, alter her position, and only noticed the wound she had received by a little shake of her head. Lieutenant Oldenburg was, however, more fortunate; for, dropping on one knee, and though like Jan Finne, without a rest, he took so good a direction, that his ball entered the heart of the animal, when she instantly fell dead upon the spot.

"The firing in front of us was, at intervals, still kept up for a minute or two longer, and then ceased altogether. On this Jan Finne, after we had advanced up to the bear, which Lieutenant Oldenburg and himself had just shot, hallooed to the people to halt; though at this time we were hardly 50 paces distant from them, not one of whom could we distinguish, in consequence of the closeness of the cover. Jan Finne now informed Mr Falk, who was along with his division, and immediately opposite to us, that three of the bears were dead within the ring; for, independently of the two that we ourselves had killed, we observed a third lying *hors de combat* at some little distance. In reply, that gentleman told us a fourth was killed near to where he stood; so that the whole of those of which we had come in pursuit—and we had not the good fortune to meet with others in the same ring—were now all slaughtered.

"The skull, as may be supposed, was then quickly brought to a conclusion; for, with the exception of a few hares, which the people knocked on the head with sticks, there was neither wolf nor other animal remaining within the ring.

"Thus ended this battue, which was said to have been among the most suc-

cessful Mr Falk ever commanded; for four bears, all of which might almost be termed large, were not to be killed in the Scandinavian forests every day in the year. The result, however, would probably have been different, had it not been for Mr Falk's precaution in ordering Jan Finne to lead with his division under the wind in the first instance; as, had the contrary been the case, the bears would most likely, for the time at least, have made their escape. Indeed, from the variability of the weather subsequently, and the consequent state of the snow, I am not quite sure but that, if those animals had escaped on this occasion, they might have got off altogether.

"During the skull, I think not less than sixty or seventy shots were fired at the bears, no one on this occasion daring to shoot at any other animal, and the greater part of them at very short range. Towards the conclusion of the skull, indeed, those animals principally held to an almost impenetrably thick brake, where it was hardly possible to see them at more than a few paces distance; and it was here the greater part of the firing took place. The number of shots, therefore, will give some little idea of the kind of performers the peasants usually are on these occasions.

"The whole of the arrangements of this skull were admirable; and the personal exertions of Mr Falk on this, as on all similar occasions, were most unremitting. Indeed, at its conclusion, that gentleman was so hoarse from hallooing to the people, that he was hardly able to articulate a word.

"The bears were now collected together; these, with every other animal killed within the skull, were the perquisite of Mr Falk, as *Ofwer-Jägmästare*. The old bear was of a large size; and, from the appearance of her teeth, claws, &c. she appeared to be aged. Her weight was supposed to be between three and four hundred pounds. The cubs were thought to be three years old, and to weigh about one hundred and fifty or sixty pounds a-piece. They were all slung on poles, and then borne to the nearest vehicles, by them to be conveyed to Mr Falk's residence at Risäter.

"Three hearty cheers were now given to celebrate our success, when the people dispersed and made for their respective homes."

Casualties at skulls are of course not unfrequent. At one of them, a badly wounded bear rushed upright on his hind legs on a peasant who had missed fire, and seized him by the shoulders with his fore-paws.

The peasant, on his side, laid hold of the bear's ears and shaggy hair about his head. They were twice down and up again without loosening their hold, during which time the bear had bitten through all the sinews of both arms from the wrists upwards, and was at last approaching the throat, when Mr Falk in lucky time arrived, and by one shot ended the conflict. On another occasion, a soldier's wife engaged a bear in single combat, armed with a club. Several times Bruin upset her, so as that she performed a somerset, to the infinite amusement of the whole skall. Still the amazon kept banging him, as she arose for the third time from her head; and finally the monster, previously much mangled by shots, gave up the ghost. The following is a well-told incident:—

"The skall to which this anecdote relates, and at which Captain Eurenus himself was present, took place about the year 1790, in the parish of Yestram, in the province of Wenersborg. It was conducted in the usual manner, every person having his proper position assigned to him: one man, however, an older soldier, who was attached to the hälet, or stationary division of the skall, thought proper to place himself in advance of the rest in a narrow defile, through which, from his knowledge of the country, he thought it probable the bear would pass. He was right in his conjecture; for the animal soon afterwards made his appearance, and faced directly towards him. On this he levelled and attempted to discharge his piece; but, owing to the morning being wet, the priming had got damp, and the gun missed fire. The bear was now close upon him, though it is probable that, if he had stepped to the one side, he might still have escaped; but, instead of adopting this prudent course, he attempted to drive the muzzle of his gun, to which, however, no bayonet was attached, down the throat of the enraged brute. This attack the bear parried with the skill of a fencing-master; when, after wresting the gun out of the hands of the man, he quickly laid him prostrate.

"All might still have ended well; for the bear, after smelling at his antagonist, who was lying motionless and holding his breath, as if he had been dead, left him almost unhurt. The animal then went to the gun, which was only at two or three feet distance, and began to overhaul it with his paws. The poor soldier, however, who had brought his musket to

the skall contrary to the orders of his officers, and knowing that if it was injured he should be severely punished, on seeing the apparent jeopardy in which it was placed, quietly stretched out his hand, and laid hold of one end of it, the bear having it fast by the other. On observing this movement, and that the man in consequence was alive, the bear again attacked him; when, seizing him with his teeth by the back of the head, as he was lying with his face to the ground, he tore off the whole of his scalp, from the nape of the neck upwards, so that it merely hung to the forehead by a strip of skin. The poor fellow, who knew that his safety depended upon his remaining motionless, kept as quiet as he was able; and the bear, without doing him much farther injury, laid himself along his body.

"Whilst this was going forward, many of the people, and Captain Eurenus among the rest, suspecting what had happened, hastened towards the spot, and advanced within twelve or fifteen paces of the scene of action: here they found the bear still lying upon the body of the unfortunate man: sometimes the animal was occupying himself in licking the blood from his bare skull, and at others in eyeing the people:—all, however, were afraid to fire, thinking either that they might hit the man, or that, even if they killed the bear, he might in his last agonies still farther mutilate the poor sufferer. In this position, Captain Eurenus asserted that the soldier and the bear remained for a considerable time, until at last the latter quitted his victim and slowly began to retreat, when, a tremendous fire being opened upon him, he instantly fell dead.

"On hearing the shots, the poor soldier jumped up, his scalp hanging over his face so as completely to blind him; when, throwing it back with his hands, he ran towards his comrades like a madman, frantically exclaiming, 'The bear, the bear!'

"The mischief, however, was done, and was irreparable. The only assistance he could receive was rendered to him by a surgeon, who happened to be present, and who severed the little skin which connected the scalp with the forehead, and then dressed the wound in the best manner he was able. The scalp, when separated from the head, Captain Eurenus described as exactly resembling a *peruke*.

"In one sense, the catastrophe was fortunate for the poor soldier. At this time every one in the army was obliged to wear his hair of a certain form, and he in consequence, being now without any, immediately got his discharge."

From the skull the transition is striking to the gäll—the contrast between the bustle, animation, and crowd of the one, to the silence and solitariness of the other. There, thousands, perhaps, of shouting peasants—here, one patient and silent watcher, perched aloft, perhaps for a fortnight, waiting for a bear! The gäll is a small stand, erected between two or three trees growing near to each other, at some twenty or thirty feet from the ground. Beneath this the carcass of a cow or horse is deposited, and the marksman, as soon as the shades of evening set in, for bears feed during the night, takes his station aloft, and in silence and watchfulness remains till the sun ascend above the horizon. The approach of the bear to the carrion is so cautious that the slightest noise will alarm him; and he generally makes his appearance at the lure soon after sunset and a little before sunrise—for you know, gentle reader! that in these latitudes the night is sometimes scarcely as long as this article. A worthy friend of Mr Lloyd's, a Finnish peasant, named Elg, or the Elk, has sometimes waited for fifteen successive nights, during which, though he heard the bear rustling among the bushes, he was never fortunate enough to see him, and caught nothing but a cold upon his lungs, from which, according to his own account, he never had recovered. Bruin is not only a most suspicious, but also a most suspecting character; and when he has killed and partly eaten a horse or cow, he is very shy of returning to the carcass. Gälls are frequently erected over such carcasses; but the Elk, in one instance, after watching for a fortnight, till his patience was exhausted, gave his place to another peasant for the same period of time. But the bear, having smelt a Fin, and then a Swede, kept his distance; and a month's watching was lost. Nevertheless, from one gäll, the Elk shot three bears, one of which, on receiving his mortal wound, gave such a growl, that his Elkship was terrified on his stance, while the whole midnight forest echoed to the sound. Mr Lloyd, who was up to every thing, tried the gäll. An enormous bear had killed a cow not many miles distance from Lapp-cottage, where he then had his summer residence. He

erected a gäll near the carcass, consisting of a few boughs, so interwoven together that he could not well tumble out, between two pines, at about twenty-five feet from the ground. There he posted himself for five successive nights—preyed on by mosquitoes—but no bear appeared. On comparing dates, we find that on one of these five nights we were celebrating one of our *Nortes Ambrosianæ*, at which two bears made their appearance, who were carried off dead. "There was something interesting," says Mr Lloyd, "in being perched up in my gäll. The gloomy solitude of the forest in the night season—the melancholy hootings of the great horned owl, which were to be heard every now and then in the distance—the slaughtered cow lying in a small glade before me, mangled in a dreadful manner by the fangs of the bear—and, lastly, the excitement kept up by momentarily expecting the rugged monster himself to make his appearance." In summer you have a better chance of shooting a bear from a gäll than in winter; for then the carrion emits so noisome an odour, that the effluvia proceeding from a man—unless he be very red-haired indeed—must, as Mr Lloyd remarks, be little perceptible. Our author heard of an instance, in which two persons posted on their stand beheld a bear advancing, when, just as they were in the act of firing, the gäll suddenly gave way, and, to their great discomfiture and consternation, they were both precipitated to the ground. But it does not appear the bear eat them—being probably as much alarmed as themselves. On another occasion, two brave fellows, who had waited a fortnight for Bruin's approach, were so dumbfounded when he appeared, that they dropped their muskets, and he retired to his lair. Considering the shortness of human life, a fortnight at a time past in a gäll seems to us disproportionately long—especially in a country where there is no access to periodical literature. A few numbers of *Blackwood's Magazine*, to a man so situated, would be a great solace and relief. We must give Mr Lloyd's friend the Elk a niche in *Maga*. His real name was *Henrick Mattson*; but having served in the army, the

soldiers, who were in the habit of giving one another fictitious names, such as the names of animals, birds, trees, &c. had dubbed him Elg or Elk, by which alone he was now known all over the country. He had been one of twelve children; but the whole family but himself were dead—father and mother, and all. He was about thirty-five years of age, short in person, stout and robust, and able to undergo great fatigue, though Mr Lloyd, on one bear hunt, which lasted for weeks, fairly knocked him up. He excelled in the use of the rifle, and was admirable upon the skidor. When only twelve years of age, he and his brother engaged at midnight an enormous bear, who was disturbing his father's cattle, and had helped himself to a goat. It made its escape; but next day Elk, in company with two grown-up brothers, attacked him, and slew him after a dangerous combat, in which the boy behaved with great bravery, and one of his brothers was badly wounded. When in his fourteenth year, he distinguished himself by pursuing with a dog—a mere cur—a huge bear, that had made a dash at the cattle. He soon came upon him at about twenty paces distance, on the opposite side of a little ravine, and taking aim at the monster, whose attention was occupied by the cur, with a gun, a mere plaything, only two feet long, and of which the cock was so defective that he was obliged to hold it back with his hand, he fired at the breast of the bear, and shot the animal through the heart. Often afterwards, when a man, he had desperate encounters; and one of them is thus narrated:—

“In the afternoon of the same day, and when Elg was alone, in a very wild part of the country, covered with much fallen timber and immense fragments of stone, he suddenly came upon the track of a bear; the next minute, and within a short distance from where he stood, he discovered in the cleft of a great mass of rocks, the den of the animal.

“As he had no confidence, however, (according to his own account,) in the lock of his rifle, he did not care to go immediately up to the den; he therefore mounted a pretty high stone, immediately overlooking it, at about fifteen paces distant.

“From this position he discovered the

bear lying fast asleep near to the entrance of the den; and as he got sight of her ear, under which (supposing the side of the animal's head to have been towards him, as he imagined was the case) is one of the most fatal of places, he lost no time in levelling and discharging his rifle.

“For a moment after he had fired, the bear lay still; and in consequence, Elg almost imagined she (for it was a female) was killed: had he thought otherwise, he would have had ample time to get out of her way; presently, however, the bear raised herself up, when, fixing her eyes steadily upon him, and uttering at the same time a terrific growl, she dashed at him (to use his own expression) ‘with the rapidity of a bullet out of a gun,’ and was close upon him in almost the twinkling of an eye.

“Very fortunately for Elg, the stone on which he was standing was situated on a declivity, the after part of it being some five or six feet from the ground; down this, in his hurry to escape, he tumbled all but headlong; it was well he did so, for the bear, followed by two of her cubs, which were more than half as large as herself, almost at the same instant made her spring, and passed clean and far over him.

“In this situation, Elg lay for a short while, frightened, as he said, almost out of his senses; when finding all quiet, and supposing, as was the case, that the bears, from not seeing him, had taken themselves off to another part of the forest, he ventured to get up, and to reconnoitre the den; he then discovered, that besides the three which had made a leaping-bar of his person, a fourth had taken an opposite direction.

“Though all four bears for this time made their escape, yet in the course of the eight or ten succeeding weeks, Elg, with the assistance of several other peasants, managed to kill the whole of them.

“On taking the skin from the old bear, which he described to have been of a very large size, he found the bull which he had first fired at her, flattened out, and set fast on the back part of her skull. By this, it would appear that he had mistaken the position in which she was lying, so that, instead of aiming at the root of her ear, as he imagined was the case, he had fired at her length-wise.”

But from the silent, solitary, and sedentary bear non-shooting on the gäll, let us turn to the noisy, companionable, and rousing bear-shooting on the skidor, or snow-skates. The skidor, in the parts of Scandinavia of which Mr Lloyd speaks, for the left

foot, was usually from nine to eleven, or even twelve feet in length, for the right, six or seven, the inequality enabling a person to wheel about with greater facility, and, in broken or bad ground, to lean the whole of his weight, if necessary, on the shorter skate, which was constructed of stronger materials. The breadth of these skidor is between two and three inches, and the foot is fixed with leather straps about the middle of the length, the points being considerably turned up to avoid all impediments. A pair may weigh from ten to fifteen pounds. In very mountainous districts, the under part of the skidor is covered with seal-skin, to prevent a retrograde movement in ascending steep acclivities. In running, they are never lifted from the ground, but the motion is a glide, something similar to that of our own skates. The skater carries, frequently, a stick in each hand, to impel or retard his progress, his rifle being swung across his shoulders. On pretty level ground, it is easy to run on skidor; but, in a deeply-wooded and mountainous country, thickly studded with fragments of rocks, prostrate trees, &c. like the Dalecarlian and Wermeland forests, it requires immense practice. During Mr Lloyd's noviciate, he used to sustain two or three hundred tumbles in the course of a day, and occasionally to come with such violence against trees, as to think he should be dashed to pieces, or the trees uprooted. Ere long he became a decent skater, and supposes he could go fifty miles, over tolerable ground, considerably under the twelve hours. He was astonished with the skill and address of some of the first runners in Scandinavia whom he saw on the descent of a lofty and precipitous hill, going at an immense pace, at times stooping nearly double, to avoid the overhanging branches, at others, swerving their bodies to save their guns from the trees, and at almost every instant, shifting their legs so as to avoid rocks, stones, and other obstacles. He believes that men might be found who could perform fifty miles in seven or eight hours, and not impossibly a hundred miles in double that space of time. But over bad ground, when the snow is loose, the pace is but slow, the skidor

enabling a man to get along under circumstances which, without them, would bring him to a stand-still. They are used chiefly in the more northern districts of Wermeland, and particularly among the descendants of the Fins.

Intelligence having been received by Mr Lloyd, that a large bear was safely ringed at Aspberg, a Finnish settlement, about *ninety* miles to the north-west of his quarters in Lapp-cottage, (to which he had now removed,) he set off on a sledge to shoot him; and after many difficulties, and a bivouac, picturesquely described, in the forest, he reached the village or hamlet of some dozen families, situated near the summit of a hill of considerable elevation. The country all around is mountainous, and deeply covered with pine forests—the scenery of a bold and picturesque character. The village is thirty-five miles from the parish church, and, owing to the wretched roads, a journey to and from their place of worship not unfrequently occupies a week. Here the peasantry excel in the use of skidor. Indeed, for many months in the year, they have no other means of communicating with their neighbours, or of carrying on their necessary avocations in the forest. Like many other Finnish settlements in the northern forests, they have their *skidor-bucke*, or skidor-hill. On Sunday afternoon, or other holidays, the people, both young and old, male and female, congregate in considerable numbers to amuse themselves with sliding down the steep. Children of a very tender age join in the amusement, and thus early become proficient in the art. The Aspberg bear baffled his pursuers the first day, but on the afternoon of the second, he fell. Mr Lloyd had pursued him on skidor for eleven hours, and fired the fatal shots.

A few days afterwards, our author, in company with the Elk and other two followers, resumed their quest, and the result is thus spiritedly described:—

“The spot where he was challenging was a small opening in the thicket. There, however, nothing was to be seen but a little aperture of less than a foot in diameter, in the surface of the snow, which was perfectly level, and near to which he stood, furiously baying. This I, of course, in-

stantly knew to be Bruin's lair, and I was also very certain, from the manner of the dogs—for Pajjas had now come up—that he was within it. Not caring to waste time, therefore, and having confidence in my gun, which was loose in my hand, I at once ran my skidor, one on each side of the hole.

"On looking down this pit,—the snow on every side being nearer five than four feet in depth,—I espied the bear very snugly coiled up at the bottom. By this time, the animal had partly awakened from his nap, which had probably been of many months' continuance, and was beginning to move his head about, as if at a loss to know what was going forward. I now pointed my rifle downwards between my legs, it being then in a perpendicular direction, and pulled the trigger; but, instead of splitting his skull, as I fully anticipated would have been the case, the piece, as ill luck would have it, missed fire. This must either have been owing to the snow that was coming down, or the powder falling from the pan, in consequence of the position in which I stood. In another moment I drew the other trigger, though, unfortunately, with as little success, for my second, like my first barrel, also refused to perform its duty.

"The bear had by this time roused himself, and was just springing from his lair, when Elg, who had followed closely in my rear, put my rifle, ready cocked, into my hand; this I as instantly discharged at the animal; and though the muzzle of it was within less than a foot of his head, strange to say, I managed to miss him altogether. I suppose most people will imagine this arose from trepidation; but, according to my own notion, it was from shooting in too great a hurry; I had no time, indeed, to take aim; my ball, however, I apprehend, all but grazed his skull, the point at which it was directed.

"The bear now bolted from between my legs, and reached the surface of the snow; and, in consequence, we were, as the old saying goes, 'cheek by jowl' with each other. Here, as he stood grinning, I drove the muzzle of my rifle with considerable force under his ear, the point exposed to me, by which I partly succeeded in upsetting him. This foolish act arose rather from a feeling of ill nature and disappointment at my having so stupidly allowed him to escape, than from entertaining any apprehension of his attacking me, which he looked well-inclined to do. Very fortunately, the beast only resented this assault by seizing hold of the barrel of my rifle; for, after indenting this with his teeth, at about a foot from the muzzle, he

thought it the wisest plan to walk himself off.

"Fortunately for me, this bear was not large; had the contrary been the case, it is more than probable he would have given me a broken head. Escape at the time was impossible, and both Elg and myself were entirely unarmed, after I had discharged my rifle. It is true, one of our peasants was provided with an axe; but this man was far in the background, and it is besides more than doubtful whether he would have ventured to have rendered us assistance in the event of its turning out a serious affair.

"I now reloaded my rifle, but the locks of my double gun being filled with the falling snow, I had no leisure to put it in order. Letting it remain *in statu quo*, therefore, we forthwith gave chase.

"During the little delay that necessarily took place whilst the above operation was going on, the bear seemed to have made good use of his legs, as, to judge by the challenges of the dogs, who kept pretty well up with him, he had by this time got some distance ahead. Fortunately the snow was in good order for our skidor, and we were therefore enabled to proceed at a good pace. For a while, we had to contend against rising ground, and to force our way through a large and densely thick brake; but, when we had surmounted those difficulties, we pushed quickly forward, and gained rapidly upon the bear.

"The run might now have lasted for near three quarters of an hour, during which the animal had proceeded in almost a direct line from the point where he had started; when, on reaching an eminence, we had the gratification of viewing him at about two hundred and fifty paces ahead: at this time he was galloping slowly forward, though occasionally stopping, as if his attention was taken up with the dogs that were following a little in his rear.

"We now dashed after the bear at the very top of our speed. The forest hereabouts was fortunately open, and the ground falling, and of course very favourable for our skidor; so that, from going at a killing pace, a very short time sufficed to bring us within sixty or seventy paces of the animal. We then halted; when, taking my rifle from Elg, who had it loose in his hand, I discharged it at the beast. He was still in the gallop, and rather crossing me; but my ball took the desired effect, for, entering one side of his neck, it passed out at the other, when he sank down, and instantly expired."

Some days afterwards our indefatigable friend again set out from Asp-

berg, in quest of two bears, one in the vicinity of Lutenis, in Norway, a hamlet situated on the Klar, about fourteen miles to the north-west, and the other in the parish of Lima, in Dalecarlia, about fifty miles in a south-easterly direction. The first gave him two or three very severe runs. One day, in particular, when the snow was in capital order for the skidor, they drove him about fifty miles. At intervals they were in pursuit of this bear for about a fortnight, driving him over a vast tract of the Norwegian and Dalecarlian forests. Yet they never once got a shot at him—and finally took a farewell glimpse of him on the summit of the Faxefjält, about fifty miles from the place where he was started, and a hundred and forty from Lapp-cottage! The party then wended their way on their skidor across the forest, to attack the other bear in the parish of Lima, which was about sixty miles distance in a south-easterly direction. He was couched in his lair in a very wild range of country to the westward of the Wenja Lake. Him, with little intermission, they pursued for a week, without once viewing him—the snow being in such a slushy state from the effects of the sun, that they had literally to plough their way through it. During all the time they were badly off for provisions, all that part of the country being uninhabited. They generally bivouacked on the snow—and sometimes took up their lodgings at such sätterwalls as they fell in with in the forest. The heat from exertion was often so excessive, that Mr Lloyd, though stripped to shirt and trowsers, was often wet through, and the frost then changed his garments into plates of ice. The Elk was fairly done up, but Mr Lloyd stood it out famously, and was nothing the worse of wear at the last. The chase of the bear on skidor, he exultingly exclaims, is a noble amusement—for even should it prove unsuccessful, one has at least the satisfaction of enjoying an animated run. It would appear that Mr Lloyd, on his return to Aspsberg, must have travelled, on sledge or on skidor, between three or four hundred miles—and that both bears are probably alive at this day.

-In bear-hunting on skidor, the

chasseur ought always to be accompanied by a couple of dogs. But good dogs are now scarce in Scandinavia. Sometimes when the bear is pursued by dogs, he becomes so enraged that he takes hold of the nearest stick or stone he can lay his paws upon, and flings it at his assailants. But he is a bad marksman; for instead of sending his weapon in the direction of his opponent, he not unfrequently whizzes it over his own head. So says Professor Nilsson. We presume the Swedish and Norwegian boors take lessons from Bruin—and that accounts for the small slaughter done by a cordon of fifteen hundred men. Sometimes even the old bears (the young ones do so frequently) take to trees. Mr Lloyd's friend Svensson, when chasing one on skidor, all of a sudden lost his track—but looking upwards he saw the shaggy monster seated among the branches of a pine. The rifle soon made him bite the snow, and when he fell to the ground, he was so completely enveloped in that covering, that only one of his paws was to be seen. The *chasse* of the bear on skidor is very dangerous. It requires great skill to avoid his rush; and Mr Lloyd has heard of several men having been killed. Many are seen with faces disfigured, and otherwise maimed. Their eyes are occasionally torn out—fingers bitten off—and arms pierced from wrist to shoulder.

When tumbled down by a bear, you must instantly sham Abraham, and pretend to be dead. That ruse always takes; and simple Bruin removes his carcass from above yours, and hobbles off—leaving you probably “face, breast, arms, and legs, all a mass of blood.”

Mr Lloyd himself was once in great danger from one “of these fellows.” The animal had committed great ravages among the cattle in the line of forest situated between the river Klar and Dal. Twenty horses, in one summer, had fallen victims to his voracity—and he was the terror of the people of those parts. Accompanied by the Elk, Svensson, and two peasants, Mr Lloyd pursued him for a fortnight, and after an unsuccessful shot at him, and afterwards driving him from his lair, which occupied the whole surface of an immense ant-hill, at last, in a rather

open part of the forest, Bruin suddenly reared himself up from among a cluster of small pines on a little eminence at about twenty-five paces distance, and presented a fair object of attack.

"I now lost no time in slipping my double gun out of its case, when, as the fellow was slowly retreating among the bushes, I discharged both my barrels at him almost at the same instant. On receiving my fire, the monster, with his jaws distended, partially swung himself round, when, growling furiously, he seemed as if he was on the point of dashing towards us. The snow, however, therabouts was unusually deep, which, coupled with the state of exhaustion he must naturally have been in from the long run we had given him, caused him probably to alter his determination, and instead of attacking us, he continued his retreat. This was perhaps fortunate; for, as he had the vantage-ground, and we were encumbered with our skidor, it might have been difficult for us to have got out of his way.

"Svensson and the other peasant now shortly came up, when, after reloading my gun, and making the locks as water-proof as possible in my usual manner, which I effected by means of a candle-end that I carried about me for the purpose, we lost no time in following up the bear, which was evidently much wounded, as we saw by his tracks being deeply marked with blood.

"As it was the post of danger, I now led the way; Elg and the peasants following in my wake. Thus we proceeded for some distance, until we came to a very thick and tangled brake. Having a suspicion that the beast might have sheltered himself here, I made a little *detour* around his tracks, and succeeded in ringing him. I now lost not a moment in taking off my skidor; for, in the event of an attack, these machines are highly dangerous, as I have said, in close cover; and advanced on foot into the thicket.

"I had not, however, proceeded more than two or three paces, when a most terrific and lengthened growl announced that the bear was still in existence; and the next moment, and at only some ten or twelve paces distance, the quantity of snow which was hanging in the trees having prevented me from previously observing him, I viewed the fellow dashing forward at the full gallop; fortunately, I was not altogether taken by surprise, for my double gun was not only out of its case, but both the locks were on the full-cock. This was well, for the beast came at such a rattling pace, that, by the time I had dis-

charged my second barrel, he was within less than a couple of paces of the muzzle of my gun. When I fired my last shot, he was not coming directly towards me; for either my first had turned him—which the people asserted was the case,—or he did not observe us, owing to the closeness of the cover. By swerving my body to one side, however, for I had no time to move my feet, he luckily passed close alongside of me, without offering me any molestation. This, indeed, I apprehend, was out of his power; for, after receiving the contents of my last barrel, he slackened his pace, and by the time he had proceeded some few steps farther, life was extinct, and he sank to rise no more.

"Elg, who was only a short distance from me, behaved very well on this occasion; for, though my rifle was in readiness in his hand, he refrained, agreeably to my previous instructions, from discharging it. My orders to him were, as I have said, only to fire in the event of the bear actually having me in his gripe; and to these directions, which few other men, under the circumstance, would probably have attended to, he paid obedience.

"Our prize proved to be an immense male bear; indeed, Svensson stated, he had never seen but one equally large, in his lifetime. I subsequently caused him to be conveyed to Uddeholm, a distance of between forty and fifty miles, when we ascertained his weight to be four hundred and sixty English pounds. This, it must be recollected, was after a severe run, during which he had probably wasted not a little; and also, that it was in the winter time, when, from his stomach being contracted, he was naturally very much lighter than he would have been during the autumnal months; in point of fact, had this bear been slaughtered during the latter period of the year, his weight would probably have been between five and six hundred pounds.

"On opening this beast, thirty-six hours after his death, and during the intermediate time he had been exposed to the open air, when the temperature was pretty severe, we found that, owing to his excessive exertion, nearly the whole of the fat of his intestines was in a state of liquefaction, and in consequence we were necessitated to scoop it out with a cup. I have already made mention of this circumstance when speaking of the *chasse* of the bear during the summer season.

"On taking the skin from the beast, we found he had received my eight bullets; for, though I only fired four times, I had on each occasion two running balls in either barrel. The balls from the two first discharges (as it was supposed) took

effect rather high up in his side, the point exposed to me; those from the third were received in the animal's mouth, as he was coming with distended jaws towards us, when they carried away half his tongue and one of his fangs; whilst those from the fourth discharge passed either through or immediately near to his heart, and caused his almost instant dissolution."

So much for the *chasse* of the bear on skidor. But Mr Lloyd slew several bears with his own rifle, on simple foot-sole. Once in a very close thicket, when stooping down and peering under the surrounding trees, his eye caught a suspicious-looking object, which he presently made out to be a bear, coiled up like a dog, at the foot of a large pine, and apparently fast asleep. He lost not a moment, but running up close alongside of the monster, shot him through the head. Death was so instantaneous, that he never moved in the slightest degree from his position. This system of stealing in upon and attacking bears at close quarters, though seldom adopted in Scandinavia, Mr Lloyd holds to be the most fatal method of destroying these animals. But the danger is great. For, when smothered with snow, both below and above, what if you miss your aim? Instant death.

On another occasion, Mr Lloyd shot "the Branberg Bear;" and on another, he destroyed a whole den-full.

"Though the dog had found the bears, I did not at the first moment observe the entrance to their den, which was an excavation in the face of a little rising situated between, and partly formed by, the roots of the surrounding trees. On discovering it, however, I at once sprang on to the top of the hillock; and though at that time immediately over the den, the bears still remained quiet.

"On my hallooing, they felt so little inclination to leave their quarters, that the old bear simply contented herself with partially projecting her snout. At this, from its being the only point exposed to my view, I levelled my rifle, which was then pointed in a perpendicular direction. On reflection, however, I refrained from firing, as I considered that, though I might have smashed the fore part of her head to pieces, there was little chance of my killing her outright.

"Instead, therefore, of firing whilst in that situation, I stepped, (and it certainly

was not 'the most prudent step' a man ever took,) with my left foot in advance, directly over her to the opposite side of the hole, when wheeling about on the instant, and having then a full view of her head, from which the muzzle of my gun was hardly two feet distant, and my left foot still less, for it was partially in the entrance to the den itself, I sent a bullet through her skull.

"I now called loudly to the people, none of whom, nor even the other dogs, which had been questing to some birds in another part of the forest, had as yet come up,—for I was rather apprehensive the cubs might attempt to make their escape. To prevent this, I stood for a while over the den in readiness to give them a warm reception with the but-end of my rifle.

"Three or four minutes, however, elapsed before Jan Finne, who was to the left of our line, Svensson, and the peasants, made their appearance; for, strange to say, though Puljas had been in Jan Finne's possession for several years, he either did not recognise his challenge, or he had not a suspicion it was to the bears; and in consequence, neither he nor the people moved from where I had left them, until they heard my shot.

"My apprehensions as to the cubs attempting to escape were, however, groundless, for they still continued quiet; at first, indeed, we could see nothing of them for the old bear, who, as is usual with those animals when they have young, was lying in the front of the den, and we therefore almost began to think we had hit upon a bear distinct from those of which we were in search.

"On the people, however, introducing a stake, and moving the old bear a little to the side, one of the cubs, and subsequently a second, and a third, exhibited themselves, all of which I dispatched, either with my own or with Jan Finne's rifle.

"The work of death being at length completed, we drew the bears out of their den. This, however, was of such small dimensions, that it was the admiration of us all how they could have stowed themselves away in it. Bears usually prepare their winter-quarters during the autumnal months, and some time previously to taking possession of them; the animals, however, of which I am now speaking, having been disturbed from their original lair at a time when the ground was hard frozen, probably accounted for the small size of the excavation in which we found them.

"The old bear had attained her full growth; the cubs were nearly a year old, and of about the size of large dogs. The whole of them were in tolerably good condition."

Mr Lloyd then describes the process of skinning and cutting up bears. The weather being unfavourable, the operation took place within doors. The animals were laid on their backs on a table, and when divested of their skins, they much resembled, in many respects, their breasts and arms in particular, so many human beings. We remember a shaved bear being exhibited in Edinburgh as a non-descript animal—and he appeared to us to be liker a human being than the showman. The sight, Mr Lloyd says, was a shocking one; and forcibly reminded him of a disgusting exhibition he had witnessed a few years before at a celebrated anatomist's in London—the horrors of which—the macerating tub, with its attendant vulture—will never be effaced from his imagination. The galls were carefully preserved, being considered in Scandinavia a specific against a variety of disorders; and the fat, which is said to possess such extraordinary virtue, that if a deal-box be rubbed with it overnight, on the following morning it will be converted into a hair-trunk. Only the fat (ister) about the intestines is used in Scandinavia medicinally, or for the hair; of which there is but a small quantity; the fat itself, (fat,) which on a large bear may weigh sixty or eighty pounds, is merely used for culinary purposes. The hams, smoked, are great delicacies; and the remainder of the carcass is either salted, or eat fresh—in which state it resembles excellent beef. The paws are an exquisite dainty. The skin—in this case eight feet long—is worth several pounds. In Sweden, it is an understood thing in the interior of the country, that the man who rings the bear is entitled to him, and in consequence, without express permission, no other person dreams of disturbing the beast. In Norway, there is an ordinance making the bear the property of the man who rings him in the first instance, and in consequence, those who either disturb or destroy the animal, without authority, are subjected to rather severe penalties. As the peasants who,

in this case, attended Mr Lloyd, were very poor, he took only the fat, the tongues, and a little of the flesh of the bears, so that besides the flesh, their spoil was worth about five pounds—no inconsiderable sum in Sweden; or, indeed, as the world wags, anywhere else.

We now take farewell of Mr Lloyd, and place his volumes in that department of our library marked "Nimrod." He has added not a little to our knowledge of the character of the Bear, and his work contains much good natural history. Of men and manners, he has also given many interesting sketches; and we have a clearer conception now than we had before, of Scandinavian scenery and climate. Mr Lloyd ought to write some more books of the sort, and they will sell. By the by, we remember meeting him, a good many years ago, on board a Wick packet. He was somewhat sea-sick; and being enveloped in a monstrous dreadnought, he was not unlike a bear. Sea-sickness makes a man surly; and our author had nearly devoured a worthy friend of ours, who chanced to tread upon his toes as he lay upon a coil of cable. Under exasperation, he had a most formidable aspect, and his growl was fearsome. We heard some talk about throwing somebody into the sea; but we came forward in our character of peace-maker, and with our crutch stopt the conflict. Mr Lloyd's wrath subsided into a calm; and for the remainder of the voyage, he resembled a halcyon. We were much struck with the spirit and intelligence of his conversation; and seeing that he was a sportsman far above the common run, advised him to go to Scandinavia, and belabour the bears. He had no idea, at the time, who we were, as we were *voyaging incog*. But the hint was not lost upon him; and hence these two able-bodied octavos. It will doubtless please Mr Lloyd to know that the old lame gentleman in the Quaker garb was Christopher North. In a month or two we must pay our respects to another admirable brother sportsman, Colonel Hawker.

A TALE OF ARARAT.

ONE sultry afternoon in the month of September, three travellers on horseback, followed by a single attendant upon a mule, which also bore a pair of muffruses, or Persian travelling-bags, were traversing the extensive plain of Erivan, intending, if possible, to reach that city early enough for procuring fresh horses to carry them on upon their journey. Of these travellers, two were easily to be recognised as Franks, or Europeans, in spite of their semi-Asiatic garb and appearance; the third, by his rough Persian cap, brown weather-beaten countenance three parts covered with a thick black beard,—his red leather boots, wide shulwars, or riding trowsers, and great brown cloke, as well as by the silver-mounted pistol and Turkish yattaghan, might no less readily be known as the tatar, conducting the two strangers. All the three, as their jaded horses and dust-covered persons sufficiently indicated, were travelling *chupper*, or *post*, along the great highway which leads from Persia into Asia Minor.

In the grey of the preceding morning, these travellers, from the height of the winding pass which overlooks the great plain of the river Aras, had, for the first time, caught a faint glimpse of the venerable Ararat, rearing his summit in two almost visionary peaks above the sea of vapour in which the boundless plain was rather lost than terminated. But as they pursued their course, and the sun arose in the heavens, the dust and exhalations ascended together in a darkening haze which enveloped all the distance, and gradually deepened into masses of gloomy clouds. These in their turn became more dense, congregating upon all the mountains around, and veiling even the plain in unusual darkness, through which the sun sent a stifling heat, unrelieved by a single breath of air, more oppressive though less scorching than his unquenched rays would have shed from a cloudless sky.

"There will be a storm soon," re-

marked Kara Moustapha, the tatar. "We shall have it here by and by, unless old Agri-Daugh* keeps it all to himself and his evil spirits; I see it thickening over him yonder. Would the agas choose to take shelter some where, until it passes over?"

But the agas,† having changed horses more cleverly than is usual upon such occasions, at Shereer, were resolved to maintain their advantage, and press forward. Perhaps the prospect of a drenching might be rather pleasant than formidable in so heated an atmosphere as that which surrounded the travellers, and they therefore continued to urge on their horses at a brisk pace, over the rough irregular ground and long plain which intervenes between Shereer and Develoo.

When they reached the latter place, the storm still lowered, but had not burst; and, regardless of the remonstrances of the villagers, who felt no eagerness to produce their horses in such threatening weather, and even unheeding the hints of the tatar, who spoke mysteriously of the danger of storms in these parts, they insisted upon proceeding: and accordingly, having wrung a change of beasts from the reluctant Ketkhodah,‡ they left the shelter of the village, somewhat late in the afternoon, just as a great body of cloud, detaching itself under the influence of a sudden flaw of wind, from the mass which shrouded the mountain, first covered the whole grey vault of heaven with a dense sheet of curdling vapour, and then, after a few warning drops, descended in such a sweeping deluge, that for more than an hour the travellers could see nothing around them, and had enough to do in urging on their frightened horses, and keeping to the track which they believed to be the right one.

Clokes, jubbas, bashlogues,§ afforded no defence against the pelting rain. Wetted in a moment to the skin, the travellers, who had just before been melting under the influ-

* The Persian, or rather the Turkish name for Ararat, signifying the rough or wild mountain.

† Gentlemen.

‡ Chief of the Village.

§ Various Persian garments.

ence of a sultry breathless air, were at once exposed to the unmitigated severity of a cold and heavy rain, driven against their persons by a piercing wind;—and they soon suffered as much from the cold as they had lately done from heat. It was no trifling addition to their distress to find that in the confusion and darkness of the storm, they had managed to miss their road, and had got entangled in a maze of hillocks and irregular ground which bounds the plain upon the north-east; and although the tatar assured them that neither ill consequence, nor even material detention, could ensue from the accident, the travellers could not entirely divest themselves of anxiety, as delay in any shape was what they most wished to avoid.

So intently was the party occupied in remedying their error, that the changes which now rapidly took place in the weather, and upon the face of the heavens, attracted but slight attention. When the violence of the rain, and the depth of the darkness abated, they had indeed remarked, that a huge pile of clouds still remained around the mountain, rearing themselves high into the blue sky which began to break out overhead—and that the flashes of fork lightning, which darted and played among the mazes of this lurid mass, no less than the sullen roar of distant thunder, betokened the elemental strife which was still maintained within its recesses. But while threading the intricacies of the ground in which they were entangled, they neither noted the gradual subsidence and dispersion of this murky congregation of vapour, nor the clearing of the heavens above them; so that they were in no degree prepared for the scene which was about to burst upon them—a scene, which pen or pencil would in vain attempt to delineate, and to which, for its peculiar simplicity and grandeur of effect, the world itself perhaps cannot afford a parallel.

After winding for some time along a hollow between gravelly hillocks, the travellers stood upon the brow of a gentle eminence which sloped gradually down to a plain, from twenty to thirty miles in breadth, stretching far on either hand, and speckled with villages and gardens. But the effusion of purple and golden

light shed over half its surface from a setting sun of such glorious splendour as Eastern skies alone are blessed with, rendered every object indistinct. In front, bathed in the same mellow radiance, arose from this noble plain, in solemn majesty, the grand, the venerable Ararat, gracefully rearing its two lofty peaks, until their snowy summits, richly lighted up by the same declining beam, were relieved against the clear pearly sky. A misty play of rich and delicate tints pervaded the whole atmosphere, and threw over the landscape that filmy golden haze, so enchanting in autumnal evenings, softening every harsh line and too prominent feature into ineffable harmony; while the recent shower had lent to the hues of the foreground, ruddied as they were by the fast sinking sun, a freshness which contrasted not less powerfully than happily with the rich but mellow tones of the distance. The deep and lengthened shadow of the mountain which fell across the plain, shrouding half its extent in mysterious darkness, finished the picture, by giving tenfold lustre and effect to its more brilliant features.

“Glorious! Splendid! Magnificent indeed!” burst, after a moment, from the lips of the two Franks, as this sublime spectacle flashed, as it were, upon their senses. “Behold, old Agri-Daugh—there’s a mountain for you, agas!” echoed the tatar, more keenly alive perhaps to the honour of his country and its wonders, than to the splendour of the scene before him. Yet not insensible to the enchanting contrast of the present hour to that which had preceded it, he continued, “See how the grim old fellow smiles at us after the passion he has been in;—one would think that he never could frown, and that neither storm, nor thunder, nor lightning ever played around his head.”

—“By Heavens, C—,” exclaimed one of the Franks, after a pause, “it is well worth riding a few hundred miles to see this—well worth a drenching, and a cold too, should it follow—was there ever such a mountain! See how it rises in solitary grandeur from that noble plain, disdaining all connexion with the pigmy hills around!”—“And to see it under such happy circumstances,” returned his friend; “what a rich crimson and

orange light is powdered, as it were, over all that shoulder—there just where the sun rests—and how it trembles in lines of radiance down to our very feet. And mark how finely the sober grey that clothes the rest of the mountain, contrasts with that rich light—how gauzy and visionary is the contour and substance of that loftiest peak, as it retires into the warm yellow sky which now rises behind it—and see! how fine and calm the effect of yon streak of grey cloud which rests upon the upper shoulder—almost the only remaining trace of that violent storm!”

“And of what nature is the ground upon the mountain side?” enquired the elder of the travellers, addressing the tatar, after a pause of some continuance.—“To me, from hence, the slope seems even and gradual, and the ground smooth—is it so in reality? has the summit ever been ascended, pray?”—“Smooth? any thing but that, aga; take my word for it. Many a height and hollow is there, many a rocky chasim and ravine that would stop the march of an army. Observe these dark shadows and lines; these are deep hollows and clefts of unknown wildness; but there is plenty of good pasture land also. See that shoulder there, all red with the rays of the sun—the *yeiläk** of the Sirdar† is there, and he is somewhere thereabouts himself with his flocks and herds.”—“You have been upon the mountain, then?”

—“Ay, sir, often enough; that is, as far the *yeiläks* extend.”—“What, no higher?—never tried to get to the top?”—“Allah-il-allah!—the top of Agri-Daugh? me?—no, no, aga—not to be the Sirdar himself, would I try such a prank—in fine, it is not to be done.”—“And why not, pray? It seems easy enough from hence, and there is not much snow.”—“Ai! aga, who can judge of the difficulty or danger from such a distance as this?—All I can say is, that few have attempted the thing, and none have succeeded. I have gone pretty far myself—once, when I was a mad-cap youth, I was tempted, by the devil I believe, to go and peep into

the tail of that ravine yonder; there, just under the cloud to the left of that great patch of snow; I got to the craggy shoulder below, and just peeped in. But it was quite enough,” added the tatar, with a shudder; “I should like to see the man that would venture further.”—“And what should hinder him, pray?”—“Hinder him?” echoed the tatar; “why, devils, ghouls, death would hinder him! for what is that place but the very *khelwut*‡ of them all?—and who would go and thrust his head into the devil’s own house?”—“Psha! what do you talk of—devils? I should like to see the devil that would keep me from the top of Ararat, if I were inclined to try.”—“Don’t speak so, aga; you don’t know—others have said and thought the same, but—who can tell the horrors of that chasim—how deep—how dark!—the pit of hell is not more terrible, with its black shaggy rocks, and awful precipices of ice and snow, from which great masses are tumbling every minute into the gulf at their feet with a noise like thunder!—and smoke ascends, and forms, oh, too horrible to think of—I could only look for a moment, and turned away my eyes for very fear of what might come.”—“And, in the name of God, what worse than the rocks and precipices *could* have come to frighten you, friend?—What did you dread?”—“What can I tell, aga? who knows what might come from Shytaun’s own den? They say that the devils and gins of the pit below, are thing to the ghouls and spirits which haunt the snow-rifts and the ice-cracks above—creatures of dim unspeakable shapes, with pale bluey bodies, which flit about with a ghost-like motion, and fix upon the sons of Adam their visionless eyes, that glare like those of a dead man in the moon-light, until life and sense are sucked as it were away!—Ugh!” exclaimed he, with a half start, half shudder, “it seems as if I saw them now.”

“But if no one has ever ventured among the ice and snow, how is it known that all these fearful things exist? it must at best be conje-

* Summer quarters in a mountain.

† The general commanding the king’s troops on the frontier.

‡ Private apartment—domicilium.

§ The devil!—Satan

ture.”—“ Ah, no, aga! not so neither—people have gone, although few have returned; and fewer still have kept their senses. Some have become dumb; some have raved until they died; and others have laughed and shuddered alternately like idiots, for the remainder of their days, unable to answer any questions, but becoming terribly agitated at the sight of snow or ice. Even the few who have preserved their reason, can speak only in doubtful and mysterious terms.”—“ But if such is the ill repute of this same mountain, how happens it that any one has ever been tempted to try the enterprise?”—“ Oh, sir! what madness will not money make men commit? and what lengths will not zeal and superstition carry others!”—“ But what has this Agri-Daugh to do with your zeal or superstitions?”—“ Nothing, aga, with mine, praise be to God! but much with that of these poor misguided Armenians. You know, agas, that it is said the ark of Iluzrut Nool* rested upon Agri-Daugh, after the great deluge which destroyed the world; and the priests of Etchmiadzin—the great Armenian monastery which you see yonder, with the three black churches—say that this same ark, unchanged by time or decay, is still upon the mountain, among the eternal snows of its summit. To the wood which formed it, the poor infidels attribute many virtues, and covet the possession of it above all things. And well they may, for they sell the smallest pieces at a great price; but whether it be truly the wood of this ark, God only can tell. At all events, to get hold of this wood is a mighty object with them; and the Kalifah, (or Patriarch,) who declares that he can tell the true from false as easily as you would do a sweet from a water melon, is always trying to persuade thoughtless fellows, both Mussulmans and Armenians, to go and fetch it for him. The former go for gold, the latter generally for the blessing of God, which the old father assures them will attend upon so pious an act. But it seems that none who ventured for money have ever come safely back, while those who have taken

their chance of the danger for the sake of the blessing, have now and then returned with fearful accounts of their adventures, sometimes bringing bits of wood, for which they swore they had to fight with the spirits that guard the ark.”—“ And did the Kalifah believe all this?” asked the Frank. “ What can I tell?” replied the tatar; “ at all events, he profits by the tale, and shews and sells the wood as that of the true ark.”

“ And you never heard of any one undertaking the adventure from mere curiosity?”—“ Curiosity, aga! what good would that have done them?—no, but other motives have sometimes prevailed over fear, as I have heard; not that any one ever reached the summit—that is on all hands admitted to be impossible.”—“ But what motives do you allude to?”—“ Ah, strange ones enough—and many strange tales have I heard on the subject—but you Franks laugh at all such things, so there is no use in saying any more about them. But see, agas, the sun has set, and if you wish to reach Erivan in time enough to get horses this night, we have not a moment to lose.”—“ Well, friend Moustapha, we shall attend you; but as you have somewhat excited our curiosity, you shall just exert yourself to satisfy it by telling us some of these same wonderful tales, to shorten the way, as you have done more than once already—and an excellent kissago† you are.”

The travellers cast one more look at the majestic form of the huge grey mountain, which rose against a sky still glorious with the purple and golden light of the departed luminary; then turning their horses into the proper track, rode swiftly along for a while, until the nature of the road forcing them to moderate their speed, the tatar, flattered by the compliment to his abilities in narration, collected his ideas, and intimated his readiness to commence. They regulated their pace accordingly, and he began as follows.

“ In the earlier part of the reign of Aga Mahomed Shah, while the brave Looft Alec Khan still struggled for his life and crown in the south and

east of Persia, and the rest of the country was in a very unsettled state, there lived in these parts a chief of great power and influence, named Doozd Mahomed Khan, of the Zookh-auloo tribe which ranged the heights and pastures of Aberaun and Goom-ree, in the neighbourhood of Erivan. He was a heartless, cruel, rapacious chief—a great plunderer of caravans and travellers; but by dint of a frankness of demeanour, and great liberality to his followers, he had collected a force with which he succeeded in overawing his neighbours, and became the scourge and dread of the surrounding country. But it was the poor Armenians who chiefly suffered under his tyranny; he visited their peaceful villages with fire and sword, wringing money and goods of all sorts from the men, and carrying off their wives and children as slaves, or for the use of his harem. I know a good deal of the Armenians, agas, and they are not bad people, although they are infidels. Many a good pillow and comfortable night's quarters have I had from an Armenian, and I owe my life, I believe, to their good old Khalifah—for once I was robbed and nearly murdered, not very far from hence, by some rascally Turkish Eelants;* and an Armenian priest going by, found me, stript and bleeding, and carried me straight to the convent, where the Khalifah paid me every possible attention, and came himself to see my wounds dressed—may his prosperity increase! and in the long fever that followed, for more than a month they took care of me, and sent me away a whole man again; so I don't like to see the poor creatures abused. But Doozd Mahomed only looked upon them as beasts of burden—creatures made to contribute to his pleasures, or to supply his wants.

"Well—one day his rascally gang of robbers had gone forth, and surprised an Armenian village, some five pursungs distance from the monastery; and after driving off the greater part of the cattle, and such articles as were worth their while, they carried off a number of girls and boys, and returned to the camp of their master.

"It happened, that among the females there was one lovely young creature, who was already betrothed and all but married to a fine Armenian youth, named Gregoor, the inhabitant of a neighbouring village. Imagine, agas, the horror and dismay of this young man, when, ignorant of the catastrophe, he came to seek his beloved, and found the village in ruins, the remaining inhabitants weeping and lamenting their losses, and his dear Annah gone—carried off—none could tell whither! He raved like a madman, and committed a thousand foolish actions—but of what avail was all his grief—it would not bring back his mistress—the poor girl was lost to him! All he could learn was, that the mischief had been done by the people of Doozd Mahomed Khan, who were known as well by their fierce audacity, as by their dress and appearance. And it was also too well known, that to recover goods or chattels, man or beast, from the gripe of Doozd Mahomed, was as easy as to wrest the lamb from the wolf's jaws, or the dead from the grave.

"But young Gregoor had a spirit by far more bold and fearless than most of his countrymen, and was not so easily persuaded to abandon all hope of recovering his betrothed wife. He could not indeed immediately decide on what was to be done, but he was certain that his Annah had been taken to the Khan's camp, and from thence only was she to be recovered. There, therefore, hateful and terrible as was the place to all Armenians, did the bold Gregoor resolve on proceeding, to act as circumstances might determine. The remonstrances of his own parents, and even of the father of his Annah, were unheeded—go he would—and all they could wring from him, was a promise to be prudent—wary—calm. Calm!—a lover—and that lover Gregoor—calm or prudent?—but however, away he went, carrying with him nothing but his arms, and a relic—some nail parings of his own patron saint and that of his country, St Gregory, bound round his arm like a talisman, in a small silver case.

"It was not until he had arrived within sight of the camp that the

* Wandering tribes.

young Armenian began to consider how he should proceed, or even present himself, so as to avoid inconvenient suspicions. An open declaration of his errand would not only defeat its purpose, but cause, in all probability, his own destruction. Address was his only chance; and he at length resolved to come forward boldly as a young man seeking service, as it was well known that the Khan omitted no opportunity of retaining handsome youths about his person as pipe-bearers and body servants. His project succeeded perfectly. He entered the camp;—was stopped, interrogated, and taken before the Khan, who, delighted with his manly beauty and handsome address, received him instantly into his service; and in a very short time he was in attendance—gorgeously equipped—upon the great man himself.

“In this situation he soon became acquainted with the particulars of the late exploit; and heard enough to convince him that it was in the harem of the Khan his mistress was to be found, and from thence, if at all, must she be delivered. But to violate the sanctity of a Persian chief’s harem, and such a chief as Doozd Mahomed!—it was an enterprise of danger and difficulty enough to have daunted the courage of most men,—if any thing, it sharpened that of Gregoor.

“But fortune was adverse to the poor young man, at least in his first attempts. For, applying to a countrywoman of his own, a servant in the harem, as a means of communication with his poor Annah, his intrigue was either discovered or betrayed; and he was immediately seized, and led bound into the Khan’s presence, who, having been indisposed for several days before, was in a worse than ordinary humour. ‘Base-born scoundrel!’ thundered he, as the young man appeared before him; ‘cursed Armenian dog! what dish of filth is this you have been eating?—what infernal business have you been about?—have you a mind for the stake, or to be torn by horses, that you have ventured to interfere with my harem?—Speak, miscreant!—what answer have you to make?’

“‘My Lord,’ replied the young man with respectful firmness, ‘I am neither a base-born fellow nor a vil-

lain. I have not sought for, nor interfered with, any thing but what was my own, and what justice would assuredly restore to me. Nay, my hope is strong that a just and generous master like your lordship will not hesitate in so doing, as soon as you have heard my story. In entering your service, Khan, it is true that your slave did entertain a hope of recovering his lost wife—for such is Annah already in the face of Heaven. In so far has he deceived your lordship—but in all other matters he had resolved to conduct himself as a faithful and zealous servant should do. Such has he been, my Lord—and such will he continue in all duty. He seeks in return but his own—his betrothed wife, who will die if she be separated from him, as he should do were he to lose her. Be generous then, Khan; imitate the Lord of the universe; dispense happiness around you, and convert two miserable, broken-hearted creatures into faithful and devoted servants!’

“‘What says the Armenian dog?’ said the Khan, with darkening face, to his attendants. ‘What have I to do with his wife?—this is some dirt that he is eating, to excuse his abandoned attempt at intriguing in my harem. But his effrontery shall not avail the unclean scoundrel—he shall feel that Doozd Mahomed has teeth as well as eyes, and will not have filth thrown in his face with impunity. Ho, guards, there!—see him strictly confined until our pleasure be known. Ourselves will see his punishment, and it shall be signal—at present we are somewhat indisposed.’—And the luckless Gregoor was hurried away to a prison, from whence he had no hope of returning, except to a painful and disgraceful death.

“But Fate, which had played the young man so mischievous a trick, seemed now willing to befriend him, for the Khan’s illness increased so rapidly, that, before the hour of evening prayer, he was in a burning fever, and all business, executions included, was suspended, until at least the fate of the chief should be decided.

“Next day passed in anxiety and doubt. The most learned physicians which the country afforded, were called in, and were unremitting in their attendance. Every remedy they

could think of was applied, but all was in vain; the malady increased; the Khan was in extremity, and the whole camp in consternation. Before night delirium came on, and the mind of the Khan seemed labouring with some sore distress. He talked confusedly of his deeds of blood and plunder, of women violated, of men cut to pieces, of villages burning, and of fiery hands which gripped his heart or weighed upon his head, and would not suffer him to have a moment's ease. The physicians were puzzled; but all agreed in one thing, that the distemper was of a very *hot* nature, and could only be combated successfully by the *coldest* remedies. Accordingly, iced sherbet and vinegar were poured down his throat, and broken ice was laid upon his head. His burning limbs were even wrapped in clothes dipped in iced water; but nothing would do. No sooner, they say, did the ice come in contact with the Khan's person than it hissed, dissolved, and flew off in vapour, as if it had been thrown upon red-hot iron; and still the burning heat continued unabated.

"'It is all folly,' at length exclaimed the wise Hakeem Khooshhâl Allee, 'natural remedies are ineffectual here—natural cold is insufficient—Khodah Buzoorg!—God is great! but there is nothing on earth that can save the Khan, unless we could get him one of those mysterious creatures, the *kirm-e-yehk*,* or ice-worm, which frequent the eternal snows upon the summit of Agri-Daugh.'

"'And how is that to be had, in the name of Allah, oh Hakeem?' enquired the Khanum, or chief wife of Doozd Mahomed Khan, who, more deeply interested than any one else in the Khan's recovery, was seated behind a curtain of the anderoon, listening anxiously to the opinions and conversation of the physicians. 'Inshallah,' continued she, 'if money or power can get hold of it, my lord and husband (blessings be upon him) shall not expire for want of it.'—'May the riches of the Khanum increase!' replied the physician—'May God grant her husband's life! But for that wonderful creature, neither money nor force can procure it

—nothing but the zeal of a devoted slave—of some friend or servant, who would lay down his life for his master, can obtain that blessed remedy; for he who seeks the ice-worm among the snows of Agri-Daugh, must be content to encounter all the horrors of death and hell itself.'

"'And has not my husband an hundred such devoted servants?' exclaimed the Khanum, impatiently. She gave her orders for the chosen gholams to be summoned. But when the adventure was proposed, was there among all who eat of the Khan's salt, one single man to step forward and save his master's life? No, agas;—not one! All stood silent, gazing at one another; each, even those who were most zealous in their former professions, terrified lest in any way the chance should fall on him. And the physician shrugged his shoulders, and the Khanum was in despair, while the ravings of the sick man grew more violent than ever.

"While matters were thus in the tent of the Khan, poor Gregoor, in irons, and under strict guard, remained awaiting his fate in a place not far from the Khan's quarters, where he heard the bustle occasioned by that chief's illness; and remarking the perturbed countenance of the man who brought him food, he had no great difficulty in learning the truth; for the attendant, whose head was occupied with the event which engrossed the whole camp, scarcely remembered that the youth was a prisoner under sentence of death.

"The next day's report was still more unfavourable, and the attendant entered with still more earnestness into the dangerous condition of his chief, and the reports of the physicians, as received from the servants about his person. 'The will of Allah must be done,' said he. 'What is written must come to pass—but the Hakeem says that he cannot recover unless they get him a *kirm-e-yehk*, or ice-worm, from Agri-Daugh.'—'A what?' said the youth. 'An ice-worm,' replied the man. 'An ice-worm! Ah! I have heard some-

* Called also *Ellung-Booz*.

thing of them. They are to be found in the ice-cracks at the top of Agri-Daugh.'—'Yes, they live there, if it can be called life—the white, cold, deadly creatures—the very touch of which would wither up a living man, soul and body. But the Hakeem says it is the only thing to cool this burning fever in the Khan.'—'And are they to get it, then?'—'Get it!' echoed the man,—'where would they find it? and who is to bring it from that fearful mountain? Who is to face the ghouls and the gins that inhabit it?—And, if there was such a Delhi Khan* to be found, how is he to get hold of this same unknown creature?'—'And has no one yet offered to make the attempt?' said the youth, with a kindling eye. 'Al-lah Kerem! No!' replied the attendant, with a stare. 'How should there? The duty has been proposed to the truest and boldest of our young men, including the Khan's best ghoulns; but they have not found one among them all mad enough to undertake it. "No, no!" say they, "give us men like ourselves to fight with, and, Bismillah! we are ready; but when it comes to ghouls, and devils, and unknown creatures, bebuksheed! excuse us." In fine, all have refused, the plan is given up, and the Khan abandoned to his fate.'—'Then I will go!' exclaimed Gregoor. 'Tell them I am ready; and lose no time, I beseech you—remember the Khan may die.'—'You!' exclaimed the man, measuring the youth with his eye,—'you climb the Daugh for this ice-worm?'—'Yes, yes!' reiterated the youth, impatiently, 'I am ready—tell them—lead me to them.'—'Punah-be-khodah!† but you're a bold one!' responded the attendant, with something of an admiring grin. 'It is almost a pity—and yet,' added he, with a shrug of his shoulders, 'perhaps the devils and ghouls themselves may be as merciful as the Khan will, if he recovers.'—'He shall recover, man,' said the youth. 'Go—be gone—tell them—But I must speak with his son—or the Khanum—or his Naib—and then I will instantly set off.'

"To make short of this part of my story, agas, the young man was sent

for, and in presence of the Khan's eldest son, and in hearing of the Khanum, who sat behind her screen, he pledged himself to ascend the mountain yonder, in quest of this same ice-worm; provided, that if he should survive the adventure and return, his wife, the Armenian girl Annah, should be given up to him, and that both should be at liberty to proceed where they chose. To this the Khanum had not the smallest objection—well pleased, indeed, would she have been to empty the harem of a dozen more of her rivals—and the son, less interested in any part of the proceedings than his mother, agreed with her in pledging themselves, by all that was holy, to fulfil their part of the engagement, and prevail on the Khan, should he recover, to do the like. Gregoor, on his side, conceiving, that in case of success, he would have the means of forcing them to be honest by threatening to retain in his possession the fruits of his adventure, was contented with their promises. Where all parties were willing, no time was likely to be lost; and Gregoor, taking only his sword and matchlock, with the precious relic of St Gregory, quickly left the camp.

"It was not until he had gone a considerable way, in a direction straight towards the mountain, that the young man's enthusiasm and excitement had cooled enough to admit of his bestowing any consideration on the enterprise in which he had so rashly embarked,—and although he certainly did not repent of the step, he could not entirely suppress certain internal misgivings as to his ultimate success, when he reflected on his total ignorance of the means by which his object was to be attained. That the mountain was in truth the haunt of mysterious beings, differing widely in their nature from man, he had from his youth been accustomed to believe, not only upon the authority of his brethren, but of the Mussulman peasantry and tribes that dwell around the mountain, or range its lower regions; who, in their turns, had received the same account from their forefathers. And, agas, there is no doubt of the fact, for

* Mad fellow. † Shadow of the Almighty!—A Persian exclamation of astonishment,

Solymann, ibn Daood, the wise and the powerful, who could command the gins and deeves to do his bidding, when he prevailed against certain powers of darkness, made the bottomless Gulf of Ararat their prison,—and there they roar and rave within it, unable to overpass the mysterious boundary traced out by his powerful wand—and woe to the child of clay who heedlessly may trespass beyond this fatal barrier! All this had Gregoor been informed of, and believed. But although he had more than once traversed the habitable regions of the mountain, it never had been in his power, and still less in his inclination, to search into the truth of the fearful tale which now came over his mind with oppressive force. His utter ignorance of every thing connected with the object of his expedition, became more palpable as he approached this awful point, and the horrors he anticipated, assumed a more formidable shape.

“Thus ruminating, but resolved—perplexed, and awestruck, perhaps, but perfectly undismayed—did Gregoor proceed until the shades of evening began to descend, for it was late before he left the camp, and he felt the necessity of seeking for some spot in which to pass the night; for wandering in the dark could have done no good; and, you know, agas, it would have been utter madness to have encountered the spirits of darkness in their own dens and at their own chosen hour. But he was far past the last village, and having with difficulty forced his way through the low wooded and marshy ground which in many places skirts the mountain, he had already ascended one of the shoulders which rise gradually from the plain—so that to turn back was entirely out of the question;—on the other hand, to proceed, or to spend the night upon the bleak and barren hill side, was neither likely to forward his object, nor to fit him for the next day’s arduous work.

“In this perplexity, it occurred to him, that among the Fakeers or Santons who make their abode in the wild and desert places of the mountain, from motives of piety, there was one whose residence could not be very distant from the line of his as-

cent. If he could but find out this, it would not only allow him shelter for the night, and security from all approach of evil spirits, but its inhabitant, if at home, might possibly assist him with some hints as to the mode of attaining his purpose. Revived by this hope, he mended his pace, and took a direction towards the spot where he believed the Santon’s retreat to be.

“For more than a fursang did he maintain his full speed, ascending in a direction to the left of his first route; when he found himself upon the brink of a very savage-looking and gloomy chasin, which the darkness of night, now fully set in, rendered ten times more dismal. Descending by a precipitous and dangerous way, and scarcely able to see where he placed his feet, the young Armenian held on along the bottom, clambering over huge fragments, sometimes stepping into great holes, and scarcely avoiding chasms where he heard the roar of an unseen torrent. At length, when, wearied and harassed, he thought of laying himself down under the first overhanging rock for the night, and was looking about for a place fitted for the purpose, he found himself unexpectedly treading upon a level terrace, extending, so far as the darkness permitted him to see, for several yards under a cliff, the height of which was lost in the obscurity; but blacker than the night itself, he could distinguish in this very cliff a yawning chasm, which formed, as it were, an arch in the wall of rock.

“Drawing his sword, to be prepared against the worst, the young man entered, cautiously groping his way with the weapon, and thus he advanced upon a slight descent for several paces, in utter and almost palpable darkness; when his eyes, growing more accustomed to their situation, became aware of a slight glimmer of light. For a moment he doubted whether this might not be the glare of a wild beast’s eye; but another glance reassured him, for, sparkle after sparkle appearing for a moment and then becoming extinct, he felt convinced that it could only proceed from the embers of a fire, and with renewed energy, but still with caution, he made his way towards it.

“It was in truth the embers of a

fire, formed of dried weeds and wood, the remains of which, raked together, and excited by the young man's breath, were soon rekindled into a blaze, displaying the whole cavern into which accident had so strangely conducted him. It was a cavity formed by nature in the solid rock; its dark roof rose above the influence of the fire-light, but the extent otherwise did not appear great. In one corner lay a mat, spread over some grass and dried leaves, near to which was placed a broken earthen vessel containing water. In a remoter corner, agas, the light glimmered upon that symbol so highly esteemed by the Armenians and other followers of Huzrut Issau.* These, and a few more trifling articles, formed the whole contents of the cavern; and they convinced Gregoor, that, in all probability, he had reached by accident the very place of rest he wished for. But its owner was apparently absent, for no human being was to be seen.

"This was a disappointment; but to have obtained shelter and fire, with the protection of a holy roof, was no trifling blessing. So Gregoor, having eaten sparingly of a cake of bread, the only provision he had taken along with him, and drinking from the broken pot of water, once more scraped together the embers of his fire, and placing his arms in readiness in case of attack, he lay down upon the bed of leaves and grass, and soon fell fast asleep.

"It is not wonderful, agas, that the same matters which occupied the waking thoughts of Gregoor should visit his dreams—nor need I remind you how often it pleases the Omnipotent to send forth the angels of his presence, and shadow out through them to his creatures, in the hours of sleep, the images of those coming events which concern their misery or their welfare. The young man, as he afterwards declared, dreamed that he was toiling up the mountain, until at length he reached the brink of a fearful abyss, where he stopped in horror; for deformed shapes were sporting in its darkness, and hovering in the thick air. The moment they perceived him, forward

they flew towards him, with hideous din and frightful gestures, as if they sought to destroy him with their terrible talons. How long these visions continued he knew not, but his agony was extreme; and just when the demons appeared to have caught him in their gripe, a sudden light burst forth, dispelling the darkness, and the figure of an old man, clad in a robe of ancient form, with a strongly marked countenance, and a huge flowing beard of grizzled hue—just such as he remembered to have seen the likeness of his patron saint represented at Etchmeadzin—appeared therein, stretching forth his hand, as if to drive the fiends from their prey. In a moment they all vanished, and another form, of more pleasing character, appeared in company with the saint—it was his Annah herself, whom the holy man led towards him, and he rushed forward to embrace her. The exertion awoke him—he opened his eyes, and, by the grey light of dawn which fell upon him through the entrance, saw bending over him an old man, whose only clothing was a sheepskin tunic, which, girt round his waist, and reaching nearly to the knee, covered the middle of his person, while a portion of the same material thrown over his back and shoulders, still left the greater part of his breast and arms exposed. His hair and beard were matted together, covering most of his face, from which a pair of keen grey eyes looked piercingly forth, and such parts of his body as were visible were thickly covered with grey curling hair.

"'Hoh! up, my son!' said the old man, addressing Gregoor, without any previous preparation, or evincing the smallest sign of surprise at finding him in the cell—'Up!—the morning is grey—thy journey is long, and thy need is urgent—up and be doing!'—'Father,' replied the youth, after staring around him for a minute with a bewildered air, and rubbing his eyes to try if he were really awake, 'father, you speak as if you knew me and my errand. It is strange; yet, if it be so, you cannot fail of knowing my difficulties. Instruct me, if you can, how to conquer them—teach me how to proceed—how to

* The Mahometan name for *Christ*.

act—and may the Almighty reward you for it!’—‘My son,’ returned the old man, ‘thou hast a good cause—thy object is virtuous—and the might of the Most High will not fail to strengthen the chosen instrument of his beneficent designs. Thou couldst not err while thus upheld—see only that thy soul fail not, nor let thy heart wax cold in the work, and blessings shall follow thee here and hereafter.’

“‘Father,’ replied the youth, ‘behold me ready—shew me but the work, and the means of performing it—but as yet I wander in the dark, unknowing whither to direct my steps.’—‘Forward, my son, forward! Behold the mountain summit and the eternal snows of Ararat, where, thousands of years ago, the ark of Noah rested, and the world began afresh—seek only to reach that summit, and fear not but thy duty shall be taught thee. Forward, then, boldly. But see—first taste of this wine and this bread—they will strengthen thee against the hour of trial; and take this chaplet of dark beads, formed of a stone from the first altar which the holy Noah raised to the Almighty, when, uncertain like thee on which side to bend his course, he descended with his family from the mountain. These beads are endowed with peculiar virtues. Proceed thou steadily and boldly; and when thy mind becomes darkened, and thou art doubtful which track to pursue, take one of these beads, drop it thus upon the earth, and follow the direction it will indicate. But leave behind thee these arms of human fabric, unsuited to the conflicts thou wilt have to maintain. Trust thou alone in the strength of the Most High, whose servant thou art; and throw aside what may encumber, but cannot aid thee.’

“Having uttered these words, the old man dropt from the chaplet a single bead; bounding up from the hard rock in front of the cavern, it sprung forward in a direction ascending the ravine. ‘May God protect thee, youth!’ said the old man, with solemnity, and Gregoor, following the appointed way, plunged onwards among the rocky fragments, until, by dint of powerful exertion, he threaded up the intricacies of the ravine to its head, and emerged high up upon the mountain side.

“Onward and onward did he thus toil for many hours, often panting and fatigued with the steep ascent, and the rough ground over which he had to pass, but never losing courage nor fainting in heart; until, after the sun had long declined from the meridian, as he reached an elevated shoulder of the mountain, he caught a view of the summit and its deep eternal snows, hanging still far above him, like a mighty mass of clouds in the blue air, but greatly nearer than ever he expected to attain to them. Encouraged by his progress, and anxious to make the best of the remaining hours of daylight, he had recourse to his chaplet, and the bead, after bounding upwards as formerly, flew like a stone thrown by the hand, in a direction slanting upwards to his left, and pointing to the eastern face of the summit. Gregoor followed gaily, and after another hour’s hard walking, he discovered that he was approaching the brink of a wide and profound cavity; for the bosom of the summit, to which he had by that time more closely approached, appeared to recede in a semi-circular form, exhibiting a lofty, precipitous face, the upper part of which rose in terrific cliffs of broken ice and snow, while the lower descended, in a wall of black and rugged rock, sheer into the dark gulf below.

“His heart beat thick, as he saw himself approaching this scene of anticipated horrors; and seeing that his progress must soon be stopped, or his course changed, he had once more recourse to his chaplet. The bead, after its customary bound, as if to gain free and uninterrupted scope, rolled onwards still—and onwards was Gregoor forced to follow, wondering where this extraordinary course would terminate, until, after traversing a tract of broken ground with a facility which was incomprehensible to himself, (for he felt as it were upborne and hurried onward by some unseen power,) he found himself suddenly standing upon an elevated point of rock, and overlooking a scene which froze his blood with horror.

“He had approached the highest region of the mountain, in a manner as unaccountable as the almost preternatural rapidity of his latter progress, and was involved, as it seemed,

in the heart of its eternal snows. Around him rose precipices and peaks of cold blue ice, surmounted by the more recent snow, which adds yearly to the mass, more than is abstracted from it by the action of summer suns and thaws. In front, rose in all its savage majesty the great snowy cone which strikes the eye from below, a mingled aggregation of rock and ice, the base of which was lost a thousand *gez** below, in the gulf that opened at its very feet,—a fearful gulf, the depth of which mocked the straining eye. Masses of rock and ice, with all their superincumbent snow, were every moment detached from the edge of the cliffs; and, thundering down with a crashing and hollow sound, mingled their din with the distant roar of unseen torrents. ‘Here then, at least,’ thought the astounded youth, ‘must this enterprise terminate in some way or other—here, if at all, unless I have been altogether mocked by evil spirits, must my course of duty be revealed to me—and, oh God! thou wilt not desert an honest youth and a true Christian, who has gone forth among these perils in firm reliance on thy aid!’

“Thus, *agas*, prayed the Armenian youth; and from these words he received, as he affirmed, a support and a courage which astonished even himself. It soon became all required, for on appealing for the last time to his chaplet, to his astonishment no less than his horror, the dark bead glided forward for a few yards, along the very verge of the giddy precipice, and then leaping downwards, he saw it bound from one slight inequality of rock to another, slanting along the blackest and deepest side of the abyss, until at a yawning rift in the rock it disappeared, and was seen no more.

“‘Oh, God! deliver me in this peril and perplexity,’ exclaimed the young man aloud, as he gazed with a shudder of dismay at the indicated track. But it was the weakness of the flesh, not of the spirit; for his resolution did not falter; and neither seeing nor hearing any farther token, he boldly, but cautiously, addressed himself to examine his appalling path.

“On reaching the point at which the bead had descended, he remarked, what had not been perceptible before, a slight irregularity upon the face of the rock, like a ledge, which, had the place been one to yield pasturage, would scarcely have afforded to the most adventurous goats a way to reach such stray herbs as might have sprung upon the face of the cliff; but neither goat nor herb was ever seen there; not even moss, nor the green coating of dampness, ever grew upon that black rock—no living thing existed there.

“Casting off his sandals, in order to cling more firmly with his feet, Gregoor flung himself over the edge of the cliff, and commenced his fearful course, suspended upon the narrow ledge, above an abyss he dared not look at. So narrow, indeed, was this ledge, and so perpendicular the rocky face along which it led, that even the thickness of his slender body projecting from it almost destroyed his balance, and the irregularities by which he held were so slight and far between, that they scarcely afforded him the means of dragging himself forward; and sometimes a jutting angle would occur, the danger of doubling round which, while ignorant of the footing beyond, was extreme.

“Thus, sticking like an insect to the rocky wall along which he slowly crawled, Gregoor had proceeded several yards, intent only upon preserving his precarious hold, when a new and fearful horror assailed him. The gulf, before so silent and dreary, resounded now at once with cries and groans, and dismal howlings; and the involuntary sidelong glance of his eye fell upon forms dim and indistinct, but of appalling character, which flitted through the murky atmosphere, and fluttered upwards with fierce and uncouth gestures. Muttering an earnest prayer, with a powerful effort he withdrew his eyes, but turning them upwards in hopes of relief, he saw the snow and ice-cracks above him tenanted with visionary shapes more ghastly yet than those below. Oh, *agas*! how shall I describe—how can you conceive—those terrible ghosts of the snow!

* Yards.

Stark and stiff, like stretched and awathed corpses, were they—and yet they had a movement, a wandering flitting motion, which the eye could not catch, nor the mind comprehend. No human tongue could name their forms;—dim and colourless, they seemed void of substance;—the very glare of their glossy eyes cast a deadly chill, which seemed to freeze the marrow in the young man's bones.

"The dream of the preceding night rushed forcibly into the mind of Gregoor, as he gazed upon the scene around him; but the remembrance rather recalled his slinking courage than added to his alarm, for he doubted not that the visionary aid he had then experienced, would not desert him now in the reality of his danger. Casting forward his eyes, therefore, he saw at no great distance the chasm where the last head had disappeared. 'May God grant that the adventure shall terminate there, and happily for his servant!' ejaculated the youth, and on he went.

"Scarcely had he reached its nearest verge when a mass of ice and snow appeared above him towering to the very clouds, and horribly tenanted by the ice ghouls, while a glance downwards betrayed to him a deeper and blacker gulf, with the dim glimmer of a roaring torrent at an immeasurable distance beneath. A sudden pang of horror seized his heart—his limbs trembled, and his hold almost relaxed; for now the rock and ice rose high on all sides, cutting off retreat; and there hung the unhappy youth above a fathomless abyss, into which it seemed that, sooner or later, he must drop. His courage, which till now had been unshaken, at that moment almost failed him, when his eye was attracted to a quivering rapid motion in a part of the ice above, but almost within his reach. A second and more attentive glance shewed him a creature like a serpent, of the same pale hue and transparent substance as the spirits of the ice, which was playing in and out of the cracks and crevices in the snow. 'Thanks be to God!' exclaimed the young man, aloud; 'behold it—it is mine!' and forgetting his precarious situation, he darted desperately forward to seize it. A fearful cry arose from below—his footing failed him, and at the same mo-

ment the enormous mass of ice and snow which rose above him, bent forwards for an instant, then crashing downwards, bore with it the shrieking youth into the awful gulf below! His head reeled, but ere his senses quite fled, a mild benignant voice whispered, in tones which were heard in spite of the hideous din,—'Well done, brave and virtuous youth! thou hast fought the good fight, and thousands will bless thy name.'

"How long Gregoor remained insensible, or what may have occurred to him during his swoon, he never could tell. But, strange to say, agas, when he recovered his senses, it was neither upon the summit nor among the eternal snows of Agri-Daugh, nor in the fearful gulf below it, but just in the very cavern from whence he had set forth that morning—upon the same bed of leaves on which he had cast himself the preceding night; and over him was standing the recluse himself, in the identical sheepskin tunic which he had worn in the morning of this eventful day!

"The youth gazed long upon the hermit, rubbed his eyes, shook himself heartily, lay still, and reflecting for some moments, shuddered at the recollections which dawned upon him, and then turning again to the recluse, who stood patiently bending over him, stared with a bewildered air, and exclaimed,—'In the name of God and St Gregory! what has happened—and where am I?'—'In safe quarters, my son, by the favour of God, who has dealt with thee in great mercy,' replied the recluse, with solemnity. 'And how came I here? Surely—surely—' and again he shuddered.—'My son,' said the recluse, 'thou art here by the will of God—let that content thee; be thankful for thy safety, and seek no farther. It is time thou wert on thy journey—up, and be going.'—'And whither must I go, father?—How can I return?—Ah! I thought—I believed, that all was well—that I had done my duty—that voice declared so.'—'And that voice was right, my son—mistrust it not—return whence thou camest, without delay or doubt. Boldly present thyself, and claim the promised reward. Fear not that it will be denied thee; but, in thy own prosperity, forget

not the misery of others—extend to those who need it the mercy thou thyself hast tasted. Remember thy afflicted countrymen when thy voice has power, and fail not to let it rise in their behalf. And now, delay not farther—rise, and begone.’ The wondering and still bewildered youth hesitated no longer; hastily partaking of the food which the recluse placed before him, he ‘received back his arms, which, with his sandals, were laid by his bedside, and quitting the cavern, clambered up the side of the rocky ravine, and was soon on his way to the camp of Doozl Mahomed.

“And what, agas, think you, had been going on there since the time of the young man’s departure? The Khan’s distemper had risen to its height just about that time. He raved frantically—abused every one around him—roared incessantly for water! water!—and for cold! cold!—and besought his attendants to cut open his breast, and take out his heart, which had become, he said, a burning coal. The physicians ordered a last application of ice, gave their last dose of iced vinegar and water, and then left him to his fate. This frenzied state was too violent to continue very long; it gradually subsided into a less furious, though scarcely a more tranquil condition. Cries and shrieks gave place to low moanings, and his terrible convulsions to a less uncontrollable restlessness.

“Towards midnight, the sick man’s mutterings became more distinct. He talked as if he had been addressing some person present, and in less distracted phrases. At length his attendants could distinguish some of his expressions. ‘Allah! have mercy!’—‘Oh, holy Mahomed!’—‘By the holy Koran!’—‘by the Sacred Caaba! yes! yes! I promise, I swear! Inshallah! Inshallah!’—and each ejaculation was accompanied by a corresponding movement of head and hands, as if confirming what he said. This seemed to be the crisis of his disorder; for after it he grew still and tranquil, and, to the astonishment of those who looked every moment for his death, the heat and fever subsi-

ded from that moment, and late on the ensuing day the Khan awoke from a long sleep, perfectly collected, and free from all disease, although still weak and exhausted.

“Many were the ‘Shukhur Khodahs!’ and ‘Alhumdulillahs!’* that were poured out upon this occasion by the attendants and all the household—but the first demand made by the Khan was for the Armenian youth whom he had ordered into confinement at the commencement of his illness. His servants, alarmed, and unwilling to tell the truth, looked at each other in silence. It was the Khanum alone who dared to inform him that the youth was no longer in camp. ‘Not in camp!’ echoed the Khan; ‘and what, then, has become of him? By your own soul, Khanum, and by the holy Caaba! tell me where he is!’

“The attendants, still imagining that the Khan’s only reason for the enquiry was to order his immediate execution, and fearful of incurring blame for his unauthorized dismissal from the camp, could get no farther than to mutter some unintelligible excuses. Even the Khanum was alarmed at the emotion of her Lord, who still continued conjuring them in God’s name to tell him the truth. At last, dreading the consequences of his impatience even more than his anticipated wrath—‘By the Khan’s own head, then,’ said she, ‘the youth is gone to Agri-Daugh for an ice-worm to cure your fever, my Lord!’

“‘I know that,’ said the Khan impatiently—‘I know it as well as you—but where is he now? for he has returned from Agri-Daugh.’—‘Returned?—who?—Gregoor the Armenian? no, Khan—not a bit of him—nor ever will doubtless—who ever returns from the top of Agri-Daugh?—and who cares about a scurvy Armenian, since your Lordship has got rid of your fever? Let the poor wretch go about his business.’—‘Who cares?’ echoed the Khan.—‘By the head of my father, there is cause to care!—for it is just this—his life and mine—if he goes, so do I; we are bound up together in a strange fashion—so where is the lad?’

* *Thank God!*—*Persian.*

Ye surely have not slain him?' added he, suddenly fixing his frowning eye upon them. 'God forbid!—no, by the head of the Prophet!—no, by the Khan's salt!' burst forth the whole attendants in reply, greatly relieved as to the object of their Lord's urgency, and now, on their own accounts, wishing for the youth's return. 'Then let every one of my people set off this moment in search of him,' said the Khan; 'nor let them return till they bring him.'—And accordingly the tent was soon cleared, and every one sallied forth to hunt for poor Gregoor.

"By this time the physicians, hearing of the great man's unexpected recovery, had all come back to offer their congratulations on this fortunate event, hinting at the same time at their own great merit, and the handsome reward they expected for it. 'May your fathers all be well roasted, ye cousins of an ass!' cried the Khan, whose strength and energy appeared hourly to revive. 'This is no dish of your cooking—I'll eat all you have in this matter any day of the Ramazaun, and never break my fast. Away with your long beards, big bellies, and empty heads!—your long yellow faces make me sick—Pack—go!—Hearken,' continued he to a few of his favourites, when the apartment had been cleared of intruders—'I will tell you how it all came about. Those wise heads thought that all was over with me—and bad enough truly matters were. I heard what they said about the ice-worm, while they believed me to be insensible, although well did I know that mortal hands would never bring it from the old Daugh, yonder. Soon after, my head began to spin round and simmer like a boiling pot—and wild fancies passed through my seething brain. Sometimes I was among ice and snow, sometimes in flames and fire. Then again I was upon my old war-horse, careering forward at a fearful rate, along with a whole troop of fiendish-looking riders, trampling and cutting down thousands of these miserable Armenians, while our very foot-tramps set their villages on fire. There was a terrible hurly-burly—and my whirling head was like to burst with pain from the heat of the burning houses; at last, out rushed

the old white-bearded Ket Khodah of the last Armenian village we plundered, throwing himself before my horse's feet, and beseeching me to spare his grey hairs; and there was something in the old man's look that troubled me—my liver melted within me like water, and strongly checking my horse, he bounded to one side, and the old man was saved. Suddenly his form altered in my sight, he wore long floating garments, and his countenance assumed a grave and noble, yet not unpleasing aspect. 'The Khan has done well,' said he, 'the mercy he has shewn he shall find;' and I found my heart soften in that moment, and the pangs that had so long gnawed my vitals experienced a momentary relief. But the whole scene had passed away, and I was lying in this very tent with all my attendants sleeping around my couch; and I tried to awaken them, but they would not hear me, when the same venerable person entered, accompanied by the Armenian youth Gregoor, who held in his hand a small basket of twigs. 'Chief,' said the former, addressing me, while every one around still slept profoundly,—'behold, thy heart has been touched;—unworthy though thou art, thou hast tasted the mercy of the Omnipotent, who sends by the hands of his servant the remedy which will heal thy bodily ailments—take heed that thy mind partake the cure—beware that thou turn not good to evil—a blessing to a curse. Abandon thy evil ways—devote the life which has been granted thee, to repairing the evil thou hast already committed, rather than to increasing it—persecute no more my people the Armenians—set free the captives thou hast taken—rebuild the villages thou hast burned, and, to the youth who freely risked his life to preserve thine, restore what thou hast taken—dismiss him and his wife with blessings and with benefits—for know that to his zeal thou owest thy life.—Dost thou promise all this?' I need scarcely say, friends, that I gave the promise in ready and in earnest terms.

"The old man then turning to the young man, took from his basket a wonderful creature—how shall I describe it?—it resembled a serpent of

pure ice, its very look was chilling ; and as it moved to and fro with a quick wavering motion, I felt its power in every vein. He stooped over my bed, and taking the creature, which lay passive in his grasp, wound it like a fillet round my head. The touch was magical—in a moment all the burning heat and restless confusion were gone, and gave place to a thrill of delicious calm, the more enchanting from my long previous sufferings. ‘Thou art healed, and at peace,’ said the aged man, ‘and the continuance of that peace rests with thyself—the delicious coolness which the touch of this pure creature sheds over a repentant heart, will turn to fiercer tortures than yet thou hast experienced, if thy vows are ever broken—be virtuous and be happy.’ With these words my aged physician and his companion vanished from my sight, and a deep sleep came over my senses, until I awoke just now, restored, as you all see, to health. And now, my friends, you will comprehend the cause of my solicitude for the young man’s safety—God grant that no evil may have befallen him!”

“Agas, the Khan’s fears were soon dissipated; for while he was yet speaking, a bustle at the tent-door announced an arrival, and the attendants entered, bringing in Gregoor, who had been met on his return close to the camp by those who were sent to seek him. I scarce need assure you, that the Khan, taught by his sufferings and his dream, never for-

got his promise to the old saint. Not only did he restore to the youth his wife, and loaded them with presents, but he set all his Armenian captives at liberty, restored the plunder taken, rebuilt the burnt villages, and made good their losses to the inhabitants; in fine, until the day of his death, Doozd Mahomed Khan became the patron and protector of the very district and people, whom before this singular event he had bitterly persecuted.

“Thus, agas, you see that there *is* truth in what has always been told of the terrors of old Agri-Daugh, and the impossibility of reaching his summit, when even the good Gregoor failed, after encountering such terrible danger. You smile, as if you had still doubts?—Ah, well, agas, you are not the first Frank sahebs,* who have expressed this strange incredulity after they had heard this very story. I even remember one—may God forgive him! who ventured to hint a doubt of the Armenian youth having ever gone further than the cave of the recluse; that all the rest was merely a dream proceeding from an over-excited imagination, and that the Khan’s recovery from his fever was more attributable to the cold applications of the despised physicians, than to this wonderful ice-worm—La-illah-il-allah! Some people can never be convinced! But come—we are late; and behold, yonder are the walls of the castle shining in the moonlight—Let us push forward.”

* Gentlemen.

WE RETURN NO MORE!*

BY MRS HEMANS.

When I stood beneath the fresh green tree,
 And saw around me the wild field revive
 With fruits and fertile promise, and the Spring
 Come forth her work of gladness to contrive,
 With all her reckless birds upon the wing,
 I turn'd from all she brought to all she could not bring.
 CHILDE HAROLD.

"We return—we return—we return no more!"
 —So comes the song to the mountain-shore,
 From those that are leaving their Highland home,
 For a world far over the blue sea's foam:
 "We return no more!" and through cave and dell
 Mournfully wanders that wild Farewell.

"We return—we return—we return no more!"
 —So breathe sad voices our spirits o'er,
 Murmuring up from the depths of the heart,
 Where lovely things with their light depart;
 And the inborn sound hath a prophet's tone,
 And we feel that a joy is for ever gone.

"We return—we return—we return no more!"
 —Is it heard when the days of flowers are o'er?
 When the passionate soul of the night-bird's lay
 Hath died from the summer woods away?
 When the glory from sunset's robe hath pass'd,
 Or the leaves are borne on the rushing blast?

No! it is not the rose that returns no more;
 A breath of spring shall its bloom restore;
 And it is not the voice that o'erflows the bowers
 With a stream of love through the starry hours;
 Nor is it the crimson of sunset-hues,
 Nor the frail flush'd leaves which the wild wind strews.

"We return—we return—we return no more!"
 —Doth the bird sing thus from a brighter shore?
 Those wings, that follow the southern breeze,
 Float they not homeward o'er vernal seas?
 Yes! from the lands of the vine and palm,
 They come, with the sunshine, when waves grow calm.

"But we—we return—we return no more!"
 The heart's young dreams when their spring is o'er;
 The love it hath pour'd so freely forth,
 The boundless trust in ideal worth;
 The faith in affection—deep, fond, yet vain—
 —*These* are the Lost that return not again!

* "Ha til—ha til—ha til mi tuldic"—We return—we return—we return no more,—the burden of the Highland song of emigration.

STORY OF ADAM SCOTT.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

On a fine summer evening, about the beginning of July, on a year which must have been about the latter end of the reign of Queen Anne, or some years subsequent to that, as Adam Scott, farmer of Kildouglas, was sitting in a small public-house on North Tyne, refreshing himself on brown bread and English beer, and his hungry horse tearing up the grass about the kail-yard dike, he was accosted by a tall ungainly fellow, who entered the hut, and in the broadest Northumberland tongue, enquired if he was bound for Scotland. "What gars ye speer that, an it be your will?" said Scott, with the characteristic caution of his countrymen.

"Because a neighbour and I are agoing that way to-night," said the stranger, "and we knaw neything at all about the rwoad; and mwore than that, we carry soomthing reyther ower valuable to risk the losing of; and as we saw your horse rooging and reyying with the saddle on him, I made bould to call, thinking you might direct us on this coarsed rwoad."

"An' what will you gie me if I guide you safely into Scotland, an' set ye aince mair upon a hec road?" said Scott.

"Woy, man, we'll give thee as mooch bread as thou canst eat, and as moorch beer as thou canst drink—and mwore we cannot have in this moorland," said the man.

"It is a fair offer," said Adam Scott; "but I'll no pit ye to that expense, as I am gaun o'er the fells the night at any rate; sae, if ye'll wait my bijune, for my horse is plaguit weary, and amaisit jaded to death, then we shall ride thegither, and I ken the country weel; but road ye will find nane."

The two men then fastened their horses, and came in and joined Scott; so they called for ale, drank one another's healths at every pull, and seemed quite delighted that they were to travel in company. The tall man, who came in first, was loquacious and outspoken, though one part of his story often did not tally

with the other; but his neighbour was sullen and retired, seldom speaking, and as seldom looking one in the face. Scott had at first a confused recollection of having seen him, but in what circumstances he could not remember, and he soon gave up the idea as a false one.

They mounted at length, and there being no path up the North Tyne then, nor till very lately, their way lay over ridges and moors, and sometimes by the margin of the wild river. The tall man had been very communicative, and frankly told Scott that they were going into Scotland to try to purchase sheep and cattle, where they expected to get them for next to nothing, and that they had brought gold with them for that purpose. This led on Scott to tell him of his own adventures in that line. He had come to Stagshaw bank fair, the only market then for Scots sheep and cattle in the north of England, with a great number of sheep for sale, but finding no demand, he bought up all the sheep from his countrymen for which he could get credit, and drove on to the Yorkshire markets, where he hawked them off in the best manner he could, and was now in fact returning to Scotland literally laden with money to pay his obligations.

After this communication, the tall man always rode before Adam Scott, and the short thick-set sullen fellow behind him, a position which, the moment it was altered, was resumed, and at which Scott began to be a little uneasy. It was still light, though wearing late, for there is little night at that season, when the travellers came to a wild glen called Bell's Burn, a considerable way on the English side of the Border. The tall man was still riding before, and considerably a-head, and as he was mounting the ridge on the north side of Bell's Burn, Adam Scott turned off all at once to the right. The hindmost man drew bridle on seeing this, and asked Scott, "Wherenow?"

"This way, lads. This way," was the reply.

The tall man then fell a swearing

that that could never be the road to Liddisdale, to which he had promised to accompany them.

"The straight road, honest man—the straight road. Follow me," said Scott.

The tall man then rode in before him and said, "Whoy, man, thou'at either drunk, or gone stooped with sleep, for wilt thou tell me that the road up by Blakehope Shiel; and down the Burnmouth rigg, is nwot the rwoad into Liddisdale?"

"Ay, man!—ay, man! How comes this?" said Scott. "Sae it seems ye are nae sic strangers to the road as ye pretendit? Weel, weel, since ye ken that road sae particularly weel, gang your gates, an' take that road. For me, I'm gaum by the Fair-Lone, an' if Willie Jardine's at hame, I'll no gang muckle farther the night."

"The devil of such a rwoad thou shalt go, friend, let me tell thee that," said the tall fellow, offering to lay hold of Scott's bridle. "It is of the greatest consequence to us to get safely over the fell, and since we have put ourselves under thuyne care, thou shalt either go with us, or do worse."

"Dare not for your soul to lay your hand on my bridle, sir," said Scott; "for, if you touch either my horse or myself but with one of your fingers, I'll give you a mark to know you by." The other swore by a terrible oath that he would touch both him and it if he would not act reasonably, and seized the horse rudely by the bridle. Scott threw himself from his horse in a moment, and prepared for action, for his horse was stiff and unwieldy; and he durst not trust himself on his back between two others, both horses of mettle. He was armed with a cudgel alone, and as his strength and courage were unequalled at that time, there is little doubt that the tall Englishman would have come down, had not the other, at the moment the bridle was seized, rushed forward and seized his companion by the arm—"Fool! madman!" cried he; "What do you mean? has not the honest man a right to go what way he pleases, and what business have you to stop him? Thou wert a rash idiot all the days of thy life, and thou wilt die one, or be hangit for thy mad pranks. Let go!—for here, I swear, thou shalt nei-

ther touch the honest man nor his horse as long as I can hinder thee, and I think I should be as good a man as thee. Let us go all by the Fair-Lone, since it is so, and mayhap Mr Jardine will take us all in for the night."

"Whoy, Bill, thou sayest true after all," said the tall man succumbing; "I'm a passionate fool; but a man cannot help his temper. I beg Mr Sewott's pardon, for I was in the wrong. Come, then, let us go by the Fair-Lone with one consent."

Scott was now grieved and ashamed of his jealousy and dread of the men's motives, and that moment, if they had again desired him to have accompanied them over the fell, he would have done it; but away they all rode on the road towards the Fair-Lone, the tall man before as usual, Adam Scott in the middle, and the gruff but friendly fellow behind.

They had not rode above five minutes in this way, Scott being quite reassured of the integrity of his companions, perfectly at his ease, and letting them ride and approach him as they listed, when the hindermost man struck him over the crown with a loaded whip such a tremendous blow as would have felled an ox, yet, as circumstances happened to be, it had not much effect on the bullet head of Adam Scott. When the man made the blow, his horse started and wheeled, and Scott, with a readiness scarcely natural to our countrymen, the moment that he received the blow, knocked down the foremost rider, who fell from his horse like lead. The short stout man had by this time brought round his horse, and Adam Scott and he struck each other at the same moment. At this stroke he cut Adam's cheek and temple very sore; and Adam in return brought down his horse, which fell to the earth with a groan. A desperate combat now ensued, the Englishman with his long loaded whip, and the Scott with his thorn staff. At the second or third stroke, Adam Scott knocked off his antagonist's wig, and then at once knew him for a highwayman, or common robber and murderer, whom he had seen at his trials both at Carlisle and Jeddart. This incident opened Scott's eyes to the sort of company he had fallen into, and despising the rogue's

cowardice who durst not attack him before, two to one, but thought to murder him at one blow behind his back, he laid on without mercy, and in about a minute and a half left him for dead. By this time the tall fellow had got up on one knee and foot, but was pale and bloody, on which Scott lent him another knoit, which again laid him flat; and then, without touching any thing that belonged to them, Adam mounted his sorry horse, and made the best of his way homewards.

As ill luck would have it, our farmer did not call at Fair-Lone. Indeed, his calling there was only a pretence to try his suspicious companions; for William Jardine and he were but little acquainted, and that little was the reverse of kindness for one another. At that time the Borders were in much disorder, owing to the discontents regarding the late Union, which were particularly cherished there; and there were many bickerings and heart-burnings between the natives on each side of the Marches. To restrain these as much as possible, there were keepers, as they were called, placed all along the Border line, who were vested with powers to examine and detain any suspicious person from either side till farther trial. Of these keepers, or marchmen, Jardine was one; and he being placed in the very entry of that wild pass which leads from Liddisdale and the highlands of Teviotdale into North Tynne, he often found his hands full. He was an intrepid and severe fellow; and having received a valuable present from some English noblemen for his integrity, from that time forth it was noted that he was most severe on the Scots, and blamed them for every thing.

Now Scott ought, by all means, to have called there, and laid his case before the keeper, and have gone with him to the maimed or killed men, and then he would have been safe. He did neither, but passed by on the other side, and posted on straight over moss and moor for Kildouglas. He seems to have been astounded at the imminent danger he had escaped; and after having, as he believed, killed two men, durst not face the stern keeper, and that keeper his enemy; and as a great part of the treasure he carried be-

longed to others, and not to himself, he was anxious about it, and made all the haste home that he could, that so he might get honestly quit of it.

But, alas! our brave farmer got not so soon home as he intended. There is a part of the thread of the narrative here which I remember but confusedly. But it seems, that immediately after Scott left the prostrate robbers, some more passengers from the fair came riding up, and finding the one man speechless and the other grievously mauled, and on enquiring what had happened, the tall man told them in a feeble voice that they had been murdered and robbed by a rascally Scot called Adam Scott of Kildouglas. As the matter looked so ill, some of the men galloped straight to Fair-Lone, and apprized the marchman, who instantly took horse and pursued; and having a privilege of calling one man out of each house, his company increased rapidly. Jardine, well knowing the wild tract that Scott would take, came up with him about midnight at a place called Langside, and there took him prisoner.

It was in vain that our honest yeoman told the keeper the truth of the story—he gained no credit. For the keeper told him, that *he* had no right to *try* the cause; only he, Adam Scott, had been accused to him of robbery and murder, and it was his office to secure him till the matter was enquired into. He assured Scott further, that his cause looked very ill; for had he been an honest man, and attacked by robbers, he would have called in passing, and told him so. Scott pleaded hard to be taken before the Sheriff of Teviotdale; but the alleged crime having been committed in England, he was carried to Carlisle. When Scott heard that such a hard fate awaited him, he is said to have expressed himself thus:—"Aye, man, an' am I really to be tried for my life by Englishmen for felling twa English robbers? If that be the case, I hae nae mair chance for my life than a Scots fox has amang an English pack o' hounds. But had I kend half an hour ago what I ken now, you an' a' your menzie should never hae taen Aidie Scott alive."

To Carlisle he was taken and examined, and all his money taken

from him, and given in keeping to the Mayor, in order to be restored to the rightful owners; and witnesses gathered in all the way from Yorkshire, such as the tall man named;—for as to all that Adam told in his own defence, his English judges only laughed at it, regarding it no more than the barking of a dog. Indeed, from the time he heard the tall man's evidence, whom he felled first, he lost hope of life. That scoundrel swore that Scott had knocked them both down and robbed them, when they were neither touching him nor harming him in any manner of way. And it seemed to be a curious fact, that the fellow really never knew that Scott had been attacked at all. He had neither heard nor seen when his companion struck the blow, and that instant having been knocked down himself, he was quite justifiable in believing that, at all events, Scott had meant to dispatch them both. When Adam related how this happened, his accuser said he knew that was an arrant lie; for had his companion once struck, there was not a head which he would not have split.

"Aha! it is a' that ye ken about it, lad," said Adam; "I fand it nae mair than a rattan's tail! I had baith my night-cap an' a flannen sark in the crown o' my bannet. But will ye just be sae good as tell the gentlemen wha that companion o' yours was; for if ye dinna do it, I can do it for you. It was nae other than Ned Thom, the greatest thief in a' England."

The Sheriff here looked a little suspicious at the witnesses; but the allegation was soon repelled by the oaths of two, who, it was afterwards proven, both perjured themselves. The Mayor told Scott to be making provision for his latter end; but, in the meantime, he would delay passing sentence for eight days, to see if he could bring forward any exculpatory proof. Alas! lying bound in Carlisle prison as he was, how could he bring forward proof? For in those days, without a special messenger, there was no possibility of communication; and the only proofs Adam could have brought forward were, that the men forced themselves into his company, and that he had as many sheep in his possession as ac-

counted for the whole of the money. He asked in Court if any person would go a message for him, but none accepted or seemed to care for him. He believed seriously that they wanted to hang him for the sake of his money, and gave up hope.

Always as Adam sold one drove of sheep after another in Yorkshire, he dispatched his drivers home to Scotland, and with the last that returned, he sent word of the very day on which he would be home, when all his creditors were to meet him at his own house, and receive their money. However, by the manœuvres of one rascal, (now one of his accusers,) he was detained in England three days longer. The farmers came all on the appointed day, and found the gudewife had the muckle pat on, but no Adam Scott came with his pockets full of English gold to them, though many a long look was cast to the head of the Black Swire. They came the next day, and the next again, and then began to fear that some misfortune very serious had befallen to their friend.

There was an elderly female lived in the house with Scott, called Kitty Cairns, who was aunt either to the goodman or the goodwife, I have forgot which; but Auntie Kitty was her common denomination. On the morning after Adam Scott was taken prisoner, this old woman arose early, went to her niece's bedside, and said, "Meggification, hinny! sic a dream as I hae had about Aidie!—an' it's a true dream, too! I could tak my aith to every sentence o't—aye, an' to ilka person connectit wi't, gin I saw him atween the een."

"Oh, auntie, for mercy's sake haud your tongue, for you are garring a' my heart quake! Ower weel do I ken how true your dreams are at certain times!"

"Aye, hinny! an' did you ever hear me say that sic an' sic a dream was true when it turned out to be otherwise? Na, never i' your life. An' as for folk to say that there's nae truth in dreams, ye ken that's a mere meggification. Weel, ye shall hear; for I'm no gaun to tell ye a dream, ye see, nor aught like aye; but an even-down true story. Our Aidie was sair pinched to sell the hinderend o' his sheep, till up comes a braw dashing gentleman, and bids

him a third mair than they were worth, wi' the intencion o' paying the poor simple Scotchman in base money. But, aha! let our Aidie alane! He begoud to poize the guineas on his tongue, an' feint a aue o' them he wad hae till they were a' fairly weighed afore a magistrate; and sae the grand villain had to pay the hale in good sterling gowd. This angered him sae sair that he hired twa o' his ruffians to follow our poor Aidie, and tak a' the money frae him. I saw the hail o't, an' I could ken the twa chaps weel if confrontit wi' them. They cam to him drinkin' his ale. They rade on an' rade on wi' him, till they partit roads, an' then they fell on him, an' a sair battle it was; but Aidie wan, and felled them baith. Then he fled for hame, but the English pursued, an' took him away to Carlisle prison; an' if nae relief come in eight days, he'll be hanged."

This strange story threw the poor goodwife of Kildouglas into the deepest distress; and the very first creditor who came that morning, she made Auntie Kitty repeat it over to him. This was one Thomas Linton, and she could not have repeated it to a fitter man; for, though a religious and devout man, he was very superstitious, and believed in all Auntie's visions most thoroughly. Indeed, he believed farther; for he believed she was a witch, or one who had a familiar spirit, and knew every thing almost either beneath or beyond the moon. And Linton and his brother being both heavy creditors, the former undertook at once to ride to the south, in order, if possible, to learn something of Adam Scott and the money; and, if he heard nothing by the way, to go as far as Carlisle, and even, if he found him not there, into Yorkshire. Accordingly he sent a message to his brother, and proceeded southward; and at a village called Stanegirthside, he first heard an account that a man called Scott was carried through that place, on the Friday before, to Carlisle jail, accused of robbery and murder. This was astounding news; and, in the utmost anxiety, Linton pressed on, and reached Carlisle before the examination concluded, of which mention was formerly made; and when Adam Scott asked through the crowded court, if any present

would go a message for him into Scotland for a fair reward, and all had declined it, then Thomas Linton stepped forward within the crowd, and said, "Aye, here is aue, Adam, that will ride to ony part in a' Scotland or England for ye; ride up to Lunnon to your chief in the House o' Lords, afore thae English loons shall dare to lay a foul finger on ye!—An' I can tell you, Mr Shirra, or Mr Provice, or whatever ye be, that you are gaun to get yourself into a grand scrape, for there never was an honest man breathed the breath o' life than Aidie Scott."

The judge smiled, and said he would be glad to have proofs of that; and, for Linton's encouragement, made the town-clerk read over the worst part of the evidence, which was very bad indeed, only not one word of it true. But Linton told them, he cared nothing for *their* evidence against a Scot; "for it was weel enough kend that the Englishers war a' grit lecars, an' wad swear to ony thing that suited them; but let him aince get Adam Scott's plain story, an' *then* he wad ken how matters stood."

He was indulged with a private interview, and greatly were the two friends puzzled how to proceed. The swindler, who really had bought the last ewes from Scott, had put a private mark upon all his good gold to distinguish it from his base metal, and made oath that all that gold was his; and that he had given it to his servant, whom Scott had robbed, to buy cattle for him in Scotland. The mark was evident; and that had a bad look; but when Scott told the true story, Linton insisted on the magistrate being summoned to Court, who saw that gold weighed over to his friend. "And I will mysell tak in hand," said he, "not only to bring forward all the farmers from whom Scott bought the sheep, but all the Englishmen to whom he sold them; an' gin I dinna prove him an honest man, if ye gie me time, I sall gie you leave to hang me in his place."

The swindler and robber now began to look rather blank, but pretended to laugh at the allegations of Thomas Linton; but the Scot set up his birses, and told the former that "he could prove, by the evidence of two English aldermen, who

saw the gold weighed, that he had paid to his friend the exact sum which he had here claimed; and that, either dead or alive, he should be obliged to produce the body of the other robber, or he who pretended to have been robbed, to shew what sort of servants he employed. "I'll bring baith noblemen and lawyers frae Scotland," added he, "who will see justice done to so brave and so worthy a man; an' if they dinna gar you skemps take his place, never credit a Scot again."

Adam Scott's chief being in London, and his own laird a man of no consequence, Linton rode straight off to his own laird, the Earl of Traquair, travelling night and day till he reached him. The Earl, being in Edinburgh, sent for a remarkably clever and shrewd lawyer, one David Williamson, and also for Alexander Murray, Sheriff of Selkirkshire, and to these three Linton told his story, assuring them, that he could vouch for the truth of it in every particular; and after Williamson had questioned him backwards and forwards, it was resolved that something should instantly be done for the safety of Scott. Accordingly, Williamson wrote a letter to the Mayor, which was signed by the Earl, and the Sheriff of Scott's county, which letter charged the Mayor to take good heed what he was about, and not to move in the matter of Scott till Quarter-session day, which was not distant, and then counsel would attend to see justice done to a man, who had always been so highly esteemed. And that by all means he (the Mayor) was to secure Scott's three accusers, and not suffer them by any means to escape, as he should answer for it. The letter also bore a list of the English witnesses who behaved to be there. Linton hastened back with

it, and that letter changed the face of affairs mightily. The grand swindler and the tall robber were both seized and laid in irons, and the other also was found with great trouble. From that time forth there remained little doubt of the truth of Scott's narrative; for this man was no other than the notorious Edward Thom, who had eluded the sentence of the law both in Scotland and England, in the most wonderful manner, and it was well known that he belonged to a notable gang of robbers.

It is a pity that the history of that interesting trial is far too long for a winter-evening tale, such as this, though I have often heard it all gone over;—how Williamson astonished the natives with his cross questions, his speeches, and his evidences;—how confounded the Mayor and aldermen were, that they had not discerned these circumstances before;—how Thom, at last, turned king's evidence, and confessed the whole;—how the head swindler was condemned and executed, and the tall robber whipped and dismissed, because he had in fact only intended a robbery, but had no hand in it;—and, finally, how Scott was released with the highest approbation; while both magistrates and burgesses of ancient Carlisle strove with one another how to heap most favours on him and his friend Thomas Linton. There were upwards of two hundred Scottish yeomen accompanied the two friends up the Esk, who had all been drawn to Carlisle to hear the trial; and there is little doubt, that, if matters had gone otherwise than they did, a rescue was intended.

Why should any body despise a dream, or any thing whatever in which one seriously believes?

THE SILENT MEMBER. NO. IV.

VOTING BY PROXY.

SUPPOSE the people of the island of Tongataboo, in the Pacific ocean, had advanced to such a degree of civilisation, that they were ripe for political institutions; and suppose, that hearing of the pre-eminence of Great Britain in these matters, they were to send one of their wisest men for the express purpose of acquiring a practical knowledge of all the principles of the British Constitution. Might we not imagine such a dialogue as the following to take place between the Tongataboo philosopher, and the Englishman, whoever he might be, who undertook to expound the theory and practice of our admirable system of government?

Philosopher. I comprehend distinctly, from your explanations, the separate functions, and the combined energies, of the three estates of the realm; and the more I reflect upon them, the more deeply I am impressed with that amazing wisdom which has perfected so noble a scheme of civil polity.

Englishman. It has been the progressive work of past ages, and will remain the admiration of future ones.

Philosopher. The welfare of that country is thrice secure, where nothing depends upon the will of one man, but where the sages of the land assemble in council to deliberate upon all that concerns the public good. I have been a witness of the laborious zeal with which they discharge this duty; unmindful of all personal inconvenience, and denying themselves, night after night, the needful rest which nature has ordained. In what other nation will you find such devotion, such ardent, such exalted patriotism?

Englishman (smiling.) The results are pretty nearly as you describe; the causes, I apprehend, somewhat more complicated. You see that lady who is in the act of drawing her purse-strings, to bestow her charity upon a poor crippled mendicant who has solicited it. I know her. She knows me; and she knows I am observing her. What a graceful attitude! How well that sandal becomes her foot and ankle! How the diamond on her

finger sparkles in the sun! And what can be more beautifully contrasted than her white, delicate hand, and the squalid, shrivelled palm which is extended to receive her bounty? And now she steals a glance from beneath those jet-black arches, her eyebrows, to be certain she is noticed. It is a piece of acting, intended to be seen by all, but admired by one. What need the supplicant care? He is benefited. His wants are relieved as effectually as if pure and holy charity had administered the alms.

Philosopher. I understand you. Where good is done, it is not for man to look beyond the deed. The motive and the act are linked together in His sight only, who is alone able to unite them.

Englishman. Exactly.

Philosopher. Still you are a happy and an enviable people, to possess such beneficent legislators, who do nothing to complain of upon earth, and who, in their account with Heaven, may set off *value received*, against any deficiency of just intentions in their balance sheet. But before we quit this branch of our discourse, I must beg of you to explain a matter which I do not clearly comprehend. I perceive, in that illustrious and august assembly of sages, whom you call, in their collective capacity, the House of Peers, a class of nobles who are known by the title of PROXIES. They seem to be very numerous, and to exercise a most important influence in determining the final issue of all great public questions, on which occasions only, they take any part in public affairs. I suppose they are the wisest of your wise men: venerable seers, or individuals gifted by nature with extraordinary powers of mind, who constitute a sort of college of arbitrators, their functions being to listen to all that is urged on both sides, to enquire dispassionately into facts, to weigh evidence with scrupulous impartiality, to mingle with none, to know no parties, but as far as human faculties can stretch into the regions of pure, unmixed truth, to do so, and then, by

their voices, to give effect to such measures as they believe, in the sacred depths of their hearts, are founded upon perfect justice.

Englishman. Ha! ha! ha!

Philosopher. What does that laugh mean?

Englishman. You shall know. That college of arbitrators, as you designate them, those wisest of the wise, those venerable seers, gifted with extraordinary powers of mind, those disciples of pure, unmixed truth, who exercise such an important influence in determining the final issue of all great public questions, (and I admit they do exercise this influence,) those proxies to whom you assign the exalted function of giving effect by their voices to such measures only as they believe, in the sacred depths of their hearts, are founded upon perfect justice, are persons who are never present, who never hear one word of what is said on either side, but deposit their "voices" in the pockets of their friends, to use them at their pleasure.

Philosopher. Impossible!

Englishman. Most true, notwithstanding. The constitution accords a privilege to Peers of Parliament, which is not granted to the other branch of the legislature, that of having their votes registered for or against a question in their absence, with the same validity and effect as if they were present; so that a noble may be fox-hunting, laid up with the gout, travelling abroad, or discharging a lucrative office in some of our foreign possessions, without being thereby incapacitated from exercising a direct influence in the national councils at home.

Philosopher. How! Does your constitution sanction such an absurdity?

Englishman. It never struck me as an absurdity till this moment. The practice is coeval, I believe, with the constitution itself.

Philosopher. Alas! what a veil time throws over deformity! The things that are, we reverence, because they stand before us covered with the dust of antiquity; when, if they were now to do, we should blush to ordain them so. We venerate what is old; but it is by a perverse misapplication of the term in all that relates to living man and his concerns. The age which is our own

is older than that which was our fathers, even as that of our fathers numbered more years than that which was their fathers; and still the further we go back to old times, the nearer we approach to the infancy of time itself. I pray you resolve me this:—Are we to look for the perfection of things in their first beginnings? If so, all change since, has been from good to bad; and the palace and the city should be abandoned for the mountain cave and the deep forest. But it is not so. Do aged men ask counsel of children? Why then should nations, in the vigour of manhood, fetter themselves with the maxims or practices of their own youth? Could you summon to your presence those lawgivers by whom it was agreed that men should be allowed to approve or reject, without knowing what it was they approved or rejected, they would give you a reason for it as applicable to themselves, which would make you ashamed of it, as part of your own system. Imagine, for a moment, that such a privilege as you have described, did not exist, but that to-morrow, one of your peers were to propose it should be conferred on his order. Would he not be overwhelmed with ridicule? Or, if the proposition were so urged, that it must be gravely discussed, would it not be with one feeling of reprobation? "What?" it would be asked, "shall we consent to strip ourselves of all claim to confidence and respect in the eyes of our countrymen? Shall we seek a privilege which we could not exercise without disgrace to ourselves, and insult and injury to them? Shall we dare say to the people, that *their* rights and interests, *their* liberties, *their* welfare, of which we are the hereditary guardians, and with which our own are indissolubly blended, are so worthless in our estimation, that we will not bestow upon them the same degree of attention we do in purchasing a house, or settling the liveries of our household servants? Shall we proclaim, that while in the most ordinary transactions of private life, which concern ourselves, we employ our best judgment in determining upon them, and delegate to no second self the power to act for us, in what concerns the nation, in all that relates to the well-being of the people, we will see, and hear,

and understand, through the eyes, and ears, and minds, of others? What is this but to deliver the people, and all that most nearly concerns them, into the hands of forty or fifty senators? and will not the people murmur, and require that the peerage itself should be remodelled; that ribbons, and garters, and trifles, and descent, should not carry with them the prerogative of being legislators, but that the capacity to think, and the disposition to exercise the capacity, should be the superior qualification?" My friend, you would laugh at the man who should propose to make love by proxy, to eat by proxy, to be married by proxy, or to inherit a fortune by proxy; yet, because custom has thrown her mantle over it, you cannot see the equally gross absurdity, and the infinitely greater evil, of statesmen governing by proxy.

I know not how the arguments of my Tongataboo philosopher could be overthrown. They might be neutralized a little, perhaps, by the consideration that it comes to the same end, whether men vote upon a question without knowing anything about it, or whether, after knowing every thing, they vote at the nod of a minister, or by the compact of a party; in both cases, alike regardless of the votes they ought to give, and of the votes they would give, if neither minister nor party interposed. Still, there is a marked, undisguised prostitution of principle in the one case, which does not glare so hideously upon us in the other. The peer, who, in his place, votes with the minister, may be supposed (by a great stretch of charitable interpretation, in some cases, I allow) to be convinced of the expediency or justice of the measure he supports; it is possible he may be sincere, as well as consistent; and when inconsistent, that he may be honourably converted from former heresies. But he who puts his vote upon the minister's sleeve;—who says to him, Do what you please; I am your ready, obsequious, unreasoning slave; use me whenever you want me, and for whatever purpose you want me; count me as one in every division, be it upon the dirtiest job, the most atrocious injustice, or the vilest sacrifice of national honour that ever disgraced a cabinet; unknowing, unenquiring, unsatisfied

of all, save this, that a bargain has been struck between us, and that I abide by it to the uttermost condition;—he, I say, who does this—and every absent peer who leases out his vote by proxy, does in effect do it—commits an act of self-abasement, of public wrong, and of legislative mockery, which, it might be thought, only required to be thus stated, to be for ever abolished.

Let us look for a moment how the system operates. On the 25th February, Earl Stanhope brought forward his motion for the House resolving itself into a committee to consider of the internal state of the country. It was no mere party question, but one raised upon the petitions of the people, who complained of unparalleled distress, and implored the legislature to enquire into its causes, with a view to devise, if possible, some mode of relief. When the House divided, after a debate of nine hours, the numbers stood thus:—

<i>Contents.</i>	
Present, 15—Proxies, 10,	25
<i>Non-contents.</i>	
Present, 67—Proxies, 51,	118
Majority,	93

Here, then, were sixty-one peers, (nearly one-half of the whole declared votes,) who, without hearing any one reason assigned for or against the motion, without knowing in a regular and constitutional manner what were the complaints of the people, with what justice they were urged, or with what justice they are disregarded, took upon themselves, nevertheless, to record their silent opinions (if, indeed, they had any opinions at all upon the question.) Ten of these omniscient sages were for granting enquiry; and so far as there must always be a *prima facie* equity in allowing those who complain to have the benefit of investigation, so far, it may be said, they were less obviously reprehensible than the 51 who intuitively saw that it would be most improper, or that it was perfectly unnecessary, to have any enquiry.

On the 18th of February, the Duke of Richmond, in a speech which produced a powerful effect—(not in the House, but upon the country)—as well from its range of research, and the facts consequently accumulated,

as from the reasonings with which these facts were elucidated and applied, attempted to shew the absolute necessity, the positive duty, of appointing "a select committee to enquire into the condition of the labouring classes, and also relative to those taxes which pressed more immediately on the productive classes of the country." A debate of eight hours ensued, in the course of which Earl Bathurst, that great man and honest politician Lord Eldon, the Earl of Winchelsea, Lord Holland, the Marquis of Lansdowne, and the Duke of Wellington, among others, stated their views of the expediency or inexpediency of the proposed committee. Upon the division the numbers ran thus :—

Contents.

Present, 39—Proxies, 22, . 61

Non-contents.

Present, 69—Proxies, 72, . 141

Here the omniscients and the intuitives multiply upon us in a fearful ratio—an advance from 61 to 94; the difference being but fourteen in favour of those present! Let it be soberly considered for five minutes, that a motion, affecting the vital interests of the country, is brought before the House of Lords; that, in the fiction of Parliamentary language, the *sense* of the House is taken upon it; that 202 members of the House are represented as gravely and anxiously and solemnly deliberating upon this motion, but that, in point of fact, 94 of that number are mere paper Lords, deposited in the pockets of the remaining 108—and what man will be hardy enough to undertake the defence of such a system?

On the 23d of March, the Marquis of Clanricarde moved sundry resolutions, part of them declaratory of admitted facts, respecting the arrival in this country of the Queen of Portugal, her recognition by his Majesty, and the departure of the Portuguese constitutionalists; and part of them condemnatory of the

proceedings which took place off the island of Terceira. These resolutions involved a consideration of the laws of nations; and whether they were rightly or wrongly brought forward, could be known only by hearing how they were framed, and how supported by circumstances. But the omniscients and intuitives decided that every thing was as it should be at Terceira, with the same unerring wisdom that they decided there was no occasion to enquire into the distresses of the people. The following was the division :—

Contents.

Present, 21—Proxies, 10, . 31

Non-contents.

Present, 61—Proxies, 65, . 126

I have selected these three questions, first, because, up to the present moment, they furnish the only divisions upon which the strength of the ministry has been exerted; and, secondly, because such an exposition speaks home to the understanding better than the most forcible arguments. It is strange that this extraordinary privilege has never been adverted to with reference to that which constitutes its extraordinary character, its solemn burlesque upon legislative deliberation. Nor let it be forgotten, that the ministerial majorities, by which enquiry into grievances, real or alleged, is so peremptorily stifled, and by which measures of real or alleged mischief are so promptly carried, consist of a much larger proportion of these proxies than the minorities. The system is bad and odious both ways; but it has at least a tendency to work more injuriously this way, except, indeed, we compound the matter, by considering, that if there were no proxies, there would still be majorities; though even then I should say, "Assume a virtue if you have it not," and give us the decency of apparent deliberation, and of supposed conviction, instead of the open demonstration of an utter disregard of both.

THE JEWS RELIEF BILL.

We are a droll people. Last year, the tables of both Houses of Parliament groaned under the weight of petitions from all classes of the people, and from every corner of

the country, beseeching the legislature not to pass the bill for granting political power to the Roman Catholics. The petitions were received with all possible respect, read

with all possible decorum, discussed with all possible solemnity, and the bill was passed into a law with all possible contempt of the petitions and the petitioners. This year, numerous petitions are presented to both Houses of Parliament, imploring the legislature to grant relief to the Jews from the civil and political disabilities under which they labour; not one petition, I believe—not one solitary petition—has been brought forward in opposition, and the measure actually before the House for giving effect to the prayer of these petitions is rejected! It is said, the only sure way of making a pig go the way you wish, is to pull him by the tail in an opposite direction. It would certainly seem, that to petition Parliament for a thing, is the infallible mode of not getting it, as it is no less an infallible mode of getting it, vehemently to protest against having it. Upon the whole, indeed, the last and present session may be considered as singularly propitious with regard to ascertaining the exact value of that invaluable right, as Mr O'Connell might say. The Duke of Wellington (it was before he was a minister) once called the petitions of the people "a mere farce." He would not, perhaps, call them so now, content with the power of proving them no better. It cannot be long, I should think, before the people themselves will be of his Grace's opinion; before they will disdain, with "bated breath," and

in a "bondman's key," to approach the honourable House with acres of parchment and oceans of ink, for the sake of asserting a privilege, the whole and exclusive benefit of which consists in its assertion; like certain forms, that are still kept up when the purposes for which they were originally instituted are gone to decay, making of an ancient ceremony a modern mummary. Should this time come, it will be followed, in the first instance, by a state of sullen apathy or quiescence—the sure precursor of a national feeling, that the period had arrived when the people must look after their rulers.

With respect to the Jews, it is a question upon the lips of every rational man—"Why should we play the squeamish hypocrite, and after having gulped down the camel, make such wry faces at swallowing the gnat?" We have built a bridge broad enough to allow of the passage of seven or eight millions of Catholics and Unitarians into the citadel of the constitution, and we refuse to make it a few inches wider to accommodate thirty thousand Jews! It is like the prudery of a prostitute, who limits the *number* of her bedfellows, fixing the boundary of virtue between ten and a round dozen; or rather, like that same prostitute, admitting every denomination of *Christians* to her embraces, but, in the spirit of my Lord Darlington's political chastity, denying her favours to "Turks, Jews, and Infidels."* It is rank af-

* The genial influence of a "Tory administration acting upon Whig principles," has had an extraordinary effect upon his Lordship. He has spoken again! Not only, therefore, has he spoken twice in seventeen years upon questions of importance, but twice in one session. He speaks so much to the purpose, that I hope, now he has begun, he will go on. "Although a friend to liberty in general, and to Parliamentary reform, I shall oppose this motion, as I consider it uncalled for." And mark at what personal hazard he opposes it. "I shall do so notwithstanding a warning I received from a friend the other day, whom I met in the street, and who asked me, if I voted against this measure, how I could ever hope to borrow money among the Jews? But I replied, that the Jew would be just as ready to lend me money as before, since it was for his own sake, and not for that of the borrower, that he afforded the accommodation; and I quoted the passage in the Merchant of Venice, in which, when Shylock says,

'Fair sir, you spat on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You called me dog,'

and so on, Antonio replies—

'I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends, (for when did friendship take

fection. Mr Huskisson said very truly this evening,* that the "arguments he had heard against the emancipation of the Jews were precisely the same, *mutatis mutandis*, which he had been in the habit of hearing urged, for the last thirty years, against the emancipation of the Catholics;" and Sir Robert Peel, as if it were his ambition to give peculiar point and emphasis to this declaration, rose immediately after the right honourable member for Liverpool, and spoke a speech—aye, just the sort of speech he was wont to utter in his better days, when he was the champion of Protestantism. I declare, before God, I should be sorely put to it, to make my election, were I asked which I would prefer to endure—the consciousness of enormous apostasy, or the intolerable martyrdom of having to deliver the sentiments Sir Robert this night delivered, to the same House of Commons, and in the very presence of the same men, who, not twelve months since, had heard and seen me declare my apostasy. The right honourable Secretary is either dead to all feeling, or every word he uttered was wormwood on his tongue, and anguish in his heart.

How innocently, how ingenuously, forsooth, he "regrets" the principle now assumed, that because, in the session of Parliament before last, "we were called upon to give our support to a measure for the relief of the Protestant Dissenters, and last session we passed a bill for the relief of his Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects," therefore, "we are bound in consistency to follow up these measures by adopting the present!" "I hear this with regret, and I hear it for the first time." Very likely, Sir Robert; but not for the last time; of that you may rest assured. "In the discussions respecting either the Catholics or the Protestant Dissenters, nothing of the sort was ever intimated." No;—they

were then trying to get in the small end of the wedge. "It was never stated to us, that because we admitted our fellow Christians to a participation of power, that therefore, as an unavoidable and necessary consequence, we were bound to admit to all the privileges of the Constitution, men who reject Christianity altogether." Did it require to be stated? Was not the "unavoidable and necessary consequence," at which you are now so terrified, plainly written upon the face of your own apostate measure? Or if it were not, was it for those who were seeking to subvert the Constitution by your aid, to apprise you of all the mischief that would ensue? A well-armed traveller, who delivers his pistols to a highwayman, might as reasonably complain that he was afterwards robbed by him, as you to affect to deprecate the "unavoidable and necessary consequence" of delivering up the Constitution to Catholics and Dissenters. Your distinction between Christian Papists, Unitarian Christians, and Unchristian Jews, is a poor and puling one; every way unworthy a man who aspires to the character of a statesman; and if you be sincere in your surprise at what has followed, you only prove yourself to have been grossly ignorant of consequences which the lowest clerk in your own office could have laid before you. You cannot claim our confidence in your sincerity therefore, without awakening our contempt for your imbecility.

What a fascinating air of novelty there is in the following discovery and argument! "In the speeches of Burke, and in his recorded sentiments as contained in his writings, we learn that he rested his strongest reasons upon the Christianity of the Roman Catholics; so of Mr Grattan, of Mr Canning, and of all the great and eminent advocates of that cause. Even my right honourable friend on my left, (Sir George Murray,) in press-

A breed of barren metal of his friend?)
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who, if he break, thou mayst with better face
Exact the penalty.'

"In conclusion, I will never consent that Turk, Jew, or Infidel should be made a member of this House." It is not every man who could give such excellent reasons for his conduct.

* See Debate, May 17.

ing their claims upon the attention of the House last session, observed, that when serving with the Protestants in the army, they entered together the same breach, they fought together on the same field, reposed together in the same grave, and rested their hopes of future happiness upon the merits of a common Redeemer: those appeals were forcibly made, and successfully made; for it was not to be denied that Protestants and Catholics admitted the same great doctrines of Christianity." Theology and sentiment—twaddle and cant! These would be pretty sentences, Sir Robert, from the lips of your brother-in-law, Mr George Dawson, after dinner at a tavern, or from the pen of a very young lady, in the shape of an "Elegy upon the brave men who fell at the Battle of Waterloo;" but as an argument in the Senate, to vindicate the wisdom of a great national measure, they are contemptible. For to what do they amount? That a Catholic, having taken the King's bounty and enlisted, when on the field of battle fights as well as his brother Protestant, knowing that if he does not, he may be tried, perchance, by a court-martial for cowardice, or, that if he runs away, he will be shot as a deserter: that when a Catholic is killed in battle, he is buried in the same hole, with fifty or a hundred other Catholics or Protestants, as it may happen; and that if a Catholic has time to think about it before a cannon ball carries his head off, he thinks of the same Mediator as a Protestant. But it is in this last particular only that your parallel is perfect; for as to entering the same breach, fighting on the same field, and reposing in the same grave, I apprehend deists and atheists, of which I dare be sworn there is a tolerable sprinkling in every army, fare just as well; therefore, so far as *these merits* constitute a claim to the relief which the Roman Catholic has received, they who are not Christians are entitled, upon your own shewing, to similar privileges. I am ashamed to have bestowed so many words on so flimsy and puerile a piece of declamation.

"But if this bill pass," you go on to say, "though it may apparently be limited to the Jews, and though

confining our view solely to this bill it does not go beyond that class; yet we shall, if this be agreed to, have to pass other bills most objectionable in *my views of the Constitution.*" Your views of the Constitution, Sir Robert, what are they? and what are they worth? What is the Constitution itself since your views veered round from north to south? Again, "What is the case made out respecting the Jews? It would seem—I take my information from a book, which I understand is written by a very respectable Jew, and is considered a work of authority—that there are resident in the United Kingdom about 27,000 Jews, natural born subjects of his Majesty, of whom 20,000 are resident in London, and 7000 in the other parts of the kingdom; and for these seven-and-twenty or thirty thousand individuals, I am invited to *depart from the principle which has been acted on from the earliest period of the Constitution.*" I can easily imagine how shocking, how distressing, it must be to your feelings, to be invited to depart from *any* principle of the Constitution. You have shewn such a reverence for the Constitution—such an attachment to the Constitution—such a love for the Constitution. Your passionate devotion to the Constitution is so notorious, that I, for one, would not be the man bold enough to "invite" you to offer any violence or disloyalty to the Constitution. I only wonder how his Grace of Wellington escaped killing last year, when, instead of "inviting," he *ordered* you, to "break in upon the Constitution." But enough of this. It is sickening to hear these phrases from your lips; though, to do you justice, you have adroitly shifted your constitutional ground, and now talk only of the "earliest periods of the Constitution"—"the earliest foundations of the monarchy"—"the beginning of civil government among us," and so forth. Even you have not the effrontery to play the queasy minister, and keck at being "invited to depart from the principles" of the Constitution as established by the glorious revolution of 1688.—One word more on this part of your speech. "For these seven-and-twenty or thirty thousand individuals, I am invited to depart from the principle," &c. The claim advanced on be-

half of the Jews, is either founded upon justice, or it is not. If it be just, thirty, or thirty thousand, or thirty millions, can neither weaken nor strengthen it. But this argument supplies the solution of your apostasy. Had there been only thirty thousand Catholics, you would not have discovered the justice of admitting them to power; but being six millions, their right became as palpable as their magnitude,—in other words, intimidation looked big, and principle dwindled into a dwarf.

"What I contend is, that if the principle be adopted, (the principle of admitting into Parliament persons not professing Christianity,) it will place infidels on the same footing as Protestants; and if this principle be recognised, the House must be prepared for its *revolting the feelings of the country*." Granted. It would revolt the feelings of the country to see atheists and infidels, avowedly such, sitting in a Christian legislature, and making laws for a Christian people. But is it on this ground alone that you, Sir Robert, are so repugnant to "depart from the established usages of the constitution?" Have you no higher and better feeling on the subject? Are you only anxious to spare the feelings of the people, and to save them from being revolted? I will tell you why I ask these questions. Because I like consistency, even in bad men. A steady determined villain is of the two a more manly character, than the shifting, equivocating, ducking, half-and-half knave, who has all the moral laxity of a rogue in his composition, without the bold energy which constitutes a hero, even in a bad cause. Do not imagine I am capable of applying this comparison to you. I *would* do so, if I thought it applicable in itself; but I will not weaken my own cause, by casting unmerited contumely upon our opponent. All I mean to convey is this, that the sensitive regard you *now* manifest for the feelings of the people, was dormant or extinguished last year, when you carried a measure by which, not the feeling only of the country, but the confidence, the allegiance almost, (as some hereafter may prove perhaps,) were revolted.

I come to your last, and, from the solemnity of your manner in deliver-

ing it, I should judge your strongest argument, in your own estimation. "If," say you, "this bill were passed, other bills must come;" (aye;—as certainly as *this* bill has come in consequence of your Catholic Emancipation bill having passed;) "and is it wise, year after year, to disturb the country by the introduction of these separate bills, instead of a general admission to power?" It is not wise; no wiser than was the fatal measure of last session; but the evil you would now, too late, avert, is the legitimate offspring of that compound of treachery and folly. Your piteous lamentations are vain. The integrity of the constitution is destroyed; its perfect beauty is defaced; they who conjured you to desist from the sacrilege would have stood by you, a firm and faithful band, and given you victory in every struggle: you deserted *them* for purposes of your own, and they now stand aloof from you, in your frightened extremity. It is even possible (for revenge, as one of our old divines has said, is the most delicious morsel with which the devil can tempt the soul of a sinner) that they may exult over your embarrassment and alarm, though they see them caused by an extension of those very calamities they so bitterly deplore.

"There is no one ground," you add, "on which the Jews are sought to be relieved, that does not apply with equal, nay greater force, to the Quakers. I know no tenet of the Quakers which incapacitates them." Certainly not. And Mr Brougham, in the early part of the evening, answered this argument by anticipation. Mr H. Calvert, in a sort of preliminary discussion which took place upon a petition presented by the honourable and learned gentleman in favour of the proposed relief to the Jews, said, "I object to the measure, because it is partial and not general. The Society of Friends, commonly called Quakers, will still be excluded; and that appears to me to be the height of injustice. It may be said that they do not petition; and that they are an unambitious people; but though this is true, it is no reason why parliament should not do them justice." Precisely so, replied Mr Brougham with admirable tact; "I entirely agree that it *would* be

unjust to make a distinction between the Jews and the Quakers; but it is not by excluding the Jews, but by admitting the Quakers, that justice is to be done; and I marvel that the honourable member for Hertfordshire should be for taking up the question at the wrong end. If the honourable gentleman vote against the Jews now, on the same principle he ought to have voted twice over against the Dissenters and the Roman Catholics." You were in the House, Sir Robert, when these few pithy sentences were uttered, and yet you adopted, as your own, the specious argument they annihilated. Altogether this must have been a night of sore humiliation to you. It is im-

possible but that you felt your situation; and surely there were moments when, if you could have forgotten what you are, you might have fancied you were defending the Protestant Constitution of England as in days of yore; but one thought of those days was sufficient to make your tongue cleave to your mouth, and parch it like a dried potsherd. I pitied you, however, while Brougham was rending into shreds and ribbons your notable argument derived from the importance of adhering to the "ancient practice of the constitution," which admitted none but *professing* Christians into the legislature. His task was easy, I confess; for *his* strength lay in *your* weakness.

MESSRS NORTH, DOHERTY, AND O'CONNELL.

Brabo. Ha! ha! to see the world! We swaggerers
That live by oaths and big-mouth'd menaces,
Are now reputed for the tallest men. * * *

When next I find him here, I'll hang him up,
Like a dried sausage, in the chimney's top,
That stock-fish, that poor John, that gut of men!

A Pleasant Conceited Comedy, 1602.

Barker. Tell me, and do not stammer;
When wert thou cudgell'd last? What woman beat thee?

The Bull. By CHAPMAN and SHIRLEY, 1639.

It was well remarked by Canning, in one of his speeches against parliamentary reform, and in reference to some of the vulgar demagogues of the day, (Cobbett, Hunt, &c.) who looked to universal suffrage as the only passport they could ever hope to obtain into the House of Commons, that if they did find their way there, or if any other mob-orator, or brawling politician, the oracle of clubs and hustings, found his way there, one and all, they would soon reach their true level, and shrink to their proper dimensions. The justice of this opinion has been frequently verified. Burdett himself is a greater man at the Crown and Anchor, than on the Opposition benches; Hobhouse tells far more in Covent Garden, during an election, than he does in St Stephen's Chapel; and as to Waithman, poor body, he is the very Chatham of the Common Council, and the veriest unheeded chatterer of the House of Commons.

I doubt, however, if the contrast,

in any of these, is so striking, so signal, and so complete, as it is in the person of the "great agitator," the redoubted Daniel O'Connell, liberator of Ireland, and Catholic member for the county of Clare. And the reason of the difference is obvious, partaking partly of national, partly of personal considerations. It would be ridiculous to compare O'Connell with either Grattan or Flood, both of whom sunk, in the English House of Commons, far below the standard at which they stood in the Irish one. The fact is, Irish oratory requires Irish auditors, Irish feelings, and Irish subjects, to produce its full effect. It is completely a home commodity, and fetches a good price in the home market; but being manufactured specially and exclusively for that market, the moment it is exported, it deteriorates in value. With regard to O'Connell, however, while I admit that some portion of the comparative insignificance into which he has fallen,

may be ascribed to the same causes which dimmed the lustre of such men as Grattan and Flood under similar circumstances of transplantation, I am aware that by far the greater portion belongs to his own personal insufficiency. Those rodomontades—that superlative fustian—that brainless bombast and crazy eloquence, at which Englishmen only laugh as they read it, Englishmen would cry out upon with contempt and disgust, if it were attempted to make them listen to it. O'Connell has sense enough to know this, therefore he has *not* attempted it; and being nothing if he is not bombastical, having nothing in him but fustian, rodomontade, and crazy eloquence, he has consequently become nothing in Parliament. The success of his plans for obtaining Catholic Emancipation, has proved a complete act of political suicide. In Dublin, he had a voice more potent than the Duke's; in London, he is reduced to low (can he fall lower?) as to be taken under the protection of Joseph Hume, while he lay whinnying, like any lady's lap-dog, beneath the chastisement of Messrs North and Doherty. In vain he first tried to escape silently from his blustering accusations and pledges made in Ireland, touching the Borrisokane trials, and the Doneraile conspiracy. In vain he next sought to play the magnanimous hero, by generously offering to bury all past transactions in oblivion. "I came into this House," quoth he, "with no desire to recall them," (I give him full credit for speaking the truth here,) "but instead of having received any reciprocal feeling, I have been taunted and misrepresented both for my words and actions."*

"Yes," replied the Solicitor-General for Ireland, (Mr Doherty,) "I have at length driven you by my taunts, again and again repeated, to take something like a decided course. I have compelled you, for the first time, to take courage in this House."† But the enviable position in which the honourable member for Clare had placed himself, cannot be thoroughly appreciated, nor justice

thoroughly done to Mr Doherty, without quoting a few passages from other parts of his speech on the night referred to.

"The honourable and learned gentleman," said he, "told us, that on no one evening—on no one moment, would he be absent from his place or from this House. But, sir, there was a very important evening on which he was not only not in his place, but not in this House; and this, sir, was the evening on which the honourable member for Mallow gave notice that he would move for certain papers respecting those persons who were tried for the Doneraile conspiracy. Now, sir, to all who have lived in Ireland, to all who have observed what has taken place there for many months past, it must have been a matter of notoriety, that this was a question to which the honourable and learned gentleman stood pledged; and it was an occasion on which I fully and anxiously expected to meet the learned gentleman face to face,—because he had made the strongest allegations against my personal character, and (highly as I do, and, I trust, ever shall, regard my personal character) because he had done that which affects me still more nearly—he had brought a charge against the pure administration of justice in Ireland. I looked for him, but he was not to be found!"—"I am not, sir, in the habit of entertaining suspicions respecting the conduct of honourable members of this House; but when I clearly observe a man meditating a retreat, and if he at the same time happen to be a lawyer, applying to his object all the cunning and dexterity supposed peculiar to his profession, I anxiously watch every stone he lays down to construct the bridge on which he *intends to run away*."—"The learned gentleman has declared he has two distinct charges to make against me. First, that I have wielded the powers of my office for the *protection of the guilty*. The next and deeper charge is, that I, in concert with others, as honourable and high-minded gentlemen as ever belonged to the legal profession, *formed a league to pro-*

* See Debate, May 10th.

† See Debate, May 11th.

duce the conviction of innocent men, while even the conspirators were in possession of documents to prove the paying of the witnesses we had to bring forward on the part of the crown. *These are the charges*; and I admit the facts on which the honourable and learned gentleman founds his allegations. I will not trouble him about documents; and more, I would suffer him, unanswered and unheeded, to make any assertions respecting me he pleases, if my own character alone were implicated. I would not trouble the House with any defence; for there is something here that tells me there is not a second gentleman present who would believe it possible that I could be guilty of the conduct attributed to me by the honourable and learned gentleman.—(Loud and long-continued cheering.)—He has unsparingly brought charges against me in taverns—in the streets—before the rabble—(Loud cheers)—before those amongst whom I go, not as a volunteer, but as the delegate of the Lord Lieutenant, with important and sacred duties to perform, which, I trust, I do perform, faithfully, fearlessly, and, notwithstanding the assertion of the learned gentleman, mercifully.—(Continued cheers.)—I trust, that whenever the learned gentleman shall *find courage* to bring forward his motion, I shall be able to prove the utter falsehood of his daily and ordinary slanders.”

How Mr O'Connell made good his allegations against the Solicitor-General—how he redeemed his tavern-made pledges, when face to face with the man he so grossly accused in his absence—how the whole affair dwindled down into a tame and spiritless attack upon the constabulary force, and upon the *system* under which the alleged misconduct had been committed—how, in fact, the swaggering denunciations which rolled from his lips in Ireland, “like a rattling peal of thunder,” died upon his tongue in England like a lover's whisper, a soft murmuring complaint, meek and gentle as the voice of cooing doves—are abundantly known to all who have heard, and to all who have read, the debate of the following evening (May 12.) But before I notice that debate, let me advert to one part of Mr O'Connell's reply *this*

evening, in answer to the manly and indignant scorn of the individual he had assailed. “I will not be deterred from doing my duty fearlessly by any man, however he may be supported. In saying ‘fearlessly,’ I allude not to that species of courage which is recognised in a court of honour, and of which I know nothing. There is blood upon this hand—I regret it deeply—and *he knows it*. He *knows* that I have a vow in Heaven, else he would not have ventured to address me in such language, or to presume that his insolence should go unpunished. He knows it—and there is not one man in the circle of our acquaintance but knows it also; and knows, at the same time, that, but for that vow, he dared not address me as he has done.”

This mixture of balderdash and swagger was received by the House with ridicule and disgust; and it deserved to be so received, for it was, in effect, imputing rank cowardice to Mr Doherty, by asserting that he had assumed a tone towards him, Mr O'Connell, which he would not have dared to do, except that he knew Mr O'Connell does not fight; a tone which, of course, he would not assume towards any other member of the House who does fight. Now, I am far from wishing to question the personal courage of the hon. member for Clare; I will not cast the shadow of a doubt upon the sincerity of his regret, that his hands are stained with the blood of a fellow-creature; every man must recall with horror such a calamity, even under the most aggravated circumstances in which satisfaction is sought or given for an injury, and infinitely more so, where some frivolous altercation may have led to the catastrophe. I do not condemn his Heaven-registered vow never again to engage in the strife of blood. All these things are matters of personal feeling and supposed moral duty, which concern Mr O'Connell himself, and no one else. But this I must be allowed to say, that a man who, by a voluntary act of his own, puts himself out of the condition of responsibility for his words and actions, other than by an appeal such as he knows will not, and sometimes cannot, be made—(I allude to an appeal before a legal tribunal)—who intrenches himself behind a

"vow in Heaven," while he proclaims on earth that he abjures a practice which all other men, moving in a certain sphere of society, recognise—I do say, that a person so circumstanced, and by his own free choice, not by any necessity which he deplures he cannot overrule, would, were all his feelings of the right kind, abstain, with singular delicacy and caution, from word or deed which involved consequences he knew he was not prepared to meet. He would do this, no less from a general sense of propriety and of justice towards individuals, than from a natural repugnance to incur the suspicion that he was playing the secure game of a privileged bully. In ordinary life, a man who wears a rancorous heart, and carries a foul tongue, with a craven spirit, is apt to be upon familiar terms with canes, horsewhips, and neat's leather. Mr O'Connell stands absolved from the last, not altogether so as to the other two; but his "vow in Heaven" shuts out from redress those he wrongs or insults, as effectually as a white feather would; and, therefore—but, as Hamlet says, "give every man his deserts, and *who* among us shall escape whipping?"—much less—Order! order! Chair! chair!

The honourable member for Clare is not a fool; consequently, he may derive a useful lesson from the memorable castigation of Mr Doherty and Mr North; for it is only "your dull ass that will not mend his pace with beating." But poor Mr Hume! I never saw the worthy calculator so irate. He "fretted like gummed velvet;" and I was really apprehensive, when he first rose, that he intended to strip and challenge both the Solicitor-General and his learned friend to a bout at fisticuffs, upon the school-boy principle of one down, and the other come on. No turkey-cock, disputing the gate of a farm-yard, ever looked so red in the gills. And then, like Audrey, who thanked "the gods she was not poetical," he thanked God he "was not a learned gentleman;" thinking, I suppose, with Mr Dogberry, "to be well favoured is the gift of fortune, but that to read and write comes by nature."—"I am surprised," said Mr Hume, "that the pompous and almost insolent speech of the honourable member who has just sitten down (Mr North) should

have been received with cheers by the ministers. The honourable and learned member has applied strong epithets to the honourable member for Clare. What matters it whether the honourable member is a big lion, a puny dog, or *any other four-footed animal?*—(Immense laughter.)—I hope the honourable member for Clare will not shape his conduct by the advice of the "honourable and learned member, although he swells like the bull and the frog, bursting with self-importance.—(The roars of laughter might have been heard at Charing Cross.)—What a man to read a lecture! It was like the mewling of a kitten. The honourable member for Clare has not lost his teeth; he can bite still; and when the time comes, I will halloo him on," and so forth, down to his concluding boast, that his "honourable and learned friend had no occasion to be afraid of those two honourable and learned gentlemen; no, nor of ten like them." But the most edifying part of the honourable member's speech was that wherein he came to Mr O'Connell's assistance, to help him out of the dilemma of holding a different language on different sides of the channel. Mr Doherty, in reference to this, had said, "I did expect (in conformity with the custom recognised among gentlemen, that what a man says in one place, he is ready to say in another) that the honourable gentleman would have taken the first opportunity 'in this House, either of denying those words and disclaiming them, or of repeating in this House his objections to the SCOUNDREL ARISTOCRACY, the authors of the subtlety art, and boldly call upon the people to stand forward in their own defence.'" Mr Hume justified the conduct of Mr O'Connell by a felicitous illustration borrowed from himself. "Is it to be supposed," said he, "that because I am a member of Parliament, and choose to go to the Crown and Anchor tavern, and make observations there upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer, or it may be upon his Majesty's Attorney-General—is it to be supposed, I say, that I am compelled to repeat the same observations here? I say, that if I make use of observations out of doors, let them call me to account for them." (Mr Hume has no vow in

heaven.) "I admit that I say many things in this House which I should be afraid to say out of this House, knowing that there is such a thing in existence as an Attorney-General, and that it is possible for him to find pliant juries. I may be taunted with cowardice, as I have been already, for this declaration. But my doctrine is, that in these cases discretion is the better part of valour; and then, how foolish should I look, if I were to find myself laid by the heels in Newgate, owing to the interposition

of the Attorney-General!" It is impossible for me to say what difference being in Newgate *might* make in the foolish appearance of the honourable member; but I should not think it could be much—certainly not so much as he himself seems to imagine. I should like to hear Mr O'Connell's opinion upon this point, and whether he feels himself fortified in his own practice by the knowledge he now has of the doctrines of the honourable member for Montrose.

FATIGUING DEBATES.

We have had the usual annual complaints during the last month, of the great arrears of public business, and of the extreme difficulty—not to say impossibility—of getting through all that ought to be got through. Mr Hume complains* that he was sometimes kept out of bed twenty-one hours at a stretch; and therefore, he proposed Parliament should meet in November, that they might have the full benefit of the long nights. Mr Huskisson suggested that honourable members should not make speeches upon presenting petitions, but reserve their eloquence for the discussion of the several measures to which they respectively referred. Sir Robert Peel admitted the increasing difficulty of getting through the public business, and thought, if the House sat the whole year round, they would still be short of time, unless they devoted more hours than merely from seven to twelve each evening to the dispatch of public business. Now, it is quite certain, that not only Sir Robert himself and his right honourable friend, but Mr Hume, and every member then present, knew the evil lay in the scarcity of SILENT MEMBERS. There are not more than twelve good speakers in the whole House of Commons, and not one orator in the whole twelve. I will not name the twelve, for it would be invidious; so every man is at liberty to put himself down upon the list. But though there are only twelve good speakers, there are four hundred talkers—four hundred members who, one night with another, let off a speech, varying in duration from five

minutes to half an hour. If these four hundred talkers could be induced to become listeners, and to content themselves merely with honestly voting; and if the dozen good speakers would resolve to say nothing more than was absolutely necessary upon a subject, public business would be got through easily enough; members would get to their beds in good time, to the infinite comfort of their wives and families, and the saving of their own health; and five months out of the seven would be abundantly sufficient for all purposes of public good. How much unnecessary talking there is may be guessed at by the following calculation. It has been computed, and pretty accurately, from the full notes of a short-hand writer, that a man speaking, not rapidly, but fluently, speaks from five to six columns of a newspaper in an hour. When, therefore, the House sits from four o'clock in the afternoon till three the next morning, or eleven hours, it speaks above sixty columns, or more than five whole newspapers of twenty columns each! Only imagine Mr Hume, for example, speaking three hours, or talking a Morning-Chronicle-ful in one speech! The papers, however, rarely give more than twelve columns to the debate, or one-fifth of what is said; and I put it to any one who has read twelve columns of a debate, whether he could not have spared one-half of that quantity even, and been the wiser with the other half? No, no, it is in the immoderate prating, the eternal talking of small thinkers, and

* See debate, May 18th

not the meeting of Parliament in February instead of November, that makes the session too short for the business that has to be done, and of necessity occasional either its total omission, or what is worse for the country, its crude, hurried, and indigested performance. The parent of this evil, as I formerly mentioned, is the practice of reporting the debates. I have myself heard members congratulating themselves that the Chronicle, or Times, or Morning Post, had given them one, two, or three columns, as the case might be, with as keen a satisfaction as if they were paid so much a-line for their speeches. I remember a conversation I once had with the late Brinsley Sheridan upon this subject. "Sir," said he, "I'll give you an instance of the influence which reporting our debates has upon the length

of them. In the early part of the Regency, a notice of motion was given," (I think he said by Mr Stuart Wortley,) "respecting the then Princess of Wales. The evening came. The House was crowded, even to the side galleries, and below the bar. We had all ordered our carriages and servants at one o'clock in the morning, expecting a long, animated, and important debate. Before the motion came on, however, some member on the ministerial side moved the standing order for the exclusion of strangers. What was the consequence? We had nobody but ourselves to talk to; and we soon grew tired of that. The debate was all over, and the house adjourned, by eight o'clock; and I recollect I was in time, after it, for half-price at Drury Lane theatre."

SENSITIVE PRIVY COUNCILLORS.

In one of my silent speeches, (on the 12th of February,) I observed, that "the most edifying alacrity is always displayed in paring down a salary of £500 a-year; but one of £5000 a-year, the lean hand of economy approaches not." Sir James Graham has since endeavoured to abolish this distinction, by his motion for "an account of all salaries, profits, pay, fees, and emoluments, whether civil or military, from the 6th January, 1829, to the 5th January, 1830, held and enjoyed by each of the members of his Majesty's most honourable privy council, specifying with each name, the total amount received by each individual, and distinguishing the various services from which the same is derived." In support of this motion, the honourable baronet adduced some striking proofs, not merely of the justice and decency of retrenchment in the present state of the country, but of the mockery, as well as injustice and cruelty, of making that little less, which the subaltern officers of government, the working bees of the hive, get for their labour. Nor is this all. Why make, or attempt to make, the small fry of pensioners and sinecurists give back their *hundreds*, when the leviathans are not made to disgorge their *thousands*? A clerk of the customs, for example, is su-

perannuated upon £750 for important services; but though superannuated for the customs, though too old and feeble for his duty there, he is brisk and vigorous enough to be an agent for Ceylon, at a salary of £1200 a-year. This is bad. Granted. But it is worse to see Lord Cathcart holding a pension of £2000 a-year, together with the sinecure of vice-admiral of Scotland, worth from two to three thousand a-year, besides all his military allowances as a general officer, and colonel of a regiment. There are other minor cases equally bad; but while they are countenanced by those which are much worse, it would be paltry to single out the merely bad for reform. The first Lord of the Admiralty, for instance, has £5000 a-year, (a salary augmented during the war prices,) besides holding a sinecure of £3150 a-year in Scotland, (keeper of the Privy Seal,) while, by order of the Lords of the Admiralty, every unhappy half-pay lieutenant and subaltern officer, who goes to receive his pay, is enjoined to take the following oath: "I do solemnly swear, that I am not in holy orders—that I have not had, from (blank day) to (blank day) any employment, civil or military, under his Majesty, or the colonies, or any place beyond seas, or any other government," &c. So, in the mili-

tary service: His Grace of Wellington, Sir George Murray, Sir Henry Hardinge, &c. receive all their military allowances in conjunction with their civil salaries; but a half-pay captain or lieutenant dare not draw the wages of one of the messengers of the Treasury, without first relinquishing his pittance of half-pay. These comparisons are made from no invidious motives. When the country was rich, and could afford to fill the pockets of sinecurists, placemen, and pluralists, without draining its own, it did so without a grumble. But pinching times have come; and thousands and tens of thousands of honest industrious persons, who could spend their guinea at the period described, are now fain to turn a shilling six times over before they part with it. Retrenchment, therefore, has become less a decorous duty than an imperious necessity; and in the temper which this necessity has engendered, it will not do to knock down a few thieving magpies, and leave soaring birds of prey upon the wing. Ministers, however reluctantly, will find that they must reduce not only their own salaries, but the salaries and emoluments of their followers, dependents, and relatives; they *must* do this, I contend, even were the necessities of the country less grinding than they are, for the measure of last session has made reformers in Parliament of men who were their firmest supporters, while the state of the nation has made reformers out of it, of those who heretofore have been contented with things as they were. Thus, the spirit of reform, engendered by distress, and the votes for reform created by disgust and disappointment, will do the work of economy; and when once the ponderous machine is fairly in motion, it will not stop—they who put it in motion will not have power to stop it—at the point which shall only strip fat sinecurists, rapacious pluralists, and over-gorged placemen, of their superfluities. In the main, some good will be done; and thus it is that short-sighted men become unconscious instruments of good in the pursuit of their own selfish and dishonest purposes.

I suppose it would be as easy to persuade the Lord Chancellor to take his seat upon the woosack in

leather breeches, top boots, and spurs, carrying his wig under his arm; or the Speaker of the House of Commons to light a cigar after he had counted the House at four o'clock, as to induce the Chancellor of the Exchequer to do any thing for which he could not find a precedent; while, on the other hand, there seems to be nothing he would not do, provided the same thing, or something like it, has been already done. Shew him a precedent, and you shew him a reason, before which he bows in reverential submission. "God's precious!" exclaims an old fellow in one of our ancient dramas, to one who had called him a dotard; "God's precious! call me a dotard!"—"I have cause, just cause, to call thee dotard, have I not?" he replies.—"Nay," rejoins the first, "that's another matter—have you cause? Then God forbid that I should take exceptions to be called dotard of one that hath cause." This is the reasoning of Mr Goulburn as to precedents. "Have I not a precedent?"—"Nay," replies the right honourable gentleman, "that's another matter—God forbid I should take exception to any thing that hath a precedent." The honourable Baronet communicated to the Chancellor of the Exchequer the motion he was about to make, and asked him if he had any objection to it. "I told him that I knew *no precedent* in which the members of the Privy Council as such, had ever been called upon for an account of their emoluments." And again: "To bring forward a motion for the emoluments of the members of the Privy Council was not, as it appeared to me, treating with sufficient respect a body composing the council of the Sovereign, and a high judicial court—it was treating them in an individual point of view, and it was not advisable to *depart from precedent*, and establish the principle that classes of men were to be held up to obloquy, not because of the situations they held, but because they enjoyed a high dignity at the same time." His horror of unprecedented motions is ludicrous enough; but, surely, the climax of his absurdity this evening was the tone he assumed as to the invidious and personal nature of such enquiries as that proposed by the honourable Ba-

ronet, and the tendency they had to hold up to obloquy whole classes of dignified persons. Wherein consists the obloquy, wherein the invidious and personal character of the enquiry, I know not; except, indeed, that it may be called personal to seek the names of persons, respecting whom we are desirous of obtaining specific facts or information. Beyond that, (but though I do not suspect the right honourable gentleman of quibbling or punning upon the word,) it is no more personal, in any offensive sense of the term, to investigate what Privy Councillors receive out of the public purse, than to examine, as is constantly done, how the Sovereign himself spends the money which is voted for the Civil List.

I am no admirer of this squeamish delicacy about *confessing* the receipt of money, when there is none as to the *receiving* of it. If men be not ashamed, nor have cause to be ashamed, of what they do, or have done, they will not shrink from the mention of it. A derives L.5000 a-year from the national purse in the shape of a sinecure or a pension, and A knows he has rendered the nation services which that sum does not overpay. He has no personal feelings to be wounded, nor will he regard it as invidious scrutiny, if they who pay the L.5000 ask to know his services. The more just his claim, the more unimpeachable his merits, the prouder will be his position, the more triumphantly will he come out of the enquiry. It can only be when enquiry would disclose insufficient claims, or establish the fact of no claims, that it will be resented as an invidious encroachment on personal feelings, and that offensive motives come into consideration. But it is holding up the Members of the Privy Council to obloquy! How? To enquire what they receive, with a view to ascertain whether they ought to receive it? If this involve any obloquy upon the parties concerned, it can be in no other way than as the consequence of dragging to light

large and unmerited emoluments; and such obloquy an honest House of Commons should always be prepared to heap upon those who deserve it. It comes, in short, to this, whether they whose pockets are dipped into for the money, are to ask whether their pockets cannot be spared? As to the bastard delicacy, the spurious sense of honour, which only kicks at giving a reason for receiving thousands, but never falters at receiving them, I should be as little inclined to treat it with respect, as I should the delicacy of an Old Bailey witness, who considered it personal and invidious to have the truth twisted out of him. Give me the delicacy and honour which will not touch the gold that has not been fairly and honourably earned. Look, for example, to Sir G. Cockburn's speech. If every member of the Privy Council, in his own person, or by deputy, could stand up in the House of Commons, and give the same account of his emoluments, the country would be satisfied, poor and beggared as it is. "Let every member of the Privy Council," observed Mr Huskisson, "shew that he has earned his emoluments as deservedly as my honourable and gallant friend has, and depend upon it there will be no dissatisfaction created by the production of the original return." Not only would the country be satisfied, but the House would redeem its character, and the individuals themselves, instead of branding the enquiry as invidious and personal, must be grateful to the honourable Baronet for the opportunity he had afforded them of proving that they deserved what they received. The gallant Admiral's speech was a modest, manly, and unanswerable statement; such a one as might have made the waspish lord who provoked it (Lord Milton) ashamed of his coarseness, and the honourable Baronet, who brought forward the motion, regret the allusion he had made to his case.

A REAL VISION.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

'Tis strange that people now-a-days persist
 In bringing up their offspring mere machines;
 Pruned vegetables—flowers of formal cut;
 A class of nature wholly by itself;
 And *not* as relatives of heaven and hell,
 And all the mighty energies between,
 A link of God's interminable chain
 Connecting all existence.—“Please you, sir,
 Talk not of spirits here—It is our rule
 That neither ghost nor fairy, goblin stern,
 Portentous light, wraith, death-watch, warning voice,
 Or aught impalpable to human sense,
 Shall to our family ever once be named.”

Good people! some enthusiasts would despise,
 But I sincerely pity you! This mode
 May make them gentle, elegant, nay, *good*,
 (As Brannah makes his pens with a machine,) *good*,
 But never great.—Lord, what is man, whom thou
 Mad'st next unto the angels, thus instructed,
 Thus qualified? A Cockney—a mere grub!
 O, I would teach their little hearts to quake,
 And harrow up their energies of soul
 Proportionate to their allied compeers,
 And sphere of action! I would have them claim
 Connexion with the worm, the bat, the mole,
 The hedgehog's tottering brood, all helpless things,
 To twang the chords of pity on the heart.

Then, as a shred of elemental life,
 Point them the ery o'er the dizzy cliff
 With eaglets young to count their brotherhood;
 Then would I tell them of the fallen fiends
 That claim'd their fellowship. The path that led
 Where they with angels might communicate,
 Holding high intercourse with God himself
 Through all of his creation.—But enough.
 Thus was I rear'd, and glory in the rule;
 And had I not, the scene I here describe
 Had ne'er been witness'd, or reveal'd to you.

Some forty years ago, and haply more,
 One memorable dark autumnal day
 I lay upon a mountain, on the brink
 Of that unmoulded hideous precipice
 That walls the western side of dark Loch Skene.
 The wild was calm as death, and o'er it hung
 A lurid curtain of portentous hue,
 Dreadful to look upon. There was no mist,
 Yet every mountain that uprear'd its head
 Abrupt and sheer around that dreary scene,
 Seem'd at a weary distance, hardly seen.
 The tremulous bleat that casually was heard,
 Startled the ear as something in the air,
 It was so nigh, while yet the steep from whence
 The voice proceeded seem'd so far away.

I look'd up to the heavens—all was dark,
 A murky blue; with deathlike masses speck'd,
 That crept athwart its face like shrouded ghosts,

Or demons crawling from the wrath behind.
 I look'd down to the lake for some reprieve
 Of dread, but there the scene was darker still,
 And phantoms journey'd on a heaven below.
 Nature seem'd in her travail-throes, about
 Some elemental monster to produce,
 That might set all her energies on flame,
 And ruling principles at roaring war.

A poor secluded and bewilderd boy,
 Alone amid this dismal scene I kneel'd,
 Leaning my brow against the crested rock
 That frown'd far o'er my head, and gave myself
 To my great Maker's charge in simple guise;
 But O how fervent! I remember well!
 Could I but feel such holy ardour now!

My heart was strengthen'd, and I felt myself
 Above the terrors of the rolling storm,
 The bursting thunder, or the sheeted flame;
 An energy above the flocks, the ravens,
 The foxes, and the eagle's haughty brood,
 The only tenants of that land sublime.

But all at once my faithful dog began,
 With short and fitful growl, to manifest
 Strange terror. The old raven sped away,
 And left her young. The eagle took the cloud,
 And yell'd her terror at the gates of heaven.

From these foreboding omens, well I knew
 Some beings of the spiritual world
 Were nigh at hand. I cast my eyes around,
 And straight below my feet, on a green shelf
 Between me and the dark blue lake, I saw
 A female form rise slowly from the earth.
 It was a mist—a vapour—a pale shred;
 I wot not how composed, but yet it bore
 Resemblance all complete to one I knew.
 There was no feature wanting—not a line
 Of that mild countenance. No attitude
 Was lacking of the venerable form
 It represented. With a solemn look
 And supplicating earnestness, it stretch'd
 Its hands tow'rd me. Then I remember'd well
 Of that same attitude when late she press'd
 A solemn task on me, which I refused,
 Though urged to it with tears. My very soul
 Thrill'd at the strange appeal in such a scene.

Yet it was something. The Almighty knows
 Of what it was composed, for I know not;
 But the dumb creatures saw it with dismay.
 Two lambs were near it, nigher far than I.
 I saw them gaze at it, and still their looks
 Grew more and more intense; and then they turn'd
 Their innocent and stupid faces round,
 And, staring at each other, tried to read
 The sentiments of fear 'gendering within,
 Then stretch'd their sapient noses to discern
 If savour of humanity was there,
 Tramp'd with the foot, and whistled through the nose,
 Then fled with hesitating starts away.

But, what alarm'd me most, my faithful dog
 Lay in extremity, with closed eyes,
 And trembling every limb. Sometimes he oped

A dull and drumly eye towards the wraith,
But shut it close again and inly groan'd.

The spectre stretch'd itself upon the sward,
And roll'd and writhed as if in agony,
Then turn'd its face to me; and then I knew
That my beloved and venerable friend
Was in the throes of death. I saw the grasp
Convulsive at the sward—the hand outstretch'd
For the last kindly pressure—the glazed eye—
The parched lip—the long remitted throbs—
And the last gasp, the last but vain endeavour
The lingering, longing spirit to retain!

I saw some forms around the couch of death,
To me well known, though indistinctly seen;
But at that moment a celestial ray,
Like sunbeam from an opening of the cloud,
Beam'd on the vision, melting it away,—
Then all grew dark and gloomy as before.

But she was gone! my faithful mistress
Departed then unto a better world.
Yet have I e'er forgot her? E'er forgot
That last behest, so often urged before?
No! When I do—no curses will I crave
On my own head. But had I not resolved
That last behest to cherish in my heart,
And kept that resolution—God of life!
What had I been ere now? A thing of scorn—
A blot on nature's cheek—a being lost—
Whom shepherds long with pity would have named,
To all the injurious world beside unknown.

AT TRIVE LAKE.

DAVEY JONES AND THE YANKEE PRIVATEER.*

WE had refitted, and been four days
at sea, on our voyage to Jamaica,
when the gun-room officers gave our
mess a blowout.

The increased motion and rushing
of the vessel through the water, the
groaning of the masts, the howling
of the rising gale, and the frequent
trampling of the watch on deck, were
prophetic of wet jackets to some of
us; still, midshipmanlike, we were as
happy as a good dinner and some
wine could make us, until the old
gunner shoved his weatherbeaten
phiz and bald pate in at the door.
"Beg pardon, Mr Splinter, but if
you will spare Mr Cringle on the
forecastle for an hour until the moon
rises,"—"Spare," quotha, "is his ma-
jesty's officer a joint stool?"—"Why,
Mr Kennedy, why? here, man, take
a glass of grog."—"I thank you,
sir. It is coming on a roughish
night, sir; the running ships should

be crossing us hereabouts; indeed
more than once I thought there was
a strange sail close aboard of us, the
scud is flying so low, and in such
white flakes; and none of us have
an eye like Mr Cringle, unless it be
John Crow, and he is all but frozen."
—"Well, Tom, I suppose you *will*
go"—Anglice, from a first lieutenant
to a mid—"Brush instanter."

Having changed my uniform, for
shag-trowers, pea-jacket, and south-
west cap, I went forward, and took
my station, in no pleasant humour, on
the stowed jib, with my arm round
the stay. I had been half an hour
there, the weather was getting worse,
the rain was beating in my face, and
the spray from the stern was flash-
ing over me, as it roared through the
waste of sparkling and hissing wa-
ters. I turned my back to the wer-
ther for a moment, to press my hand
on my strained eyes. When I open-

* See "Cruise of the Torch," in Number for November last.
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ed them, I saw the gunner's gaunt high-featured visage thrust anxiously forward; his profile looked as if rubbed over with phosphorus, and his whole person as if we had been playing at snap dragon. "What has come over you, Mr Kennedy?—who is burning the bluelight now?"—"A wiser man than I am must tell you that; look forward, Mr Cringle—look there; what do your books say to that?"

I looked forth, and saw, at the extreme end of the jib-boom, what I had read of, certainly, but never expected to see, a pale, greenish, glow-worm coloured flame, of the size and shape of the frosted glass shade over the swinging lamp in the gun-room. It drew out and flattened as the vessel pitched and rose again, and as she sheered about it, wavered round the point that seemed to attract it, like a soapsud bubble blown from a tobacco pipe, before it is shaken into the air; at the core it was comparatively bright, but faded into a halo. It shed a baleful and ominous light on the surrounding objects; the group of sailors on the forecastle looked like spectres, and they shrunk together, and whispered when it began to roll slowly along the spar towards where the boat-swain was sitting at my feet. At this instant something slid down the stay, and a cold clammy hand passed round my neck. I was within an ace of losing my hold, and tumbling overboard. "Heaven have mercy on me, what's that?"—"It's that skylarking son of a gun, Jem Sparkle's monkey, sir. You, Jem, you'll never rest till that brute is made shark bait of."* But Jackoo vanished up the stay again, chuckling and grinning in the ghostly radiance, as if he had been the "Spirit of the Lamp." The light was still there, but a cloud of mist, like a burst of vapour from a steam boiler, came down upon the gale, and flew past, when it disappeared. I followed the white mass as it sailed down the wind; it did not, as it appeared to me, vanish in the darkness, but seemed to remain in sight to leeward, as if checked by a sudden flaw; yet none of our sails were taken aback. A thought flashed on

me. I peered still more intensely into the night. I was now certain. "A sail, broad on the lee-bow." The ship was in a buz in a moment. The captain answered from the quarter-deck—"Thank you, Mr Cringle. How shall we steer?"—"Keep her away a couple of points, ~~ste~~ steady."—"Steady," sung the man at the helm; and a slow melancholy cadence, although a familiar sound to me, now moaned through the rushing of the wind, and smote upon my heart as if it had been the wailing of a spirit. I turned to the boat-swain, who was now standing beside me—"Is that you or Davy steering, Mr Nipper? if you had not been there bodily at my elbow, I could have sworn that was your voice." When the gunner made the same remark it startled the poor fellow; he tried to take it as a joke, but could not. "There may be a laced hammock with a shot in it, for some of us ere morning."

At this moment, to my dismay, the object we were chasing, shortened,—gradually fell abeam of us, and finally disappeared. "The Flying Dutchman."—"I can't see her at all now."—"She will be a fore-and-aft-rigged vessel that has tacked, sir." And sure enough, after a few seconds, I saw the white object lengthen, and draw out again abaft our beam. "The chase has tacked, sir, put the helm down, or she will go to windward of us." We tacked also, and time it was we did so, for the rising moon now showed us a large schooner under a crowd of sail. We edged down on her, when finding her manœuvre detected, she brailled up her flat sails, and bore up before the wind. This was our best point of sailing, and we cracked on, the captain rubbing his hands—"It's my turn to be the big un this time." Although blowing a strong north-wester, it was now clear moonlight, and we hammered away from our bow guns, but whenever a shot told amongst the rigging, the injury was repaired as if by magic. It was evident we had repeatedly hulled her, from the glimmering white streaks along her counter and across her stern, occasioned by the splintering

of the timber, but it seemed to produce no effect.

At length we drew well up on her quarter. She continued all black hull and white sail, not a soul to be seen on deck, except a dark object, which we took for the man at the helm. "What schooner's that?" No answer. "Heave to, or I'll sink you." Still all silent. "Sergeant Armstrong, do you think you could pick off that chap at the wheel?" The marine jumped on the fore-castle, and levelled his piece, when a musket-shot from the schooner crashed through his skull, and he fell dead. The old skipper's blood was up. "Forecastle there! Mr Nipper, clap a canister of grape over the round shot, into the boat gun, and give it to him."—"Aye, aye, sir!" gleefully rejoined the boatswain, forgetting the augury and every thing else in the excitement of the moment. In a twinkling, the square foresail—topgallant—royal—and studding-sail haulyards were let go by the run on board of the schooner, as if they had been shot away, and he put his helm hard apart as if to round to. "Rake him, sir, or give him the stern. He has not surrendered.—I know their game. Give him your broadside, sir, or he is off to windward of you like a shot. No, no, we have him now; heave to, Mr Splinter, heave to!" We did so, and that so suddenly, that the studding-sail booms snapped like pipe shanks, short off by the irons. Notwithstanding we had shot two hundred yards to the leeward before we could lay our maintop-sail to the mast. I ran to windward. The schooner's yards and rigging were now black with men, clustered like bees swarming, her square sails were being close furled, her fore and aft sails set, and away she was dead to windward of us. "So much for undervaluing our American friends," grumbled Mr Splinter.

We made all sail in chase, blazing away to little purpose; we had no chance on a bowline, and when our "Amigo" had satisfied himself of his superiority by one or two short tacks, he deliberately took a reef in his mainsail, hauled down his fly-

ing jib and gaff topsail, triced up the bunt of his foresail, and fired his long thirty-two at us. The shot came in at the third aftermost port on the starboard side, and dismounted the carronade, smashing the slide, and wounding three men. The second shot missed, and as it was madness to remain to be peppered, probably winged, whilst every one of ours fell short, we reluctantly kept away on our course, having the gratification of hearing a clear well-blown bugle on board the schooner play up "Yankee Doodle." As the brig fell off, our long gun was run out to have a parting crack at her, when the third and last shot from the schooner struck the sill of the midship port, and made the white splinters fly from the solid oak like bright silver sparks in the moonlight. A sharp piercing cry rose into the air—my soul identified that death-shriek with the voice that I had heard, and I saw the man who was standing with the lanyard of the lock in his hand drop heavily across the breech, and discharge the gun in his fall. Thereupon a blood-red glare shot up into the cold blue sky, as if a volcano had burst forth from beneath the mighty deep, followed by a roar, and a shattering crash, and a mingling of unearthly cries and groans, and a concussion of the air, and of the water, as if our whole broadside had been fired at once. Then a solitary splash here, and a dip there, and short sharp yells, and low choking bubbling moans, as the hissing fragments of the noble vessel we had seen fell into the sea, and the last of her gallant crew vanished for ever beneath that pale broad moon. *We were alone, and once more all was dark, and wild, and stormy.* Fearfully had that ball sped, fired by a dead man's hand. But what is it that clings black and doubled across that fatal cannon, dripping and heavy, and choking the scuppers with clotting gore, and swaying to and fro with the motion of the vessel, like a bloody fleece? "Who is it that was hit at the gun there?"—"Mr Nipper, the boatswain, sir. *The last shot has cut him in two.*"

A STORY OF THE VALLEY OF GLEN CRUAGH.

ALTHOUGH there is no part of Ireland better known to the world, in general, than the county of Wicklow, and none so celebrated for the scenes of exquisite beauty which its mountains, lakes, and sea views, present to the eye, yet there are many quiet, delicious spots, far away among the hills, at a great distance from any public road, which escape the observation of the ordinary traveller; but which, when they are discovered, appear the lovelier from their seclusion, like some virtue suddenly found out, where modesty has long concealed it.

Amongst all of those with which I was acquainted, the little glen, which I shall call Glen Cruagh, appeared to me to be the most beautiful. At this point, several ranges of lofty hills have taken their commencement, or fixed their termination, and the openings afford long views of the sides of the mountains, as they are called, in some places covered with thick wood almost to the summit, and in others affording nothing but the stern and bare magnificence of stone and stunted heath. The effect which these different openings have upon the light, as the sun proceeds in its course, gives a continual variety to the appearance of this glen; yet the hills are so happily situated for its comfort, that they shield it from the most violent effects of the winter storms; and in no place do the flowers bloom earlier, or longer cover the earth with their simple and unspeakable beauty. There are not many inhabitants in this delightful place. About twelve years ago, there were not more than ten or a dozen cottages, belonging to poor people, built near the edge of a rapid, noisy stream, which dashed along through huge lumps of water-worn granite, overhung at the edges by bramble bushes, which marked its course till it disappeared in one of the mountain gorges, similar to that from which it emerged on the other side of the glen. These cottages were occupied by peasants who had small patches of land at the foot of the hills, with the liberty of pasture up to the summit; a liberty from which their

luckless cattle derived little more than the exercise of free will in the matter of locomotion, and that degree of health which arises from exceedingly spare diet. At the other end of the glen were two houses of a different description. One was a large, substantial, well-built mansion, the residence of Colonel B——, the great man of the district; it was surrounded by a small, but well-kept demesne; it had gardens and pleasure grounds also, which were kept in good order; and the mountain, which rose high and abruptly at the back of the house, was clothed with young thick wood to a very considerable distance. The luxuriance of the young trees in such a lofty situation, and with so little soil, was surprising; at an altitude where the climber would scarcely find a particle of clay, such as would seem to be necessary to nourish a tree, were masses of branches and green foliage, out of which grey stony pinnacles shot up, as if determined to shew their rugged supremacy over the cultivation which the hand of man had carried into their lofty neighbourhood. Colonel B——, the owner of this place, and of many hundred adjoining acres, was a powerful and wicked man, feared for his power, and hated for his wickedness, by all the neighbourhood, over which he had in his power to exercise an authority, which none but those who know what the squire of a country district in Ireland, who was a county magistrate besides, might venture to do with impunity, can well imagine. He was esteemed very rich, and he was of the middle age, and a bachelor, but enjoyed the imputed paternity of a family which grew up without ostensibly lawful reason, in the lodge at his gate. Though ostentatiously dissolute in his morals, and, for the most part, coarsely tyrannical in his manners, yet there was a carefulness about him in many respects, and an energy in pushing any thing which he took in hand to its final accomplishment, that gained him considerable respect, mingled with the fear which the common people felt for him, while the ability which he pos-

essed to assume polite, and even very agreeable manners, when it suited his purpose to do so, caused him to be well received amongst such of the gentry of the county as he had occasion to meet. In the glen, his power was absolute, his word was law, except over one man, who occupied a small, but beautifully neat dwelling, not more than a hundred yards from his gate. I have seen prettier things of the kind in England, but in Ireland I have never seen any thing to compare, for neat and comfortable beauty, with the cottage of Captain M—; for that title was still given him by all the neighbourhood, though he had no right to it, as he used to assure the poor people, who loved to do him honour by frequently repeating the military title which once belonged to him.

Mr M— had once been a captain in the regiment of militia which Colonel B— commanded; his family had, but a few generations previously, been more respectable than the Colonel's, but had fallen away in worldly wealth and importance, as that of his superior officer advanced; and as misfortune seems ever to travel swifter than its opposite, Mr M— found himself, on coming of age, with very slender means indeed, and with scarcely a relative left in the county to whose assistance he could put forward the claim of family kindred. His guardian had, however, taken care—if that be indeed judicious care, which bestows learning and accomplishments on poverty—to give him an excellent education; and, as in common with most men of an elevated and imaginative turn of mind, the young gentleman delighted in the country, and was unwilling to leave the land of the "lake and mountain," for city occupations which would have been more hopeful of gain, he engaged in agricultural pursuits on a small scale, by which, for a few years, he provided himself with an occupation, and a sufficient addition to his income, to satisfy one whose worldly ambition was by no means inordinate. The beginning of the Irish rebellion broke up his peaceful life—the emissaries of sedition found their way over among the peaceful hills—the peasantry grew intractable and insolent, and refused to perform their ordi-

nary works, and, ere long, abandoned every thing for murder and spoliation, in the wild pursuit of they knew not what. A commission in the militia was offered to Mr M—, which he accepted, partly from a sense of duty, and partly, that as he found it impossible to continue his farming to any advantage, he might take up another occupation, which, however different in its nature, was, at the time, honourable and useful, and was remunerated with certain monies, the receipt of which was not disagreeable. An antipathy between Mr M— and his Colonel arose from the first day they met at the regimental mess. Their opposing natures clashed on the very first encounter. Colonel B— was a man capable of that bitter and undying hatred, which, springing up from no other cause than an instinctive devilishness, never sleeps from the moment of its birth, nor dreams of forgiveness in prosperity, nor pity in adversity. He took no pains to conceal it, nor did he, on the other hand, take such imprudent means for its display as might have had the effect of thwarting his object; his was a cool, business-like hatred, that waited its time, saw its time with exceeding acuteness, and then sprung to the accomplishment of its purpose with certain and deadly energy. He knew that an immediate display of his enmity towards Mr M— would not effect that, which, after the first three days of their association as brother officers, he resolved to effect if he could. Suppose he had been able to drive him from the regiment at once, he would then at once lose his power over him; and, besides, Mr M— might then return to his former pursuits, from which he was hardly as yet wholly disunited, and might in time become a prosperous man. "That is not the way," said Colonel B— to himself, "to torment and ruin him; and I may do both, if I proceed more cautiously." And he did so proceed: There was no point in which the commanding officer of a regiment on active duty could annoy his inferior officer, that was not deliberately and calmly made use of by Colonel B—. Captain M— saw all this, and felt it—felt it with all the bitterness which comes upon us when that which we scorn, we must obey;

—he was too proud to complain, and to resent his treatment was impossible; for the Colonel took care not to proceed beyond the utmost stretch of his actual authority, and in no jot or tittle to violate the articles of war. Captain M—— at last took the only means left to him of escaping from the tyranny under which he suffered; he resigned his commission after two years' service, and after his farming establishment had been completely broken up. And the Colonel had the fiendish satisfaction of believing that he had effectually tormented him for two years, and at the end had cast him upon the world—a ruined man.

Whatever was the fate, however, of Mr M—— for the next five years, no one knew; he went away, some said to England, others to America, but for that time he was not heard of. It was in the close of the sixth summer after his departure, that a melancholy-looking stranger, who seemed of the middle age, made his appearance among the little cottages on the river's side; but it was not until he had gone into one of them, and spoken for some time with the inmates, that he was recognised as their old friend Mr M——. The change that a few years had wrought in him was wonderful and mournful. When he left the glen, he seemed to be about five-and-twenty, and he now looked forty at the least. His voice was become deeper, and more subdued—his speech slower—his look more pensive and downcast, and his smile, if it were a smile at all, was one of acquiescence, and not of pleasurable emotion. He came, he said, to look for a dwelling once more amongst them, and then with languid hopelessness added, "But I fear I did not think enough about it before I came, and I do not see how I am to settle here now, much as I should wish to do it, for my old farm-house was pulled down even before I went away."

"O thin, Captain, jewel," said Ned Rooney and Ned Rooney's wife at the same time, "sure it's ourselves that's glad this minute, to see that your honour's to the fore still, an' not kilt in England, nor marrid in 'Merica, as we heerd. Och, an' a power o' hardship yourself must have gone through sence; anyhow—an' mighty sedate lookin' you're come back to

us. An' sure if it's only a place to live in you want, it's just in the nick o' time you come, good luck to you, an' a good gentleman to the poor you always wor. Sure there's the steward's house, the new, purty, beautiful English cottage—the Curnel's steward, your honor, that lived here three years, an ould Scotchman, an' a hard man to be sure he was, but mighty nate and clene—an' he's dead, devil's cure to him—God pardon my sowl for sayin' so—an' the place is to be sowld, in spite of the masther they say, bekase he was cute enough, that's the Scotchman was, to get a proper lase, and now the masther won't give the proper valy of it to the people that's come to look afther what he left—an' sure you could get it, that's if the little bit of ready money made no difference—not that we mane to even the likes o' your honour to livin' where a steward lived—had luck to his stingy sowl—God pardon me—but only the place wasn't like a sarvant's place at all, but fit for any gentleman—for to be sure he kep it so nate, an' all at hardly any cost at all at all."

This long speech was suffered to go on without any interruption from Mr M——, who listened to it with some interest and attention.

He found, upon enquiry, that his informants had told him no more than the truth, and he had luckily arrived at the very moment when it was in his power to possess himself of just such a dwelling as he wished. A very neat cottage had been erected by Colonel B——'s steward on a spot of ground, which, with the adjoining garden, the Colonel thought he had leased for thirty-one years, "provided the said Andrew Campbell should so long live;" but by some accident, of which "the said Andrew" was not perhaps wholly unconscious, this little clause had been omitted, and the heirs of the man, who came from Scotland to look after his effects, insisted upon the value of the lease. This Colonel B—— refused to give, believing that it was very unlikely they would easily find a purchaser in such a place, and hoping to get it at length upon his own terms. In his absence, however, Mr M—— stepped in, and paying down the sum demanded, which was but small, he took possession of the cottage.

He left it the next morning, and in a day or two returned, but not alone, as before; he brought with him a little female child, between two and three years old, and an elderly servant, a Swiss woman, who attended upon the child with all the affection of a mother, and all the respectful solicitude of a servant. At first there was, as there is always in such cases, much wonderment and mystery concerning this new family, but by degrees the story ran, though no one could tell exactly how the information was obtained, that Mr M—— had gone to England, and fallen in love with a young lady of foreign extraction, whom he eventually married, and with whom he had lived one brief year of happiness as great as can be enjoyed without luxuries or riches to procure them. At the end of a year, in giving birth to a daughter, she died, and the joy of his heart was gone for ever. For several months his tearless stony grief bordered upon gloomy insanity, until one day as he stood with folded arms over the cradle of his child, and watched the calm awaking of her deep blue eyes, and saw her look upon him, and hold up her arms in joyful recognition, the rock of his heart was smote, and he wept for hours. From this time his grief was calm, tender, affectionate to those who approached him, but the bitterness of the preceding months had left him like a tree scathed by the storm. His hair had turned grey, his flesh had shrunk, and premature age had set its stamp upon him. It appeared that after long indulgence of his sorrowful thoughts, and finding himself incapable of the exertion which was necessary to his support, if he remained in England, he resolved upon selling his little establishment, and settling for the remainder of the life, which he had devoted to retirement, in the land of his fathers, and amid the scenes with which his earliest days had been familiar.

It is singular how beautifully the state and capabilities of inanimate nature, and the nature of man, are adapted to each other. How the devices and desires of our hearts are provided with a something whereupon to fix—how much is given that we could not create, but that we can assist, and mould, and form, and fa-

shion, after our will, into those useful or exquisite shapes which our necessities demand, or our cultivated tastes teach us to consider beautiful. Enough is done for us to give us power, enough is left undone to give us employment; nor is it possible almost to arrive at that degree of improvement that will forbid further hope—nature herself crowns our best efforts with new and unlooked-for beauty, and we still trust, and justly so, that if our industry fail not, neither will her reward.

Mr M——'s cottage was pretty when he got it; but, weaned away from all more important pursuits, and possessed with a longing desire, which seemed to gratify his dejected heart, of making it all that his *Emily would have loved*, and would have assisted in making it, were she not with the spirits of the just, it soon appeared, under his tasteful and quiet, but unceasing cultivation, a very nest of beauty. His neighbour, the Colonel, saw it, and even in the midst of all his rich possessions, envied the poor man his little dwelling of peace, and his old hatred sprung up anew; but the last hatred vexed his own heart more than the first, because he had no ready means of giving it vent. He cursed the new comer within his teeth, first, for having got possession of that which his avarice had prevented him from getting for himself; and he cursed him again, because the place thrived with him and grew beautiful; but he knew, that while he held aloof from him, he had no power to injure a man, the pride of whose heart was broken, and he endeavoured to become familiar with him again, that he might twist some chain about him, by the means of which he might hurt him whenever he listed. But the solitary refused all his advances with cold civility, and he only hated him more and more, without obtaining power over him.

In the meantime the young child, the little Emily, grew up as lovely as the flowers among which she played, and altogether as innocent. Like them she was beautiful and gentle by nature, and, like them, a little wild by situation. But as soon as her mind became sufficiently matured for instruction, her father bethought him of the things which she should learn, and himself became her fond

and careful tutor. To fill her quick and sensitive mind with such knowledge as was suited to her years, and to embue her heart with feelings that elevate, while they soften, was to him the most delightful task that he had known for years. Many a time would he turn away and weep, in spite of himself, at some accidental glance, or tone, or expression, so like that of her whom he had lost, that it seemed but the shadow, or the echo, or the repetition of that which lived so strongly in his memory; and little Emily's own soft blue eyes would fill with tears, as she observed his agitation, which she knew not the reason of, while she felt his tears upon her face as he kissed her a thousand times.

It happened that Mr M—— was able to teach his daughter not only the more solid parts of knowledge, which educated men all possess, but also those accomplishments which, for the most part, are more common to women—viz. music and drawing, in both of which he had once been rather a proficient; and his skill speedily revived as he found it necessary to put it in practice for Emily's advantage.

In dancing, however, he would have been at fault, were it not for the Swiss servant, who proved, in this matter, a most useful ally, as, indeed, she was in sundry other little matters relating to needles and thread, and shears, and so forth, which were of no small value, not to say necessity, in a place which boasted not of either a fashioner of dresses, or a constructor of bonnets, within seven miles. It would have been a pretty and amusing sight, if one could have seen it, to look at the beautiful young Emily receiving her lesson in the saltatory art, from her now somewhat ancient professor, while her father, at the piano-forte, supplied the requisite music. Old Marguerite knew the dances of her country well, besides that she had been a little time in Paris, where she learned some refinement upon her country fashions, so far as her feet were concerned, but her heart happily remained such as she had brought it from the mountains.

Emily reached the age of seventeen, as lovely and as accomplished a girl as ever lived unknown in a se-

cluded valley. I have said she was innocent as the flowers, and so she was; her joy was light and free as the air that played around her own mountains; yet her soul sometimes lifted itself up, and, like their pinnacles, soared heaven-ward, or looking deep into itself, would behold therein the indistinct forms of a thousand shadowy thoughts that know not utterance, until some strong circumstance gives them more perfect shape, and calls them forth.

The joy of her father's heart was buried in the grave with his dead wife, and the more surely so, because every circumstance that would have brought joy—even his daughter's beauty and surpassing goodness—served to remind him of her who was gone, and thus dashed even the flowers of his heart with the dews of sorrow. Still, however, he had a serious gladness in the contemplation of all his Emily had grown to be, and her affection soothed his heart, and made his eyes fill with tears that were not those of pain; but as every satisfaction almost, has some anxiety attendant upon it, even as its shadow, so had this: he felt occasionally, that although in respect of years he was little beyond what is called the prime of life, yet in appearance, and in constitution, he was already old, and it was dreadful to think of what might become of his Emily, unprotected as she was, when he should be called away. His thanksgivings, therefore, to God, for the great blessing which he had vouchsafed to him in her, were not unmingled with earnest petitions, that the protecting hand of an all-watchful Providence would guard his child, and be unto her as a guide and a stay, when time to him should be no more.

His neighbour the Colonel, though but a few years his junior, still appeared, as he actually was, in the vigour of life, and continued a bachelor; but to keep down the pride of some nephews, which was sometimes troublesome to him, and perhaps, too, because it did not diminish the favourable regards of the ladies in the houses which he visited, (for we have said he had a good estate,) he was accustomed to give out that he by no means intended to continue all his life a single man—that he thought it right to consider at his

leisure before he surrendered the freedom of a bachelor's life, but by and by he would certainly "settle," and, of course, an heir to his estate was to follow. He had seen Emily M—— occasionally as she grew up, and now he saw her in the almost matured loveliness of womanhood, and he felt towards her as the grossness of his nature was alone capable of feeling. At no time of his life could he have felt himself what pure love was, or understood what was meant by others when they spoke of it; now that his heart was still more hardened by time, and any little sense of delicacy he ever had, utterly dissipated by constant intercourse with the profligate and the vile, he heard of love only to laugh at it. Yet his eyes followed after the young Emily with a filthy glare, and the brute passion that burned within him, was blended with another that added to its fierceness—he still hated her father, and with as strong a hate as ever; for the respectability of his character, notwithstanding his slender means, elevated him in some sort into a rival; and the presence of an independent man so near him, was an offence in his nostrils. In the dark recesses, therefore, of his gross and guilty mind, he desired to gratify at once his lust and his hatred, and he dared deliberately to think of the means by which he might accomplish the child's dishonour, and through that dishonour, bring down her father's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. He was a man that would not be startled by either the difficulty or the villainy of an attempt to accomplish what he wished, and his first plan was to bring himself upon some terms of acquaintance with the young lady; and with this view he invited his nephew, a youth of eighteen, to spend his college vacation with him in the country, rightly judging, that through his assistance an acquaintance would be more likely to be opened than if he trusted to any civilities of his own. The Colonel was in the habit of going to church, for which he had certain reasons of his own that had nothing to do with religion; to the same church, which was about two miles from their dwelling in the glen, went also, on every Sunday that they could walk thither, Mr M—— and his

daughter, accompanied by their servant Marguerite. Here the young beauty was first pointed out by the Colonel to his nephew, as, dressed with rural, yet elegant simplicity, and her complexion heightened by the exercise of walking, she appeared a very paragon of loveliness. The boy admired, as boys will admire when they *think* they love; and that day he refused his dinner, and spent the evening in pensive meditation, and in turning an Epistle of Ovid into English verse. His good uncle rallied him, told him he was in love, which, to boys in a fit of admiration, is the sweetest of all flattery; and then, in a jocular way, instructed him how he was again to get a sight of Miss M——: "She goes every day," he said, "to visit a woman in one of the cottages, who is sick. These people are my tenants, and you have right to go there too, if you like. I don't see why you should not choose the time when she is there to go in—you may chance to have some particularly nice flowers in your hand—my gardener will give them to you—I dare say the young lady likes good flowers, for I perceive her obstinate, foolish father, would have such things if he were not as poor as he is proud—he does his best to have them—offer her the flowers, and then offer to attend her home. I don't well see how she can refuse—you have a tongue, and can speak—and you may invite her to come and see the conservatory here, and try to prevail on her to do this—I should like to see whether she is really pretty when one sees her close at hand—and mind you are respectful, however, for this is necessary to gain a woman, and I have a little more experience in these things than you, my boy. Now, ring the bell for some brandy and biscuits, and then we'll go to bed."

The youth acted upon all this advice, but he needed not the suggestion to be respectful. There is a something in the feeling of admiration which beauty, and simplicity, and gracefulness, cause to spring up in the youthful mind, which is associated with the very deepest feelings of respect; and upon the contrived accidental meeting, which took place as Colonel B—— had planned it, this careful deference, united with a

prepossessing figure and a good address, made a most favourable impression on the unsophisticated Emily; she accepted, with grateful thanks, the beautiful flowers which were offered to her, and as Marguerite was with her, she did not forbid the young gentleman to walk by her side as she went home, nor, indeed, could she well do so, as their way was the same.

To the invitation to see the conservatory, she replied by avowing her wish to see any thing so beautiful as she had always heard it described to be; but she would ask her father whether she might go with Marguerite. She did ask, and was told that it would not be right; and so much was she accustomed to mould her wishes upon those of her father, that she assented to his negative with the same cheerfulness that she would have received his permission. Although disappointed in some measure by the ill success of this part of his scheme, Colonel B—— determined to take advantage of the acquaintance which his nephew had opened; and when Emily went abroad without her father, he contrived to walk with his nephew where they should meet her; nor did the nearer view of her innocent beauty in the least turn his cold and sensual heart from its brutal purpose. Emily, of course, told her father of these accidental meetings, to which he made no objection, unwilling to provoke any needless enmity, and not supposing it possible that any evil purpose could have been intended by them. At length his nephew's vacation ended, and the Colonel was left to pursue his plans alone. My readers will perhaps expect that I shall have to tell them, that the young collegian took away with him the heart of Emily, but it was not so; she thought him the pleasantest young gentleman she had met, because he was almost the only one; but she knew not what love was.

There was a bold decision in the character of Colonel B——, which had frequently been the cause of his success in the evil designs which he undertook, and having thus acquired a confidence in this method of carrying his purposes, it became habitual, and he had no longer sufficient pa-

tience in action for the villainy which his mind contemplated. He resolved, therefore, to bring his plans upon Emily M—— immediately to a point, and finding that, since his nephew's departure, he could not obtain more from her in the way of speech when he met her than a passing salutation, he ventured, in strong reliance upon his own merits, and the vanity which he supposed common to women, to write, and have privately conveyed to her, a letter, which he expected, if it would not at once obtain, would at least lead to the accomplishment of, his purpose. In the language of dexterous flattery, he complimented her beauty and her various accomplishments—lamented that she had not been born somewhat earlier, or himself somewhat later, that their years might have been more nearly equal, yet protested that the fire of love burned within his heart with all the fervour of youthful enthusiasm—spoke of the pride and joy with which he should see her the sharer of his fortune, and the mistress of his household, and concluded at length with a statement, that certain circumstances of a delicate nature, which he would afterwards explain, made it inconvenient that the union, which was the highest object of his hopes, should take place at home; and a proposal, that, relying upon his faith and honour, she would commit herself to his protection, while he conveyed her to France, and there made her his by all the ties which could unite faithful lovers.

He had been so little accustomed to deal with perfect simplicity and innocence, that he never once supposed it possible that Emily would immediately hand this letter to her father, notwithstanding a postscript particularly cautioning her against making the slightest mention of it to him; but she was so bewildered by its contents as scarcely to know what was meant by it, and gave it to her father as a something to be explained to her, rather than resented by him.

Her father's brow grew dark as night as he read the letter, and he bit his lip till the blood sprang from it.

Emily trembled, and besought the reason of this agitation.—“Leave me,” he said, “leave me, my child,

for a while—this is a serious matter, and I must consider of it.—Unutterable villain!” he continued, as he paced about the room like a distracted man, after his daughter had left him; “insulting scoundrel! But he shall pay for this—the usage of the world gives me one mode of vengeance, and I shall take it, though I risk my life, and more than my life, to obtain it—aye, and I shall do it instantly—I shall not suffer my blood to cool, lest haply this monster should escape. I am alone—I have no friend to stand by my side—but I will go alone, and one of us shall die. Oh Emily! God shield thee then!” He covered his face with his hands for a moment, and then flung away into his study, where he had his pistols—they were kept loaded for the security of the house—he put them in his pockets, put on his hat, and rushed out, with more energy of body, and a thousand times more fury of mind, than he had ever before possessed. The shades of evening were now closing in, and the moon was rising, but he thought not of the time, nor of any thing but immediate vengeance; for he too well knew the man he had to deal with, not to understand his letter in its true light, and not to know that the foulest injury was intended. Here we must leave him for a while, to relate some other circumstances which in their consummation became connected with the catastrophe of that evening.

In a broad cleft, or hollow, in the mountain's side, about two miles from Glen Cruagh, there had lived, about eight years before, an old woman and her two sons, famed as a triumvirate of wickedness—the sons occasionally had employment as labourers, but it was understood they lived chiefly by depredation; and if a sheep was missed off the mountain's side, it was suspected that mutton, or the value of it, found its way thereupon into the cabin of the “Widdy Lynch.” If any young girl in the country side was found to have bartered her virtue for gold, Widdy Lynch was sure to have had some concern in it; and if any robbery took place, her cabin was the first searched for the stolen goods. As this woman and her sons, although more than suspected to be concerned in so much guilt, continued always

to keep clear of such evidence as would convict them, the old woman obtained the reputation of dealing with the devil—a rumour which she by no means discouraged, as it gave her a double influence in carrying on her nefarious traffic, and in evading its consequences. But the pitcher, as the proverb says, though it goeth often to the well, is at last broken; and so it fell out with the family of the Lynches. Colonel B—— had some designs upon a young woman, who lived in her father's house at the mountain's foot, about two miles beyond Lynch's cabin; and the attentions of the Colonel, or intentions rather, becoming known to a young farmer who conceived he had some pretensions to the young woman of an honest character than the Colonel's, he determined upon the Irish method of making short work of the matter, by forcibly carrying her off, and for this purpose he hired the two Lynches, who were always ready to engage in any act of desperation for a reward. With their assistance the young man succeeded in his lawless attempt; but Colonel B——, who was a very active magistrate when personally concerned, resolved to deter others from future interference of a similar kind with his amusements, and seized the culprits, whose haunts he well knew.

The men were brought to trial; and merely because Mr M—— had the reputation of being a kind man, and a friend to the poor, they summoned him to “give them a character;” for the Irish peasantry cannot to this day be persuaded that a trial is merely an enquiry into the truth, but believe that it is a *mode of attack*, much less agreeable to them than if made with sticks and stones, but still one in which a muster of friends is of great avail. It was in vain Mr M—— protested he could say nothing to their advantage. They insisted on his being examined, because “they were sure his honour was too kind a gentleman to give them a bad word;” and he was examined, and what he said in some measure tended to their conviction. Both Lynches were found guilty, one as principal, the other as an accessory; and one was transported for life, and the other for seven years. The mother escaped being implicated in this affair; but

while the proceedings were going on, she flitted up and down the country like an evil spirit—now here, now there—with a mysterious swiftness that added to her fame for supernatural agency. Supplication—vows of vengeance—curses, deep and dire, she used, as it was her purpose to coax or to intimidate those whose evidence was to be used against her sons, but all was unavailing; and when they were now pronounced guilty, her face grew black, and she muttered and trembled, but shed no tears.

When, with the rest of the grand jury, Colonel B—— was leaving the court house, she threw herself in his way, flung back her bright red cloak, the hood of which had, until then, enveloped her head, and, on her bended knees, with her hands clasped, and her long grey hair streaming behind, she cursed him with the energy and bitterness of a fiend. "Go along," she said, "and may the curse o' the widow, that's now left childless and desolate, cling about you night, noon, and mornin', as long as you live, and in the flames of hell after ye die—aye, black, hard-hearted, contrivin' villain as ye are, an' always was, an' always will be! Aye, go your ways, and may my curse be poison to your body and your soul! May you never know satisfaction or contentment in this world, and may my revenge bring you to a sudden death, and send your soul, hot an' hissin', to hell, from where it came! This is my curse, an' may it fall on you hot and heavy, I pray God!"

It was not the words alone, but the fearful demoniac wildness of the manner, which, to those who beheld the woman, gave an impression of indescribable horror. She paused as if from exhaustion; and Mr M—— went over to her, and in words of pity, which even disgust could not overcome, besought her to go away, and submit with decent quiet to the fate which the law had necessarily brought upon her sons. "Away!" she said, "away! chicken-hearted fool, that wouldn't spake a word for my boys! May be I'll have revenge of you too; but *you're* not wicked, an' I mustn't curse you." She disappeared, and was seldom seen afterwards in the glen; but once a-year, on the anniversary of the day on which

her sons were convicted, she presented herself before Colonel B——, and renewed her curse. No matter where he went—she dogged him; and on that day, except he confined himself to his chamber, the widow renewed her malediction. Thrice he detected her in crimes, for which he was enabled to throw her into jail for a short period, but still she got free again, and again she tracked his steps, and poured out upon him the bitterness of her heart.

About a month before the evening on which Mr M—— rushed forth to seek from Colonel B—— personal satisfaction for the insult offered to his daughter, the widow's son had returned from his exile of seven years. The woman still occupied her wretched cabin on the hill-side, and to that miserable home the young man returned. The old woman now walked more erect—a gleam of fierce joy was seen now and then to shoot from beneath her projecting brow, and people said it was not like the joy she should have shewn to see her son again, for there was "no tenderness in it, at all at all." But a satisfaction in which there was nothing of tenderness lurked in the woman's heart—she had persuaded her son to undertake a murder! On the day on which Colonel B—— wrote his letter to Emily, he received a note, which was found in the hall. How it came there, no one could tell; but it was in a woman's hand, ill spelled, and asking him to be on the bank of the stream, below the widow Lynch's cabin, that evening, at the rising of the moon. There were initials to the note which he knew—he put it in the fire, and determined to keep the appointment. He had gone out before Mr M—— arrived at his gate, and the servant replied, with a look of astonishment, to the quick and fierce demand if his master were at home, "Is it the master *you* want, sir?"

"Yes—I want to see him directly."

"He's gone out."

"Where?"

"I thin, if its meself that knows—only he wint down the glen, an' I heerd the gossoon sayin' that he met him turnin' up be the river, as he was comin' home just now, wid some trouts."

"I shall go and find him," said

Mr M——, as he turned away, determined to seek out the Colonel before he rested. He chanced to follow exactly in his steps; but rapidly as he walked, it was some time before he perceived his antagonist at a considerable distance in advance of him, walking on the pathway which skirted the stream, as it ascended towards the mountain region. The moon had just risen, calm, and bright, and beautiful, peacefully beaming on the rocks and furze, and glancing in the rapid stream as it pounced along from stone to stone, yet almost seeming to hush its wonted murmurs, through sympathy with the calm softness of the light that trembled upon it. Such an appearance of nature formed a singular contrast with the burning fever in the heart and brain of the insulted parent, who now strode along, irritated even more than he had previously been, by the sight of the man whose injuries he sought to resent and avenge. He had now approached within a dozen paces—his hands were upon his pistols, and he was about to call out to Colonel B——, who was just going to pass round a huge lump of granite that lay in the way, and would have concealed him momentarily from the view of Mr M——, when the report of a pistol from the other side was heard, and in the same instant Colonel B—— leaped breast high from the ground, and then fell flat upon it, a dead man.

A moment before, and Mr M—— had been himself eager to inflict such a doom upon the man who now lay stretched almost at his feet, yet at the sight of what was done, he was petrified with horror, and stood for a moment, feeling as if his burning heart had been plunged in icy water. The next moment his recollection returned, and rushing round the rock, from the other side of which the shot appeared to have come, he found the Widow Lynch and her son, the latter with a pistol in his hand, still smoking from the discharge which had killed Colonel B——. "Murderers!" said Mr M——, drawing forth one of his pistols, "you are detected in your foul assassination. Surrender yourself instantly," he added to the son, "or you die as surely as the man you have just shot." The man made no reply, but

flung himself upon Mr M—— to disarm him—in the struggle the pistol was discharged, and the ball whizzing past the ear of the ruffian, did him no injury. Mr M—— was soon overpowered, as his arms having been seized, he could not use his second pistol; the murderer was strong, and having flung him down, planted his knee upon his breast.

"What shall we do with him, mother?" he said. "Best send him after the Colonel, to give him a character," she replied, with a wild and fiend-like laugh. "I said I'd have my revenge of him too, an' the devil has put it in my way sooner than I expected."

The prostrate man thought of his daughter, and wished for life. "Woman," he exclaimed, "I never injured you!"—"Hah—you lie—you lie!" almost shrieked the hag. "I asked you to speak a word for my boys—for the boy that now has you in his grip—and you would not—But," she added, after a little pause, "I can't hate you, as I did the villain that's just done for. If you're let go, will you swear never to say a word to man or mortal of what you have seen to-night?"—"No," said Mr M—— firmly—"Kill me, if you must; but if I live, I shall do my duty, and endeavour to bring you both to justice."

"Hoh, you will?" said the woman, and repeated her horrid laugh—"but say your prayers thin, if you think they'll do you any good, afore you die." She paused again a little space—her eyes glistened as if some joyful thought had struck her, and she whispered to her son.

"What brought you here, wid a pistol in your hand?" she said again, addressing Mr M——.

"May God forgive me," he replied, "a wicked purpose; but I trust that sin, great as it was in intention, may not be imputed to me!"

"I don't think you liked the Curnel much, more than ourselves, Mr M——. Maybe if we hadn't been in the way just now, you'd have saved us the trouble? What brought you here, I say, at this time, wid a pistol in your hand?"

"Not to assassinate a man in cold blood," replied Mr M——. "A crime so foul as that I have not to answer for."

"Maybe you will though," said the woman, "and save other people from being suspected. Lay hoults on him, Dinuis, and take him off. I charge him wid having shot the Cur-nel, and you'll back what I say—You seen him, didn't you?"—and again came forth the devilish laugh.

In a moment the unfortunate Mr M—— saw the dreadful situation in which he was placed—his brain spun round, and he grew sick, with the fear not of death, but of infamy.—"Spare me, spare me!" he cried out in agony.

"No," replied the woman, in a tone which seemed like the echo of his own "No" to her proposal a minute before—the wretch mocked him even then.

It would protract my tale too much to tell minutely all that followed. A host of circumstances were brought forward against Mr M——. He was proved to have followed the Colonel to a lonely place under strong irritation; to have taken his pistols with him, of which one was discharged, and the woman Lynch and her son swore positively to having come upon him, as the murder was done. All this was coherent, while his story was improbable, and unsupported. True, he had the Colonel's letter, which he said had provoked him to follow him with pistols; but the magistrates, who examined it, could see nothing in it but a proposal for an elopement, and not at all justificatory of the proceeding which it was said to have induced. True, the character of the woman Lynch and her son was bad as bad could be, and it was very possible to suppose them capable of the murder which Mr M—— alleged they had committed; but there was no particle of evidence against them, save the assertion of the accused, who had the strongest possible interest in speaking falsely. The weapon, too, with which he alleged the murder had been committed, could not be found, although the most diligent search had been made in and around Lynch's cabin. Mr M—— was committed, by the magistrates, for trial. Who shall paint his misery, or that of the wretched Emily? Death, a felon's death—infamy, horrible infamy—hung over her father's head, and no ray of comfort pierced through this dreadful storm of un-

speakable calamity. For a time, something like insanity took possession of the unfortunate prisoner; but at last the consolation of religion visited him, and Emily became his ministering angel, and he wept, and was calm, and tasted something like peace even in the midst of misery and tears.

Time rolled on—property lives, though men, who call it theirs, die; and it became necessary to arrange for the disposition of Colonel B——'s effects. The heir-at-law was his nephew, who had but a few weeks before been on a visit with him, and he now returned, petrified with horror at what had happened, and utterly incredulous as to the guilt of Mr M——. He visited him in prison, and listened to his statement, which was given in the language, and with the deportment, of a man who had done with this world, and only testified the truth, for the truth's sake. The prisoner's daughter was with him, for humanity did not refuse that blessing to his gloomy cell; and if one may speak of female loveliness in such a situation, even there, the touching dignity of her extreme sorrow, and the pious duty of filial love in which she was constantly engaged, gave a depth of beauty almost angelic to her peerless face and form.

Tears stood in the young gentleman's eyes, as he mounted his horse to quit the prison-gate. "Aye, your honour," said the servant, as he held the stirrup, and spoke with the familiarity which their respective ages made not unnatural between master and servant, "'twas a sorrowful sight you seen, I'll warrant me—a kind gentleman they always said he was,—and the poor young crathur—sure it's hard, an' heavy, an' arely her misfortunes have come upon her."

"Aye," replied his master, with a sigh, "aye—Do you know these people that are the witnesses against him, Peter?"

"Know them? to be sure I do, your honour—but I b'lieve the devil knows them better nor any one else, an' has his hoults over thim strong enough."

"Do you know the spot where my uncle was shot?"

"I do, your honour, well. I seen it the day before yisterday, and the mark of the blood on the ground, God bless us, an' be about us!"

"I wish you would bring me to the place."

"Whin, your honour?"

"This evening, after we ride home."

"The cross of Christ be about us! Sure, sir, it is not to go there after dark you want?"

"No; there will be moonlight. It was about this day month the murder was committed—and by moonlight. I wish to see it under similar circumstances."

"An you're not afeerd, sir?"

"Afraid, fool! No; of what should I be afraid?"

"Why, your honour, to say nothin' of evil sperrits, for maybe you that has been at college doesn't belevee in them like us poor people—but it's just convenient to the Lynches' cabin, an' where they are I'm thinkin' there's little good."

"Never mind, take courage, and bring me to the place. I have a particular reason for wishing to go there."

Now, in sober truth, young Frederick B—— had no reason at all, but he had a strong impression upon his mind, derived from he knew not what—a presentiment, if philosophy would allow of such a thing—that by going, he would discover something of importance; and upon this impression, or presentiment, he acted.

At moonrise he arrived with his servant at the entrance of the gorge, through which the stream passes into the glen. Their horses were left in the care of one of the cottagers, and they proceeded on foot up the pathway which, exactly a month previously, had been trodden about the same hour by Colonel B—— and Mr M——. The present night, too, was calm and clear as that night had been, and all was silence, save the rushing of the eager stream.

The servant, although somewhat confident from the presence of his master, who had been "at College," yet felt some fear withal, and as they came within sight of the rock where the murder was committed, which they did while yet a very considerable distance from it, he involuntarily stopped, and looked round with an anxious gaze as far as his eyes could reach.

"What is the matter, Peter?" said his master,

"Nothin', sir—only I thought I seen—Look, sir, ~~don't~~ you think you see somethin' movin' down the side o' the hill, toart [towards] the rock?"

"Yes," said his master, looking in the direction pointed out, "I do see what I take to be two persons walking that way. I see them now more plainly—it is a man and a woman. What ails you, man?—does one man and an old woman frighten you?"

"It's the Widdy Lynch and her son," whispered the man; "an' the devil's not far off, in some shape or other, I'll be bail."

"Hush, Peter—let us observe their motions—see, they are getting down under the shadow of that rock. Good Heaven! they have vanished!"

"No, your honour," said Peter, smiling to find that for once he knew better than his master who had been at college—"they're only gone close to the rock, and are quite hid in the shade—the bames o' the moon is all on the other side—they're gone there to hatch some divilment, I'll warrant me."

"Could we get to the other side of the rock without being perceived by them, Peter?"

"Not if you go straight forward, sir—for they'd see us immadiately; but if you go up the side of the hill a bit, and keep up till we get beyant the rock, thin we can come down upon the far side of it."

"Let us do so, then. I should wish, if possible, to hear their consultation."

The plan was put into execution, and in half an hour they found themselves approaching the rock on the opposite side from that on which they had before seen it.

"Think you they are still there?" said Frederick B——.

"I do, sir," replied the servant; "I kep my eye on the place, an' barrin' they wint within the last two minits, they're still in the same spot."

"How shall we get close upon them?"

"You can climb up upon the rock, an' get over their heads," replied the servant, whose spirit of enterprise had now overcome his fear.

"Good—that will be the best way."

"This is the way to do it, your honour," said Peter, pulling off his boots, in which his example was fol-

lowed by his master; and they went forward, silent and warily, as the fowler creeps to take his aim. They readily climbed the rock, and lying flat upon the top, with their heads almost reaching over the verge on the darkened side, they easily overheard the whispered conversation of the pair beneath.

"I wonder you're not afeerd, mother," said the man, "to come down to this place, of all places in the world, to persuade me to swear more, whin I tell you I'd rather kill another man than swear. Let them take your own oath, but don't ax me to go in to a coort-house agin."

"Swear!" said the woman—"why, what's swarin'? or what's in a coort-house, or a judge's wig, to frighten ye? Is that the courage you larnt in foreign parts, to be afraid to spake, you that did the *raal* business so cleverly? Musha, but it was a steady hand that sent the bullet into the middle of his forehead—what is there in your tongue, that it can't be as steady as your hand?"

"Well, mother, don't say more about it now—I'll see afore the trial comes on, an' make up my mind to do it; but I wish you'd let me off. Where's the pistol? I want to lend it to Kelly in the mornin'."

"In the hole in the top of the rock overhead," said the woman—"Pull

out the stone first, that I put in after it to prevent it getting wet."

The man placed his two hands upon the rock above his head, and made a spring to get upon it, when he found himself in the grasp of Frederick B—. He was paralysed with sudden fear, and made little or no resistance to being secured. The woman gave a loud shriek, and then resigned herself to her fate. "Aye," she muttered—"Aye, and now my time is come; and sure I might have known it—didn't I dhrame last night that I made the ould man that's in jail a present of a black coffin, and he threw it back to me, an' said it would do for myself?"

Three years afterwards, Emily M— was promoted much nearer the top of the alphabet, and, as Emily B—, appeared the lovely and happy wife of him whose fortunate chance it had been to rescue her father from the peril that impended over him. The old gentleman still kept his beautiful cottage, and old Marguerite still lived to take care of it. The skeletons of the Widow Lynch and her son hang in the surgeon's room of the county infirmary, whither their bodies had been sent to be anatomized.

So ends my tale.

ECLOGA.

CHRISTOPHERUS—DUX—SATELLES.

CERULEA camerâ, penetralibus Ambrosianis,
Flavus ubi rorem Tapitourius iste ministrat
Montanum,—(ros hic certe stillatus Olympo!)
Nascentis speciosa Magæ portenta coquebat
Christopherus, nomen cui dat Septentrio clarum,—
Forte suis vacuus sociis, solitâque podagrâ:
Namque evanuerant victi certamine Bacchi
Signifer, et Porcus, Titillatorque benignus.—
Concrepuere fores subito, simul et venerando
En! sese obtulere seni Dux atque Satelles;
Hic novus acer eques, et homo novus;—ille duello
Strenuus heroum victor, procerumque senatu:
Æreus huic rutilo vultus, sed ferreus illi.
Nempe Magæ auspiciis patrociniis que petebant:—
Æmulus optat uterque alium præstare favore
Christopherei; tantum hoc ausus non cedere Duci
Alter, præterea concedere cuncta paratus.
Annuit his pater, et nutu tremefecit utrumque
Ut sorices bimos viro terrore molossi.
Jussit et alternis contendere versibus ambos,

Quo melius constaret uter patriæque Magaque
 Grator;—ille vafer! quoniam ambos calos libenter
 Expulerat,—comitas vetuere metusque podagræ.
 Assensere illi:—melos prior incipit heros.

DUX.

Ille ego cui Bonapars palmam dedit iste fugatus,—
 Victus et eloquio cedit Caucius ordo*
 Flaminiusque,—mibi Mars Mercuriusque secundus.
 Dux ægo magnificus, princeps, primusque minister.

SATELLES.

Ille ego qui Scriba atque Senator acerrimus olim,
 Nunc tenue canto, mutatae conscius auræ,
 Velo auras quascunque meo captare peritus,—
 Candidus, ingenuus, facilis, liberalis, honestus.

DUX.

De me altus pero speciem nomenque recepit,
 Alitis utque Jovis rostrum mihi nasus adumens,
 Atque meæ lanternæ æquant imitamine fauces:
 Quapropter laurum constat mihi jure deberi.

SATELLES.

Nonne decora mihi facies, flavique capilli?
 Sericus et sermo nonne est, et serica vestis,
 Quâ me indutum pinxit eques Laurentius iste?
 Quare mihi laurum debitum tu cede, benigne:

DUX.

Auspice me, Officium vix tandem ægreque resignat,
 Mercatu solitus libero gaudere Minister,
 Literulis proprie quia scribere necesse inepus:
 Callidus ipse autem Scriptor sum literulæ um.

SATELLES.

Eequid dulcius est, bene quam munita tenere
 Scannia satellitibus Fiscalia, templi serena,
 Despicere unde queatis Hannum, numerisque videre
 Errare, Officiiue vias, heu! querere frustra?

DUX.

Insanum me olim sedem hanc ambire fatebar,
 Quorsum hoc? Dementi Phœbus quondam Phæstontî
 Annuit invitus patrios conscendere currus,
 Dementique mihi Princeps commisit habenas.

SATELLES.

Ecce novus custos totâ speculatur in urbe
 Coruleus, mea cura; qualis solet esse Priapus,
 Terror ego furum,—nisi quod sit ligneus iste,
 Haud ego: Judæi Membrum et me jactor apellæ.

Talia cantabant: alto Iste sopore prehensus
 Interea, subito steris laurum atque sonorum,
 Haud secus ac tormenta tonant ingentia belli:
 Illi fugere, atque Novas trepidi percurrere Athenas.

* "I will stand or fall with my order."

Ad Christopherum Johannes Monitor S.

Quare mihi, domine, Magam nuper cessas mittere? Verum est, heu! nimis, nonnullos *Articulos* meos Magam rejecisse; attamen decem aut undecim in paginis admisit suis. Ergo non designatus sis quod cameram meam rursus iste Buchanan illustret.—Vale.

Christopherus Johanni Monitori S.

Tibi viro literatissimo, magna cujus in nos non dicimus officia, sed merita quoque, non offensioni esse, id Christopherum ægre habet. Nostrum esse delictum omissionis, haudquaquam commissionis peccatum, tibi persuasum habeas, precamur. Te, in latebris tuis absconditum, ab oculis nostris semotum cur tamdiu celas? Ad nos, ubi habites—(nam per incuriam quam maxime vituperandam id nobis prorsus excidit)—*Magam* rescribenti mittendam curabimus. Utinam *facilitatem* mutui inter nos frequentiorisque epistolarum commercii dares.—Vale.

AN ECLOGUE.

CHRISTOPHER—DUKE—THE SUB.

Translated by Timothy Tickler.

In the Blue Chamber, far from vulgar eyes,
Where Tappytourie mountain dew supplies,
(That dew Olympus-still'd, of precious worth!)
Sat Christopher—whose name is from the North,—
Concocting in his great and mighty mind
His coming Number—to astound mankind.
Alone he sat; his gossips and his gout
Had vanish'd—conquer'd in a drinking-bout;
Sir Morgan, Hogg, and Tickler the *benign*,
Floor'd, had confess'd the power of North—and wine.

Bang went the door, when lo! at once appear'd
Before the man so reverend, and revered,
The conquering Hero,—he whose arm of might
Heroes have felt,—and senates feel with fright;
And with him came Sir Sub—that upstart wight—
Whose brazen brow the fairest locks environ,
Strange contrast to his master's face of iron!

Say what their errand: Maga's fostering care
And patronizing smile of Christopher
Each vied to have: and though the ducal frown
Could make the Sub not call his soul his own,
Yet he his master's rival now was seen,—
Such is the power of Blackwood's Magazine!

North nodded. Trembling like a brace of rats
At the dread sound of terrier dogs—or cats,
They heard a voice that bid them first rehearse
Their several actions in alternate verse,
That Maga and their country thus might see
The greater which,—and whose the meed should be.

The sly one, North! He burn'd to kick them out,
Had not politeness, and the fear of gout,
Forbade,—while both assenting thus began,
The Hero first; and thus the descendant ran.

DUKE.

I am the man who pull'd Napoleon down.
I am the man whose genius gain'd renown
For eloquence, which forced and tore away
The orders of Lord Bishops—and Lord Grey.

The palm of Mars and Mercury I wear—
I—the illustrious Duke, Prince, Premier!

SUB.

I, erst a Scribe, and most renown'd M.P.
Must now sing small, since times are changed with me.
Fickle the winds! but I can shift my sail,
Varying my *canvass* to the varying gale.
Easy of access, candid, open, free—
A man of sterling worth—behold in me.

DUKE.

The name and fashion of those boots are mine,
Call'd Wellingtons: my nose is aquiline—
Like Jupiter's own bird's; and then my jaws
Are lantern-shaped; thus, then, I have shewn cause
Why I should wear the laurel with applause.

SUB.

Is not my face quite handsome?—locks of fire!
Silken my words, and silken my attire,
In which Sir Thomas Lawrence painted me!
Good Mr North, the laurel's mine, you see.

DUKE.

Full many a tug and tough set-to were mine
Before the friend to Free Trade would resign,
Who clung to office, and defied my fighting:
I ousted him by cunningly inditing
Epistles to this sumph—in letter-writing.

SUB.

What lovelier sight, than when our friends are seen
Crowding the Treasury benches—all serene!
To see Joe Hume, poor arithmetic soul!
A-blundering up the tottle of the whole,
And vainly trailing his bewilder'd feet
Through the dark labyrinths of Downing Street.

DUKE.

Madness I call'd it once—to think that I
Could e'er aspire to where I sit so high.
Like the mad boy, who would his father dun
To let him drive the chariot of the sun—
So the state coach I too resolved to try—
My Prince is Phœbus—Phaëton am I.

SUB.

Behold my new police—all clad in blue,
Scouring the town, they meet my gladden'd view.
Priapus-like, the dread of every rogue,
No blockhead I—though he was but a log.
I have the honour now to represent
The Jew Manasseh—in our Parliament.

Such was the song: when, lo! an awful snore
From sleeping North, loud as a cannon's roar,
Inspired them with such terror, that they rush
Forth to Edina's streets, with many a bounce and push.

DAN'S FIRST PARLIAMENTARY CAMPAIGN

DAN, who in Ireland led the way,
At head of mob debaters,
Presumed upon an equal sway
'Mongst British legislators.

But bullying phrase, and bellowing lungs,
That won such fame in Erin,
Proved, among England's polish'd tongues,
An awkward interfering.

As when a long-ear'd quadruped,
Perchance with horses straying,
Emits the music of his head,
And fancies that he's neighing,

Dan tried a speech, a joke, a sneer,
With Kerry brogue adorned ;
While some could force themselves to cheer
What all of *high* mind scorned.

"This theatre will never do,"
Says Dan, "my pranks to play on ;
I have a fitter place in view—
A noble stage plebeian."

• So off he march'd on bounding toe,
(St Giles's guards attending,)
To where *Carlile*, and *Hunt*, and Co.
Were constitution-mending.

Soon as Clare's oracle appear'd,
At head of his dear craters,
The pious *conclave* rose, and cheer'd
This prince of Irish praters.

Huzza ! huzza ! the day's our own—
Down palace, peer, and steeple ;
Tithes, taxes, charters, all o'erthrown,
No Sovereign but the People !

Here Dan was quite at home, for why ?
'Twas famous agitation ;
So up he got immediately,
And made a grand oration !

Say, what shall be the hero's meed
For eloquence so charming ?
Carlile, perhaps, may mend his creed,
All fears of Hell disarming.

Hunt may perpetual stuff supply
To blacken Dan's old leather ;
And Cobbett praise him to the sky
For three whole weeks together.

But when this champion shall repair,
(The Session duly ended,)
To boast among his friends at Clare
How he their rights defended—

All done by him in Parliament,
With all his *vaunting* notions,
A single sentence shall present—
He bother'd them with Motions !

Cork, 7 June, 1830

SENEX.

PARTIES.

THE Pitt Clubs have had no annual meeting, and this is construed by their enemies into proof that they are sinking into dissolution. It is not for us to assert the contrary; the reasons they have given for their conduct seem greatly deficient in validity, and we can scarcely concede that such bodies have real existence when they do not assemble. We wish it were not our duty to say that they have been some time defunct in regard to original object and due operation.

If Mr Pitt had been as much favoured by fortune as he was by nature, it would have been very superfluous, at this moment, to assert his fame as a statesman of the highest order—as the greatest Minister England ever possessed. But, alas! the adverse fate was his, from which genius of the first class seems only exempted in the exception. Living in times of war, his reputation, to the erring gaze of the world, depended, in a great measure, on the war's success, and, consequently, on the ability and conduct of foreign coadjutors; from this the failure threw its disgrace on him, which was produced by incapacity or treachery he could not prevent. His mighty powers formed the alliances, created the means, lighted up the enthusiasm of his country, smote his domestic foes—in a word, achieved, as far as his accountability extended, the most magnificent triumph; but he reaped from it only the consequences of defeat, through the defeat of others, for which he was not in reality responsible.

Though the battle was lost abroad, it was still won in its essential objects; but, unfortunately, this was not a matter to be noticed by the mass of mankind. The foreign disasters forced themselves, in exaggerated detail, on the sight of all; but the glorious and momentous victories at home were only defensive ones—they merely preserved what had before existed; therefore they were disregarded, save as things of cost and sacrifice.

The war compelled this great Minister to make his general policy subservient to it, and restricted him

to the path of unpopularity and obloquy. It imposed on him the repulsive duty of multiplying the public burdens, invading pecuniary profits, compelling sacrifices of all descriptions, and feeding the fury of party and faction. To give the utmost effect to this, he had an Opposition arrayed against him, powerful in talent, spirit, popular delusion, and discontent, means of every kind, and profligate contempt of the rules of honourable warfare beyond example.

It has, therefore, naturally happened that Mr Pitt's reputation has suffered great injustice. He, however, left sufficient behind him to enable the historian to shew the magnitude of his powers, and give to his fame its deserved brilliancy.

The Minister whose name towered above those of such contemporaries as he possessed in Parliament, and filled Europe as that of the unconquerable opponent of such men as ruled France—who, in spite of almost every conceivable impediment and misfortune, triumphantly defended his country against such foreign confederacies as assailed her, smote such an Opposition as he had to contend with, crushed such a spirit as then possessed the nation, provided the resources for such a war, and surmounted such mighty and unprecedented difficulties as at every step encountered him—could not have been other than one of transcendent powers. That Mr Pitt was a master in foreign policy, is abundantly proved by his labours, and the influence he possessed abroad; his pre-eminence as a financier is generally acknowledged; in respect of manufactures and trade, it was the common remark of the deputations of men of business who conferred with him, that he was better acquainted with their respective trades than themselves; and that he equally excelled in general domestic policy, is established by his measures and the lead which he took on every question. As an orator we have only to look at those whom he surpassed as colleagues, or overthrew as opponents. Mr Canning stated not long before his death, that he was, as a debater, worth any ten who were

then in the House of Commons. None but a man of the very highest political genius could have been thus eminent in all the departments of the science of government.

Can such a man be found amidst all who ever filled office, or shone in Parliament? Compared with his father, Fox, Burke, or Canning, he stands, in creative and executive ability, variety of powers, and all the more solid and rare characteristics of the statesman, the proud superior. Men may be named among them, on whom the title of great has been bestowed more bountifully; but not one who was tested with such terrible severity, or who raised in a life of tempests and battle such gigantic memorials of his greatness.

His reputation is, indeed, rapidly rising to the lofty pre-eminence which belongs to it: neglected by his friends, it is receiving the testimony of his former enemies and traducers. The Whig, who not many years ago publicly wished the words to be engraven on his tomb—"Here lies the enemy of William Pitt,"—now quotes him as an authority, and avows, that he agrees in general principle with those who call themselves his followers. The reformer declares he is treading the steps of Pitt. The man of free trade asserts he is carrying into effect Pitt's intentions;—and the general innovator defends himself on the ground that he is only doing what Pitt attempted or wished to do. Tory, Whig, and Liberal—all parties shelter themselves under his name, and actually or in effect call themselves his disciples. It is not necessary for us to vindicate him from the charges contained in this, or to use it in illustration of the turpitude of party; it is equally unnecessary for us to enlarge on the conclusive evidence it affords in favour of his transcendent powers.

Unpardonable should we be, were we to speak no farther in his praise. Mr Pitt's patriotism equalled his talents. He was an Englishman, the minister of his native land, and his enthusiastic affection for England, and her institutions, glowed in every speech, and governed every action. His interest saw hers alone; his ambition could only gratify itself by labouring for her greatness; for her he provoked every aspersion, braved

every peril, and sacrificed every thing. His integrity equalled his patriotism. It would be small praise to say, he was incapable of the revolting apostasy and treason, the grovelling hypocrisy, intrigue, and corruption, which now so greatly abound; the pride alone of a less haughty man would have been sufficient to protect him from the iniquity and degradation. But his honesty on every point was so pure and self-evident, that calumny never dared to attempt to sully it. Tempted, provoked, and coerced,—placed in such circumstances, that disregard of principle would often have been fair retaliation, and in its effects a virtue; nothing could make him swerve from the stern and chivalrous spirit of Old English honour. No leading public man can be found in English history, whose life as a whole equalled his in demonstrations of undeviating, exalted patriotism; and whose patriotism equalled his in unconquerable disdain of all but the most righteous means.

Eternal reverence to the memory of William Pitt!—and it will be given, by that England for which he lived and died.

The Pitt Clubs were formed to support the general principles and system by which he was governed; and in motive they were worthy of him and his country. Unlike the Whig and some other associations, they were intended to uphold, not party without reference to creed, but creed without reference to party; they had for their object to maintain every thing which was sacred and precious to the empire. Such institutions would be invaluable if they could be preserved in spirit and intention from degeneracy; but experience seems to shew that this is any thing rather than possible.

If even they exclude the heads of party, the ruling men in them can scarcely be other than subject to such heads; and in consequence party is enabled either to make them its tools, or to neutralize them. The Brunswick Clubs of Ireland were formed to withstand a single change, and they were free from connexion with both the Ministry and Opposition. Nevertheless, when the Ministry introduced the change, they were practically dissolved: England

without such bodies was convulsed to its centre, and on the verge of revolution, while Ireland with them was comparatively tranquil and motionless. Government paralysed them, and made them negatively to a large extent its supporters, by its influence with their leaders.

The Pitt Clubs included various party heads, and this soon ruined them for purposes of public benefit. The secession of Mr Canning from them, through hostility to the toast of Protestant ascendancy, formed one of those instances of suspicious inconsistency, of which too many are to be found in his history. The determined anti-reformer had less right to call himself Pitt's disciple, than the determined anti-Catholic; and it was wholly indefensible in him to abandon them on what was only the exception to the rule. On a single article, and it a questionable one, of a general creed, he introduced into them the destructive spirit of division, and deprived them of a powerful portion of Pitt's followers. His efforts to overturn them, because he could not make them his instruments, aided certain of his colleagues greatly in making them theirs.

Several years ago, the principles and system of Pitt, more especially such parts of them as he rather created than adopted, were abandoned by the government. We need not cite proofs to establish what is matter of general confession. The Whigs made it their boast that they were decidedly opposed to them, and no one suspects that apostasy in them produced the harmony between their creed and that of the Ministry; on the contrary, the latter always acknowledged that the harmony flowed from its own change of creed. When this was done, what was the conduct of the Pitt Clubs? Did they, in conformity with the solemn obligations on which they were founded, divide themselves from party, and make a stand for the Pitt principles and system? No, they servilely supported government in overthrowing what they were formed to defend. They successfully resisted Mr. Canning, because they had more powerful official men to lead them in it; but here their resistance ended: the influence which led them to this, also reversed them in object. They

sunk into mere anti-Catholic ones; and it was sufficiently ludicrous to see bodies which bore the name of Pitt, opposing the Catholic Question, and sanctioning the war against the general policy, bank notes, an efficient sinking-fund, and every thing with which such name was more immediately identified.

These Clubs, in truth, degenerated into the tools of the Tory Ministers, and became powerless in any other character. The carrying of the Catholic Question took from them all well-defined peculiarity of principle: at the last meeting of the London one, the speeches exhibited only vague generalities, and since it took place the speakers have acted on different sides in Parliament. Such bodies are much worse than worthless, if they take a Ministry, instead of principle, for their guide: they mislead public sentiment, stifle public spirit, and operate as engines of despotism on all occasions, save when their existence has no real operation.

At the present crisis, it is the imperative duty of the Pitt Clubs, either to return to their original objects, to take their stand on principle and institution, in perfect independence of party and individuals, or to dissolve themselves. Parties, after having been broken up, are once more entering into organization and warfare, under circumstances which would render a continuance of their past conduct in the highest degree injurious. The distinctions of name and person have been, in regard to creed, confounded, and in a large degree reversed; and those who may blindly act on them alone will be pretty sure to act the part of public enemies. In the contest which has commenced between the Whigs and the Wellington Party, it is unhappily a question, not only how far they differ on public interests, but which is the most worthy of public confidence: and it is a farther question, whether either can be supported by patriotic men, save occasionally, conditionally, and with a view to lead and purify.

The history of those who compose the Wellington Party exhibits the most astonishing specimen of self-destruction on record. Individuals, and even bodies, putting insanity out of sight, only attack their own existence from troubles and misfortunes;

but *they* plunged into the crime from sheer excess of prosperity and happiness. They had beaten the Whigs into impotence, the country was theirs, and they were omnipotent: such was the case when they voluntarily cast from them their weapons, name, numbers, in a word, every thing on which their possession of power depended. It was entirely from choice that what was called the liberal part of the Liverpool Ministry changed its creed, and arrayed itself against the other part and the great body of the Tories. The Wellington Ministry, on its formation, disregarded the instructive lesson supplied by the Canning and Goderich ones; and separated itself from both the old Tories and their creed: the means were pressed on it of giving the Tories even more than their former triumphant supremacy, but it deliberately rejected them, and embraced ruin. It ruined not only itself, but the whole Tory party.

The old Tories, whom it in reality expelled from power, and reduced to a minority, imitated it in folly. Powerful in character, creed, public esteem, and the weakness of both the Ministry and Whigs, they might have constituted themselves the effective Opposition, and regained what they had lost. It was a duty imposed on them by their professions of faith, to array themselves against the Ministry on general measures; and they could have done it with argument, fact, many potent interests, and public feeling, in their favour. While the Whigs had no ground to stand on as an Opposition, *they* had the very best that could be imagined. They could, as one, have restricted Ministers to the worthless weapons to which, in general, an Opposition is restricted. All they required was able leaders, union, and a proper system of operations—matters far from being above their reach. Deficient, however, as they were in leading talent, they made no effort to obtain it; and they could not brook the idea of making any members of their own body their leaders. As to union, each differed more or less from his fellows; they agreed on nothing save the defunct Catholic question. Their system of operations was displayed in this;—a portion of them soon *rallied* to the Mi-

nistry, and the rest backed out of their professions to become the followers of the Whigs. With a very small number of honourable exceptions, they have, during the present session, studiously framed their speeches to meet Whig views, and been silent when they could not calculate on Whig assistance. No important question could be taken up by them as a distinct party; no distressed part of the community could obtain their advocacy, if it would embroil them with both the other parties; they could say and do nothing as Tories. They have thus lost public confidence, and destroyed themselves in the public eye, as a body holding a separate creed. Every man of them, we imagine, will soon be divided between the Wellington party and the Whigs.

The two latter are, in truth, the only ones in the field; the country, in reality, has none but them as candidates for its favour; and that it thoroughly despises both is manifest to all men. The reports of a change of Ministry which have been so general, have been received with contemptuous indifference in every quarter; no one has regretted the fall of the Wellington cabinet, or rejoiced at the prospect of a Whig one. All the essentials for interesting the community in such a change have been wanting: the contest is not one of measures, or personal worth, it is merely to determine whether the benefits of power and place shall be enjoyed by one set of families or another; it is one for private gain between two parties, which are about equally odious in creed and character.

The Wellington party has, in principles, sunk even below the Whigs. On all the essentials which formerly rendered it triumphant against them in public favour, it has either gone over to them, or placed them in the right; in the few matters on which it differs from them, it is opposed to public feeling. On free trade and the currency they are agreed; the ultras of the one party go quite as far as those of the other; the extreme opinions put forth by Mr Heries and Mr Courtenay, have not been surpassed by those of any Whig or Liberal.

This party, after surrendering eve-

ry thing to the Catholics, resists concession to the Jews. The latter, as a body, are, we believe, rather hostile than friendly to the change, and it was therefore excessively absurd in the Whigs to attempt to force it on them. Putting this aside, the removal of the Catholic disabilities destroyed all ground for continuing the Jewish ones. The reasons urged by the party form the most exquisite burlesque on argument imaginable; a few thousands of men, who are conspicuous above all others for never parting with their money without a valuable consideration, abstinence from politics, destitution of political objects, and loyalty, would, if their exclusion were removed, obtain dangerous influence in the Cabinet and Legislature! An English Jew cannot feel like an Englishman, but an Irish Catholic must, as a matter of course! Could any thing be more ludicrously impotent than such doctrines in the mouths of the very men who removed exclusion from the Catholics? The country defended this exclusion on the most solid and practical grounds; it knew the gigantic power of the Catholics, and it believed that the granting of their claims would have destructive consequences. But it thinks the Jews are powerless, and it has no evidence to convict them of evil intentions; therefore its feelings are in their favour, rather than otherwise.

With regard to Parliamentary Reform, the Wellington party has annihilated every valid plea on which it could be resisted. It has completely changed the question, in both character and circumstances. That which was an unnecessary innovation, opposed by the better part of the community, has been rendered by it a needful remedy, which the community at large desires. It would be idle to deny that public feeling is in favour of reform—we mean such as would be cautious, gradual, and practical; and it would be equally idle to attempt to prove that it is in error. From the turn which this question has taken, its effects on the character of both the House of Commons and the Cabinet, and the feelings which it generates among the lower orders, the public well calls aloud for its “settlement.”

In matters relating to the Church, this party has placed itself below the Whigs in public opinion. Every sincere churchman regards it with indignation and suspicion; he sees in it the men who divorced the Church from the State, swept away her bulwarks, and corrupted her clergy into their instruments for accomplishing the unhallowed work. The past compels him to suspect them of every thing for the future; little as he can trust in the Whigs, he can trust still less in their opponents.

On other matters of domestic policy, and on foreign policy, this party professes to agree with the Whigs in general principle; if it differ from them, it is only in unimportant points of application. It here lies under the stigma of being only their follower and instrument.

Its newspaper instruments boast of what they call its liberal opinions, in contradistinction to the principles of the high or ultra Tories. What are these liberal opinions? When we look at its exclusion of the Jews, opposition to all Parliamentary Reform, prosecutions of the Press, forcing a king on Greece, in contempt of the will of the people, &c. &c., we find bigotry and ultraism, such as were never exhibited by the Tories. Here is blind adherence to names when nature is changed—to forms, when reasons and circumstances are reversed—to the letter, when the spirit is gone; and this constitutes bigotry and ultraism. The high Tories always took their stand on fact and argument, they avoided the extremes which form its distinctions, and they are more or less opposed to it on these extremes.

In the flourishing and triumphant days of Toryism, this party consisted of men who ranked far above the Whigs in every branch of personal character; the case is now reversed in regard to both leader and follower. The terrible fall which the party has on every point sustained, is not, so far as concerns itself, a theme for lamentation. We cannot see the unavoidable misfortune—the error prompted by pure motives—the loss occasioned by fidelity to virtue, or any of the things requisite for rendering it worthy of compassion and sorrow. On the contrary,

we behold every motive and act which could make it a matter of just and deserved punishment.

The fall of the Wellington Party has been the exaltation of the Whigs. The latter—such are the miracles which now abound—without making any change in themselves, have been made the first party in both creed and character. A few years ago, this ranked amidst the things which appeared utterly impossible. The Catholic Question, Reform, the domestic changes they called for, and their opinions of foreign policy, seemed to render their extrication from the slough of public distrust and enmity perfectly hopeless; nothing was apparently more irremovable than the brand they bore as superficial theorists—wild disturbers, whose schemes were calculated to involve both the empire and the world in confusion and calamity. The mill-stones which held their necks in the mire have been cut away; their name has been cleansed from stain and suspicion; and this has been done by the Tories. The latter have not only freed them from unpopular questions and suspected principles, but they have given them the exclusive possession of honourable consistency; they have made them the only party which can be depended on for steady fidelity to faith and pledge.

In point of talent, the Whigs are far superior to the Wellington Party; no Ministry in modern times has possessed so little of it as the present one; and the followers have as small a share as the leaders.

Whether the Whigs—we include in the name all the parties comprehended in the Opposition—are on the eve of being called to office, is a matter which will probably be determined before this Article will see the light. But either as a Ministry or an Opposition, their conduct, we conjecture, will direct the course of public affairs; and they must adopt a radical change of conduct, or they will neither stand as the one, nor succeed as the other.

What made them so unpopular and powerless, so long as the Tory body differed from them? What caused many of their more honest supporters to confess, that they were better

out of office than in it? It was not the want of talent, because they generally possessed much more of it than their opponents; they greatly excelled in parliamentary oratory; their press displayed far more ability, boldness, and zeal, than the Tory one; but still, with these immense advantages, the country despised and hated them. The causes are not involved in mystery, and if they be again put into operation, they will produce the same effects.

In the first place, they followed extreme abstract principle, without regarding other considerations. They advocated Catholic Emancipation on abstract right and liberty, although it is manifest that these are dependent on, and therefore ought to be subordinate to, the Constitution. They called for reform on abstract right, although it is clearly a matter of public utility. They attacked the whole trading and monetary system of the empire on abstract opinion, although it was evident to all that a change would produce general confiscation and misery. On similar ground they warred against almost all laws and institutions. They were so far from allowing weight to circumstances, that they insisted their doctrines ought to be adopted, no matter what evil and loss might be the consequence. These doctrines were, in general, mere disputed and fallacious opinions; yet they placed them in opposition to the public weal, and made their application, even through the sacrifice of the latter, the great object of government.

This was their conduct touching foreign policy as well as domestic. Abstract liberty, whether real or counterfeit, was to be supported, in utter contempt of national interest and reputation. Every foreign revolution or rebellion, no matter what its real objects might be, or what consequences it was calculated to produce in the state where it took place, or to the world at large, was to be countenanced by this country, though the heaviest losses, and even war, might follow. They thus made foreign policy a thing, not to protect and promote the foreign interests of the empire, to maintain general tranquillity, and to improve the condition of men and nations, with cautious re-

ference to circumstances and obligations, but to sacrifice British interests, generate war, and fill the world with convulsion and anarchy.

• In the second place, the Whigs not only acted thus, but brought their creed to bear regularly against public interests and feelings; they made their war against the Ministry, one against the leading divisions of the empire, both severally and in the aggregate. The Sovereign and his Court were continually assailed by them on no better ground than the character which kings and courts are reputed to bear in the abstract; and while this drew on them the animosity of both, the country was not blind to its revolutionary tendency. Not satisfied with indirectly attacking the Church by their support of the Catholic claims, they carried on direct hostilities against her on every point, and compelled her to be their enemy for self-preservation. It was not enough for them that their trading, currency, and reform doctrines struck at the possessions of the aristocracy; but they vilified it in every way, and, of course, gained its hatred. They displayed similar conduct towards most of the great interests. In their advocacy of the Catholic claims, &c. they not only opposed the feelings of the community, but cast on it every calumny and insult. On every contested point between this country and foreign ones, they fought with the latter, and exhibited the blind fury of hired partisans. An anti-English spirit, flinty, morose, and malignant, pervaded their whole conduct, which assailed every thing dear to the Englishman, and from which he recoiled in disgust and disdain.

Abroad, their patronage of liberty was coupled with relentless hostility towards almost all established government. In addition to espousing the cause of disaffection and rebellion, they continually declaimed against friendly monarchs as despots. On the one hand, this covered them with the animosity of every ally, and almost every foreign power; and on the other, it produced the conviction in the nation, that as Ministers, they could not do other than inflict all imaginable injuries on its foreign interests. It served as evidence that a Whig Ministry would be distrusted and detested by foreign

governments, and would give to England both the character and the treatment of a common disturber.

By all this the Whigs gave every advantage to their opponents: they forced them into the right, and seized on the wrong themselves, in every matter. They conferred on the Tories the reputation of being the only men of business—the only cautious, practical, and wise statesmen. The Crown, the Church, the Aristocracy, various of the great trading interests, and the body of the community, were made by them almost the slaves of the Tory Ministers. All the latter required for preserving their invincibility, were the cheap merit of consistency, and opposition to Whiggism; with these they could do, or leave undone, as they thought good, in perfect security from the loss of power. In no time of distress and dissatisfaction was a Whig Ministry thought of; the Whigs had wholly incapacitated themselves for identifying themselves in such times with public feeling.

We repeat, that the same conduct will again produce the same fruits. In every party contest, the country is pretty sure to support the right. Those who are the most prudent, practical, and upright in personal character, who are the most disinterested and patriotic in creed, and who are the most closely identified with its feelings and interests, will have its favour, and be invincible.

At present, both the great parties are in harmony with each other, and in opposition to the country, on the points which more immediately affect public interests. The country entertains about equal dislike for both; but the advantage is on the side of the Whigs. The latter, in addition to this advantage, have the choice of ground and weapons.

As a Ministry, if the Whigs make no change of system, they will speedily be ruined; it will be utterly impossible for them to maintain themselves in office. The present system must prohibit the empire from knowing prosperity, and keep it generally in great suffering. So long as it may be adhered to, it must receive extension, and, by such extension, the suffering must receive continual augmentation. If a Ministry be bound by its policy to keep the community

in distress—if it be restricted from removing the sources of loss and want, and compelled to multiply them, it is impossible for it to stand for a moment, save through the support of an Opposition.

If the Whigs enter office, and make no change, how will they be circumstanced? The country is filled with misery and discontent; and, instead of being able to remove, they will be compelled to increase them. Their puerilities touching retrenchment and the reduction of taxes will avail them nothing, because these are incapable of yielding any sensible relief. Not a single leading public evil can they attempt to remove; all their measures must be unpopular ones, and calculated to array against them the most powerful interests. And they will have to encounter a potent opposition, which will have the advantage of argument, and be supported by the country at large. A large part of the present ministers will back out of their creed, and their supporters will be relieved from silence. In such a state of things, it would be utterly impossible for the Whig Ministry to endure, saying nothing of other matters.

The formation of such a Ministry, to act on the present system, would at once give to party warfare the proper character; it would make such warfare turn on the real nature of principles and measures. The Whigs in late years have rested their hopes of office on supporting government; but if the present Ministers lose it, their hopes of regaining it must stand on general opposition. The currency, the free trade laws, the relief and defence of the landed and other interests, would form the topics of contention; the Opposition would take its ground on public interest and feeling, and it would be irresistible.

As an Opposition, if the Whigs act as they have done, they will only uphold the Ministry and destroy themselves. Nothing, in truth, could be more ridiculous and vain than for a body of men who profess to agree with the Ministry in essentials, and especially in those on which the country differs from it, to stand forward as its regular opponents.

Here is the Jewish Question, on which we have already given our

opinion in the abstract. If the Jews, on the whole, be rather hostile than friendly to the measure—and such we believe is the fact—it is highly improper to press it. A change is attempted at the cost of the Church, in favour of which no public necessity or benefit can be pleaded, and which is distasteful to the only people whom it can serve. The Church must naturally infer, that its injury, and not the advantage of the Jews, is the real object of the Whigs; and it must throw its political weight into the scale against them.

Speaking with reference to party interests only, nothing could be more preposterous than the aggressive war which the Whigs wage against the Church. She must, and will, be supported by the aristocracy and the body of the country; and they must provoke the political hostility of both if they provoke hers. It is hopeless for any party to triumph by heading the Dissenters against her in offensive hostilities, and it ought to be so. A Ministry should be a conservative body; and should never consist of men who would mutilate and undermine national institutions, fan the flame of religious strife, and aid such strife in producing the worst consequences.

By attacking the Church, the Whigs will do that for the Wellington Party, which its own efforts can never do; they will coerce the Church and country into the support of this party against them.

Here are Lord Milton and other Whigs assailing the corn laws. Let the body of Whigs support them in it, and they will make the aristocracy and landed interest their enemies from necessity; whatever dislike the latter may feel towards the Wellington Party, they must still support it; however they may wish for a change of ministry, they must still do their utmost to prevent the existence of a Whig one.

In the Greek business, the country at large takes no interest. This business, in all its changes of form, never varies its character for folly and iniquity. It began in plundering Turkey, and it is ending in plundering Greece. It was originally a wild crusade to give to the Greeks freedom and independence; and it is now a savage conquest over them, to

deprive them of the most sacred national rights, and hawk them about for a sovereign as something even below slaves. Here is a pretended independent nation, which is not suffered to have a voice in the defining of its own territory or the choice of its own monarch! In happy consistency with the whole, is the bungling portion which concerns Prince Leopold. The three great powers, without troubling themselves even to assert that they have a right to do it, and in utter scorn of the opinion of the people, fix the territories of Greece and offer its throne to a foreigner. The foreigner, who has not the smallest claim, instantly assumes all the airs of ownership, and insists, that with the throne, they shall supply him with a treasury and a portion of the dominions of Turkey. Because they will only suffer him to grasp the money, and refuse him permission to draw his own boundaries, he rejects the gift they offer, and sends them a-begging through Europe for a king for Greece.

On this business, the Whigs might take strong ground. They might ask, why, if the Greeks be competent to form an independent nation, they have not been suffered to manage their own affairs. They might protest against the right of the three powers to assign limits to their territory, and impose on them a form of government and a ruler. And they might make a stand against imposing on Britain the liability to pay the debts of Greece. They even might denounce the policy of forming a number of souls into an independent state, who are incapable of conquering their own territory, selecting their form of government and king, providing themselves with revenue, managing their general affairs, defending themselves—in a word, of discharging the duties and obligations of independence. Instead of doing this, the Whigs are identifying themselves with all the folly and wrong, and labouring to give the matter the worst issue possible touching public interests.

What is the public feeling in respect of Portugal? It is that the people have a right to choose their own form of government and sovereign, and that it is the duty of England to

attend to her own interests without mixing herself up in their broils. Year after year the interests of this country are neglected and sacrificed in relation to Portugal; and for what? Is it to plunge that nation into war and anarchy, or to enable the Brazilian emperor to deprive it of all national rights? Or is it to gratify pique and revenge in a personal war against the king? Nothing could be more foolish than the conduct of the Whigs on this subject. Granting that the Portuguese sovereign is what he is represented to be, it is still clear to all men, that in what he has done, he has had, not only the country's consent, but its assistance. His acts, in so far as England can take cognizance of them, are the acts of Portugal—they form no ground of quarrel; yet to be revenged on him the Whigs call for the sacrifice of public interests, and even the violation of national law and rights. The country does not participate in their folly; and it naturally asks itself whether a Whig Ministry would not light up general war by endeavouring to dethrone the King of Portugal.

Conduct like this must compel the country to support the Wellington Party against them.

In regard to affairs generally, if the Whigs as an Opposition only differ from the Ministry on petty points, in which the country takes little interest—if the difference reach no farther than trifling details of retrenchment, impracticable reductions of taxes, and minor points of foreign policy; and if in it they trample on public advantage, sacrifice practical good to abstract creed, and thwart, impede, and oppose merely for party gain; they will cover themselves with the contempt of the country. And if on important matters they support the Ministry—if when great masses of the community petition Parliament for relief from injury and suffering, they join in refusing it—if when the community at large calls for enquiry and remedy under distress, they combine with the Ministry to disobey the call—if they assist in forcing on the country perilous changes and innovations against its wishes—if they aid in refusing to enquire into the operation of laws which are alleged to be destructive,

to remove evils and to redress wrongs—if they do this, they will cover themselves with the country's hatred. Such conduct will ruin them, and make the Wellington party omnipotent.

There is only one path which can possibly lead the Whigs to success; if they take it, their triumph must be equally certain and glorious.

An Opposition, to tread this path, must, in foreign policy, advocate the settlement of the Greek and Portuguese questions, on such grounds as public law and British interests prescribe. It must separate itself from romance, abstract visions, and foreign interests; and labour to promote the weal of this empire by rational, practical means, and in an English spirit. When Ministers, in obedience to the existing system, offer to surrender British monopolies to foreigners, or to give advantages to the latter, it must firmly withstand them; when they neglect to use the power and means which this country possesses for obtaining monopolies and advantages against its competitors, it must denounce their conduct.

The West India colonies are in great discontent and suffering. It must advocate such a settlement of the slave question as will meet their sanction, and such sober practical measures as will give them better prices for their produce.

The Canadas are in danger of being grievously injured by the concession of their West India trade to the United States. It must strongly oppose such concession.

The Colonial fisheries are distressed and declining. It must state their condition, detail the benefits they are capable of yielding, and call for bounties, and other means of enabling them to contend successfully with their competitors, and to flourish.

It must oppose the monopoly of the East India Company, as being one enjoyed, not by this country against foreign nations, but by a few individuals to the prejudice of the community at large. And it must call for measures to encourage in the East Indies the production of various commodities which this country now buys of foreigners.

Great changes have been made in the commercial and monetary sys-

tems of the empire, and the time, at any rate, has arrived when rigorous enquiry should be made into the fruits. The public feeling, as well as the public weal, imperiously demands such enquiry. Have these changes succeeded, or met with decided failure? Has the empire flourished, or declined, under them? The Opposition, instead of taking for granted that the dogmas on which they have been made are true, must ascertain how far their truth or falsehood has been established by experiment; it must cast mere opinion to the winds, and call for demonstration.

Agriculture is in great suffering; and, disregarding abstract creed, it must enquire impartially into the causes. It must, looking at every article of produce, ascertain how far the present laws yield that protection to the agriculturists which is essential for preserving them from loss and suffering, and advocate sound measures for giving them prosperity.

The shipping, and many other interests, are distressed; and it must act towards them in the same manner. It must not be the partisan, but, on national grounds, it must receive facts, scrutinize causes, and support the approved means for removing evils and creating prosperity.

Various counties are suffering severely from excess of labourers and pauperism. It must endeavour to apply a remedy, not by mutilating and making experiments on the Poor Laws, but by the rational means of removing the excess. The influx of Irish labourers does great injury to the body of the working classes and the payers of poor-rates; it must endeavour to prevent it, by providing such labourers with employment on their waste lands at home, causing them to emigrate to the colonies, and compelling Ireland to maintain her own poor. A vast part of the labouring orders are enduring great misery from inadequate wages; it must investigate the sources of such wages, and call for the proper remedies.

With regard to the currency, it must examine its working, and collect facts to discover whether the charges against bank-notes, and the praises bestowed on gold, be true or

erroneous. It must insist on comprehensive enquiry, and the adoption of the measures which the result of such enquiry may prescribe.

In church matters, this Opposition must make itself the friend and protector of the Church as well as of the Dissenters. It must, in alliance with her heads, assist her in accomplishing such necessary reforms, as will relieve her from odium, render her general clergy more efficient, and increase her popularity and stability. When she is slandered, it must vindicate her; when she is unjustly attacked, it must defend her. It must cultivate peace between her and the Dissenters, keep both as much as possible from party politics, and restrict both from attempting vicious encroachments.

It must on all occasions labour to protect and promote the interests of religion and public morals.

Were an Opposition to act in this manner, it would, on most important points, range itself against the Ministry on unassailable national grounds; the support of the country would render it irresistible, and, as a Ministry, the success of its measures would give it the confidence and popularity requisite for enabling it to crush every enemy.

We are not saying what the Whigs will do, or what they ought to do.

Our object is merely to shew the state of parties, and to point out what will flow from the course they may decide on. That they will cast from them the golden opportunity for retrieving their character, and obtaining power, is pretty certain; if they even be not compelled to do so, their past madness almost demonstrates that they will do it from choice.

But whatever course the Whigs may take, the country can scarcely fail of benefiting largely from their acting as a regular Opposition. If they do not take the right one themselves, they will in time drive the Ministry into it. Let the war be fairly commenced, and one of the belligerents must make its stand on public interest and feeling. Its weakness on some points will compel it to court public support by sacrifices on others; its interest will lead it to place itself under the direction of the country.

In this state of things, it is evidently the duty of all patriotic men to disregard names, to look at creed and conduct alone, and to make their support depend solely on merit. Instead of being again degraded and trampled on as the instruments of party, let them, in conjunction with the country, control and direct it.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

My aunt Adelgitha Penelope Smith was a most worthy old lady ; and her memory will long be held in respect, in consequence of her various good properties ; but more especially for the inflexible resolution with which she defended herself against the attacks of a legion of lovers, and, at length, departed this life, leaving many grounds of consolation to her relatives. Yet, during her valuable life, she lived not for herself alone. She was kind to the poor, and supported a school for their children, which was holden daily in a small building, in the roof of which dwelt an aged favourite, whose habits and temper, in his latter days, rendered him an unfit companion for her boudoir, wherein he had whilom spent much of his time. The animal, thus banished from society, became morose and ascetic, which we should not have wondered at, had we been aware that he had taken to scribbling, a propensity which commonly leads the victim thereunto to believe himself a very important animal, whatever other people may think or say to the contrary. So—there he seems to have sat, “alone in his glory,” profiting by the instruction of the schoolmaster, and hugging himself, according to the manner of his kind, in the belief that he was inditing what would astonish the world.

It was my lot to discover his papers, which have been sadly nibbled by the mice ; and I forward you two or three of the most perfect sheets, thinking that they may be found to contain matter quite as important as the “Reminiscences” of certain bipeds which have lately been given to the public.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

J. SMITH.

Christopher North, Esq.

THE REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD MONKEY.

For the last few days I have felt myself extremely uncomfortable. My appetite has failed me, and I have been troubled with unpleasant dreams and strange fancies, both by day and night. “Why is this ?” I ask myself, “what can the matter be ? I cannot surely be in love in my old age ?” Oh, no ! The years of such pleasing folly have long since past, and all the gaieties and frolicsome pranks of my youth are but as a dream. I recall them to memory alternately with a smile and a sigh ; and, as I sit and mumble my nuts in solitude with my few remaining teeth, and view the grey hairs which cover my emaciated and shrivelled frame, I find it difficult to imagine that I am the same monkey that was once the life and soul of every party. And as for love—even if my years did not exempt me from the torments of the tender passion, who could I be in love with ? I have often felt a conviction that I am the only survivor

of my race ; and love cannot exist without hope !

Of this latter truth I was long since convinced, by an adventure which befell me in my voyage from India to Europe. The ship in which I was a passenger, or rather a prisoner, stopped to take in a supply of water, and was, as I then thought, very fortunately, becalmed. The face of the country was altogether too tempting to be withstood, and I made my escape to the shore, where I roved and revelled for many hours in all the luxury of newly recovered liberty. But, when evening drew near, I felt a painful sense of loneliness, and was beginning to wish myself again on shipboard, when my eyes were ravished by the sight of one of the most beautiful creatures I had ever beheld. She was sitting upon the bank of a small rivulet, with her elegant tail gracefully spread in a circle upon the ground, close around her, so as to appear as though she was

seated upon a cushion of rich black and white fur. I approached as carefully as possible; but when within a few yards, she looked round, and uttering a cry of alarm, started up and ran off to the adjacent woods. Had I pursued immediately, doubtless I should have overtaken her; but I was paralysed. As she rose and fled, her tail streamed behind like that of a comet. Many a tail have I seen since, but never one like *that*. A lover's description of his mistress, however, as I have since had frequent occasion to observe, is seldom interesting to any one else. I shall therefore only say, that she was the handsomest of the ringtailed species, of whose very existence I was not previously aware.

A passion, which I then believed would terminate only with my life, instantly took possession of me. I ran after her, and in wild and tender accents, besought her to take pity upon a poor solitary being, far from home, and in a strange land. But all remained silent, save the coarse howling of some unknown animals which dwelt in that country; and I passed a sleepless night in a tree, anxiously watching for the morning, that I might be enabled to seek the mistress of my affections, and offer her my vows. Ere the sun rose, I began the search; yet it was noonday ere we met. Her shyness at first was excessive; but at length I persuaded her to sit quietly and listen to my story, at which she felt much interested, though it was evident that she doubted my word when I told her that I had crossed the sea. She then informed me that she likewise had lost sight of her own tribe and kindred, which had been alarmed and scattered by strange noises along the shore, which I suspect were from the guns of the ship.

So there we were, alone in that wilderness! And when two young monkeys are left alone together in a wood, what can be expected? There was something singular about the countenance of my dear Cinera,* which I could not help occasionally wishing were more in character with

those of my own tribe; but then there was a gentleness in her manners, and a lightness and elegance in her every movement, which were perfectly bewitching, and which were doubtless greatly enhanced by the splendid black and white ringtail, the recollection of which even now sometimes haunts my pillow.

We had spent some hours together, and I flattered myself that all was going on favourably for me. We were again at the side of the rivulet, seated, side by side, beneath a low spreading tree that overhung the water; and she had, at my request, assumed the same attitude as when I first saw her; and I was gazing passionately upon her, while her eyes were modestly cast upon the ground. If ever I felt the tender passion, it was at that moment! But I was soon to be cured, and in a very different way from what I had anticipated. The very recollection makes my blood run cold! I was sitting, as before described, lost to every earthly thing, save the beautiful Cinera, when suddenly I felt a sharp twitch across my two forepaws, by which they were perfectly benumbed; and, looking round, I beheld a monstrous animal with a huge grinning mouth, and blue ribbed cheeks,† standing over me with a stick, with which he was about to repeat his blow. Resistance was out of the question against such a baboon, and, therefore, I immediately sprang aside, and made my escape, leaving Cinera to do the same. For some time I dared not venture to look round; but finding I was not pursued, I at length halted to draw breath, and then, casting my eyes towards the fatal spot, I beheld the hideous creature squatting by the side of Cinera, and sharing with her a pile of fruit which I had toiled hard to collect, and which I had presented to her as a pledge of the sincerity of my affection. What was to be done? My whole frame trembled with agony. I thought of taking a stone, and creeping slyly up the tree and letting it fall upon the monster's head; but my paws hung powerless by my side, and refused to perform their office.

* "*Prosimas cineren, caudâ cinctâ annulis alternatim albis et nigris.*" The most elegant of the maucauco species, and of a mild and harmless nature.

† "*Simia Sphinx.*" Linn.

Yet a spell seemed to be upon me, and I could not tear myself from the spot. So I stood aloof and gazed, and a gleam of hope even then came upon me. He will soon have devoured the fruit, thought I; and as for his being a rival in the beautiful ring-tail's affections with a well-formed and comely monkey like me, *that* is quite out of the question.

I was right respecting his appetite; for the gormandizing wretch would have crunched fifty times the quantity between his tremendous jaws; but no opportunity was afforded me of judging whether he really had sufficient vanity to talk of love. At that period my eyes were particularly good; so that, though I was more than three hundred yards distant, I plainly perceived a hideous, leering, liquorish expression in his countenance, as he looked towards Cinera, and drew his right arm, from the elbow down to the paw, across his frightful grinning mouth. "By my native groves!" cried I, "this is too much!" and such was my agitation, that I plainly heard my heart thump against my ribs.

At this moment, however, there arose a strange outcry in the woods, which excited the attention of all parties. Cinera jumped upon her hind legs, and uttered a respondent shriek, at which the outcry was repeated, and suddenly a large party of ringtails, who were doubtless her friends and relatives, rushed forward into the open ground. The baboon looked sulkily round, and began his retreat by slowly and awkwardly lounging, and pretending occasionally to jump, along the banks of the rivulet, which, by a circuitous course, came to the spot where I lay concealed. The lovely ringtail—now for ever lost to me—was instantly surrounded by her own tribe; and there was such a confused chattering among them, that I in vain endeavoured to ascertain whether they were congratulating or scolding the amiable truant. Amid the group, which had now grown very numerous, I plainly discerned her, as she stood alone in a sort of ring which they had formed round her; and she appeared to be addressing the multitude. With intense feelings of anxiety, I observed that she pointed in the direction which I took when

scampering away from the baboon. Hope and strange ambitious dreams instantly arose within me. I perceived that she was a female of high rank among them, and judged that I was the subject of her discourse. "Dear creature!" said I to myself, "she is no doubt endeavouring to describe my perfections, and asking her parents' consent to our happy union. It is evident that her race are much behind my own nation in the noble art of climbing; but I will take pity upon their ignorance, and our young family shall be brought up according to the customs of Persia. In the meanwhile, I will, by long accounts of my travels, and the display of my agility, astonish the natives, and, as a matter of course, I shall become their leader."

Such was my last soliloquy in that country; and it was scarcely terminated, when the whole body of ringtails uttered a simultaneous yell, and advanced towards the place of my retreat. Their grimaces were too evidently hostile for me to wait the result: therefore, when they were within about a hundred yards, I rose up and fled, and, in an instant, all were in pursuit of me. I made for the sea-shore, where I had left the ship on the preceding day, and where she still fortunately lay at anchor. My speed was such that I gained ground considerably of all the ringtails, whose yells were far behind when I arrived within half a mile of the water side; and then, and not till then, I took courage to look back. Never shall I forget the horror which then took possession of me! Not twenty yards in my rear was that detestable ribbed-nose baboon who had driven me from happiness. He had joined, unknown to me, in the chase, and at every bound, notwithstanding his apparent clumsiness, gained upon me; and what made him still more horrible was the brandishing of that fearful stick, the painful effects of which I had already experienced. On he came, and nearer and yet nearer I heard the bounding of his hind legs, and the whirring of that awful weapon! Still I strained every nerve, and the ground appeared to fly from under me; but all my exertion seemed vain—the monster was now so close that I expected every bound would bring

him on my tail. I heard him draw his breath, and fancied that the hot and impure air, which issued from his mouth, warmed the nape of my neck. Fear added wings to my flight—I saw nothing—I knew nothing—I cared for nothing;—death itself was nothing, so that I might escape from that inconceivable horror! To all that happened afterwards I was insensible. I made one tremendous bound—it seemed as though I had leaped beyond the limits of earth, and was careering it amid the clouds—then came a noise as of thunder, and anon a yell of agony more piercing than the cry of ten thousand cats, and then all was darkness—sudden and unusual darkness;—for my eyes were open, and my limbs continued in full activity, yet without performing their duty; for the ground was gone from beneath me, and the light of day had closed upon me. I had jumped into the sea!

The noises which I had heard in my descent were the firing of a gun, and the consequent cry of my wounded pursuer. One of the ship's boats happened to be at the usual place of landing at the moment; and by the exertions of the crew, I was snatched from a watery grave, after I had rescued myself, by my agility and that desperate leap, from the great blue-nosed baboon.

The revulsion which had taken place in my feelings was extraordinary; for immediately I found myself safe on shipboard, I would not have given a rotten nut for my hitherto beloved Cinera. She became as nothing to me; nay, the recollection of her, for some time after this adventure, was absolutely disgusting; so that I really think, had she at that period been delivered up to me, I should have contrived to throw her overboard. Reflection has, since that time, led me to do justice to her good qualities; for, after all, she did but submit to the guidance of her parents and friends, and is most likely long since married to some one in her own sphere of life. I question much, indeed, whether one bred up in the evident barbarity of the ring-tails would ever have made a fit companion for me. But—let that pass.

I shall only add, that my love was

completely dispelled when hope vanished; and that, from my own experience, I am convinced that a stick, properly applied, and a good ducking, would do more towards curing young monkeys, who fancy they are dying for love, than any other remedy with which I am acquainted.

My own occasional lowness of spirits at the present period, however, proceeds, I am convinced, from very different causes. Alone as I am, in a country far distant from the place of my birth and early associations, I cannot avoid recollecting that such things were; and a sigh will sometimes escape me when I reflect that the remainder of my days must be spent among beings so artificial as the human race. I am disgusted with their vain boastings. To hear them talk, one would really imagine that they were all perfection; and yet they are indebted to the beasts of the field and the birds of the air, and even to poor miserable worms, for their outward skins, their own being of such a wretched texture as to be nearly useless; and, strange as it may seem to animals who have been clad by nature, these borrowed coverings are a chief source of pride to the creatures called men and women. The greater part of their lives is spent in putting them off and on, and endeavouring to procure a greater variety, in which to strut about and endeavour to imitate the monkey tribe. But their imitations are perfectly ridiculous, and never can approach the graceful and natural agility of our tribes, which they, notwithstanding, affect to consider as beneath them!

It would be an endless task to recount all the follies of their various attempts at concealing their natural deformity. The males, having no tail of their own, decorate themselves with one made from the wool of sheep; and so ignorant are they of the real and native elegance of this appendage, that they split it into two pieces, which hang uselessly dangling behind them! The variety of these mock upper skins worn by the females is yet infinitely greater; a circumstance the more remarkable, because that sex have far less occasion for concealing their persons. Indeed, I have seen some of them who need not fear a comparison with the comeliest of our own tribes. They have far more

natural vivacity than the males, are much more kind and amiable in disposition, and, particularly when young, evince a partiality for the monkey race in general, which has frequently been a source of amusement to me. Their sham skins are usually of various colours, but generally so arranged as to indicate that they wish to look like birds, while their mates endeavour, as much as possible, to appear like us.

* * * * *

It was my misfortune, in early life, to fall into the hands of this species of animals, of whose existence no one, in the extensive districts belonging to our tribes, was previously aware; and it has been my lot, with some few brief intervals, to remain among them ever since. I am now grown old and grey in captivity; but I shall not indulge in the natural garrulity of old age to such an extent as to write all the events of my eventful life, notwithstanding that hope sometimes whispers flatteringly in mine ear, that many monkeys will peruse these reminiscences with interest and gratification, if not with advantage.

* * * * *

It is acknowledged by all, that the earth has undergone strange and divers revolutions, not only as it regards its organic formation, and the changes constantly in progress by the agency of rivers, floods, seas, and subterranean fires, but in the power held by different animals over extensive tracts upon its surface. Long before man was known, our tribes possessed a wide and undisputed sway over regions now disfigured in a strange manner by what are called houses, little dirty hillocks with holes in them, from whence smoke issues, as if in petty imitation of a volcano. Men dwell in these, and have so increased in number for the last few centuries, that it really becomes a serious question how their encroachments are to be put a stop to, so as to preserve upon the face of the earth a sufficient space for the aboriginal inhabitants. Sometimes a feeling of despair comes over me when I think on the present state of things, and I am haunted with the idea, almost amounting to conviction, that I am doomed to be the last monkey. But it may not be so! The reign of man, like that of the lions,

tigers, and elephants, must have an end: and then our tribes may again be in the ascendant. Why they should not now be so I cannot conceive, unless it be from a want of union among ourselves; for such is the cowardice of the human race, that even I, old and decrepid as I am, have put half a dozen to flight by merely shewing my teeth, and could clear the whole house where I am now writing in five minutes, were it not that I find their services convenient in this strange country, where there are few trees, and scarcely any fruit worth gathering. So I employ them to bring me food from better climates, and, upon the whole, have little reason to complain of their neglect. But it was not always thus. I have undergone many hardships, particularly after my first arrival in this country, which they call Great Britain, although it is but a small island, and a mere speck when compared with other nations. But the inhabitants possess a great deal of influence among their kind, owing, it is said, principally to certain of them called sailors. And I am inclined to believe the fact, partly because I have had opportunities of witnessing the bravery of that class of men, and received many attentions from them during my voyage here; but, principally, because the generality of them have a real tail, (which, however, grows out of their head!) and are very expert in the noble science of climbing.

I am aware that many things which I may state will probably startle monkeys of a future age; but I consider myself as performing a duty for the benefit of future generations. Future generations did I say? What, and if there should be no more! Again that dreadful apprehension comes over me! Cold and chill, and shudderingly, it creeps throughout my whole system—it shakes me to the centre—and again my blood returns throbbing, boiling, and rushing through my veins, my brain feels scorched, and in vain I seek to quench in tears those torments which inwardly consume me, as I think on my bitter doom of desolation. And am I indeed to be the last monkey? No; I will not admit the idea, notwithstanding the fruitless research which I have prosecuted for years

to discover one of my own kind. Still, methinks, some portion of our race must exist in the enjoyment of liberty and independence, basking in the rays of the genuine monkey sun, (for here they have one which scarcely emits any warmth,) or gambolling in the delicious shade of fruit-bearing forests. But the picture is too painful for me to follow up. It recalls to me the charms of my dearest Keeba, my first love, and the graceful activity of Monicha, my second, and the amiable playfulness of Simiana, my third, and the delicately refined taste of Cereopithecus, my fourth, whose heart I won one morning by a present of two moths, and a beetle of unusual dimensions; and my fifth—alas! here memory fails me—I cannot exactly recollect who was my fifth—But it is no matter; for perhaps, after all, it scarcely becomes the gravity of age and grey hairs to dilate on such subjects.

Let me be serious, and write of more important concerns and events, so that my manuscript may prove a treasure of instruction and amusement to the fortunate monkey into whose hands it may fall, and my name and memory be cherished in after ages. First, then, of my name. I am known in this climate by that of Jocko, an appellation given to me by the human race, who thereby evinced their deplorable ignorance, since every well-informed monkey knows that Pongo* and Jocko are the names of animals very different from us, and, as I have ascertained by comparison, bearing a much greater affinity to man, and consequently, every way inferior to us in the scale of nature. Indeed the only striking similarity between man and our tribes appears to be the reciprocal taste for imitating each other; a foolish propensity, to which, in my younger days, I was much addicted, and which, to confess my folly, was the cause of my captivity. It happened in this wise. We were sitting, a whole troop of us, in calm and rational chat, under the shelter of a noble banyan-tree, which threw its hundred stems and thousand roots into the earth, and its million branches, curving in beauty, into the upper air.

There were the splendid and gaudy-coloured birds, pluming themselves in tranquillity, and there were we, sitting in picturesque groups, amid the verdant foliage, with our wives, our sweethearts, and our little ones; sometimes cracking a joke, and sometimes cracking a nut, or regaling upon the various dainties with which our pouches were stored. Suddenly an alarm was given by our sentinels of the approach of strangers. We were instantly upon the alert, and, to our astonishment, perceived about half a score animals of different and extraordinary colours advancing upon their hind legs, some with split tails, and some with the little single tail growing out of their head, as before described. Their heads were almost all different in form; one was small and flat, another large and round, like a huge gourd; a third, long and high, with a tuft of feathers at the top; and a fourth, with the sides squeezed together, and curved like a crescent moon reversed. All, however, were unnatural, and we gazed upon them, for some time, with various feelings, according to our different temperaments. For my own part, I must say that I did not share in the alarm visible in many countenances around me; a strong feeling of curiosity swallowed up every other emotion, and I kept my eye intently fixed upon the intruders, who, for some time, appeared to be totally unconscious of our vicinity.

At length some of our females, in spite of strict orders to the contrary, found it impossible to keep their tongues quiet any longer, and began a jabbering, which drew the attention of the strange creatures upon us. It was now useless to hesitate, so we all immediately joined in the cry of our tribe, and warned the intruders not to approach nearer, upon their peril, or they must abide the consequences.

The animals, however, persisted, in spite of all our vociferations, to which they only replied by a strange sort of cackling, which I have since found is called laughing, and, discordant as it is, is held by them in high estimation, as a peculiar privilege and perfection of their species.

* The greater and smaller species of Orang-outang.

When they had come under the shade of our banyan, we gave them notice to quit, in a manner which it was impossible to misunderstand, namely, by pelting them with sticks and stones, which we had previously collected, and other convenient missiles. For some time, notwithstanding, they kept their ground, and continued the cackling as before, varied occasionally by a sharp noise made by clapping their forepaws together. One among them attempted to climb into the tree; but his clumsiness was perfectly ridiculous, and amused us exceedingly. So much indeed was I delighted, that I jumped and squeaked, and nearly fell off the branch on which I sat. Never, that I recollect, was I in higher spirits. I considered the animals below us, in every respect beneath me; and in mere wantonness, took deliberate aim at the one with a half-moon head, whom I hit with part of a cocoa nutshell in the cheek, whereat he appeared to be much exasperated, and immediately seized what I then fancied was a stick, from one of his companions, and pointed it towards me. The manner in which he did this was, as I thought, exceedingly preposterous; for he held it as if to make me believe that it formed part of his own nose. I was much astonished, however, when a great noise, as of thunder, issued out of the end, with a cloud of dust, and my wife, who was close by my side, began to scream, and tumbled out of the tree. I attributed the fall to her own clumsiness, as she was an awkward monkey; and, to say the truth, we had not lived happily together for some time, for she was considerably larger than myself, and had given me a severe beating only the day before. When I saw her lying on the ground, and perfectly quiet, I knew she must be dead, being satisfied that nothing less would have quieted her; and I felt my mind greatly relieved, and began to look round among our troop for another mate.

In the meanwhile, the new-comers below began pulling my dead old wife about in a strange manner, turning her round and round, and jabbering to each other. At first I fancied they were going to eat her; but, at length, they laid her down, and I was glad to perceive that they had not

had the sense to take the fruit which was in her pouch, and which I resolved to make my own immediately on their departure; for, it is one thing to lose one's wife, and another to be deprived of her property.

The strange creatures now clustered together, and began to eat and drink, after an extraordinary fashion, out of the shells of cocoa nuts and large gourds. Their mode of drinking out of the latter particularly interested us; and, when they went away, we were somewhat surprised to observe that they left several behind them standing on the ground.

Perhaps my spirits were somewhat elevated in consequence of my wife's fall. Be that as it may, I was one of the first to descend and examine the hollow gourds left by the strangers; and I was accompanied by several young females of our tribe, who had witnessed Glumdalla's accident, and therefore knew that I was at liberty to attend them. The things were half filled with what seemed to be water; so following our natural imitative propensity, we either lifted them in our forepaws, or dipped in our heads and began to drink, as the strange animals had done. In a very short space of time, I felt myself unusually vigorous and active: it seemed to me as though I was larger and stronger than any of our troop; and my courage was such, that I almost wished my old wife alive again, that I might return the drubbings she had given me. My companions likewise appeared to have undergone a change. The females seemed handsomer, and the males uglier than usual; but all were merry and clamorous; and, indeed, it appeared as though we were trying which should make the most noise, and most frequently get possession of the gourds to imitate the strangers.

I have a very confused recollection of the manner in which that eventful scene terminated. There was some quarrelling, I remember, among us, and we fought; but I have no idea what it was about. The last thing that I can call to mind appears like a dream; and I should ever have believed it nothing more, but for the deplorable consequences, by which the whole tenor of my life has been changed. It seemed as though the strange and great animals suddenly

came upon us; but their manner was altogether different from that which they had practised on their first visit. Instead of moving slowly as before, they now flew about, like birds, in every direction; and I was astonished to see them overtake and lay hold of several of the most active among us. At length one approached me, and stretched out his long forepaw. Resistance against such a monster was not to be thought of. I therefore ran towards a stem of the banyan, which I unaccountably missed; but in a very short time I laid hold of another, which I thought to climb with the speed of lightning; when, to my great amazement, the whole tree had suddenly grown to such a height that its branches were above the clouds, which I plainly perceived rolling between me and them. Overcome by the dread of my pursuer, and this appalling change in the face of nature, my limbs refused to perform their office—I fell, exhausted, to the ground, and all remains a blank on the tablet of memory, from that moment till I awoke, ill and feverish, and surrounded by the human species.

It seems that the liquid which they had left in the calabashes (as they call them) was of an intoxicating nature, and had deprived us of the use of our faculties. I had got drunk. What “drunk” means, together with many other terms and things unknown among us, shall be explained in a glossary, which I shall annex to this manuscript, for the benefit of all inquisitive monkeys.

The cruelty of thus depriving us of our senses, for the sake of afterwards taking us prisoners, must appear to the reader as most execrable. But, to do justice to the human race, they do not consider the

former any punishment; on the contrary, it is an infliction which they constantly practise on their dearest friends, and nothing seems to afford them greater pleasure. They meet together frequently in large bodies for this very purpose; and at the commencement of their proceedings, I have sometimes been quite startled at their very close resemblance to us, as they sit and grin and nod at each other; but, after a while, they become awkward and stupid, and are not fit to be compared with the meanest of our tribes. The only motive that I guess for this strange practice is, that they thereby get rid, for a time, of a very troublesome thing which they call “reason,” about which they are eternally chattering, and pretending that it is something superior to our instinct.

What the precise nature of this boasted “reason” is, I have never been able satisfactorily to decide. It is, however, somewhat remarkable, that whenever a man has lost what little falls to his share, in one of these drinking bouts, he always imagines that he is possessed of much more than any one else, and believes himself the only animal fit to rule over his tribe. One can hardly conceive any thing more ridiculous. If they had any quality at all comparable with instinct, it would be impossible for them to fall twice into such a stupid error; for they really make themselves quite ill by this foolish custom; and I have heard that some even hasten their death, and make their lives miserable thereby. Yet, while they are at it, they every now and then interrupt the general course of conversation, and cry out “Health!” But enough of this folly!

* * * *

THE COUNTRY IN WINTER.

At one time it was a proof of the truth of any thing, however improbable it might appear, that it was in print. Allegory itself became real the moment it came forth in types, and a mere supposition in manuscript issued with the dignity of history from the press. Now indeed the case is greatly altered. I very seldom believe above one half of what I hear, and refuse my credence entirely to any thing I read. By persisting in this resolution, I avoid numberless mistakes. I follow my own judgment, without being misled by the prejudices of others; and now the accounts of Bloomfield's piety and Rowland's Kalydor, Sumner's learning and Warren's blacking, are viewed with the same respect as the voracious chronicles of Gulliver and Munchausen. In former times imagination was the mark of the poet, as well as his privilege; but now, prosers and bards, writers of essays and writers of epics, are equally devoted to fiction and romance. Descriptions even of scenery, which any one may see for himself, are not free from this besetting sin; cascades spout up in the page which were never visible in the landscape, and rivers glide in silvery meanders through winding sentences in print, which never were heard of in the neighbourhood where the scene is laid. The country has been the most fruitful theme of fanciful declamation from Horace's days till now—woods have been clothed in everlasting verdure by authors whose ideas of a forest are formed from the dusty trees of some suburban villa—fields, whether in May or December, have been loaded with perennial flowers, and the country, in all climates, ~~and~~ at all times, has flourished, according to our novelists and romancers, in perpetual charms. No sooner has Mrs Radcliffe described the smiling vales and clear skies of Italy, than the sublime Mr Joseph Fox gives us the airs of Lapland, breathing with equal softness over the laurel groves of that delicious region; daisies burst forth on the summits of the Andes, to reward the labours of Mr Francis Lathom, and nightingales sing in every hedge of the flower-encumbered fields of Sibe-

ria, to bless the listening ear of Anne of Swansea. Strange effect of a residence in Grub-street! The cries of London, which fall harshly on the outward ear, are changed, by some unaccountable power, into the melody of birds and the gush of waterfalls; the breezes of Arabia whisper in dulcet music through the un-mended pane, and every sound and sight in that lofty chamber is transformed in a moment into something rural and picturesque. Who, in reading an account of the fragrant meads and dewy uplands in which every volume is certain to abound, would imagine that he was in danger, at every step, of spraining his ankle in some half-hidden rut, of being stung by unnumbered nettles, pricked by a thousand thorns, and, finally, of being run through the body by the long sharp horns of some outrageous cow, or trodden to death by the hoofs of some prodigious bull? Yet to all these accidents, and a hundred others, he is liable in the very scenes which look so harmless and inviting in description. And babbling rills are scarcely less liable to objection, though so warmly and unanimously applauded by bards and Cockneys. The Romans, to be sure, managed to add some more pleasing circumstances to their meads and rivers than our northern fancies have hitherto devised. Every stream that murmured gently down the valley, or ran sparkling through the plain, was the habitation of some nymph clothed in ethereal beauty. Every secluded nook formed by the windings of the river, was hallowed to their imaginations as the resting-place of the Guardian Naiad;—every deep recess where the osier bent over the stream, or the willow cast its shade upon the waters, was the bower where she retired to shade herself at noon; and the wanderer along the banks heard the whispers of her voice in every ripple of the current, or caught the flashing whiteness of her naked limbs in every crest of foam that glistened for an instant against the rock. But surely in our days the case is miserably altered. Naiad—mortal or ethereal—who should fix her pellucid home in one of our northern streams,

or float down its stone-encumbered channel, would be found drowned some morning on the bank of her own river, with her lovely body bruised and disfigured by bumping against the roots of trees, her eyes knocked out by the stakes of a fishing-net, and her nose entirely bitten off by the previous winter's frost. And yet people persist, beneath such a climate as ours, in giving the same praises to gentle waters and springing fountains which were applicable enough to the Peneus or Blandusia, but have certainly no connexion with the rumbling, roaring, dashing torrents we hear of, carrying away bridges, and drowning men, women, and children; while hay, corn, and furniture, pigs, chests of drawers, and crockery-ware, float on its destructive billows in undistinguishable confusion. There is something to me utterly detestable in the character of a river. When it seems smooth and quiet, it is only acting the hypocrite, and gains our confidence and esteem by an appearance of peaceableness and good order, that it may overwhelm us the more easily whenever it gets the power. In summer, it seems to be labouring under disabilities; the faint gurgle in its throat, which gets dry from so constantly crying out for water, moves us with compassion, and we can surely dread no danger from one so humbled and exhausted. But behold! the moment his prayer is granted, and his restrictions withdrawn, off rushes the Jesuitical scoundrel in every direction, emptying the farm-yard, entering and destroying the peaceful cottage, spreading fear and desolation all over the country, and even sapping the foundation of the grey turreted church, which has been the pride and admiration of the village for centuries before. All social intercourse is cut off; the banks are totally destroyed; and who is to reduce this violent and lawless agitator, now grown strong and formidable, within his ancient and legitimate bounds?

At all seasons of the year the country is dull and uninteresting, but about the dreary month of December, to every one but a regular sportsman, it becomes altogether intolerable. To him time passes pleasantly enough. He begins his labours early

in the morning, walks, wades, climbs, and stumbles, till drizzle and darkness close in the day, after all which wearisome and laborious exertion he finds he has slaughtered sundry head of game, besides shooting his favourite Ponto, and slightly wounding the gamekeeper. He then gets home to dinner, relates the wonders of his aim, and in the third bottle, and fourteenth edition of how he shot the pheasant, he suddenly stops short in his story, loses his memory and his seat together, and awakens next morning on the outside of his bed, with his shoes still on his feet, and a flavour in his mouth, with regard to which the tenth commandment is in no danger of being broken. The day's exploits of a boisterous red-faced Nimrod bear a great resemblance to those of brother Ramrod. Instead of disabling a gamekeeper, he only dislocates his collar in performing an involuntary somerset over a hedge; but if he escapes this danger, his fatigue, conversation, and finale, are pretty nearly the same.

Last winter—who does not remember it, with all its concomitants of snow and storms?—solitude and the country oppressed me, till the nightmare, which regularly carried me over precipices and pits, or shook me into a blazing furnace, was a sort of relief from the dreamless ennui of my waking thoughts. Various plans occurred to me to get quit of the horrors of my situation. Marriage, strangulation, and a razor, all presented themselves in turn, but I found I had not sufficient firmness of nerve to avail myself of any of these expedients. The Slough of Despond spread its world of waters in front of my door, the window was afflicted with a sweating sickness of rain and hail in all its panes. Night came on before I was well aware that daylight had commenced; and crows cawing, rain splashing, and wind howling, formed a most agreeable concert, to which I sat and listened in loneliness, wondering all the time what the devil tempted me to remain a single week in the country after June. Away, away! the coach and I upon the pinions of the wind—and Bath, with its unnumbered lamps, glowing like a single file of stars in the high blue firmament of Landedown, presented itself to my longing

eyes. Ten minutes after I had left my seat upon the box, I found myself as comfortable as if winter had been banished to the Pole, and the word *Rus* expunged from the Dictionary of Nature.

Is there a happier hour in the recollection of a human being than that in which, after a cold seat on the outside of the mail, with the wind whistling round the enormous hat of the coachman, jutting past the promontory of his shoulder, and doubling the cape so as to come with full force on your unprotected visage, you at last arrive in the coffee-room, with fires blazing, gas shining, clean sanded floors, and a couple of grilled fowls smoking in a quiet box for your own peculiar entertainment, flanked with a huge hirlas of Meux's own, and succeeded by toasted cheese, and an *ad libitum* of cogniac and water? Moments such as these never depart from the memory. Old men of eighty years of age remember (after their sainted wives are quietly forgotten) the hot suppers which enchanted them after cold and travelling sixty years before. The eye of one of these, which is dimly fixed on the white head of his youngest granddaughter, and scarcely distinguishes the flaxen ringlets on which his palsied hand is laid, sees quite distinctly the beef-steaks which cheered him that dreadfully cold night in November when he returned from London in the year 1769. With preternatural vision he beholds the foam of the tankard, and recollects even the individual features of the fowl, the breast melting in loveliness and gravy, the parson's nose lying half hid beneath the odoriferous ocean, and the mushrooms scattered over its surface, as the Isles of Greece repose on the bosom of the blue *Ægean*. All these memories come vividly back upon his heart; and, in the gradual failing of nature—in the decay of his fancy, and blunting of his feelings—the suppers of his youth are the only ties which still bind him to his fellows. Yes! till the last pulse of pain in my gouty toe, before it follows my other foot into the grave—till Memory comes to the last page of her day-book, and Death writes *Finis* to all the accounts of life—shall I remember, with a pensive and melancholy satisfaction, the pe-

tite soupers of the Castle and Ball! Thomas's brown wig and the bald pate of Bob shall be equally dear to my heart; and whisky punch shall be to me a blank in the creation ere I forget one smile of the loveliest bar-maid and best maker of toddy in the King's wide dominions. On one occasion, and one only, I established myself at a boarding-house; but great and manifold are the dangers and discomforts of that situation. For the first two days I sat at dinner next to a young lady, who paid me the most marvellous attentions. Smiles followed my commonest remarks; and, such is the force of good-nature, I almost began to fancy, in spite of a squint, and an unusual prolongation of the nasal feature, that she was interesting and pretty. A friend of mine, who had received a call to repentance just before marrying a lady of great piety and fortune, was very desirous of effecting a similar conversion upon me; and, on my dining with him, he reasoned very deeply on the ugliness of vice and the beauty of virtue, magnifying at the same time the charms of temperance, till, in the middle of a sentence about matrimony and hell, his eyes grew glazed, his mouth opened to a superhuman width, and, about the same moment, a confusion came on my own thoughts, for which I have never been able to account. I recollect, however, that I left him with tears running down his cheeks, muttering something which sounded very like a song. On arriving at my temporary domicile, I hurried as rapidly and unostentatiously as possible up stairs, but unfortunately encountered some one in my progress—rank, name, and denomination to me unknown. Oblivion rests on what I said on that occasion, and all my efforts to remember only involve me in greater uncertainty and forgetfulness. Next morning, what deep silence brooded over the breakfast table—what awful dignity gloomed upon every brow!—alas! even my smiling friend smiled and was attentive to me no more. She, it appeared, had been my fair interlocutor in my hurried ascent to my couch; and from what I gathered from the hints of the disconsolate damsel herself, and the hostess's guarded enquiries, I began to discover that I.

had been somewhat too polite and complimentary, and even raved a great deal about post-horses and Gretna Green. I was now asked by a fat old lady, who turned out to be my Dulcinea's aunt, whether I was serious in my proposals, and if so, (which she could not permit herself to doubt,) what I was disposed to settle on her amiable, injured, too susceptible, but unportioned niece. I professed a total ignorance of the whole transaction, hinted that I was liable to fits of madness, in corroboration of which, I gnashed my teeth, and looked as horrible as I could, and next day removed into the delights and freedom of an inn. It is a melancholy circumstance, that in a Christian land there should be places in which it is impossible to walk up stairs without a candle after a quiet dinner with a friend, without a manifest risk of stumbling into a marriage. Luckily, in a hotel there is no such danger as this. Boots and the head waiter, who convey any incapacitated gentleman to his room, rarely translate his compliments and praises into a declaration of attachment; so that, after an agreeable night of cigars and conversation, I can comfortably lay myself down to sleep, in the assurance of waking next morning to the enjoyment of celibacy and soda-water.

On first arriving in a town, I know nothing so detestable as letters of introduction; but luckily, though it is impossible to refuse them from your friends, there is not the least necessity for presenting them. I have at this moment, I suppose, some scores of unknown acquaintances at the bottom of my trunk, whose fate I often pity in having no opportunity of securing the friendship of an individual so wonderfully recommended. A man ought always to form his own friends, and assuredly there is no such field for a crop of them as the coffee-room of an inn. There you may speak for half an hour to your neighbour on any subject you please: if you find him a violent whig, a liberal, a profane swearer, or a hypocrite, or any thing of that sort, treat him in future with the silent contempt he deserves. But if you discover him to be one of the right kind, how easy it is to convert the distance of unintroduced acquaintance into the cordiality of old and well-cemented friendship.

If you once ~~dine~~ ^{dine} together in the same box, before you have demolished the last limb of the turkey, and sipped the last glass of the Madeira, his face is as familiar to you as your glove,—and at the end of the evening, amidst the wreck of devilled bones, and the remnants of what once was “fruit and flower,” opposite to you in a dim, mystic indistinctness, awful, and yet wonderfully beloved, you see sitting the chosen friend of your soul, whose name (which you never heard) you wonder you have forgotten, whose friends, home, parentage, and education, are to you mere objects of conjecture,—but who, in the absence of all collateral ties, as you swallow the last bumper to his health, is “dear as the ruddy drops which warm your heart.”

Such friendships as these are generally lasting. You take a personal pride in finding you have not been deceived in your choice, and he is endeared to you by being a friend entirely of your own acquisition. Far different this from the feelings you entertain towards the friend of your friend. In this case his kindness appears to you to be scarcely voluntary, and you fancy it is less bestowed on you, *quasi* yourself, than as the representative of the person who introduced you. You are assured that any one with the same recommendation, would be received with the same attention; and even the smiles of the ladies, though in the first instance falling on yourself, you fear may have been intended to “cannon” on your friend. You enact the miserable part of the hat stuck on a pole, to which as much deference is paid as to the distant individual who hung it there; but, in spite of all the kindness and hospitality of those around you, you can't help feeling all the time that if Gessler is deposed, the hat will sink from its high estate, and become a very ordinary, and by no means a favourite, beaver. To a man, who, like myself, trusts to his own taste in the selection of his friends, Bath is an inexhaustible store shop, where he may find them of all sorts and sizes, almost ready made. An universal philanthropy seems spread over all its inhabitants, and every county in England, Scotland, and the Emerald Isle, seems to send a deputation of the most warm-hearted and access-

ible of its sons and daughters to the city of King Bladud. The ladies are winning beyond any ill-favoured Benedict's belief. The high cheek-bones of Aberdeenawa, the delicate brogue of Munster, and the pure red and white of Lancashire or Surrey, are all there—equally profuse of their smiles and kindness, and equally ready to form a friendship to be ended only with their lives. Alas! that it is impossible to retain for any length of time the vantage ground of non-acquaintance! Few faces can stand the test of intimacy. Some tooth absent without leave is discovered to the watchful observer in the negligence of the laugh, or some trait of temper contracts the marble brow, where to the unacquainted beholder good-humour “or solemn contemplation love to dwell.” And besides this advantage, unless you converse with the object of your admiration, you run no risk of having that admiration diminished by an exhibition of her colloquial defects. At night, in the pauses of conversation among the *beaux esprits* of the Divan, you can whiff your cigar, and raise a lovely dream of the pure and delicate maiden you admired in the morning in the circus. No rude reality comes in the semblance of a silly question to destroy the magic of those rosy lips, no vacant stare dims the celestial loveliness of those deep blue eyes; but there she smiles upon you through the thin haze issuing from your gently breathing Havannah, clothed in all earthly beauty, like a goddess of the days of old, revealing herself to some favoured worshipper through the shadowing drapery of her ambrosial cloud. But short-lived and transitory is this blissful state of ignorance and admiration. By a variety of meetings, you cannot tell where,—by seeing her smile so often that at last you fancy she smiles on you,—by sitting in the same box at the play, and bowing to her cousin, with whom she is generally to be found, you are surprised to discover, in spite of your efforts to remain “afike unknowing and unknown,” that you have met, and smiled, and counsined yourself into an acquaintance. Farewell after that, to the long protracted and unheeded gaze,—farewell to the turn of admiration after you are past,—farewell to dream, and reverie

and romance! Sad reality steps in, and overturns your “noble theories,”—and the being that you painted as the inhabitant of some fairy bower, the creature who had been the object of your far-off wonder and veneration,—“Too fair to worship, too divine to love,” you are forced to confess resides on the second floor of a boarding-house in Pulteney Street, is solicitous about the colour of a ribbon, and above all things else in the world is anxious to get married.

But, alas! even in a town, Time's progress scarcely deserves the name of flight. No contrivances can protract breakfast beyond twelve o'clock. A newspaper—puffs, advertisements, and all—is but a brief enjoyment to those whom the schoolmaster and the march of intellect have taught to read without stopping very often to spell. For my own part, I was grateful to the Russian Campaign; the very names of the heroes on either side were a tower of strength, and prolonged the perusal by at least twenty minutes. But after a while I felt tempted to skip over those prodigious combinations of consonants, and was contented to believe in the capture and demolition of unnameable towns by gallant and unprounceable generals. The Herald, talented and well-edited paper as it is, comes by degrees to a conclusion; street and square, bustling and beautiful though they be, grow silent and deserted; the pump-room, where every fiddlestick seems less imbued with rosin than Rossini, closes its charmed doors, or exchanges the group of beauty, and the swell of music, for the tottering steps of superannuated invalids. Day after day you miss some glass of fashion, or some mould of form, from her accustomed walk. “Star after star decays,”—gaiety comes imperceptibly to a close,—concerts are less frequent, and the silver voice of Manners only at intervals, few and far between, wraps your senses in Elysium; and in fact, (for there is no denying it,) Bath itself becomes as dull and vapid as a pseudo-religious poem. Amidst the most fearful forebodings of the amount of your bill, you determine on migration; you mourn over the changeableness of pleasure, as you extricate your name from the ill-omened side of the ledger of the classic Tully, in-

ferior, perhaps, to his Roman prototype in eloquence, but immeasurably above even that vain-glorious orator in his puffs; and finally (how can the most obdurate heart remain unmelted?)—amid the tears of inconsolable waiters—amid the groans of overburdened Boots, you mount once more the vehicle which conveyed you from your rural home, and return to muse till the succeeding winter on all that you saw and heard; on the walk by the side of the canal,

—on the whisper, in the octagon a the rooms,—on the bracelet retained in memory of your visit to the Sydney Gardens,—on the time when that bracelet is faithfully to be returned. —“Hush, hush, my dark spirit.” I shall certainly get every room in my cottage painted, and have three or four apartments built during the autumn,—a drawing-room, two bedrooms, a nursery. “There’s a braw time comin’.”

AN OKONIAN.

BALANCE OF THE FOOD AND NUMBERS OF ANIMATED NATURE.*

THIS Dissertation is the substance of two Lectures delivered before the Philosophical and Literary Society of Leeds, by that eminent person who has lately made such a distinguished figure in Parliament. Some years before Mr Sadler appeared in the House, we lauded his great abilities, as they were displayed in several speeches delivered at public meetings in Leeds, and we predicted in this work that he would, some time or other, play a conspicuous part in political life. Who is Mr Sadler? was the cry of many on his being returned for Newark. People who take an interest in public affairs ought to keep their eyes and their ears open to what is saying and doing by men of talents in our great and considerable towns and cities. But gentlemen in Parliament, it would seem, pride themselves on their ignorance of all that regards gentlemen out of Parliament, and read no speeches but their own, which, certainly, praise and thanks be to the reporters, are sometimes not without merit. Mr Sadler was no obscure person in the north of England before M.P. was added to his name; and, independently of his high reputation as a speaker on the occasions alluded to, he was extensively known to be possessed, not only of great knowledge of the facts and laws of commerce, but to be a proficient in philosophy and literature. The Literary and Philosophical Society of Leeds, like those of other large towns in England, contains men of no mean talents and ac-

quirements; and of it Mr Sadler was certainly by far the most able, eloquent, and learned member. Thousands knew his powers, and expected their splendid and triumphant display in Parliament. But his success there as an orator and a statesman exceeded their highest hopes; for though he is in the prime of life, it was supposed that, without a long probation, no man could ever take his place there in the first order. But Mr Sadler did so at once; and, in spite of the sneers of the seers who predicted, after his brilliant maiden speech, that he would be single-speech Sadler, he went on “from good to better, daily self-surpassed,” and discomfited and dumbfounded all the wittings. It was then said, —as the last resource of the dull and shallow,—that he was declamatory—and rhetorical—and even poetical;—and verily he is so—on fit occasions; but they who have tried to grapple with him, in the House or out of it, have found that in argument he can take good hold, and knows a *chip* or two in wrestling—as, for example, that amiable and intelligent member, Mr Wilmot Horton, who, on the Emigration Question, suddenly challenged Mr Sadler to try a bout, and though the member for Newark was taken by surprise, and without preparation, such another fair back-fall as he gave his challenger never resounded through St Stephen’s. It is all well for those to accuse a speaker of declamation, who themselves cannot utter six con-

* Dissertation appended to the *Treatise on the Law of Population*, by M. T. Sadler, M.P. London. Murray. 1830.

secutive sentences without the most alarming and portentous stuttering; prosers shew their piety in lauding the gods for that they have not been made poetical, and are naturally as afraid of a figure of speech as of a ghost; a summer-up of the tattle of the whole, finding no rhetoric in Cocker, despises it even in a Caning; and none are so incapable of judging of the argumentative as the disputatious:—But the men of true power or genius, and who can themselves, as occasion requires, deal in declamation, rhetoric, poetry, reasoning, like Plunkett or Brougham, have admitted that Mr Sadler is—as the world goes—a master in all those arts, and that on great subjects which he has studied, and on which he rises prepared, AN ORATOR.

But our business is not now with this distinguished man as a member of Parliament—he comes before the public as the author of one of the most ingenious, able, and learned works, on perhaps the most difficult and important part of Political Economy, that has been given to the world since Political Economy deserved the name of a mixed Science. In an early number we shall give an ample statement of his refutation of the Malthusian doctrine; and also an account of that doctrine which he would substitute in its place. The work was a good deal abused before it was published, by some ingenious persons, who, since its publication, have been mum; nor, as far as we have seen, have any of the Malthusians yet made upon it any formidable attack. An answer to it, consisting of a couple of columns, appeared in that most excellent weekly paper, the Spectator; but though evidently written by an able man and conversant with the science, it was truly a lame and most manac affair. The writer was much puzzled and perplexed with Mr Sadler's long tables of figures—and well he might—for they contain calculations that seem to furnish the most appalling refutations of many of the statements on which Mr Malthus sought to base his doctrine. If Mr Sadler is to be answered at all, it will not be in a couple of columns, but it must be in a book. The Spectator is strong in its Political Economy, as indeed it is in almost every thing else; and we read, if not with-

out entire conviction, certainly with pleasure and profit, that very ingenious plan of Emigration which formed an appendix to one of its numbers a few months ago. Let the writer of that appendix give us another in refutation of Mr Sadler, and we pledge ourselves that it shall not go without an adverse, but, at the same time, a friendly notice, as long perhaps as itself. The Spectator is a fair and honourable opponent, though he would lose no character by ceasing to sneer at such a man as Mr Sadler; but other papers there are, some without power, some without principle, and some without either who keep dogging Mr Sadler's heels after the uncertain fashion of curs, who sometimes on the street push their snoring noses against the calves of the tiegos' legs, whether in blind search of a master, or in blinder hydrophobia, who can say?—though none can deny that they deserve their kicking. How sardonically laughs the public—pensive no more—at the mongrels who imagine themselves Cynics, simply because they can bark! They have entered into a league, offensive and defensive, to sneer down a certain public character—say Mr Sadler—and, on the third Saturday, they are stifled in their own slaver. Derision must be made of sterner stuff than an article even in the Times to “sneer down”—that we believe is the usual slang word of all slanderous scribblers—any man of the most ordinary intellectual stature; for it is astonishing to see the successful stand made even by a weak honest man against the strongest knave. But when the Sneered-at is great in intellectual and moral power, and the Sneider wholly worthless, the growl of the peevish starveling becomes a croak, and the croak a hiss, and the hiss a gasp that speaks of suicide by strangulation. So it often is—and in no other case more conspicuously than in Mr Sadler's—with some of the guides, forsooth, of Public Opinion! But the admirable old Public, God bless her!—nay, say not old—the admirable young, bold, bright, and buxom Public—just like Miss in her teens running off to Gretna Green with her own chosen suitor, out of a score of sailors, and soldiers, and civilians—selects such a man, for example, as the member of Newark, places her

colours in his cap, and on his return from routing all his foes, flings her arms round his neck, and absolutely smothers him with kisses. The rejected slanderers sneak into corners and bite their thumbs—the nails whereof have already been nibbled to the quick in a habit unconsciously acquired by thirst and hunger.

Of Mr Sadler's great work hereafter—at present we shall confine our attention to this most beautiful Dissertation, written in disproof of that superfecundity, by Malthus equally asserted of all the inferior orders of animated existences as of the human race. Its argument is, indeed, as Mr Sadler says, a corollary of the great argument urged against the Malthusian theory, if not an essential part of it. For that theory comprehends all the living orders of creation, from man down to his brother worm. We are necessarily so familiar every hour of the day with the proportion observable between the numbers and necessities of living beings, and the means of subsistence prepared for them, that our minds are apt either to lose those feelings of admiration with which it must otherwise be regarded, or to be overwhelmed and lost in a vague astonishment. To bring and keep before our minds the contemplation of the minute and complicated means by which that supply is accomplished by Providence, is the aim of this admirable Dissertation; and we do not hesitate to say that it is a noble addition to those rich stores of learning and wisdom which in our country have been so poured and heaped up into Natural Theology, that scepticism sinks and dies beneath the weight of the accumulated proofs and evidences of the perfect goodness of God.

The more knowledge has accumulated, the more sacredly plain, says Mr Sadler, has this branch of the divine economy become, and all doubts vanished of the sufficiency of the means of subsistence which nature furnishes for all her offspring. But the dogma broached by Mr Malthus, and which Mr Sadler does not hesitate to call an "indelible disgrace to the age," does indeed darken dimly the decrees of Providence. According to him, there is a constant tendency in all animated life to increase beyond the

nourishment prepared for it; according to him, nature has scattered the seeds of life abroad with the most profuse and liberal hand, but has been comparatively sparing in the room and nourishment necessary to rear them! And the deficiency thus represented by him as established by all the analogies of nature, is pronounced by him to have been the source of the severest and most degrading evils which the human race has suffered. Has the Author of nature indeed made this grievous miscalculation, Mr Sadler asks, in reference to the food and numbers of his offspring—or, in other words, a calculation that takes universal insufficiency as its basis? No; and forthwith he sets himself to rebut that strange hypothesis, by means of the very analogies by which it professes to be supported, and by an appeal not only to animated, but to inanimate creation. Each of these, he undertakes to shew, has the strictest mutual relations—in all their complicated adaptations, involving calculations the most minute as well as stupendous,—nothing superfluous, nothing deficient,—but open to our eyes when freed from their film by the light of philosophy and religion, without one single flaw.

The Dissertation is composed throughout in an animated and eloquent style, and breathes a fine and chastened enthusiasm. Perhaps there may be some occasional repetitions and redundancies, chiefly, we suspect, arising from the circumstance of its being two discourses blended into one;—and to the same cause probably may be attributed, here and there, some little confusion in the arrangement. But the main current of the argument, though sometimes rather broken, is always strong and clear; its course, though circuitous, is always seen tending towards one direction; and it has no resemblance to a canal, but always to a river having its source among the sacred mountains. Heaven preserve us! how arid are the writings of the economists! Reading their works is like toiling across a flat desert ankle-deep in sand,—no well,—no oasis,—all dry dust, and not a single tree. No wonder so many travellers sink and are seen no more; and that they are now shy of joining even the ca-

ravan under McCulloch. But Mr Sadler conducts us to the temple of Truth through meads of asphodel, and through forests of fruit-bearing trees. Even they who stop on the journey, and turn back,—if such there be,—can do so only from indolence and inactivity; for they can suffer nothing either from hunger or thirst, or dust in their eyes; and though they may have halted too soon, cannot deny that they enjoyed their pilgrimage. But the student and the lover of nature will delight to travel on with such a guide as Mr Sadler to the end of the journey, and only not lament that it is over, because made happy by the beautiful and glorious prospect that spreads around the pitching of their tent.

We cannot doubt, that if this Dissertation were enriched with a greater number of illustrations of its argument, it would be most successful as a separate publication in a small pocket volume. Mr Sadler is well read in natural history,—especially in zoology; and there is not any part of his argument that would not only admit, but that does not perhaps require, many more illustrations from that branch of knowledge. Meanwhile, we shall do all that in us lies to publish widely its merits; and we cannot do so by any other means so effectually as by an analysis and abridgement of it, accompanied by copious extracts. We are as fond as most people of hearing ourselves speak, but we trust that we can also listen; and we know that our readers will prefer Mr Sadler's words to ours on a subject which he has so profoundly and extensively studied, and of which our account of his Dissertation will shew that he is a perfect master.

Mr Sadler begins with the immensities of creation; and asks what is there to sanction the daring idea of any thing *there* being left disproportionate, or in the slightest degree unimaginable, erroneous? In one majestic paragraph he gives a sweeping view of the mechanism of the skies, as revealed by "the hierophant of this mysterious temple of nature, our immortal Newton;" and after saying well, that if the magnitudes, motions, and distances of the heavenly bodies are all reciprocally regulated, which it is the legitimate office of geome-

tric science to shew, then the same science leads us to the inevitable conclusion, that every atom of matter, as well as every moment of time, is necessarily included in the divine computation. How beautiful the following sentence, and how profound its significance!—"The grain of sand, therefore, falling from the widow's hour-glass, and the instant of time it expresses in its descent, do not merely furnish an illustration, but they form essential parts, of that magnitude, motion, and duration, which constitute the harmony and perpetuate the existence of the universe."

He then selects some impressive proofs of the same universal adaptations of animal life in all its forms to the elements which it peoples, and again to the changes those elements undergo in consequence of varying climates and seasons, from geology and physical geography, speaking, indeed, like a philosopher. All those adaptations, what would they avail, but for another series of wonders—those supplies of food, without which life could not continue in a single instance, and which, to support animated nature throughout our earth, must vary with the elements, the situations, the climates, and the seasons, and consequently be adapted to them all! To provide these supplies involves a comprehension of design which none can understand, save He who accomplishes it. But there it is for ever at work, and who shall dare to say, except a Malthusian, that as vast a demand is not made upon Infinite intelligence and benevolence in the conservation as in the creation of the world? And who but a Malthusian would dare to say that beneath that demand that intelligence and benevolence faint and are frustrated? But let us now hear Mr Sadler—not in an abridgement, but in his own flowing and glowing words.

"Let us here, then, pause for a moment, and, without again dwelling on the connexion between the minutest existence in creation with its immense masses, or the wonderful adaptations of every climate, element, season, and situation, to the condition and necessities of animal creation, or the intimate relation which its several parts bear to each other and to the whole, let us enlarge our minds, as far as we can do so, to the consideration of

the incalculable, and all but infinite, number, for every individual of which this provision has to be made. Placed at the summit of these, man, concerning whose multiplication so many fears are now afloat, is, compared with most of them, a solitary, with any of them, a sterile being; and yet a thousand millions of his species traverse the earth. Leaving out of our view those larger animals, whose number he generally determines, and looking down through the inferior tribes of creation, in whatever element, how do they multiply! The chain of existence, which at once connects and sustains all animated beings, is seen descending from rank to rank, and still diminishing, till at length it eludes the sight; when the eye, assisted by that science which taught it to penetrate far into boundless space, again pierces deep into an opposite infinity, and traces its catenations, lengthening far below the supposed limits of possibility, till at last vision utterly fails, and thought looks down as from a fearful brink, and beholds the lessening threads of life still sinking into a dark and immeasurable depth, only fathomed by the eye of Omniscience. The links of this chain, sustained by the hand of its eternal Artificer, who can enumerate? As they diminish in magnitude they multiply in number, still augmenting the miracle, till they become at once innumerable and invisible. Compared with these, what are the numbers of the leaves of the forests, or the sands of the ocean? In ten thousand forms they fill the air we breathe; they cover the earth on which we tread; they saturate the waters of the stream; they tinge the waves of the ocean; they flash like lightning upon its shores. A single leaf, as St Pierre has said, and without an hyperbole, is itself a continent, and a drop an ocean to myriads of animated beings, infinitely diversified, and many of them, if we may believe our best naturalists, invested with a beauty which Nature rarely lavishes upon her larger offspring; at all events, with an organization as perfectly adapted to their condition as that of the mammoth or the leviathan. '*Rerum natura nusquam magis quam in minimis tota est.*'

"Vain then are all human comparisons—vain the power of numbers to describe the flood of vitality which inundates our universe; as vain were it to attempt to explain by what process it is sustained: but, though we were not able, even in a single instance, to trace the means of preserving life, so as to extend it by analogy to the whole, still the fact that it is sustained in being and well being; that it is reproduced and continued; is a full and

everlasting disproof of the daring notion of the superfecundity of animal existences. Driven, therefore, to no absurd or impious notions respecting the operations of the Deity, while contemplating these his astonishing works, which demand the exercise of his boundless perfections, we exclaim, in the language of a poet of antiquity, 'O God! how wonderful are thy works! In wisdom hast thou made them all! The earth is full of thy riches!'

But are there some, or many, who, firmly believing in the Deity, and confessing that His power is boundless, and His wisdom infinite, are yet astounded by the immensity of the numbers of animated nature, and their prolific powers, and ask, "For multitudes like those *can* God spread a table in the wilderness?" As respects his supreme creation, man, whose prolificness Mr Malthus pronounces so *vastly* to exceed the means of subsistence which his Maker has prepared for him, do they still more emphatically exclaim, "But can he give bread also? or provide flesh for his people?" If we reason from analogy, and if the laws of matter have such a perfect adaptation to their end—to wit, that of continuing unchanged its present conformations—which science has shewn—then ought we to conclude that the laws relative to life, which are evidently established to preserve and perpetuate it in all its modes, are calculated to effect this object with great precision. But farther, if it can be shewn that it is in the contemplation of the Deity to balance the numbers and food of his offspring, and that he has plainly manifested that intention, then without impiety must we believe that the food and numbers *are* balanced. The proof of the intention is a moral demonstration of the highest order that the intention has been fulfilled. Mr Sadler thus philosophically expresses his argument:—

"*First.* Nature has calculated with the utmost precision, and unalterably settled, the different degrees, as well as periods, of prolificness in all things living; obviously varying both, with reference to the means of sustentation. The presumption, I might say certainty, therefore is, that the laws of reproduction do not tend to excessive increase, but are precisely regulated by those means.

"*Second.* During the process of reproduction, and through the early stages of existence, Nature guards with peculiar

art, and defends with the utmost care, 'the germs of existence,' as they are denominated in the theory I am opposing. The presumption, therefore, is increased that those 'germs' are, in no just sense of the term, superfluous.

"*Third.* It is the plain purpose of Nature, indicated by an infinite variety of means, which are in perpetual operation, to sustain her animated offspring when matured. The presumption is, that she is not defeated in that her intention, and consequently, that the numbers preserved are not superfluous.

"*Fourth.* Not only are those necessities of subsistence, and the means and instruments by which they are obtained, bestowed on all living beings, but, at the same time, facilities of escape or defence are conferred upon each, which preserve that existence as far as is compatible with those plain intentions of Nature, which will be hereafter adverted to. The purpose of Nature is, therefore, preservation; numbers then, in her estimation, are not superfluous.

"*Fifth.* The very means of subsistence, especially those consisting of prey, when duly considered, are in themselves the proof that numbers and food are, and must necessarily remain, perpetually balanced and adjusted to each other; numbers, therefore, compared with food, cannot be superfluous.

"*Lastly.* The whole of animate creation, through all its tribes, especially when far removed from human interference, abundantly demonstrates that life and food are in due proportions; or, in other words, that existence is connected with enjoyment: that universal misery is not thrown into the scale of being by that hand that created both numbers and food, and sustains the balance in an everlasting equipoise. Numbers and food are, therefore, balanced."

To prove these positions is the object of this Dissertation; and we shall accompany the author through his proofs.

First. That law of nature which varies the prolificness of different species of animals so extremely, and still, at the same time, preserves that prolificness in the same species in so near and surprising an uniformity, is of itself a satisfactory proof of the first position. Relax or reverse that law, and suppose for a moment the larger animals to be endowed with the fecundity of the smaller ones, and what would be the consequence? Then indeed would the principle of population be a truth of the plain-

est and most tremendous character. The universe would be dispeopled in a day!

Further, in most of the terrestrial animals, the period and term of gestation is fixed, and the degree of prolificness constantly determined by physical causes, over which they have not the least control. But observe what happens with birds. Undisturbed in the business of reproduction, they conform, through all their tribes, to the laws of nature. But the ovarious state of their future offspring exposing the measure of their reproduction to accident and depredation, God has given them a mysterious power of supplying such losses before incubation. Nay, destroy their nests with their broods, and by the same physical faculty they can repair their loss, and even repeat, at later periods of the season, the same process.

They are gifted, says Mr Sadler, finally, with a sort of "natural arithmetic," which informs them of their right number, and are compelled by a powerful impulse, perfectly distinct from the originating one, to adhere to it, in spite of all interruptions. Can any one bring himself to believe, for a single moment, that that number is not the right number—that is, right in reference to the means and measure of subsistence, without which it would be wrong indeed? "Behold then the fowls of the air—they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns"—yet the universal Parent "feedeth them." Sparingly—asks Mr Sadler—partially—uncertainly? No; but by anticipated provision, infallibly certain, and abundantly sufficient—so that they "sing among the branches."

Second. But how does nature deal with the germs of existence? Are they redundant? And doth she suffer them to perish? No. Look at the extraordinary tenderness and constant protection she displays in regard of the parent existence during the period of gestation. She then invests life itself with additional security—then the little wren is bold as the eagle, the doe fearless as the lioness. We love Mr Sadler as a true ornithologist. To his ear the lark sings of the goodness of God at the gates of heaven—to his eye the lark illustrates the same attribute in

the dewy braird "wakening by the daisies' side."

"The process of incubation takes place in the case of birds, who would otherwise, under such circumstances, be incapable of flight, and, consequently, be both themselves and their offspring exposed to certain destruction; while, as it respects those powerful and majestic animals which, at such times, are fully capable of defending themselves and their offspring, Nature seems to confide to them that duty, which few that value existence will rashly interrupt. But it is to her care of the more weak and defenceless tribes that I would especially advert. The security which such seek from those enemies, and those only to which they or their offspring are exposed, is singularly varied in its means, yet all point at the same end. Situations inaccessible to attack are selected, or artificial guards are interposed; or places of concealment are chosen, or, where there are none, dexterously formed. To advert again to the feathered tribes, as that class of beings which, among those little liable to our interference, is the most obvious to our notice. When the work of reproduction obliges them to become stationary for a considerable period, what infinite address do they exhibit in accomplishing their purposes, particularly that of security! Some of these choose the loftiest trees of the solitary wood; and, lest the tops of these, where there is commonly the greatest luxuriance of foliage, should not sufficiently secure their nests by concealment, they generally build on the most tapering branches, the thinness of which affords additional safety. Others, which seem to affect human society, build on the pinnacles, or beneath the battlements of our loftiest edifices, always, however, out of the reach of general molestation. Some choose the shelves of inaccessible precipices, or the crevices of rocks that hang beetling over the ocean; others peck their retreat into the centre of trees, which they know well how to select for that purpose; others, more obvious to common notice and constant interruption, nevertheless accomplish their ends with scarcely less certainty and security, though by very opposite means: they have to fix their nests in situations perfectly accessible and near to view; but, by a countervailing provision of nature, they so assimilate them in colour and appearance to the boughs in which they build, or the mossy bank in which they are imbedded, as to render the security from such artful concealment as complete, probably, as that from apparent inaccessibility. I am tempted to notice the admirable fitness, in shape and size, the exquisite beauty, and the

marked and striking variety, in these transient receptacles of infant life,—the extreme rapidity of their construction, with the one single instrument employed (the beak), increasing the wonder,—but I refrain, as not strictly bearing on my subject. I shall therefore proceed to remark, that the still minuter and infinitely more numerous oviparous beings are not less instructed how to deposit the seeds of their future progeny; whether they inject their eggs deep into some solid substance, by means of instruments adapted for that special purpose, which excite the admiration of the minutest observers of nature, or fix them, by some glutinous fluid with which they are provided, where they will be least exposed to observation or injury, or securely deposit them, in a variety of other ways familiar to the naturalist, till the moment they are vivified by influences, and sustained by means, totally distinct from the parental principle."

But look next at those numerous tribes of beings in which the efficient preservative of early existence, parental affection, is totally wanting. Has Nature deserted those "orphans of creation?" No—for them the atmosphere itself performs the work of a mother's love. It broods over them—

"Dovelike, hangs brooding o'er the vast abyss,
And makes it pregnant."

The unprotected beings all venture into life at the exact season, amidst a profusion of sustenance adapted to their use, and provided for them by another world of existence, the vegetable kingdom, subject to laws as complex as those that govern the animal one, and plainly subservient to it. Here each grub meets its abundant supply, "till it wings its way to reiterate in turn the miracle of its own birth."

"But all this ample provision, all this jealous circumspection, all these concealments and defences which Nature has thrown around initial existence, if I may so express myself, do not still satisfy her. She is bent on her work of preservation. After all her solitudes, the period of infancy, with regard to the animal tribes, is still the period of peculiar danger. Finally, therefore, she shortens that period by a rapidity of growth to which there is nothing corresponding in human beings; bringing them, as it were, so a sudden and almost miraculous maturity, and thus lessening the danger of that state by dimi-

nishing its duration. I say, almost miraculous, upon any common principles; which any of us may speedily verify, if we weigh, from time to time, the growth of an unfledged bird, for instance, which has just burst from its shell, with the entire weight of what it receives."

Third. And how acts Nature towards her offspring, after having conducted them to maturity? Do we not see, throughout air, earth, and water, the plain intention of the Deity to sustain all his creatures? Mr Sadler exclaims, in an elevated strain that reminds us of Milton, "Let us take a momentary view of the Eternal Pan in providing for the people of his boundless pasture." All the elements—he goes on to say—the various seasons, the different climates, the whole vegetable and animal kingdoms, all alike, by known and perpetually operating laws, furnish their quota to the great storehouse of existence, in which the miracle is equal, that the supply neither fails nor exceeds, and all is so adjusted that, in this infinite variety, there is no confusion! In this eternal plenty there is no superfluity! How interesting to observe how carefully she provides for the weakest of her tribes,—on them, like an indulgent mother, bestowing her tenderest cares! By diversifying the instinctive appetites of the different species of the larger animals, she prevents the monopoly of the means of existence by the ferocious and the strong; in the "refectory of Nature"—so unlike that "table" at which Matthus affirms there are no seats for millions on millions, who come there in hunger and in thirst, and certainly *not uninvited*—the separate species have all "their separate seats and their distinct messes," which, though perfectly agreeable to themselves, the rest refuse to occupy or touch, and thereby the harmony and plenty which, among such various and unnumbered guests, would otherwise be constantly destroyed, is as perpetually preserved. Then, as the food of several of these tribes varies with the change of season, and sometimes of climate and situation, so, too, are their appetites and tastes adjusted to these vicissitudes. Again, the food of whole classes of animals almost totally disappears during the more rigorous seasons of the year.

Is there *then* a superfluity of numbers? Does nature abandon her offspring *then*? Go to the ant—and learn to see God. What naturalist knows the process by which that creature preserves, for its winter sustenance, grain in the bosom of the earth, without sprouting or being spoiled? Many other similar instincts belong to other animals—and do they belong to a system created by a Being who has not provided adequate nourishment for the mouths he has made? Other creatures are laid asleep in "long inedia" during the winter's severity, and awaken amid the provender of spring. Just on the same principle, says Mr Sadler, whose expressions are always beautifully accordant with the spirit of his subject—showing the man of genius in every page—as Nature disposes of us and almost all animated nature, when she diurnally withdraws from us that light so necessary to our active existence; and as respects infinitely greater numbers, she limits the period of life to the propitious season, sometimes, indeed, to the shining hours of a single day. But of all the demonstrations of the intention of Nature to provide, under varying emergencies, for all her creatures, what so striking as—Migration!

"I shall confine myself to another order of beings, the same so often referred to—the birds—as most obvious to our notice. What does this inexplicable faculty imply, as it regards these? First, it implies, literally speaking, a spirit of prophecy. At the very period when their food abounds (for it is essential to the purpose that the flight should be undertaken while they are in full vigour) they foresee the coming of the unpropitious season. Nor is this indicated by the change of the atmosphere solely: it has happened that, where the season has not corresponded with its usual period, still the latter has been punctually adhered to, when thousands of them have perished, as the savans of France have more than once recorded of the most exact of the migratory tribes, the swallow. Secondly, they have a mysterious, but a certain, knowledge of physical geography, and know most accurately where the regions lie to which they proceed, which the greater part of them have never previously beheld, but where, nevertheless, they are assured of the provision that awaits them. They assemble, therefore, and, departing

at the appointed moment, they pass over an extent of land, or an expanse of waters, where, if they had guides, there can be no objects of direction; a distance in which sight can avail them nothing, however acute; where night overtakes them in their career,—yet still they persevere in the right direction; and, by a muscular exertion, scarcely less wonderful than all these miracles, and for which nothing can adequately account, and with a certainty without any parallel in human affairs, they accomplish their astonishing purpose. I know not whether it can increase our wonder to be reminded that all this is effected without either experience, instruction, or example; for the same thing would occur, and has so done, in regard to a brood that has been artificially hatched, and let loose just after their unseen kindred had commenced their career.

“But let us observe how this migratory instinct is regulated, as it respects those who are subject to its influence, with a view to their sustentation: so that the balance of life and food seems to be preserved throughout all the habitable world. When Nature gives the mysterious intimation that her bounties are about to be withdrawn from one region, she infallibly invites the wandering subjects of her care to another; and her expected guests arrive at the precise moment when, by a long and diligent process, she has spread her table for them. But it is to be remarked, that, as these withdraw, others succeed, for whom a different entertainment is prepared; so that her table is always full. It is thus that, from the first time, ‘the stork in the heavens hath known her appointed times, and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow, have observed the time of their coming.’”

But then comes Death—and how is it that the whole earth is not sickened as with the stench of a sepulchre? “Why, nature,” says Mr Sadler, “has provided numerous and diversified classes of animal undertakers,” who remove all that would otherwise taint the heavens with pollution. How soon do all the relics of mortality disappear! In that season, when parts of those troops which nature commissions for this special service, are absent, she remedies or circumscribes the nuisance by the antiseptic qualities of the atmosphere. She thus preserves it for those of her tribes who are “the scavengers of creation.” These creatures, having not to contend with their prey, are, generally speaking,

the smallest and feeblest part of animated beings—but in numbers what to them are the sands of the sea! But that that number, whatever it may be, overbalances its food, would, says our author, be to imagine that, seeing the necessity, and attempting to provide for it, Nature had made so false a calculation, so bungling an attempt, as to increase the nuisance by the very means she has taken to abate it!

Fourth. The means and instruments by which food is obtained, are such as indicate the certainty of its supply. The provision is rendered certain by the strength, swiftness, sagacity, ingenuity, cunning, of animals—in one word, by their instincts. On this subject Mr Sadler feels it would be needless to dilate, and therefore passes from it to the illustration and proof of the

Fifth position—that the very means of subsistence, especially those consisting of prey, are, when duly considered, proof in themselves that numbers and food are, and must for ever remain, accurately balanced. Those tribes of animals, the food of which is apparently of a vegetable nature solely, are far less numerous than is commonly supposed; and that they do not exceed their means of subsistence in a state of nature, the almost untouched, certainly unexhausted, resources of the vegetable kingdom manifest. But how stands the case with those more numerous tribes of beings whose food consists principally of living substances, and which may all, therefore, be denominated animals of prey? It is Mr Sadler's design, now, to shew that the law of nature, which makes one order of animals the food of another, affords in itself a full disproof of the assertion, that there is in all animated life a tendency to increase beyond the means of subsistence that is prepared for it, and that it yields, on the contrary, a satisfactory demonstration, that numbers and food are, and must remain, duly balanced. It is a notable axiom with the Malthusians, that there is a constant tendency in all animated life to increase beyond the nourishment prepared for it, which, as it respects animals, is repressed by their becoming the prey of each other. Observe how, in this proposition, it is asserted in one breath.

that the number of animals is excessive in relation to their food, and that their food is excessive in relation to their number! To make the argument tenable, it should have been shewn that certain species of carnivorous animals were over-prolific in reference to others—an attempt which could only be made by an Atheist—while to maintain that they are all over-prolific, is a contradiction in terms. How Mr Sadler cuts with a two-edged sword, finely tempered!

“But the ambiguity of the terms, ‘preying upon one another,’ or rather the fallacy they imply, has been already explained; Nature does not, in point of fact, deliver up her universal offspring to promiscuous slaughter, for the purpose of their sustentation. Such an idea is as incorrect and absurd, when generally applied to the animal creation, as it would be if asserted of the human race. It is as false in philosophy as it is in fact; it is just as though we should say, that because men feed upon geese, geese feed upon men. Invested in all its ambiguity, the expression, ‘that animals feeding upon each other’ is consistent with the idea of an excess of numbers, in reference to food, is, as already remarked, absurd; but when we reduce the indefinite allusion to the precise fact, the absurdity is still more palpable, and indeed enlarges into an impossibility. The order of nature is, that the superior feed on the inferior tribes, from the summit to the footstool of animal creation. If, then, through all the carnivorous tribes, A preys upon B, B upon C, C upon D, and so on from the alpha to the omega of vital nature, what is it that the notion I am opposing holds with respect to every class of them, (saving the first, of which more anon,) but that they are at one and the same time too numerous and too few?

“On the contrary, a very slight consideration of the subject will suffice to convince us, that if there be any redundancy, it must be in the means of subsistence, not in the numbers and prolificness of those which require it; otherwise, invested, as the superior orders are, with powers necessary for obtaining their food, consisting as that food does of the inferior ones, those powers would be so sharpened by their unsatisfied and increasing necessities, that the latter would soon be hunted out of existence; and so would it be with all the inferior tribes, till the whole would be extinguished. The very fact of numerous races of animals, whose food is prey, existing in due proportions, or in-

deed continuing to exist at all, is, when closely considered, proof positive that their prolificness throughout all these tribes is most accurately proportioned, and that it is not in excess in reference to their food. As to the latter supposition, it is at once disposed of by recollecting, that if their prolificness were universally diminished down to one-tenth or one-hundredth part of what it is at present, the diminution would equally apply to their food, and consequently their individual shares of it, whatever they may be, would remain precisely the same. The idea that some particular class only of these animals is too fecund, has never yet been broached; it is one which might shock us with its novelty, though it conveys a far lighter charge against Nature than that the whole are so: but the supposition would be as obviously fallacious. This, in a single instance, would be fatal to other tribes, if not eventually to the whole chain of animated existences, as will be noticed hereafter. The immediate relation, in which many of the carnivorous tribes stand, is three-fold; having respect to themselves, to those above, and to those beneath them in the scale of existence, and probably extending throughout the whole of animated nature.

“Considering, therefore, the immense numbers thus mutually dependent, the intricacy of the Divine calculation becomes the more apparent, and the hardness of suspecting its absolute or comparative correctness throughout, the more daring. To supply these through all their orders and degrees, from the greatest and most powerful, down to the most insignificant and minute, with their appointed ‘food, and in due season,’ and consistently with that universal benevolence which is the predominant character of the whole scheme of Nature, is what none but God could perform, and what, if he attempts to do at all, he does perfectly. Here, then, is partly unfolded the reason why, in tracing existence down its lengthening gradations, we find, as they become more small and feeble, they are the more prolific and numerous, and multiply in more rapid successions: so rapid, indeed, and in numbers so vast, as to baffle calculation. Still, in no stage of life is there the least evidence that Nature scatters the germs of existence with a more liberal hand than she does the means of their support. The demonstration is one that can alone be obvious to our senses; no geometry can measure, no arithmetic compute, these proportions, which must be exact in the minutest calculation, in order to become balanced in the great and final result. But if the elements of the calculation were,

in the slightest supposable degree, incorrect; possessing as they do such powers, what would be the magnitude of the error in their ultimate effects?—Speedy and universal confusion."

Hitherto, Mr Sadler has shewn with perfect clearness that the principle of superfecundity in relation to animals, is unphilosophical and untrue; but not contented with having given a direct negative to that supposition, he goes on to prove that nature *visibly* regulates with the utmost care all her calculations, so as to preserve a perpetual balance of food and number. He had spoken of the different tribes of carnivorous animals as subsisting upon prey themselves, but becoming in their turn the prey of others, and thus keeping up the balance of their food and numbers, through all their various ranks; and that the fecundity of all such is regulated accordingly. But what of those animals, which prey upon others beyond all the rest, but living are themselves the prey of none?

Placed at the head of existence in their several elements, they inspire that terror which they never feel, excepting, perhaps, when he appears, whose viceregerents they are, and in whose absence they preserve for him his edible domain, and who, armed with all his advantages, still, perhaps, they little dread, when, though but rarely indeed, they come in contact. Such, in the feathered tribes, is the eagle; the lion among the quadrupeds; and, for want perhaps of more perfectly knowing another element, we may fix upon the shark among the fishes. These and their compeers, were there any truth in the position I am opposing, would, at all events, multiply incredibly. The first of them, the eagle, affecting a cold atmosphere, perches on inaccessible heights, or inhabits the vast 'Cimmerian deserts of the North;' where his food, principally the fowl, multiplies around him in such incredible numbers, that their flight, when they successively remove, darkens the skies. Scarcely approachable, and rarely molested, what prevents the bird of Jove from multiplying, thus unchecked, without limit? Again; what is the check which prevents the enormous increase of the most powerful and voracious of the finny tribes; or, who rouses 'the Numidian lion in his lair,' except with a little army collected for that purpose; and which is the beast that devours him? Unchecked, therefore, how fearfully ought he to multiply, according to the modern no-

tion, which invests all things living with this superfecundity! So thought Monsieur Buffon, and therefore talks of whole armies of lions roaming the plains of Africa together. But they exist only in his interesting pages. Nature determines differently. The lion is a scarce beast, even in his native haunts, as Sparrman has observed; and Pliny, who, perhaps, confounded him with the tiger, tells us, that it was rare in his days; and it continues rare still. What is it, then, that checks and regulates the increase of these? Not their preying upon one another, for that is not the case; as the poet sings,

'Wolves slay not wolves, nor tigers tigers torn;'

not the want of food, the demon of the modern system; for of that they have a command; but that power whom we have observed regulating all others;—Nature—God! And by the same means, namely, by strictly limiting their fecundity, as he has done that of all other beings, and in each, with an equally exact reference to their station in the scale of existence. In these, therefore, as only subject to half the otherwise universal operation of the law of Nature, as before observed, and being, consequently, not preyed upon themselves, he has diminished the measure of increase, and constituted them the most sterile of beings, save man, whose place they pre-occupy. Aristotle said of such, long ago, *ἐν γὰρ ψυχῶν ἑλιγστοκα πάντα*; and a greater than he, Bacon, says of the lioness, that 'she ordinarily bringeth forth but one.' A later observer, Colonel Keating, perhaps has corrected this, according to more accurate experience; he says, that a lioness may have three whelps, but that two always die. Respecting the eagle, the first cited author, Aristotle, gives us from Musæus, that she produces three: two live and one is reared. A later authority, and who ought to be a more accurate one, as having far better opportunities of becoming so on this point, Olaus Magnus, says, that 'the greatest eagle of all, the gir falcon, very ferocious and strong, never breeds more than one young one.' The same observation might be transferred to another element with equal truth, as far as we know of the piscatory tribes. The large fishes of prey, such as whales, sharks, rays, poises, &c., are viviparous, and, compared with the extraordinary fecundity of the lesser fishes, are more strikingly sterile than the animals previously adduced. But, to confine myself to one instance in this element, as in the others. 'The whale,' says Busching, generally brings forth one at a birth; and sometimes, though but seldom, two young ones.' The cod produces millions. Is

there any one so blind as not to see the reason of this? Were this fertility reversed, all animated nature, with which the ocean swarms, must expire, and the polluted waters fill the world with stench and corruption."

But by tracing the subject farther, we find numbers of an inferior order, who are still of the same character, subsisting by prey themselves, and little liable to become the prey of others. They, too, are, comparatively with those on which they feed, sterile. Were it otherwise, they would spread devastation around them. From the summit to the base, then, of the animal creation, we find those beings few and sterile compared with others on which they feed; their appearance in a state of nature is therefore comparatively strange, and their devastations limited. And thus, the vast proportion of animated nature is left in a state of undisturbed enjoyment, as well as unfailing plenty. But Mr Sadler does not stop here—for his mind overflows with thoughts—and he is armed at all points against his adversaries. Why, it may be asked, should those animals of prey, which are placed as it were at the head of their respective tribes, and consequently themselves not the prey of others, sterile as they confessedly are, multiply at all, or, in other words, exist? The answer to this absurd query, unfolds a view which Mr Sadler thinks has never been yet presented, and which he proceeds to give as having a special relation to the subject under consideration. That it has never yet been presented, we cannot think; on the contrary, it has been presented a hundred times; but never better than by Mr Sadler.

"It has been an old remark, and one which, it is to be hoped, will never become obsolete, that the whole of nature, especially of animated nature, seems linked together in a mutual and necessary dependence. I shall refer this idea at present to one only of its elements, the ocean, as it incidentally illustrates a part of my subject already adverted to, namely, the inconceivable numerosity of animal existences; taking the illustration from that intelligent and scientific voyager, Mr Scoresby. In his remarks on the hydrography of the polar seas, he says, that conceiving the discoloration, which is there so remarkably prevalent, to proceed from animal matter, he substantiated the fact by submitting the water to a powerful

microscopic examination, and detected medusæ and animalcules in numbers, which, as applied to the extent of the waters so impregnated, we may talk about, but which we can comprehend as little as we can infinity. To complete the enumeration of one of the larger of these genera, existing in a couple of square miles, according to a calculation he made, would have required the labour of 80,000 persons from the creation to the present hour. As to the smaller, he says, that on computation there must have been in a single drop, and that by no means the most deeply tinged, 26,150. 'These animals,' he observes, 'are not without their evident economy; on their existence possibly depend the being and preservation of the whole race of mysticete, and some other species of cetaceous animals. For the minute medusæ apparently afford nourishment to the sepia, actinia, cancri, helices, and other genera of mollusca and aptera, so abundant in the Greenland sea; while these latter constitute the food of several of the whale tribe inhabiting the same region: thus producing a dependent chain of animal life—one particular link being destroyed, the whole must necessarily perish.' By other observations, it appears that some of these, too, are migratory, supplying their almost total want of locomotion by sinking into those sub-currents, or rising into the superior ones, which have the effect of blending the waters of the equator and the pole, so as to produce a more equable temperature than could otherwise exist in either, and in these changes, no doubt, still performing their office of virtualling the recesses of the watery world. These, still more than the insects of the Scandinavian regions, are therefore innumerable, and supply those vast and incessant shoals which Nature perpetually pours upon all our shores, not one in one million of which is taken; as do those clouds of wild fowl, that, when mature, are dispersed throughout the earth: both, therefore, constituting the inaccessible north, if I may so express myself—the virtualling-office of the world, in which Nature does not permit herself to be interrupted in her beneficent operations.

"Not to affect any scientific arrangement, which might not be sufficiently familiar to answer the purpose of illustration, let us suppose, that among these inconceivably numerous animalcules of different orders, the inferior and most minute support the superior, which still enlarge in size, till they become the food of the sprat, the sprat of the herring, the herring of the cod, and the cod of the shark; and take the shark as a fish of prey, on which

no other feeds, as I previously did the eagle and the lion from the other elements. I do not, I repeat, represent such to be the food of these different species respectively; but I do say, that if we could trace the economy of piscatory sustentation more exactly, the minute facts which it would exhibit would fully confirm the truth which the idea, as I am now presenting it, imperfectly illustrates. Now, it is abundantly evident, that, in such an arrangement, the shark could not continue to exist without the sprat, (to descend at present no lower in the chain of existence,) but it is equally true, though perhaps not at first sight quite so plain, that the sprat could not exist without the shark. And this is the fact which, as I conceive, has not hitherto been noticed.

"Let us pursue, then, this most important consideration: one which, in attempting to comprehend the balance of the numbers and food of living beings, ought never to be out of recollection; but which seems hardly ever to have been in it, as it regards those who pronounce so confidently on the superfecundity of animal creation. Alluding to an undisturbed state of nature, to which I refer the argument in the first instance; the least alteration in the measure of that fecundity, which varies so greatly in different species, and which some conceive to be at best a blind and erring calculation throughout, —I say the least alteration, whether of diminution or increase, would have been equally fatal to all connected and independent existences. In contemplating reproduction in single instances, we may perhaps imagine that these variations are trivial in their effects; but the arithmetician will soon recall us, from such ideas, to our senses, and shew us what would be the inevitable consequences of altering the generative power in the roll of ages, or often, indeed, in a single generation. Imagine, then, a miscalculation respecting the fecundity of the shark, and that it should be in excess. Those acquainted with the powers of progressive numbers, need not be told how speedily this excess would accumulate into unsustainable shoals, and that this ferocious fish would first sweep the ocean of its food, and then expire itself. Supposing still, for illustration, that food to be the cod; then the disappearance of the cod, no longer preying on the herring, the herring, in vastly increased numbers, multiplying as before, would, in its turn, destroy the sprat, and itself consequently disappear for want of further sustentation. All this is sufficiently plain; and what at first sight appears to be otherwise, begins to be equally so; namely, that, secondly, an error of deficiency in

any of the animals of prey would be equally fatal with one of excess. Thus, if the shark should, on the contrary, multiply in too slow a ratio in reference to the increase of the cod, the undue accumulation of the latter would press upon their food, which we represent as the herring; these would be destroyed, and then the sprat, left to multiply from such increased numbers, would exhaust the food destined for its support, and expire, after it had thus transmitted devastation through every lessening link of marine existence.

"In again observing that this illustration does not express the precise economy of the piscatory tribes, which is certainly far more complex, (involving, in all probability, almost an infinity of interchanging modes of existence,) I must intimate to those who are prone to disregard, if not deny, what they cannot fully trace and understand, that this complexity forms an essential feature of my entire argument. To perform one grand uniform result by a variety of means almost infinite, surely indicates more of intention and wisdom, and is less liable to the charge of accident and mistake, than if it seemed to be produced by one simple, independent cause. If, then, this chain of connected being is multiplied into ten thousand catenations, and so connected in its involutions as to enclose the whole of animated life, it cannot surely evince less calculation and skill in the artificer, than if it consisted of a few links. The more numerous, therefore, the means by which the universal scheme of Nature is upheld, the more exquisitely exact, instead of careless, must evidently be the calculations respecting each. If, then, the five gradations into which I have divided my exemplification were multiplied into five thousand, as probably they ought to be, it follows, that it is as many times more necessary that the calculations respecting each should be minutely correct.

"In saying, therefore, that the measure of fecundity, in the several orders of animals dependent on each other, is neither erroneous in deficiency nor excess, but precisely accurate, I deliver the argument into the grasp of the computist, to use Dr Johnson's expression, from which I feel certain no human sophistry can rescue it. The first principles of arithmetic, as well as the evidence of our senses, equally prove that numbers and food are balanced."

Having thus stated some of the reasons why animals of prey, eminently sterile through all their tribes, exist at all, Mr Sadler well remarks, how true nature keeps to her rule

through every part of her wide domain. In the newly-discovered islands of the Pacific, there are no large edible quadrupeds; hence, there are no animals of prey to regulate their numbers. In the vast and fertile continent of America, till Columbus, not three centuries ago, landed his small number of horned cattle, and his eight sows, there were none of these animals, nor even sheep; the number of quadrupeds were few, and those principally of the minor tribes; and hence, the beasts of prey seemed to conform exactly to that state of things, there being only one or two of any note, the jaguar and the cougar, which are far less formidable than the ferocious animals of the Old World. But the fishes in the rivers, and on the coasts of that continent, are numerous; and hence, the seal and the cayman abounded. In like manner, the feathered tribes were in immense multitudes; so, therefore, were the serpents. And thus it is, he beautifully adds, that the circle of nature, however enlarged or contracted, must be perfect and complete in itself to be perpetuated; a circle which, to use the illustration of our greatest poet, has been circumscribed by the golden compasses of the Eternal, and which he has filled with his wonders, and satiated with his mercies.

We have seen how numerous tribes of beings "prey upon each other," and the sense in which that expression may be rationally used—nor is there any thing shocking to reason in that ordinance, but, on the contrary, that branch of the economy of nature is as replete with benevolence as any of the rest of the laws of creation. Mr Sadler beautifully shews, that the successive renewal of life throughout the whole of creation swarming with existences, by the intervention of death, is, as it respects all but the first and original race of beings, an ordinance of benevolence, and unless the laws of nature were suspended or reversed, to those likewise; continuing, indeed, the blessing of existence while it can be enjoyed, and when no longer desirable, transferring it to successive myriads of participants, thereby preventing at once a monopoly of the pleasures, as well as a perpetuity of the increasing miseries,

of existence. For only suppose animals not immortal—and what reason have we to think that the removal of those which become the prey of others, is more distressing than that of such as die what is called a natural death, which is a rare case among them, and happily so; as in this instance it would be one of lingering disease, and increasing weakness, terminated often by the most dreadful form of animal suffering—actual famine?

"In the meantime the principle of self-preservation, implanted in them by Nature, may perhaps inspire them with a fear, or rather caution, respecting their enemies; but it may be doubted whether this approaches to constant or painful apprehension; nay, whether it amounts to any thing like the occasional disquietude which human beings feel in respect to their last enemy, whose final triumph they know to be certain, and cannot but anticipate, and which often forms the bitterest ingredient in the cup of human suffering. From this feeling the inferior animals are entirely exempt. Up to the very appearance of danger their fears are not excited, and then its duration is, generally speaking, too short to admit of distinct perceptions of suffering. Instead, therefore, of having life embittered by strong apprehensions, or pursued by relentless diseases, to the last it seems to them a scene of pleasure, as the poet sings of one of the loveliest victims of the master animal of prey:

Pleased to the last he crops his flowery food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.

But, if habitual caution among many of the tribes of life is, however, excited by the circumstance of their being the objects of prey, it calls into action those facilities of escape and means of defence with which all are endowed, the successful exercise of which inspires that sense of conscious security, which, no doubt, administers to their happiness, as it does, under different circumstances, to our own.

"Moreover, familiarized as we are to slaughter, we are, perhaps, ready to transfer our ideas of this mode of sustentation far too largely to the animal creation. I am inclined to think that we mistake in imagining our world to be a kind of immense slaughter-house. Beyond a certain proportion this evidently is not the case; and that proportion, in all probability, will seem smaller, compared with the whole, the more closely we consider the subject. The expression of an author I have all along in my recollection, that of

animals 'preying upon each other,' is capable of a very erroneous interpretation, and, as respects the subject under consideration, leads it to a very false conclusion. Scarcely any species of animal preys upon its own kind; from such a mode of subsistence nearly all rigidly abstain.

"Pursuing this idea as we ought, we shall find that it will almost entirely divest that part of the system of Nature under our consideration, of its apparent terrors. Look where we please, whether to the tribes of earth, air, or ocean, those creatures of prey, which are the objects of dread to those on which they feed, are, compared with the latter, in point of prolificness, sterile; and in point of numbers, few: they are then, to such, rare and solitary beings, and the amount of their depredations is accordingly limited. I mean not to confine this observation to the ferocious monarchs of the various tribes, with whom this is obviously the case, and has been often noticed; but down through all the descending links of carnivorous animals, it holds as strikingly true. The shark is as rare a monster to the cod, as the cod is to the herring; the depredations of both, then, must be limited indeed, compared with the numbers of the entire class. For example, much as game is destroyed in this country, still, probably for a single hawk, there are a thousand partridges; and for a single partridge, ten million ants. Different classes of beings may, indeed, prey upon the same tribe; but still, all the former united, will always be found little numerous, compared with the latter. Thus, though the spider commit devastations upon the same species as the swallow, the numbers of both these are as nothing, compared with those of the flies. Indeed, the minuter, and, as it appears to us, the most defenceless beings, seem to form a sort of life-assurance company amongst themselves, moving together in multitudes, and consequently, the individual risk from weakness and exposure is reduced to almost nothing. The shoals in which the smaller fry of the waters always move, and the clouds in which insects congregate, may illustrate what I mean; not that these associations may not have other purposes, and each individual distinct means of defence, or rather escape, some of which should be particularized, had we opportunity.

"On the whole, then, it is not beyond the scope of possibilities, nor can I think it very unlikely, that those devastations in nature, over which we profess to mourn so much, are, in comparison with the immense numbers exposed to them, the reverse of numerous, possibly indeed not so

common as those premature deaths, from whatever cause, to which our own species is so subject, but from which theirs are almost wholly exempt.

"If the preceding views be just, it is probable that most animals in a state of nature survive through the period of their health and enjoyment, and that their decline then is almost as instantaneous, as we have noticed was their growth; when, to spare them the most cruel of deaths that must otherwise await them all, (that of solitary suffering, terminated by famine,) a numerous class of animals before alluded to, distributed through every element, are commissioned to put an end to their sufferings; whose prey they become. Nature, therefore, in this, as in all other of her operations, acts upon a principle of kindness, and rescues such from a far more acute degree of suffering, than that from which a kind master frees a faithful quadruped, its period of enjoyment over, by a sudden and easy dismissal. Nay, we observe this instinctive propensity to terminate sufferings, when the animals of prey are absent, and consequently the impulse of appetite can have nothing to do with the act; thus notwithstanding the short-sighted speculations of ignorant man, perhaps the deer which joins in concluding the miseries of a comrade he cannot relieve, acts upon a law, impressed by Nature, grounded on substantial kindness."

But what if it be said that the chain of existence so visibly perfect and complete, where Nature is undisturbed in her operations, is as evidently broken, wherever she is greatly interrupted, and that when those animals of prey to which Mr Sadler has been diverting our attention as the preservers of the balance of food and numbers, are driven away, or destroyed, still the rest of creation continues to exist?

"My answer to this final objection brings me to the last and far most important reason of their creation, and continued existence upon our earth; and this has an essential relation to that state of things which the Deity doubtless contemplated when he created our world, and especially to that being whom he condescended to place at the head of it: without whom the universe would have been incomplete, and, with all its infinite myriads of inhabitants, still destitute of a single creature who could recognise the universal Parent,—the temple of Nature void of a single worshipper of its indwelling and presiding Deity,—and that everlasting anthem of praise, with which it resounds, hushed in eternal silence!—

that mysterious being, whom the Eternal has placed, as it were, midway between immensity and nothing; who, though a creature to God, is a god to his creatures, and whom the King of the Universe has crowned with glory, and arrayed with his own vesture of immortality! And to whom, in the language of an ancient poet, he 'has given dominion over the works of his hands, and put all things in subjection under his feet:' or, to express myself in the words of a later writer, and one, perhaps, less objectionable to modern philosophy, '*Principio ipse mundus Deorum hominumque causa factus est: quæque in eo sunt omnia, ea parata ad fructum hominum et inventa sunt.*' Thus is it that all creation, with its unnumbered forms and exquisite adaptations, has a prime and final reference to man.

"And yet, astonishing as the assertion seems, and almost exceeding belief, if we were not perpetually hearing it repeated; touching this one creature, at once the sole genus and species of his kind, whose increase is the most strictly guarded of all others, and who is indeed the most sterile being in existence,—to sustain whom, not only the vegetable kingdom offers its inexhaustible resources, but to whom the whole animal creation, in every element, is surrendered for that special purpose,—it is pronounced that even his food and his numbers are not duly balanced; but, on the contrary, in such grievous disproportion has Nature established the principles of their increase, that, without unnatural or cruel expedients to rectify her errors, present misery must ensue, and in 'a thousand years' (which, with his Creator, is but as one day) the discrepancy would involve him in universal distress, and threaten his final annihilation."

Mr Sadler then proceeds to the proof that numbers and food are balanced, as it respects the last and most perfect work of the Creator—Man—not proving his assertions *here* from a series of arithmetical calculations, involving all the registers of human existence to which the public has access—that he does in his great work to which this Dissertation is an appendix—but discussing it on those more obvious and popular grounds which, however the argument is constructed, must ever form one of its most important branches. Why then, in reference to the human race, do mere animals of prey exist at all in a state of nature? As regulators of the numbers, and consequently as preservers, of animal creation, till man himself ap-

pears—or, in other words, just as long as their office is necessary to him, and no longer, till, as the master animal of prey, he assumes the dominion which they were appointed to preserve for him.

"The history of man presents him to us, in the first stages of society in every country of the world, as comparatively few; and, as dispersed over vast tracts, solitary: his numbers progressively increase, till at length we find him multiplied into mighty nations. At first he reclaims, from the dominion of the wild beasts, but a small part only of the earth, which he gradually extends as his necessities require; making war upon them as he advances, either dispossessing or destroying them, till, at length, they utterly perish from the country, which he fully occupies. Now, if these were necessary in a state of nature to preserve the whole of animal life, by balancing its numbers and proportions, (which I trust has been fully shewn,) then is the utility of these objects of dislike and dread manifest, especially to man: they have actually preserved for him that profuse provision which Nature ordained for his use, till he appears and enjoys it. This, I think, is a true, and by no means a new, view of this important branch of the subject.

"Any material destruction of these ferocious animals, in anticipation, and before mankind were sufficient in numbers to take their place, were it very practicable, we may conclude (if the foregoing reasonings are just) would be injurious; and would be fruitful of calamity rather than of benefit to the remaining tribes of animal life, unless Nature, ever fruitful in resources, should restore the balance in some other way, not very comprehensible to us at present. Practical exemplifications of this fact, it is obviously almost impossible to give: one very interesting instance, however, just rises to my recollection. In the Carolinas, very slenderly peopled even at present, and where the necessities of the inhabitants have not compelled them to have recourse to the supplies which the waters afford, which, though so nutritious and healthful a food, is nevertheless always among the last to which mankind, in general, willingly resort; the cayman, (the American crocodile,) once numerous, has been almost entirely destroyed: hence, says Chateaubriand, the rivers are often infested with the multitudes of fishes which ascend from the ocean, and perish. Here the removal of the check without its substitution, (evidently a breach of the economy of Nature,) is productive of multiplied misery.

"But the steps of the Divine economy, in reference to the larger animals of prey, are, indeed, peculiarly manifest. Their destruction almost always bears a due proportion to the multiplication of mankind: hence the most formidable of them have long since ceased to exist in Europe; and the wolf, which still continues to infest some of its more solitary tracts, will disappear as man advances, as it did long ago from this well-peopled island. Lions thus are no longer found in many parts of the world—in Greece, for instance; and, should population press onward in the eastern and southern quarters of our globe, and spread those useful agricultural pursuits with which it is inseparably connected, the lion will no longer exist, and will be remembered only in tradition, or known to us, as the mammoth, by some unpurished remains of his majestic form.

"The animals of prey, therefore, exist only as preservers of animated creation, for the use of man, and disappear when himself approaches. They are, without a figure of speech, the *locum tenentes* of him who is the master animal of prey throughout the world. The co-existence, then, of these and man, would be incompatible with the scheme of Nature, and would, indeed, destroy, instead of preserving, the balance of food and numbers throughout the edible creation. Mark, therefore, how Nature has interposed insuperable obstacles and barriers against their co-existence, which she knows would be mutually destructive. She has kindled, between these and mankind, the fiercest animosity: other animals may fear man; these join hatred and defiance to fear; they are to each other irreconcilable rivals; when they meet, they either fly or contend to the very death; and no compromise has existed, or ever will exist, by which they shall conjointly prey upon creation. Nor is she satisfied even with this precaution; she has removed all possible temptation from human beings to evade or reverse this important law. The flesh of these animals, as Lord Bacon has observed, whether of beasts or birds, is not edible to man; it is, to use an emphatical word, carrion; man, therefore, has no inducement to favour their increase as forming part of his food; while, on the other hand, all his ingenuity and all his patience cannot tame such to his purposes in other respects; they are, consequently, not only highly dangerous, but utterly worthless, to him. Look at the difference made for this special purpose betwixt an animal of prey and an herbivorous one; compare the elephant and the ox, for instance, with the lion and the tiger;—the first amongst the mightiest

masses of vital power in the creation, are readily reduced to the docility of a child, and the patience of a slave, in the service of man: but where is the second Bacchus, that shall attempt to couple the latter, and yoke them to his car? Buffon, if I rightly recollect, has a fine passage on the docility of the useful animals, compared with the voracious one:—a sentiment happily fully as familiar to the mind of the peasant, as it is to that of the philosopher."

With regard to Man, *all* the operations of nature are conducive to his support. All those numerous causes which contribute to the sustentation of the animal tribes, are again put into requisition on his behalf; and they are multiplied beyond all calculation, while each is rendered infinitely more efficient, so intent does Nature seem to be on her great work of sustaining man. But hear Mr Sadler, in a passage of great power and beauty:

"Here, however, is the place to observe, that the ample provision Nature has made for all creatures, is bestowed upon one indispensable condition; but it is one that contributes to their pleasure, as well as promotes and secures their health: it is exertion. To this Catholic law of Nature man is submitted, and in a severer degree, as we may think when superficially viewing the subject, than all the other tribes of life. But to the stricter operation of this law, he owes the exercise of those powers, mental as well as bodily, by which he rises so greatly superior to them all. It is this which is the means of elevating him through the wide gradations of his own existence, from barbarism to the highest state of civilisation. Moreover, the peculiar nature of that exertion which is required of him, in order to his sustentation, is the cause of that appropriation of the bounties of Nature which is peculiar to his race, and which necessarily lays the foundation of those social and civil institutions which conduce so much to his prosperity. This appropriation, however, which was evidently, in the contemplation of the Creator, as necessary to his existence, involves those striking inequalities in the distribution of the bounties of Nature, which have ever existed in human society, especially in its more civilized stages; and these, again, the Creator has anticipated, implanting deep in the human breast those sacred impulses which prompt the fortunate to distribute of their superfluity to the destitute; thereby awaking mutual feelings which heighten into pleasures, and

more than compensate for the distresses in which they originate. It is thus that, watered by mingling tears of sympathy and sorrow, the heavenly plant of Divine charity is seen rising in all its fragrance and beauty, and bearing its perennial fruits, which are for the healing of the nations. But this feeling is peculiar to man, and is evidently given him to remedy the tendencies of that appropriation to which animal creation is a stranger. Political economists, however, contemplate a system, which shall, in great measure, dispense with this distinguishing virtue of human nature, and which, if realized, would therefore rob humanity of its noblest attribute,—that in which it most resembles the Creator,—and leave it only the selfish instincts of the brutes that perish."

But how stands the proof that Nature is more liberal of her means of support, and more careful to accomplish her purpose in behalf of man, than of all the rest of creation? Why, respecting other orders of animated beings,—severally considered, one only of the kingdoms of nature, either the vegetable or the animal, and that only in strictly limited parts, is generally afforded to their sustentation; respecting man, each is offered, and offered almost without limitation, for the same purpose. If, says Mr Sadler, particular tribes are confined to their own elements in their supply of food, each of these elements yields him its tribute of support, and some of them in unlimited quantities. If different climates and seasons are required to produce the means of subsistence to separate divisions of the family of nature, all the climates, and every season, furnishes his board with their various and successive stores. If astonishing instincts are impressed upon various animals, in order to obtain their necessary supplies, touching man, the godlike attribute of reason, as far surpassing instinct as mental perception does bodily sensation, instructs him to bend all nature to his purposes, and to provide, under all emergencies, for his present and continued sustentation.

The views which Mr Sadler so eloquently opens up on this part of his subject, must set the mind of every thoughtful reader astir, and suggest a thousand reflections on the grandeur of the design of man's earthly condition; and perhaps we

may be pardoned for making a remark or two. The primary physical wants of the human being are food, clothing, shelter, and defence. To supply these, he has cleared and cultivated the earth—he has invented his various arts, and built houses and cities. At first, we see him like the other animals, labouring under the wants which their common nature produces—under sufferings to which they are alike exposed, actuated by passions which boil in their blood,—Hunger, Thirst, the inclemency of the skies, the fear and anger of self-preservation in the midst of powerful and inflammable enemies. Hunger and Thirst cultivate the earth. Fear builds castles and embattles cities. The animal is clothed by nature against cold and storm, and shelters himself in his den. Man builds his habitation, and weaves his clothing. With horns, or teeth, or claws, the strong and deadly weapons with which nature has furnished them, the animal kinds wage their war; he forges swords and spears, and constructs implements of destruction that will send death almost as far as his eye can mark his foe, and sweep down thousands together. The animal that goes in quest of his food, that pursues or flies from his enemy, has feet, or wings, or fins; but man bids the horse, the camel, the elephant, bear him, and yokes them to his chariot. If the strong animal would cross the river, he swims. Man spans it with a bridge. But the most powerful of them all stands on the beach and gazes on the ocean. Man constructs a ship, and encircles the globe. Other creatures must traverse the element nature has assigned, with means she has furnished. He chooses his element, and makes his means. Can the fish traverse the waters? So can he. Can the bird fly the air? So can he. Can the camel speed over the desert? He shall bear man as his rider.

But to see what he owes to inventive art, we should compare man, not with inferior creatures, but with himself, looking over the face of human society, as history or observation shews it. We shall find him almost sharing the life of brutes, or removed from them by innumerable differences, and incalculable degrees. In

one place we see him harbouring in caves, naked, living, we might almost say, on prey, seeking from chance his wretched sustenance, food which he eats just as he finds it. This extreme degradation is rare; perhaps nowhere are *all* these circumstances of destitution found together—but still they *are* found, fearfully admonishing us of our nature. Man has as yet done nothing for himself—his own hands have done nothing for him—he lives like a beggar on the alms of nature. Turn to another land, and you see the face of the earth covered with the works of his hand—his habitation, wide-spreading, stately cities—his clothing and the ornaments of his person culled and fashioned from the three kingdoms of nature. For his food, the face of the earth bears him tribute; and the seasons and changes of heaven concur with his own art in ministering to his board.

This is the difference which man has made in his own condition by the use of his intellectual powers, awakened and goaded on by the necessities of his physical constitution. He stands naked in the midst of nature, but armed with powers which will make him her sovereign lord. Want, Pain, and Death, howling in the forest, urge him on, and he rouses up the powers of his invincible mind to the contention with physical evil. It is not his hand alone that delivers him from this lot of affliction; but it is his mind working in that powerful organ. His first food is from nature's bounty; his next is from his own art. He sees that the seeds she casts into the ground spring up with another season. He casts them in, and waits for the season. He then, at her guidance, chooses the soil and prepares it; and thus his first step towards the conquest of nature, is to observe her own silent and mysterious operations.

The early history of the great primary arts of life, their origin, and the first steps of their progress, lie buried in the darkness of antiquity; but thus much we may understand, that man found himself in the midst of a world teeming with natural productions, and full of the operation of natural powers offering him benefit, or menacing him with destruction. The various knowledge, the endlessly multiplied arts, by which he fills

his life with the supplies of its great necessities, and with all its great resources of security and power, or with which he adorns it, are all merely the regulated application of powers of nature acting at his discretion upon her own substances and productions. But the various knowledge, the endlessly multiplied observation, the experience and reasonings of man added to man, of generation following generation, which were required to bring to a moderate state of advancement the great primary arts subservient to physical life,—the arts of providing food, habitation, clothing, and defence, to man, *we* are utterly unable to conceive. We are *born* to the knowledge, which was collected at first by the labours of many generations. How slowly with continual accessions of knowledge were those arts reared up which still remain to us! How many arts which had laboriously been brought to perfection, have been displaced by superior invention, and fallen into oblivion? Fenced in as we are by the works of our predecessors, we see but a small part of the power of man contending with the difficulties of his lot. But what a wonderful scene would be opened up before our eyes, with what intense interest should we look on, if we could indeed behold man armed only with his own implanted powers, and going forth to conquer the creation! If we could see him beginning by subduing evils, and supplying painful wants; going on to turn those evils and wants into the means of enjoyment—and at length, in the wantonness and pride of his power, filling his existence with luxuries! If we could see him from his first step, in the untamed though fruitful wilderness, advancing to subdue the soil, to tame and multiply the herds,—from bending the branches into a bower, to fell the forest and quarry the rock,—seizing into his own hands the element of fire, directing its action on substances got from the bowels of the earth,—fashioning wood, and stone, and metal, to the will of his thought,—searching the nature of plants to spin their fibres, or with their virtues to heal his disease;—if we could see him raise his first cities, launch his first ship, calling the winds and waters to be his

servants, and to do his work,—changing the face of the earth,—forming lakes and rivers,—joining seas, or stretching the continent itself into the dominion of the sea;—if we could do all this in imagination, then should we understand something of what man's intellect has done for his physical life, and what the necessities of his physical life have done in forcing into action all the powers of his intelligence.

But there are still higher considerations arising from the influence of man's physical necessities on the destiny of the species. It is this subjugation of natural evil, and this created dominion of art, that prepares the earth to be the scene of his social existence. His hard conquest was not the end of his toil. He has conquered the kingdom in which he was to dwell in his state. That full unfolding of his moral powers to which he is called, was only possible in those states of society which are thus brought into being by his conflict with all his physical faculties against all the stubborn powers of the material universe; for out of the same conquest Wealth is created. In this progress, and by means thus brought into action, the orders and classes of society are divided; Property itself, the allotment of the earth, takes place, because it is the bosom of the earth that yields food. That great foundation of the stability of communities is thus connected with the same necessity; and in the same progress, and out of the same causes, arise the first great Laws by which society is held together in order. Thus that whole wonderful development of the Moral Nature of man, in all those various forms which fill up the history of the race, in part arises out of, and is always intimately blended with, the labours to which he has been aroused by those first great necessities of his physical nature. But had the tendency to increase his numbers been out of all proportion to the means provided by nature and infinitely multipliable by art, for the subsistence of human beings, how could this magnificent march have moved on?

Hence we may understand on what ground the ancient nations revered so highly, and even deified the authors of the primary arts of life. They

considered not the supply of the animal wants merely; but they contemplated that mighty change in the condition of mankind to which these arts have given origin. It is on this ground that they had raised the character of human life, that Virgil assigns them their place in the dwellings of bliss, among devoted patriots and holy priests, among those whom song or prophecy had inspired, among those benefactors of men whose names were to live for ever in their memory, giving his own most beautiful expression to the common sentiment of mankind.

"Hic manus ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi,

Quique sacerdotes casti, dum vita manebat,

Quique pii vates, et Phœbo digna locuti,
Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes,
Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo;
Omnibus his niveâ cinguntur tempora vittâ."

True, that in savage life men starve. But is that any proof that nature has cursed the race with a fatal tendency to multiply beyond the means of subsistence? None whatever. Attend for a little to this point. Of the real power of the bodily appetites for food, and the sway they may attain over the moral nature of the mind, we, who are protected by our place among the arrangements of civil society from greatly suffering under it, can, indeed, form no adequate conception. Let us not now speak of those dreadful enormities which, in the midst of dismal famine, are recorded to have been perpetrated by civilized men, when the whole moral soul, with all its strongest affections and instinctive abhorrences, has sunk prostrate under the force of that animal suffering. But the power of which we speak, as attained by this animal feeling, subsists habitually among whole tribes and nations. It is that power which it acquires over the mind of the savage, who is frequently exposed to suffer its severity, and who hunts for himself the food with which he is to appease it. Compare the mind of the human being as you are accustomed to behold him, knowing the return of this sensation only as a grateful incitement to take the ready nourishment which is spread for his repast, with that of his fellow-man, bearing through the

lonely woods the gnawing pang that goads him to his prey. Hunger is in his heart; hunger bears along his unfatiguing feet; hunger lies in the strength of his arm; hunger watches in his eye; hunger listens in his ear; as he couches down in his covert, silently waiting the approach of his expected spoil, this is the sole thought that fills his aching mind—"I shall satisfy my hunger!" When his deadly aim has brought his victim to the ground, this is the thought that springs up as he rushes to seize it, "I have got food for my hungry soul!" What must be the usurpation of animal nature here over the whole man! It is not merely the simple pain, as if it were the forlornness of a human creature bearing about his famishing existence in helplessness and despair—though that, too, is indeed a true picture of some states of our race;—but here he is not a suffering and sinking wretch—he is a strong hunter, and puts forth his strength fiercely under the urgency of this pain. All his might in the chase, all pride of speed, and strength, and skill—all thoughts of long and hard endurance—all images of perils past—all remembrances and all foresight—are gathered on that one strong and keen desire—are bound down to the sense of that one bitter animal want. These feelings recurring day by day in the sole toil of his life, bring upon his soul a vehemence and power of desire in this object, of which we can have no conception, till he becomes subjected to hunger as a mighty animal passion—a passion such as it rages in those fierce animal kinds which it drives with such ferocity on their prey. He knows hunger as the wolf knows it—he goes forth with his burning heart, like the tiger to lap blood. But turn to man in another condition to which he has been brought by the very agency of his physical on his intellectual and moral being! How far removed is he now from that daily contention with such evils as these! How much does he feel himself assured against them by belonging to the great confederacy of social life! How much is it veiled from his eyes by the many artificial circumstances in which the satisfaction of the want is involved. The work in which he labours the whole day

—on which his eyes are fixed and his hands toil—is something altogether unconnected with his own wants—connected with distant wants and purposes of a thousand other men in which he has no participation. And as far as it is a work of skill, he has to fix his mind on objects and purposes so totally removed from himself, that they all tend still more to sever his thoughts from his own necessities; and thus it is that civilization raises his moral character, when it protects almost every human being in a country from that subjection to this passion, to which even noble tribes are bound down in the wildernesses of nature.

Yet it is the most melancholy part of all the speculation that is suggested by the condition of men, to observe what a wide gloom is cast over their souls by this severe necessity, which is nevertheless the great and constant course of the improvement of their condition. It is not suffering alone—for *that* they may be injured to bear,—but the darkness of the understanding, and the darkness of the heart, which comes on under the oppression of toil, that is miserable to see. Our fellow-men, born with the same spirits as ourselves, seem yet denied the common privileges of that spirit. They seem to bring faculties into the world that cannot be unfolded, and powers of affection and desire, which, not their fault, but the lot of their birth, will pervert and degrade. There is an humiliation laid upon our nature in the doom which seems thus to rest upon a great portion of our species, which, while it requires our most considerate compassion for those who are thus depressed, compels us to humble ourselves under the sense of our own participation in the nature from which it flows. Therefore, in estimating the worth, the virtue of our fellow men, whom Providence has placed in a lot that yields to them the means, and little more than the means, of supporting life in themselves and those born of them, let us never forget how intimate is the necessary union between the wants of the body and the thoughts of the soul. Let us remember, that over a great proportion of all humanity, the soul is in a struggle for its independence and

power with the necessities of that nature in which it is enveloped. It has to support itself against sickening, or irritating, or maddening thoughts, inspired by weariness, lassitude, want, or the fear of want. It is chained down to the earth by the influence of one great and constant occupation—that of providing the means of its mortal existence. When it shews itself shook and agitated, or overcome in the struggle, what ought to be the thoughts and feelings in the considerate soul of wisdom for poor humanity? When, on the other hand, we see nature preserving itself pure, bold, and happy amidst the perpetual threatenings or assaults of those evils from which it cannot fly, and, though oppressed by its own weary wants, forgetting them all in that love which ministers to the wants of others—when we see the brow wrinkled and drenched by incessant toil, the body, in the power of its prime, bowed down to the dust, and the whole frame in which the immortal spirit abides marked, but not dishonoured, by its slavery to fate;—and when, in the midst of all this ceaseless depression and oppression, from which man must never hope to escape on earth, we see him still seeking and still finding joy, delight, and happiness in the finer affections and loves and desires of his spiritual being, giving to the lips of those he loves the scanty morsel earned by his own hungry and thirsty toil, purchasing by sweat, sickness, and fever, Education and Instruction and Religion to the young creatures who delight the soul of him who is starving for their sakes, resting with gratitude on that day, whose return is ever like a fresh fountain to his exhausted and weary heart, and preserving a profound and high sense of his own immortality among all the earth-born toils and troubles that would in vain chain him down to the dust,—when we see all this, and think of all this, we feel indeed how rich may be the poorest of the poor, and learn to respect the moral being of man in its triumphs over the power of his physical nature. But we do not learn to doubt or deny the wisdom of the Creator. We do not learn from all these struggles, and all these defeats, and all these victories, and all these triumphs, that God sent

us his creatures into this life to starve, for that the air, the earth, and the waters have not wherewith to feed the mouths that gape for food through all the elements! Nor do we learn that want is a crime, and poverty a sin—and that they who *would* toil, but cannot, and they who *can* toil, but have no work set before them, are intruders at Nature's table, and must be driven by those who are able to pay for their seats to famine, starvation, and death—almost denied a burial!

But to return to Mr Sadler from the episode into which we have been led away from the main action of his argument. He goes on to expatiate, not only on the command given to man over "edible nature," but along with it the wonderful faculty of increasing the productiveness of any part thereof which may be most suitable or agreeable to him.

"Take a single example, and let that be the most important one;—wheat. Dioscorus Siculus informs us, this is indigenous in Sicily, his native country. There is still said to be in that island a species of wild wheat, but which is, perhaps, compared with the cultivated, what wild oats (with which most of us are familiar) are, compared with our present samples of that grain—barren and unproductive; but let this wheat be duly cultivated in a soil prepared by human industry, and we are informed by Pliny it has been known to yield from 300 to 400 grains for 1; and Herodotus assures us, on his own authority as an eye-witness, that from 200 to 300 was the regular return in Babylonia. Perhaps these ancients may be doubted; not, however, by those who are acquainted with the creative powers of human industry. Du Hamel informs us that he has seen barley produce 4800 fold; and, to return to the former plant, wheat, a scientific countryman of our own, Miller—a name well known in the annals of culture—performed an experiment in the botanical garden of Cambridge, of which he was curator, by which a single grain of red wheat returned 22,109 ears, and 566,800 grains. Had he carried his division of the root one step further, which, he says, other experiments convinced him was fully practicable, he should have obtained ten times the quantity from the same single grain; namely, between five and six million-fold increase. This is recorded in the Transactions of the Royal Society for 1768, and verified by Dr Watson."

He then speaks of the faculty man has above all other animals of sustaining life, with the least inconvenience, in the widest range of climate, and of that provision of nature by which such faculty is rendered of avail, namely, that those productions, whether vegetable or animal, on which he chiefly depends for subsistence, are endued with a capability of enduring a similar change. Thus, for example, Von Buch found the business of pasturage advantageously pursued, and even grain healthy and prolific, and succeeding admirably, some degrees within the arctic circle, on the verge of the 70th degree of northern latitude. As the climate varies, so does the necessity of clothing; nature, says he, still wears his livery wherever he moves. In the hot climates, silk and cotton are presented to him; in the temperate ones, these yield to the finer wools; which, as the latitude northern, become thicker and more plentiful, till, in the frozen regions, fur, much the warmest of all coverings, is produced in abundance.

"Should it be attempted to evade the force of this argument, by attributing all these changes to the operation of physical causes, what shall be said of a more irresistible proof of the same cheering truth—the plain intention of Nature, to support in comfort human beings in every climate, namely, that when she can vary the different tribes of creation no further, without destroying their character, then, for his sake, she creates new ones, so obviously adapted to his local necessities, that he could not continue to exist without them? Take two examples, and two only; one from each of those parts of the globe which are justly conceived to be the least friendly to human life, and consequently the most needing such extraordinary aids; the first, from the torrid zone, and let the camel be the instance. This singular animal, in the first place, has, of course, to be adapted to the peculiarities of the climate, in order to its own existence; and this is strikingly the case. In a region where there is little vegetation, and less moisture, Nature has constructed its muscular frame on the most spare and economical principles; on such, therefore, as demand the smallest supplies: hence, it requires little food, which, to make the most of, it ruminates; it must consume that food hard and dry: it has, consequently, great muscular force in the jaw,

Above all, it is probably beyond any other quadruped in creation patient of continued thirst; a quality which, in such a region, seems to reverse the very nature of things; and yet, without this one singular provision, all the rest would have been of no avail, in so parched and weary a land as it has to inhabit. Other anatomical adaptations might be pointed out, but I shall merely mention its hoof; this is lined with a lump of flesh, which would, in great measure, prevent its utility in the hard and mountainous district of Europe; but which is plainly adapted to the dry, sandy, and level soil it has to traverse. But all these peculiarities, so necessary to its own being, subserve that of man. The flesh is acceptable; the milk nutritious; while the patience and gentleness with which Nature has endued it, have rendered it the obedient slave of the human species. In short, to use the words of an author not generally accused of enthusiasm, Volney, 'So great is the importance of the camel to the desert, that were it deprived of that useful animal, it must infallibly lose every inhabitant.'

"Look next at the frigid zone, in its more remote recesses, where Nature seems to be so sparing in all that is necessary to life, and so profuse in what is deemed hostile to it; where the cattle, accounted essential to our comfort, if not to our existence, could not, generally speaking, either live or be fed through the long and rigorous winter which is there experienced, and which, if they could be preserved during that period, would not answer the necessary purposes to which we apply them. Is, then, the Laplander deserted by Providence? On the contrary, it has presented, exclusively, to him one of the noblest animals in existence; and in its formation, has so economised the scanty means of nature, as to unite at once the valuable properties of almost every other—and all adapted, specially, to the peculiar station it has to occupy. I need not say I allude to the rein-deer, a quadruped which comprises every thing he wants, either for life, convenience, or luxury. Its milk rivals that of the cow; its flesh that of our deer; its fleetness and docility those of the horse; and he that placed him there, so contrived that part of the frame which I have alluded to in the other instance, that the hoof of this wonderful and interesting animal should, contrary to its own genius elsewhere, spread out, and become, literally speaking, a snow-shoe; so that it can convey its owner over that mantle of snow which covers, for so long a portion of the year, rocks and valleys, woods and plains, lakes and streams,—with an incre-

dible swiftness, where no horse could travel at all, if he could even live. Without sustenance, the gift, however, would be of no avail: this is anticipated and supplied. In that rigorous climate, so adverse to vegetation through the greatest part of the year, a moss is, nevertheless, produced in profusion, hardly found in other climates, where it would be of little use; this the animal finds beneath the snow by a peculiar instinct, and by this it is amply sustained. This is a single evidence that the Supreme cares even for the humblest of human beings, the Laplander; and I could no more bring myself to believe that it is not to His plain intention that he is indebted for his sustenance, or that such sustenance was insufficient, than I could, that the noble animal on which his existence depends, is the product of an animated film fed upon moss, which never rested in its improving efforts, till it supplied itself with snow shoes.

"In a word, all the laws of the vegetable, as well as the nature of animal, existence, are plainly subservient to the solace and sustentation of human beings; and, in pursuing the proof of this to whatever limits, we should not be in the predicament of some who think that miracles end where knowledge begins; but, on the contrary, we should find that, as our knowledge increased, the miracle of the Divine wisdom and benevolence would enlarge, till the feeding of an ancient Seer in the wilderness of Carmel by ravens, would seem to make a far less demand upon the prescience and the power of the Deity, than the constant and mysterious operation of that endless chain of causes and effects, receiving its primary impulse from the same power, by which every single being, rational or irrational, is sustained and fed. We have, indeed, obscured our intellects, and benumbed our feelings, by making use of words that, strictly speaking, as we too frequently employ them, have no meaning. We talk of causes and effects, as words of course, quite plain in their signification to the slenderest capacity. As expressing facts deduced from our observation of the laws of Nature, this phraseology may be allowable; but when we have observed two or more facts in a certain, constant connexion with each other, and have remarked the order of their priority, we are as far as ever from furnishing, either to the judgment or the imagination, any light as to the reason of such connexion. The motions of a grain of sand conform to certain laws which we have observed upon, and to this conformity we give a name,—attraction; but we know as little about the nature of

this attraction as the unprotected child hurt by the fall it has occasioned. What are, therefore, denominated causes, are nothing more than determinations of the Deity; which, as founded in infinite wisdom, may be uniform and unchangeable in their nature. If, therefore, I put into the earth a seed, 'it may chance be of wheat or some other grain,' and trace the miracle of vegetation from its commencement to its completion, when I observe it has extracted from the earth matter hundreds of times its own weight, and of a nature totally dissimilar to the elements from whence it springs, and for purposes essentially different, I may notice, throughout, a number of connected effects, but I discern no cause beyond the will of the Deity. In like manner, if I regard the purposes for which this crop of grain is evidently designed, namely, for food, and when, becoming such, it is, by quite as inexplicable a process, partly converted into an animal substance, and becomes a portion of myself, I again discern effects, but no causes, beyond the will of the Deity. It is thus, therefore, that I have treated the subject under consideration throughout. In establishing the balance between life and its sustentation, I have pointed at the plain indications of the Supreme will; that will once ascertained, it is as plain as the indissoluble connexion between what are called causes and effects, that the balance of food and numbers is eternally established."

Mr Sadler, in a former part of his Dissertation, has spoken, as we have seen, of certain facts regarding migratory animals, which have reference to themselves, but he now alludes to others which refer plainly to the welfare of our species. Nature thus affords a timely supply of sustentation to human beings, especially in the first stages of society, when their numbers are few, and the earth but partially cultivated. Many edible quadrupeds, as Chateaubriand says, have the periods of their migration as exactly calculated, as that of birds, and like them, evidently accommodated to the utility and necessities of men. Then, if we look to the sea—from the prolific North, what innumerable shoals are sent forth and directed, by some mysterious impulse, to all the shores! Only think of the pigeon species in North America! The amount of a single flight of them steering towards the North, in order to supply that less fruitful region with abun-

dance, was calculated by Alexander Wilson, the celebrated Scottish ornithologist, to amount to 2,230,272,000, or at least a brace of pigeons each to every man, woman, and child in the world! Our insular position, Mr Sadler observes, prevents us from witnessing the migration of quadrupeds; and as to the fishes and the fowls, which obey the same benevolent law, the unexampled richness of our internal resources enables us to overlook the addition to our food which the air and the ocean offer to our acceptance, unless with a view to vary our luxuriant repasts. But place us, he adds, in the inhospitable regions of nature, and how should we then regard the subject? This amazing provision would appear as a perpetual repetition of the ancient miracle of the wilderness; and none who were not divested of reason, as well as feeling, would fail to recognise, in the timely supply, that hand so visibly stretched forth in behalf of his offspring.

But there is another important purpose to be answered by the migratory principle. Mr Sadler ventures to suggest that Nature, in imposing it on so many and most important orders of animal beings, purposed to disperse them over the habitable globe, as so many seeds of future increase, wherever man should be found to avail himself of the boon. The cow probably was, in its untamed state, migratory; the deer certainly is; and when we add the great number of birds that are—all useful to man—Mr Sadler's suggestion seems right. Indeed, of all the migratory tribes, he observes, those, and those only, are capable of being domesticated and retained, that are serviceable for human sustenance.

"In closing these thoughts on the nature and objects of the migratory principle in animal creation, I would pause to ask, who can trace, even in a single instance, those dependent and connected laws of nature by which these supplies are afforded to man? Who can trace the different stages of their progressive preparation, or measure, even in thought, the vastness of the repast which is ever pouring forth in its full maturity? Deep in the unfathomable ocean, or concealed in the wild and wooded wastes of the inaccessible north, the mighty process is, while we are thus feebly essaying to speak con-

cerning it, proceeding unobserved, in a never-ending succession of renewals and completions. Meantime, these innumerable flights are almost untouched, and the inexhaustible bounties of the ocean barely tasted; and no wonder; for the mother Earth herself, nowhere fully cultivated, lies in many of her most fertile regions totally neglected. Man, nevertheless, age after age, has become more and more fastidious in the choice of his food, and more profuse in its use; till, in this period of culpable luxury, the cry of prospective famine is raised—a cry, of which all the elements re-echo the falsehood, and which rises to the throne of the Eternal as an insult on all those perfections through which he condescends to the very senses of mankind."

Near the end of the Dissertation, Mr Sadler, after having proved all his positions, and established the balance of the food and numbers of animated nature, alludes finely to a system of reasoning pursued by the wisest of the heathen philosophers, which he thinks specially applicable to the present subject. Thus they inferred immortality from the intense desire for it implanted in the human soul, because, as far as they had scanned nature, they saw no desire without its appropriate gratification. Look again at the senses. For which of them has not the Deity provided an adequate and appropriate gratification? If, says he, very beautifully, when the sense of sight is awakened, it opens to a flood of "bright effluence of bright essence increate," perfectly sufficient for its purpose, namely, to drink in the surrounding works of the Deity,—can we, can any man believe that that eye must wax dim, and become dark for ever, because another and a neighbouring sense, on which all the rest depend, which equally longs for gratification, and is equally capable of being gratified, has no supply of its wants and desires, but is doomed to suffering, privation, and destruction? No! The mouth, the teeth, the stomach of man are guarantees that God has provided him with subsistence—these are "patents for food," that the Deity himself has granted; proofs, indeed, that numbers and food are balanced.

The Dissertation closes with a noble passage—than which indeed we know few passages nobler in modern English prose. Mr Sadler has been

pointing to the actual condition and existence of animated beings, in full proof that their numbers and food are balanced. Nothing can be clearer, he truly says, than that animal happiness is totally irreconcilable with an insufficiency of food. If there be the alleged tendency in all animated life to increase beyond the "nourishment provided for it"—if nature has scattered existence with profusion, but has been sparing in its sustentation, then must there be universal misery through every tribe of the animal creation. But he appeals to human experience if this be the case.

"To advert to that part of animated nature, of which man takes little or no heed, and which is generally removed beyond the limits of his interference: I ask, are they seen multiplying around us in unsustainable numbers? After having represented nature as an arena of universal carnage, where her offspring are

'Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying;—

are these warring germs of existence, though still feeding upon each other, starving? Does nature, I ask, exhibit these scenes of unceasing strife and confusion, where slaughter is the sole and evident business of life; to which want and famine are to be superadded, to rectify the constant tendency to redundancy? Do the insects sport awhile in the air, and, before their natural date of being, drop by exhausted myriads, and strew the ground with expiring animation? Do the birds pour their faltering and unfinished songs, and, adorned with the mockery of beauty and gaiety, drop from the branches, and flutter, and die at our feet? Do the fishes, increasing so as to spread the devastation through the other element, become torpid and expire by millions, till the pure medium to which they appertain is polluted with their floating carcasses? Or, if these queries be dismissed through the door of absurdity, by saying that the constant tendency of all these tribes of beings to have too little food, is accompanied by a constant tendency to an excess of it; which is precisely the argument founded on mutual destruction, as the case is put by those who maintain the superfecundity of all animated nature; to stop at once this loophole of retreat, let us ask whether those animals, on which none others prey, are, in their native haunts, seen in this constant state of inanition and death, which would be the inevitable consequence of their increasing beyond the balance of

their food. Is the eagle of the north seen thus pining away; with that eye which lit its fires at the meridian blaze faded; with those pinions with which he once scaled the heavens, drooping; and the mighty talons with which he was wont to strike and destroy, powerless and relaxed;—dying for want of food? Or is the majestic monarch of the animal creation, the lion, found in his native seats, thus subdued and quailed by want, till, weak and cowardly, he becomes the ready prey of every careless obtruder: or otherwise has he to raven on his species in default of other food, till his haunts are strewn with the carcasses of his own kind? I repeat the question, is the scene of nature one of general suffering, agony, and death? No:—such a condition, as it respects the universal number of existences, is as a single exception to the vast plurality of cases; as it regards that single exception, the moment of actual suffering is probably short, in comparison with the allotted term of enjoyment; nor can even that individual instance be traced to an insufficiency in the general provision of Nature for all animated beings.

"Turn we then from the view of this phantasma, formed by distorted principles and distempered feelings, to the contemplation of nature, in the sober lights of philosophy and truth. Let her secluded haunts be open to the inspection, I care not of whom, so that he have an eye to see, and a heart to feel, the happiness of her animated progeny. Without sending such a one with Humboldt to the southern regions, swarming with universal animation; or with Acerbi to the north, which, notwithstanding our notions of it as a dreary solitude, is probably, both on earth and ocean, at least as luxuriant of life, let him penetrate into the wilder scenery with which this country even yet abounds, or lose himself in the seclusion of some of those afforested demesnes which still exhibit nature in her loveliest, because most unconstrained attitudes, and which recall to our ideas that paradise which the poet of England has taught imagination to restore. There, on the wane of some summer's day, and before the animal tribes have retired to their timely repose, let him lay himself down upon 'the sloping cowslip-covered bank,' and, shaded by a canopy of flowering and luxuriant foliage, look and listen. He will find, according to a celebrated observer of nature, all the animal tribes, down to the insects, wallowing in luxury; or, as Paley says of them, 'so happy as not to know what to do with themselves.' Close to his eye, to which the clearness of the air and the nearness of the objects give a sort of mi-

microscopic acuteness, he sees innumerable insects, many of which, if he is not a practised entomologist, are minute and brilliant strangers; and if he is, are constantly putting his knowledge to a severe test; all full of life and enjoyment, leaping about with incredible agility, climbing up the spiry grass, or disporting on the flowers with which it is embroidered; amongst these the bee is plying its busy harvest, and filling up every interval of labour with its song; a conspicuous example, perhaps, of the happy business of every inferior wing. If he chance to look to the roots of his verdant pillow, still he sees nature swarming with animation; innumerable terrene insects strike his notice, many of them, perhaps, resting during the sultry hours, but whose labours he would have witnessed had he been there at the dewy dawn instead of the close of the day, in innumerable shining threads suspended from every point of grass, and investing the whole surface of the meads with a film of inconceivable fineness and lustre. Whichever way he looks, there is not a plant or a flower without its appropriate population. Further from him he sees throngs still more innumerable,

‘Which flutter joyous in the solar beam,
And fill the air, or float the dimpling stream;’

all expressing, as far as motion and appearance without language can express it, the utmost measure of enjoyment. Nor are even sounds wanting to signify the reign of universal pleasure. Far more unequivocal than the busy noise arising from the crowded haunts of human beings, is that continuous murmur of unnumbered wings, and the ceaseless hum, with which their universal occupation is plied, which soothes and falls upon the ear in one continued and unbroken unison, save when the exulting songs of the painted birds, responding in innocent rivalry, add melody to this pleasing and perpetual note of harmonious nature. In the shallows of the clear stream which flows babbling at his foot, he sees multitudes of existences which flit along like living shadows full of activity and pleasure: while dimpling its surface, or gathering in clouds above it, another order of beings, that of insects of different tribes and various degrees of brilliancy, are disporting; forming a world

of their own, replete with equal plenty and joyousness. The wild animals, meantime, occasionally scud past him, intent upon their pastime, from which his intrusion on their haunts startles them; some of the nobler ones, whose stately forms excite his admiration, gaze at him at a distance, and pass on. Through an opening vista of the wooded solitude, he sees a whole herd of these moving as by one impulse; every motion as buoyant as though they were almost aerial. And far beyond the bounds of the surrounding domain, a still more magnificent prospect spreads before him. The surface of the earth, to the distant horizon, is tessellated with enclosures, and glows with many coloured crops. Here the pastures are clothed with flocks; there the valleys are covered over with corn; the little hills rejoice on every side; they shout for joy, they also sing! Human habitations are sprinkled over the prospect, like gems on the mantle of nature; and here and there they cluster into a town; while the temples of Divine worship, ‘which point with taper spire to heaven,’ are seen, rising as far as the eye can stretch, and crown the happy prospect with the proof, that mankind are neither insensate nor ungrateful; that they know who it is that ‘gives them rain and fruitful seasons, filling their hearts with food and gladness.’ He gazes till the tints of day fade, and the glorious prospect recedes from his sight. The busy tribes of life are hushed in repose, one solitary and unrivalled songster only keeps up the vigil in the temple of nature, but in what strains does she ‘charm the listening shades, and teach the night his praise!’ He looks up and beholds the eternal stars successively rekindling their fires, and resuming their courses; and the moon walking forth in her brightness. All the near and transitory scenes of nature thus cut off, the soul calls home its scattered thoughts, and centres them in loftier meditations concerning that mysterious being, whose works it had just been contemplating, and who now appears more intimately and awfully present. He rises, and retires to his wonted place: in a frame of solemn devotion which recognises the Deity alone, and him only in his one sacred attribute of unbounded and everlasting goodness.”

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A REJECTED Contributor is the bitterest of all enemies—but likewise the most impotent. To be rejected seems worse than to be cut up—and yet reason says that to be buried in the Balaam-Box is not so bad as to be scarified by the Knout. Observe—We never insult our Contributors, gentle or simple, as many editors do—but simply send the stupid ones asleep among the sunphs. Why then all that spleen—bile—and gall spluttered on Maga by unsuccessful suitors? Though she,—capricious coquette,—repels, rejects, shuns, or declines their amorous advances, yet never never does she, like some vain beauties we could name, blab to the public ear the secret of their discountenanced loves. Why then should they themselves betray it, by sneakingly seeking to disparage her peerless charms? A single syllable muttered against Maga lets the cat out of the bag—and all the world exclaims, “Oh, ho!” Thenceforth the whey-faced whiner is known wherever he goes, to be a rejected article—other Magas look on him with suspicious eyes, conjecturing that there must be something amiss—and he dies at last of the yellow or black jaundice. Such conduct, to say the least of it, is very ungrateful. Were Maga to encourage the advances of elderly gentlemen, by softly treading upon their toes, laying her silken hand of long, white, slender, pink-nailed fingers on their arm, and with her warm, red, balmy mouth, almost touching their ear, asking in a silvery whisper “If it did not thunder”—shrinking to their side all the while, with her frame all on the tremor like a sensitive plant quivering to the touch, then indeed would it be highly culpable in her, the coquette, to say—in reply to the question when popped—“No—no—sir—you must excuse me—no—no—no!” And were she to add to the cruelty of refusal, the shame of exposure, publishing a monthly list of all the wretches who for her sake must wear the willow—then indeed might the rejected articles, unsatisfied with sympathy, call aloud for punishment. But how far different is her conduct! Never does she consign a suitor to the Balaam-Box without a tear! She sighs to see the tin-lid heaving to the “hotch” of the poor Contributor below! She shudders when

“ awhile the living hill
Heaves with convulsive throes, and all is still.”

But farther. Though rejected twenty times, if you be a man or woman of talents or genius, persevere; and who knows but that on the twenty-first attempt, “Your joy is like a deep affright,” to find yourself figuring before the whole world in a leading article? Some people are so huffy! An Editor must in with their article instanter—that very month—though perhaps the parcel arrives on the twentieth—the very day our excellent friend, Captain Bain, has gone blazing away out of the mouth of the Frith with the James Watt rejoicing in a ten thousand impression of a double number. Had his article been the only article in the whole wide world, it might perhaps have had some small chance of insertion—some time or other—before he died; but when you consider, that, on the very day his article arrived—and not only on that day, but every day before or since—scores of articles, over and above his article, had come flying from “a’ the airts the win’ can blaw”—an absolute shower of whitey-brown—you must see at once that there was no more chance of his article in particular being snapt up by Maga, than of any one particular fly being snapt up by one trout when all the Tweed was alive with green-tails. Yet the idiot—if he will allow us to call him so—after searching in vain all through our July number for his article—even among the Deaths and Marriages, and in among the Appendix of Bills—scrawls his rage by return of post—screeching for his article—the restoration of his article—totally unaware—O the blind minds of men!—that his article had, on the very day of its arrival in Modern Athens, received Christian Burial, along with many other unfortunates who had been swept off by the same epidemic, and interred deep down below the power of Hare or Knox, under the Balaam-Box, that Patent SAFE.

Such contributors continue clamorous for years. Some of them go mad—others get silly; but though they never tax the elements with unkindness, they never cease abusing Old Christopher North, who keeps his temper to a miracle—lets them weary the Post-office with letters “unanswered, disappointed, unreceived,”—and merely once a-month wishes them and their articles all at the devil.

Now we put it to all such impatient and irritable contributors, if it be not most unreasonable to lose their tempers at that rate, and to take offence when and where no offence is intended, but, on the other hand, the utmost amenity and mild manners? Time and tide wait for no man, and chance rules the world. Are we alone to be denied the privilege of submission to these powers? What though their articles “rot in cold obstruction” for a time, times, and half a time? Think of the thousand and one causes that may have, without much or any blame on our part, condemned them to a temporary or an eternal oblivion! How often are jewels *mis-laid*? “We hunt half a day for a forgotten dream,” nor recover it at last, though all the laws of association have been brought into play. So must it often be with articles. Most mysteriously do they slip aside, and disappear into crannies in the “great globe itself,” wherein, no doubt, they will be found by future ages, and the unrolled papyri deciphered for the benefit of generations yet unborn. Many fly up to the moon, and the Man there publishes them in his Magazine. Human life is proverbially short, and is it to be expected or wished by any contributor professing the Christian creed that We, upwards of seventy, should, instead of preparing ourselves for another world, waste the few fleeting hours yet left to us in hunting, night and day, even in “impossible places,” for lost articles? Besides, we are not only always very old, but also often very sick; and our gout alone, to say nothing of almost periodical attacks of cholera morbus, ought, with all men of common humanity, to be sustained as a valid excuse for the irrecoverable loss of an occasional article. Then are we to be debarred the ordinary amusements of this weary world? May we not, like the rest of our brethren of mankind, make a tour of the Lakes, or the Highlands, or Switzerland, or the Tyrol? And during our absence, must not hundreds of articles lie dormant? The man lives not to whom we would *trust the keys*. We hate descending into particulars—but we owe it to our much injured selves to remind all such captious and querulous contributors that, for months past, we have been on the move from No. 17, Prince’s Street to 45, George Street—and that in that long-protracted bustle a thousand things have been necessarily forgotten for a time, or lost to all eternity. The Balaam-Box itself made a narrow escape. A strong-backed villain, obviously in the pay of one of the Southron Magazines, clutched it out of the hurley, and off with it on his shoulders down Leith Walk, before a west wind that was then filling the sails of a London-bound Berwick smack. Providentially We were hobbling from our lunch at Picardy’s, and met the mid-day highway robber full in the face. We should have known the Balaam-Box among ten thousand trunks. One tip of the crutch laid the bearer in the kennel—and Sir David Gam and Tappitoury who had been eyeing us from a window, were instantly on the spot, and proud were they to bear the treasure to the Sanctum Sanctorum. If, after considering these things, and a thousand collateral circumstances, the contributors to whom we allude still regard us with angry feelings, we have only to say,

“Away to heaven, respective Lenity,
And fire-eyed Fury be my conduct now!”

And here we are reminded of one especial blockhead, who transmitted to us a good many months ago, through a distinguished friend, some elegant and graceful verses by a lady. We had designed them a place of honour, but our arrangements prevented their appearance at the time we wished; and perhaps we should have stated to the fair writer the reason of the inevitable delay. We now request her to accept our humble apology, and the assurance of our high esteem. The person who demanded the verses back, and who occupies, we believe, some humble and obscure place under government, informed us, in his ill-spelt letter, with much severity and little

grammar, that the itch was the Scottish plague. That is a Cockney notion. Cutaneous diseases are more or less prevalent in all countries, and we believe especially in poor ones—such as the Highlands of Scotland, where the people live chiefly on oatmeal. But the Highlanders—though poor—are hospitable—generous—and brave; and their hands, though haply sometimes rather rough in the cuticle, can well handle the claymore and the bayoneted musket. Beyond all the nations of the earth, in *manners* they are—even the poorest of the poor—gentlemen; and that would be painfully felt by this wretched creature, were he ever to stoop his head as low beneath the door-lintel of a Highland hut, as he stoops it every day before the master who gives him bread. A slight eruption on the skin—rare now in any part of Scotland, for English cleanliness has of late years become domesticated here—is a mere trifle compared with a leprosy of the liver—the incurable disease in which he pines; and oatmeal, earned by honest labour, even although, but for the gracious antidote of Glenlivet, it may sometimes induce the itch, is preferable food to turtle-soup purchased by the proceeds of a shameless sinecure; nor is the worst scurvy that can afflict the body so calamitous as the scurvy that eats into the soul. The one is a misfortune, which religion enables a good man to bear—the other is a vice, which any little religion the sufferer may possess serves but to shew more odious, and which an evil conscience renders altogether unendurable. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ!*

But now that we are established in our new Sanctum, we shall speedily bring up all our arrears. The clerk of the Balaam-Box shall be kept more assiduously to his duty—and our Contributors may depend, ere long, on a general jail-delivery of all our Escrutoires. Much misconception prevails in the public mind respecting the character of the contents of the Balaam-Box. Many brilliant articles are hidden in that gloom—but like comets their tails are too long, and would, if admitted into the heaven of *Maga*, sweep out the stars. But a comet judiciously curtailed may occasionally illumine the horizon—nay, we have known a planet there brighter than any fixed star—than either Castor or Pollux;—and the Georgium Sidus has sometimes “paled its ineffectual light” beside a wandering luminary under the name of Balaam. As for our Escrutoires—they possess treasures beyond the Treasures of the Deep, so beautifully sung by The Hemans—and we purpose, before another moon wanes, to descend in a diving-bell into their abysses, and to rifle the mermaid’s caves of all their pearls—therewith to adorn the brow of *Maga*, to the joy of all Contributors.

We have been waited away on the wings of poetry from the querulous disturbers of our peace. But some contributors there are, of a far other character and complexion indeed—and them to reject Christopher could almost weep. Nay—he rejects them not. Their pretty poems—their elegant prose-essays—their graceful epistles—and their touching tales—he peruses with pleasure and with pride. Their sex protects them—and he puts them gently into the Escrutoire called the *Dovercot*, where they soon murmur themselves asleep. Now and then he selects a sonnet, or an elegy, or a tale,—and in *Maga*, it meets the eyes, perhaps, of the fair enthusiast, who breathed it when a virgin, and who now blushes, while she reads, to look down on a couple of chubby boys pulling one another’s noses in frantic quarrel about some seedcake, at the knee of her a six-year’s wedded wife, still lovely, though her waist be not so slim as we once knew it by about three quarters of a yard.

There are a prodigious number of clever people at present alive and kicking—and, judging from our own list, we should suppose, that in Great Britain and Ireland, contributors must amount to a million. There is a contributor in about every fourth family. In one domestic circle he is papa—a stout gentleman about forty, with red cheeks, and a brown wig; in another, grand-papa, a fine military-looking old fellow, six feet high, with hair white as snow—nay, an article is now *penes me*, the handwriting of which could only have been put upon paper by the “oldest inhabitant,” rejoicing in the third consecutive little Tommy, all lineally descended from himself, the great Tom of Lincoln. In another family again, the happy mother of ten children is, we are sorry to say it, the unhappy mother of twenty

articles. In *this* house, a pale delicate girl—an only daughter—who can scarcely walk in the wind without being wafted away to heaven like a feather—is inditing a tender epistle to Odohertry; in *that*, three red-armed sisters, well to do in the world—with constitutions strong as horses—and each on the death of her father, the tallow-chandler, entitled to a fortune of fifteen hundred pounds, are all hard at work with their respective articles,—one at the pathetic, another at the picturesque, and the eldest and most formidable at the sublime. Now, not to indulge farther in imaginary pictures, drawn from the contributing population of these realms, we appeal to the candour of that population—nay, we fling ourselves upon it—and ask the Million to reflect for a few moments with themselves, in society or solitude, on the condition of an Editor in this life. For our single selves, we lay our hands upon our hearts, and before heaven, declare, that it would not be in our power to overtake and satisfy even our fair friends—our female contributors alone—were we the Editor, publisher, and proprietor, of twenty periodicals, instead of Editor of merely one. Add to them the male monsters, with swingeing articles twenty pages long, and the multitudes of children, who, in this precocious age, have absolutely all their little articles ready ere they are twelve years old, and the most stony-hearted will concede, that Christopher North is to be compassionated as much as admired, and that he is far less an object of envy than the vain world, blinded by the blaze of his glory, has for so many years so foolishly supposed;—He is often sick of life.

You might think that it never could be our interest to quarrel with clever contributors. But if you think so, we assure you that you are mistaken, and that clever contributors have brought many a periodical to an untimely grave. Pray, what is the meaning of the word *clever*? Try it by examples: a clever horse is a horse of good action—who can trot easily twelve miles an hour—clear a four-foot fence—and who never refuses his oats. At present, as horses go, he may be worth about five-and-thirty pounds. He carries you to cover—but surely you do not hunt him? Clever as he is, if you do that, he is blown on the first burst, and, during a run of twenty minutes, has been regularly *tailing it*, till at the death, while the Duke, and Elcho, and Reddie, and Stein, are all *in*, you are not only *out*, but appear to the rustics of another county to be a regular Bagman. Just so with your clever contributor. He can perform a paragraph at a fair pace—a short article on the corn laws, perhaps, or the Methuen Treaty; but when the work to be done requires not only bone but blood, say a review of Moore's Byron, or Monk's Bentley, or Wellington's Waterloo, then your clever contributor breaks down, and you wish him back in his original dray. In the affairs of common life, we have no great objection to a clever contributor; but from this Magazine "*Procul! o procul, este, profani!*"—for about some seven years ago, such was the rush upon us of clever contributors, that our sale, for two months stationary, began on the third absolutely to retrograde. We immediately unharnessed about a dozen clever contributors, turned them out of the team, and away went Maga, up hill and down dale, along the royal road of philosophy, literature, and human life, like a young one, with all the other eighty mouthlies dragged in triumph at her chariot-wheels!

But to be less figurative. It is one thing to be even extremely clever in the circle in which you move, and another thing to be rather clever in Blackwood. An old or elderly maid or virgin, who has cultivated her conversational talents at tea-tables through the long space of fifty revolving years, and been handed about in manuscript, up and down various brilliant coteries—while her chin, "bearded like the pard," is sunk on her midnight pillow, is visited, we shall suppose, in a dream, by Christopher North. He calms her agitation, and assures her that she has no need to shriek. All that he wants is an article. The phantom melts away from her longing arms—and turning herself in bed, lo! by the rosy dawn, George Buchanan, with a beard considerably longer than her own, lying chin by chin, with Deborah on the self-same bolster. Aye, many are the virgins—young—old—and middle-aged, who sleep with Blackwood in their bosom. "Rapt, in-

spired," the tea-table oracle mounts her tripod, and in obedience to her Magnus Apollo, Christopher North, indites an article. Remember that she is, without one single exception—and for half a century has been—the cleverest—out of all sight, the cleverest person of her sex in all her native city,—a city, by the last census, taken ten years ago—containing upwards of two hundred thousand souls. Such an article! O, Lord Byron's Heaven and Earth, and Mr Moore's Loves of the Angels, what an article! Is it a declaration of love, and a proposal of marriage? A scheme for paying off the National Debt? or a treatise on gooseberry wine? Now she seems to be all fire and fury on Don Juan, and now the fair writer tumbles head over ears like a supralapsarian into the Row Heresy. By Montgomery's Satan, the old lady has forgotten either her own sex or ours, and is personating Christopher North! And hark! how clamorous for instant insertion! Her article cannot wait a single day—and proofs must be sent to the old Princess Rusty Fusty, by the very first Glasgow post.

It is known throughout all the literary circles of the West, that Miss Deborah is to exhibit in the next number of Blackwood her opening article. What a brandishing of paper-folders on the First of the Month! Lo and behold, "Christopher in his Sporting Jacket!" "Can this indeed be our Debby's opening article?" is the general pur. "But you know she is *so clever*—she can hit off all *our* styles to a tea. It must be Debby's—it is Debby's—Debby's in every line. Oh, rare Debby! There's *no so clever* a woman in all Edinburgh!"

To be serious—nay savage. There are not at this hour more than six women alive entitled to send articles to Ebony:—Mrs Hemans, Mrs Norton, Miss Bowles, Miss Mitford, Miss Jewsbury—Let us consider—who the deuce is the sixth? Oh! yes, yes—but not to hurt the feelings of so many thousands, she, for the present, shall be "strictly Anonymous." She herself knows whom we have in our loving eye, and would fain have in our loving arms—in a fine fit of Platonics.

"These six are women, therefore may be woo'd;

These six are women, therefore may be won!"—

Nay, they are all already wooed and won by us; and largely do they contribute to our delight. "Aye, aye, Mr North," quoth our beloved Shepherd to us tother day, "that's what ye mean by being a *Scragenarian*." With these charming exceptions, we beseech the Sex to besiege other Editors. We love to concentrate rather than diffuse our affections; at our time of life it would be unseemly to be seen running after young ladies, however literary; and the cardinal virtue of an Editor is FIDELITY TO THE FAIR CHOSEN FEW.

Yet let us not be misunderstood by the thousands on thousands of lovely ladies that in these days throughout these realms cultivate letters. Never in any other age stood so high the character of woman. Culture gives the sex now not mere accomplishments alone,—but their hearts are fertile of noble feelings, and their minds of noble thoughts. Never shone female literature,—if that expression may be allowed—with such pure and strong lustre. A few stars are conspicuous in the firmament above all the rest; but how many sweet stars are there, unambitious of our gaze, though they irresistibly attract it on cloudless nights,

"When Heaven and Earth do make one imagery,"

and the heart of the shepherd is glad on the mountain! Some of these gentle luminaries delight to shine on us. We know their names—single or in constellation. Nor, among them all at their brightest, are we ever at a loss to single out that particular Star, which, rising over the green hills of Fife, steeply its reflection in our magnificent Firth, and often, as we are taking our night-walk on the Calton, or Arthur's Seat, seems to possess in its own glory both Heaven and Sea.

With regard to male contributors, again, we cannot be equally complimentary and equally sincere. Young Scotchmen are all too philosophical—most young Englishmen too little so,—but on the whole we wish the South-

ron sun to be in the ascendant. In vile and odious nationality the Scotch speak of "slender clerks" beyond the Tweed. Yet are they not "sprung of earth's first blood, have titles manifold?" Still, their articles are too often but "the produce of the common day." Too often their authors want "the vision and the faculty divine,"—and were we to compose two consecutive numbers of their lucubrations, the third would be our last. Edinburgh never gave us one first-rate contributor—the Knights of Ambrose excepted—London has given too few,—but some she has given us of strongest and steadiest power,—and as we plough the *mare magnum* with them on board, we can trust to our crew, and lie in storm on a lee-shore, without fear of being stranded,—for then our ship will swing round by her sheet-anchor into the wind's eye, and hold at defiance all the blasts of Heaven.

But to merely clever ladies and gentlemen in general, be this our advice:—Be satisfied with being the Cocks and Hens of your own companies—your own coteries. Do not write *for*—because you never can write *in*—Blackwood. Clap your wings and crow—drop your wings and cluckle—put your nebs below your wings and go to roost. But do not *tell lies*. Do not hint by sideling looks, and dubious words, and "spare my blushes,"—nor yet assert, with brazen cheeks, and solemn oaths, and "split my timbers," that you write *in* Blackwood. You may live for a year or two on the credit of that belief among your townsfolk, and be stared at as a contributor. But the day of shame assuredly comes to all impostors. Then you are seen hopping about the outskirts of your native village like a naked magpie, who had stripped her or himself of her or his not unpretty plumage, to fit closer to the skin that of the Cock of the North, and who thenceforth haunts obscure places, featherless and forlorn, emitting at intervals a feeble scraunch, and excluded from augury of death or marriage.

The truth is, that it requires ten—aye, twenty times the talent to write a first-rate article for a first-rate periodical, say *Maga*—that it requires to write a first-rate book. It is the easiest thing in the world to write a second or third-rate book—and to write a first-rate one cannot be very difficult, when one looks into the faces of some sumpshs who have performed that achievement. You have only to lay hold of some great, big, huge, hulking subject—a nation for example—and to write its history,—or rather to take its own history which it has been writing away at ever since its fingers could hold the pen, and to lick the cub into some sort of shape, till he bears some sort of resemblance to a Christian, or at least a human volume. In short, you have only to collect your materials, which any body can do for love or money, who knows about libraries; and chapter after chapter—story after story—that is, *flat* after *flat*, arises of its own accord—and lo! the House that Jack built—or Sir James Mackintosh's History of England, in two volumes, for Dr Lardner's excellent Cyclopædia! But a first-rate article for *Maga* is another affair. To produce it your genius must be bright and balmy, fair and fertile as the blue skies and green fields of the spring morn. An article must be an emanation from heaven—or a production from earth—a star or a flower—a shower of sunbeams or a shower of blossoms.

Many an excellent book has been written by sumpshs and sumpshesses, but never an excellent article. Nay, we suspect that no separate volume of merit was ever yet written—or if that be too sweeping an assertion, written in our life and times—by either gentleman or lady in whose idiosyncrasy there was not something decidedly sumpshish. Some slight sumpshiness seems to be implied in the simple conception of a separate book, how much more in the continued execution! Gibbon himself, sitting year after year in that summer-house at Lausanne, insensible to all events but those involved in the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, which had declined and fallen many centuries before he was born, has always seemed to our imagination the beau-ideal of a sumpsh, only to be equalled, perhaps, by Adam Smith in a back parlour in the "lang-toun o' Kirkaldy," revelling all day in the Wealth of Nations, and in the evening, (a true anecdote,) in vain scheming to baffle or elude the vigilance of his Argus-eyed housekeeper, grimly a-watch of the sugar-bowl on the pictured tea-tray, on which the economist, as he paced to

and fro, cast many a wistful look, and ever and anon strove to pounce his paw; but all in vain, so sleepless the she-dragon presiding at his board. Gibbon could not have written a leading article for *Maga*; witness his Dissertation on Warburton's Dissertation on the Sixth Book of the *Æneid*, where two pedants—powerful, indeed, but still sumphs—are well met; and as for Smith, the only article he ever did write for the *Old Edinburgh Review*, would, in a later age, have been worthy of the *New*,—not the *Blue and Yellow* which we have always admired, and yet admire,—but the *Baillie's Guse*, as the enormous Quack was called, which, after waddling and hissing for months, “hot and heavy,” about the pools in the suburbs, finally became farcical as the afterpiece of Simpson and Co.; and, fat as she appeared outwardly, died at last of consumption, or, more correctly speaking, of starvation, a bunch of fetid feathers, the fear of the *fuilzie-men*, and shocking to all scavengers.

This we do know, that, generally speaking, the most mediocre of our contributors have been authors of quartos. That hint, we hope, will not be lost. Folios are now out of fashion—so in that quarter we have nothing to fear. Crown-octavos are more promising—and your duodecimo is our delight. Within its narrow boards an author must be energetic and concise—and observe that a thin duodecimo—always the best—is about the length of a good leading article. Heaven and earth! how many such are contained in *Maga*! Hundreds! which, if published separately, would have established a hundred reputations—but which all emanated, perhaps, from one mind, unexhausted as the heavens every night teeming with a succession of new stars, as Mother Earth revolves on her axis, losing and gaining sight of the crescent Moon, or of the nocturnal Queen—a perfect circle, where Beauty and Peace dwell together for evermore!

Passing from these our remarks, on clever people and sumphs, in which we have shewn a disposition to spare neither sex nor age, to contributors of true talent or genius,—(both alike rare;—for it is one of the gross blunders of the Cockneys, that true talent is a common commodity;—whereas, there is not an ounce of it in all Cockneydom,)—may we, with or without offence, be permitted to say to some of them, that they must not *imitate Us*, or rather must not attempt to imitate *Us*—for the short and the long of it is, that *We* are inimitable. We cheerfully admit, that it is natural to strive to imitate the excellence we admire. In virtue, it is not only natural but right, and indeed to do so, is one of the first injunctions of religion. Let all mankind, therefore, imitate our virtues; but let all mankind beware, as they hope to become contributors here or hereafter, how they imitate our wit and our humour, our fancy and our imagination, our talent and our genius—original and peculiar all—and by the fiat of plastic nature existing nowhere but in that inner shrine—the *Sanctum Sanctorum* of the soul of Christopher North. Yet think not that we are perfect; all we mean to say is, that we are glorious in our imperfections, and that no other man of woman born shall ever be lord and master of *Maga*. A truce, therefore, to all Editorial airs—ye best and brightest of our Contributors—for Christopher will bear no brother near the throne on which *Maga* sits ever-blooming by his side—though on their own seats level with that throne, but some small space remote, shall sit in state his Principalities and Powers, and do homage to none on earth but their own gracious Sultaun.

We are not afraid to communicate to the whole periodical world, the secret of our strength. It consists in every Sampson among us wearing his own hair—and never a wig. If nature has given him a red shock—he scorns to dye it black, or blue, or purple; if his poll recall to your memory the tune and words of “the flaxen-headed ploughboy who whistled o’er the lea,” or *hers*, “the lassie wi’ the lint-white locks,” no oil Macassar bedims the lustre of their native yellow; proud is this Apollo of his sunny locks, and that Mars of his sable curls—while *yon* contributor exults in a head of hair all adrip like that of Neptune when suddenly thrusting up his head from the placid sea. Thus each contributor walks in power—prince of his own province—Christopher North being Regent—and *Maga* Queen.

Above all our other injunctions—Contributors after our own heart! Obey

this one, "LET ALONE THE NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ!" What strange delusion is this still reigning on earth, that they are written by mortal pen! True, that Mr Nathan Gurney takes down these "celestial colloquies divine" in short-hand, which he afterwards extends into the length and number of the arms of Briareus. But though we afterwards string the pearls, they all drop from the Golconda of the Shepherd's inexhaustible fancy, from the Peru of Tickler's teeming imagination, from the "dark unfathomed caves" of the ocean of the English Opium-Eater's genius, where "many a gem of purest ray serene" shines far down below the storms that blacken, and the surfs that whiten the bosom of the billows—from the MIND OF NORTH, which—but here modesty drops the veil over our fine features, and we are mute.

We have often confessed that certain defects inherent in humanity cling to us, and that not even We have yet shewn the world one Number of a perfect Magazine. Yet, we doubt much if the world would know a Number of a perfect Magazine if she saw it. It would require an almost infinite series of those phenomena to convince her of the existence of that phenomenon. We defy a Phoenix to make himself an object of popular belief. The difficulty—if not the impossibility—of producing a Number of a perfect Magazine, lies in the width of the range of human nature and human art. To be perfect, it must needs contain twenty folio volumes—the concentrated essence of twenty thousand. There are, we believe, in Great Britain and Ireland, about a hundred monthly and weekly Periodicals—in France and Germany, about a hundred—or two hundred—of which, a perfect Number—still maintaining its own superior originality, variety, power, and splendour—would have to skim the cream. Our contributors forget our dimensions, and think us without all bounds. A score at least seem to suppose we are the Gardener's Magazine, and forgetting that we are, though the first of men, neither Adam nor Mr London, overwhelm us with treatises on the culture of fruit-trees—and the innumerable devices contrived by the ingenuity of science for heating hot-houses at the smallest expense of coal and glass. As many more conjecture us to contain within our body corporate our ingenious friends Messrs Ainsworth and Cheek, and inundate the Sanctum with most interesting accounts of gigantic fossil remains, and singular incrustations of sea shells on logs of wood dug out of the most inland mosses, contributions manifestly intended for their excellent Journal of Natural History and Science. There does not seem, in our eyes at least—any thing very chemical about Maga, nor much similitude either in name or nature between Christopher North and Mr Brande. Yet six sketches of original crucibles were sent to us yesterday—accompanied by much manuscript for explanatory letter-press, which it was earnestly requested might, by the aid of Lizars, be laid before the chemical world in our next Number. The most of mankind take us for the Family Magazine, and we have now in our possession a gross of articles at the very least, intended apparently for that amiable and ingenious lady, Mrs S. C. Hall. "Christopher in his Sporting Jacket" has brought us into a fine scrape—especially now that the Annals of Sporting and Fancy Gazette is no more. Maga is believed to be the Sporting Magazine, and our name Nimrod. Now, is not this all very hard and very perplexing? We wish to poach on no Editor's manor; for the game on our own is inexhaustible. What then must be done with all those articles? We are afraid to burn them, lest we set the city on fire—to fling them into the sea would, if they sank, cause the waters to overflow the land—and if they floated—the navigation between Edinburgh and London would be impeded, and rendered dangerous in the extreme for small craft. We trust that the good sense of mankind will render any farther deprecations unnecessary.

To conclude, and before saying Farewell—let us return our thanks to all who, publicly or privately, give us their advice. No character in this wicked world like your advice-monger. Despised and hated wherever he is known—whenever detected in one quarter, and ungratefully driven off the ground, he begins scattering his pearls before swine in another, who beat them all down into the mire with their cloven feet. But we are not swine—like most other Editors—but sheep; and on the pastoral braes nibble up the

"orient pearl" with which these kind physicians of our souls have for our behoof strewn the ground. Some senseless sinners have been trying lately to sow poison-gobs among the genial dews that freshen our repasts on the mountain brow. But genius has a saving instinct—a sacred sense that shews her the taint upon the herbage—distinguishes the weed in which death or sickness lies from the flower of health and life—and obeying it, she walks by day and lies down by night safe, beneath the all-seeing eye, in the holy pastures.

It has ever been our pure delight to see all Periodicals prosper. The powerful we have often bearded in their pride; the feeble we have often aided in their humility, like that gentle knight who is seen pricking o'er the plain in the first line of the Fairy Queen. In homelier phrase, we have sometimes dirtied our shoes by hauling poor wretches out of the mire and mud, when in imminent danger of suffocation. Thankless we knew they would be, but of the vile, humanity is glad to escape the gratitude. In very rare instances, indeed, have we knocked on the head the worthless with our crutch, even when seen striving to struggle out of the slough of Despond, farther on into the filth of Sin. We have generally suffered them to die the natural death of worms. Some crawling and creeping things have been of late periodically sliming our path—and curling up their knotted worminess as if they would bite. We must, by and by, use the besom.

The silly are often insolent; and asses instinctively bray against Christopher North. The sight of his crutch sets their ears on end—but what would their posteriors say to the knout? But "the lion preys not upon carcasses." O'Bronte, true son of his sire, disdains to crunch a cur. The eagle heeds not the pecking of the ungrateful and angry little wren, that he soars with on his back up to heaven, blinking at the sun. The elephant, who was teased by a tailor, merely sent through his trunk a water-spout on the vulgar fraction. The Scotch thistle stings not the dirty paws of the idle urchin, that on tip-toe strives, with feeble fingers, to strip the national flower of its spiky coronal. It leaves the imp's punishment to the nettles.—You cannot like the Noctes Ambrosianæ? How should ye? The clown prefers beer to Burgundy—and a horn of muddy ale to a long-shanked rummer of the still or sparkling champagne.

Though Sir James Scarlett never reads a newspaper, except when he is going to prosecute the Editor, we read many; and we wish all their Editors long life in Heaven's unobstructed air and sunshine. The Press of England (we say nothing now of that of Scotland, for it may be suspected of national partialities and prejudices in our favour, nor of our warm-hearted Irish brethren, generous alike in peace and war) has, on the whole, from the commencement of her career, done justice to Maga. We are naturally independent of each other; but Fair-Play is a jewel, and Truth a diamond. Party-spirit is not perhaps a pure spirit, but it is strong; and, as this wicked world wags, it works to the general good of the state. Some newspaper Editors conscientiously cut us up—and as we cross blades, we respect the skill and valour of such antagonists. Others stand towards us in the attitude of an armed neutrality, at some crises the best preservative of peace. A few paltry peltroons we should scorn to *bruin* with our scabbard. Others again—too numerous to enumerate—numbers without number numberless—fight in the same cause with Maga, and uplift their banners "with all their dread emblazonry," at the sound of the same trumpet. Those metropolitan powers, Standard, Sun, Post, and Herald, all admit her might;—and her old allies, the Brighton Gazette, the Leeds Intelligencer, the Manchester Courier, the Sheffield Courant, the Cambridge Chronicle, and the York Herald, lead the bold provincial forces, that guard the main body with their formidable wings. If one trembling coward there be who forsook his master—Christopher leaning pensively, and more in sorrow than in anger, on his crutch, mentally exclaims—that neither talent nor genius (honour he must not say, for honour in its essence is incorruptible, and in natural antipathy scorns all alliance with what is base) can protect their possessor from self-degradation, when his necessities, rather than his will perhaps, have consented that they shall league themselves with the relics and dregs of tergiversation and apostasy.—Farewell.

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EDINBURGH:

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AND T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

To whom Communications (post paid) may be addressed.

SOLD ALSO BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND CO. EDINBURGH.

Also just published,

No. CLXX.

BEING PART II. FOR AUGUST, 1830.

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AUGUST, 1830.

VOL. XXVIII

PART I.

THE GREAT MORAY FLOODS.*

THE World, during the Age immediately preceding the Flood, must have been extremely delightful—and we never think of it, without sighing to have been an antediluvian. True, that mankind had waxed very wicked; but just so much more need was there for Christopher North. We verily believe, that had we flourished at that era, somewhere about the root of Mount Ararat, that catastrophe might have been averted by this Magazine. It is scarcely supposable that people could have got so sinful—men, women, and children alike—had we been alive to administer the knout. The most audacious Whigs, whose crimes, it is well known, were the causes of that calamity, as they have been of every other under which the kingdoms of the earth have since groaned, would have quailed beneath our Crutch; and the Tories, true to the principles of their First Founder, Adam, continued in the ascendant. Had Maga then been, there would have been no occasion for the Ark. The great geological general question had never agitated the world—Neptunians and Vulcanists had been unknown—Werner might have been a cheese-monger, and Hutton a tailor, and the Royal Society of Edinburgh, to a man and a monkey, Phrenologists.

True it is, and of verity, that we were too late in coming into the

world by some thousand years. But better late than never; and to minds like ours, the delay now acts as an additional inducement to more gigantic exertions for the benefit of our species. Nay, in our humbler moods, we are disposed to believe, that, on the whole, it may be better for mankind that we flourish, as we now do, after the Flood. For, after all, the most eagle-eyed are but short-sighted creatures; and who can tell, that, had we been contemporary with Noah, we might not have carried the Noctes Ambrosianæ too far, and perished with Tappie-tourie in the Deluge?

However, be that as it may, it is needless now to speculate on the subject. The world is again wicked enough for our purpose; our sale, like the Power of the Throne in the time of Dunning, has increased, is increasing, and, as the Whigs doubtless think, ought to be diminished. It more than keeps pace with the wickedness of the age—that wickedness, indeed, increasing in an arithmetical, and Maga in a geometrical ratio—so that there are hopes of the world still, in spite of French silks and Catholic Emancipation, the apostacy of Peel and the despotism of Wellington, the stoppage of the University of London, and the temporary obstruction thrown at Canton in the face of the Tea-trade.

* An Account of the Great Floods of August, 1829, in the Province of Moray, and adjoining Districts. By Sir Thomas Lauder Dick. Adam Black, Edinburgh. Longman, London. Forsyth and Greig, Elgin.

Yet, speaking of the Flood, we may be permitted to say, that all the descriptions of it in Poetry, in Prose, and in Painting, which we have perused, have always seemed to us calculated to throw an air of ridicule over an otherwise impressive catastrophe. All the stuff, in Greek and Latin, about Deucalion, is miserably poor. What can be more absurd than the image of an elderly gentleman peopling the world by flinging stones over his shoulder? Senseless as such conduct was, that of Barry Cornwall, in as far as the Flood of Thessaly was concerned, was infinitely more so, that ingenious gentleman having appeared in his Poem, like a gentleman stirring her tea-cup with a silver spoon to ascertain if it held the due number of lumps of sugar. Pousin's Picture of the Deluge shews us, if we remember rightly, a pond such as might have been rented at thirty shillings per annum by Mr Wordsworth's old leech-gatherer, with a few figures undergoing the process preparatory to resuscitation by the Humane Society, a branch of which, it is made obvious, is established in the neighbourhood, by the judicious introduction of an able-bodied and intrepid young fellow, who, stimulated by the hope of the money and the medal awarded by the Committee to him who has been mainly instrumental in saving a fellow Christian from an early grave, is lugging to the bank a couple as like half-drowned rats as any couple you could mention of the Members of the present Cabinet. Martin again has done the Deluge on a larger, if not on a grander scale. His genius none disputes—notwithstanding his intimacy with Atherstone; but he has spoiled the whole, by perching on a cliff, all by himself, the author of the Fall of Nineveh, who is staring like an owl on the world of waters, with a face sufficiently absurd to raise a titter even on the Last Day. This practice, so rife among Painters, of introducing portraits of their eminent friends into scenes of the deepest tragedy, cannot be too severely reprehended; and we earnestly beseech Mr Martin to brush Mr Atherstone off his seat in the Deluge, and clap him, with his chronometer, into the Ark.

The truth is, that the Deluge—that is, the Universal Deluge—is not a fit

subject for either Poetry, or Painting—and, *a fortiori*—still less for Statuary, Dancing, or Music. Nothing can be better than the statement of the event—short—simple and strong—in that good old book—the Bible. Let it satisfy us—undiluted. There it stuns the soul that welters wild as the Flood that drowned a sinful world. There it is felt by the heart, in the imagination conscience-stricken, to have poured down death on crime from the windows of wrathful heaven. But when Painters prepare their pallets, and Poets their pens, to get up the Deluge for exhibition or publication, how paltry and pitiful appear a few mountain tops peering, a-crawl with insects, above a few acres of wet, while the great globe is submerged with all its inhabitants, and goes spinning round the sun, all a-gurgle with one death-groan that makes the angels weep!

Henceforth, then, let Painters, and Poets, and Prose-writers, abjure the Universal Deluge, and be contented to deal with seas, and lakes, and rivers. Let them give us shipwrecks

“Far amid the melancholy main,”
or dashed to pieces, like the spray, on iron-ribbed coasts. Let them shew us an arm even of the sea, stretched out angrily beneath the thunder and lightning, till navies are tossed into the sky. Does not the earth roar far and wide with rivers cataracted among the mountains, and solemn and stately in their majestic flows as sea-like they exult, after a thousand-league course, in approaching and mingling with the sea? Glens, plains, forests, cities, all belong to these rivers, now spanned with bridges, magnificent as rain-bows, once rills scarce seen by the vulture's or eagle's eye, and with a still small voice audible in the wilderness but to the dwellers in the ant-hills!

To our imagination, and, gentle reader, if you put one finger on your organ of ideality, and another on your organ of wonder, also to yours, Rivers have greatly the advantage over Seas. True, that Tides are noble movements. Then, we feel with awe that the mysterious Neptune is expiring and inspiring, with breath as regular as our own; that his lungs work as well in water as ours in air; and that through all his frame, the ebb and the flow tell how the purple circulates

from his heart. But without Rivers, pray what would become of the Sea? He would die of thirst in his own salt. Those gracious feeders, having by nature

"Of the old sea some reverential fear,"

and also a sort of instinctive—almost filial love,—for though they appear to be born of the mountains, yet may the loftiest lineage of them all be traced, through many a strange eventful history, to the bosom of the great Deep,—those gracious feeders, we say, hurry each like an Euphrasia, or Grecian daughter, to present, in the hour of need, to their hoary sire their milky breasts. How quakes the Ancient's bosom, as, with all his huge, thick-lipped mouths, greedily he imbibes the restorative delight of Dew purified through ten thousand filtering machines, and haply all along its journey from the mountains of the moon,—save when it glided subterranean or through a night of woods—smitten into radiance

"By touch ethereal of heaven's fiery rod!"

The sea is but one. A glorious unit indeed is he—and therefore Shakspeare called him "multitudinous." But in spite of all his multitudinousness, his greatest admirers must confess that he is not unfrequently so monotonous, that 'tis not easy even to look at him without falling asleep. Live for a month on the sea-shore, and you will be stupid for life. Shells are beautiful, but, with your leave, not so beautiful as flowers. Shells are but the cottages of fishes—or, if you prefer it, their cradles. Nature often tinges them with the Tyrian die; but they are all dead, although when you put some of them to your ear, you hear, as if far, far away within the wreathed cavern, the singing of some sea-sprite belonging to an incommunicable world. But flowers—why flowers are alive!—as alive as yourself upon your marriage-morn! They are all in love with each other, and with the earth and the heavens, and with men and angels, and where grow they so innumerosly bright as by the fresh flowings of rills, and rivulets, and rivers, whose banks, like the milky way, are all inlaid with vegetable stars? Then, we defy a river to be monotonous, if he have but fall enough to turn the tiniest mill-wheel—and we say so with an indis-

tinct remembrance of the Cam himself, who is about as dull as a Senior Wrangler. But the charms of the Cam cannot be properly appreciated without comparing him with a canal! Then he seems

"To murmur in the living brooks

A music sweeter than his own,"

and we feel the wide difference between him—monotonous no more—and the New Cut.

But let us not pursue the parallel, lest we get personal; but be contented with a few words more in praise of running streams, and let us panygerize them in SPATES. Then the rill—pretty pigmy no longer—springs up in an hour to stream's estate. Like a stripling who has been unexpectedly left a fortune by an old uncle, he gives his home, in a hollow of the broomy braes, the slip, and away off, in full cry and gallop, to "poos his fortune" in the world, down in the "laigh kintra." Many a tumble he gets over waterfalls, and often do you hear him shouting before he gets out of the wood. He sings although it be Sunday, and hurries past the kirk during the time of divine service, yet not without joining for a moment in the psalm. As the young lassies are returning from kirk to cottage, he behaves rudely to them, while, high-kilted, they are crossing the fords; and ere their giggle-blended shrieks subside, continues his career, as Dr Jamieson says, in his spirited ballad on the Water-kelpie, "loud necherin in a lauch." And now he is all a-foam in his fury, like a chestnut horse. The sheep and lambs stare at him in astonishment; and Mr Wordsworth's Old Ram, who is so poetically described in the Excursion as admiring his horns and beard, face and figure, in one of the clear pools of the Brathay, the Pride of Windermere, were he now on a visit to Scotland, would die of disappointed self-love, a heart-broken Narcissus. On he goes—the rill-rivulet—"neither to haud nor to bin"—a most uproarious Hobbletchey. He is just at that time of life—say about seventeen—when the passions are at their worst or their best—'tis hard to say which—at their newest, certainly, and perhaps at their strongest, and when they listen to no voice but their own, which then seems to fill

heaven and earth with music. But what noise is this? Thunder? No—a Corra-Linn, or a Stonehyres of a waterfall. Lo! yonder a great river sweeping along the strath. The rill-fivulet, with one shiver and shudder—for now 'tis too late to turn back, and onwards he is driven by his own weight, which is only another name for his own destiny—leaps with a sudden plunge into the red-roaring Spate, and in an instant loses his name and nature, and disappears for ever. Just so is it with the young human prodigal, lost in the Swollen River of Life thundering over the world's precipices.

We must not anticipate any of the many admirable things about Rivers in Spate, with which it will be at once our duty and our delight to adorn the body of this article, but content ourselves for the present, with remarking, in an enlightened spirit of nationality, how immeasurably superior are our rivers in Scotland to those in England. The truth is, that the scenery of this the northern part of the Island, is almost as much finer than that of the southern, as the character of its inhabitants is finer than that of those people unfortunately born on the other side of the Tweed. England, with the exception of Sir Isaac Newton, and some score or so of first-rate mathematicians and astronomers, has produced few men of eminence in physical science, whereas Scotland has produced such numbers, that were we to write down all their names, the illustrious list would be as long as a Petition to Parliament. In Mental philosophy again, if you except Bacon, Locke, and about a dozen others, England would have some difficulty, we suspect, in pointing to a single great name; while Scotland could easily put her finger on a shoal of writers who have all swam in the depths of metaphysics. In Poetry, setting aside Shakspeare, Spenser, Milton, Wordsworth and others, England is poor indeed; while Scotland, it is acknowledged by her bitterest enemies, can shew a Poet in every year of her history, each month indeed down to the present continuing to add a star to the constellation. All the great orators, statesmen, and warriors of Britain, with a few exceptions, have, in like manner, been Scotchmen. These

facts would of themselves, be quite sufficient to establish our immense superiority over our brethren in the South, even were we not entitled to point, as we now humbly do, to the superior delicacy, grace, elegance, and refinement of our manners, to say nothing of the unapproachable, and indeed perfect purity of our morals. All this being the case, it would be absurd, nay impious, to suppose for a single instant, that the soil, and consequently the scenery, where this superior race flourish, could be otherwise than superior to the soil, and consequently the scenery, where the inferior race, as it were, comparatively speaking, merely vegetate. Accordingly, the superiority is manifest to the dimmest eye and the meanest capacity. England, on the whole, is a flat country—and Scotland, on the whole, quite the reverse; and as we mean at present to confine ourselves to rivers, we have already said more than enough to prove the impossibility, in the very nature of things, of England competing with Scotland, in rivers, with the smallest chance of success. There, for instance, is the Thames, as it is called, a very respectable river in its way, and at London more than respectable, imposing; but it is a river of very humble origin. We forget the number of locks between Oxford and Windsor; but the fall from source to sea is nothing to that of the Spey or the Dee, and a hundred other rivers in Scotland of high birth. The north of England, to be sure, is tolerably mountainous, which it owes entirely to its vicinity to Scotland; but then, the streams—rivers there are none—have very short courses, and before they can gather great bulk, are drowned in lakes. On issuing from them, which some do in good condition for a race, in about some half-dozen or dozen miles, they are worse off than ever, and are lost in the sea. Floods, therefore, in the flat districts of England; are too diffusive to be forcible, and seldom carry off any objects capable of offering a stouter resistance than haycocks; while, in the hilly or mountainous districts, their style is too concise, and after much rumbling among stones,

"Full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

you hear no more of them, and are mortified to find that they have not swept away so much as an old washerwoman.

True, that in newspapers one occasionally reads of what, in England, are called Floods. A whole county is inundated—heaven knows how—during the night—six inches deep. The waters continue to rise in a most fearful manner, till the inhabitants, in some places, are absolutely up to the knees; and drains bursting, Lincolnshire gets dangerous to stage-coaches. Punts are seen paddling about; and pigs, according to a popular superstition, are cutting their own throats in all directions. Providentially, the waters subside so many inches, in a day or two, that the moles are seen returning from the heights—and the Boston Heavy again looms in the distance, licensed to carry twenty outside. Shreds and patches more numerous than the week before, tuft the bottoms of hedgerows; and in the ditches there is a livelier croaking of frogs. But, with these exceptions, and that of wayside children raking mud into small heaps with their toes, nothing tells of the Deluge that, were you to believe the newspapers, not only interrupted the Post, drowned the Herald, and lowered the Standard, but darkened the Sun, and disturbed the Globe.

We fervently hope—nay, devoutly trust, that we have not been giving any offence, by these rambling remarks on rivers and what not, to our southern subscribers. Though England be thus inferior to Scotland, she is superior to all the rest of the world. The rest of the world is to her as she is to us. While, therefore, it is her duty, and her interest—and, therefore, ought to be her pleasure and her pride—to look up to us, it is no less incumbent on her to look down on the rest of the world. Nay, we cheerfully acknowledge that we have seen some Scottish as despicable, every whit, as any English floods. Nothing can be more contemptible than an Edinburgh flood. We have three bridges, and are building a fourth, without one river. A flood, in the New Town, consists of eaves-dropping and gutter-running, which merely carries a few dead cats down to the Water of Leith. In the Auld Town, again, a flood floats upon its raging surface

merely a few baubles. We perceive in the newspapers, that there is one raging this moment in the Cowgate. "The Cowgate," we quote the words of an able contemporary, "from Dickson's close to St Mary's Wynd, presents the appearance of a rapid river. The street is completely covered to the top of the curb-stones, and some low houses are flooded. At the Trinity Hospital, and in Paul's Work, the water is so deep that a boat might float; and in the north back of the Canongate, the street is in many places impassable. Where the great drain passes along the side of the street, which leads to the Abbey-Hill, the water is very deep from the narrowness of the drain damming up the water, and proving, if proof had been wanting, that an enlargement of the drain in its whole course, is absolutely necessary."

From this magnificent picture, of Auld Reekie in a flood, turn for a moment to the Grampians. You are all alone—quite by yourself—no object seems alive in existence—for the eagle is mute—the antlers of the red-deer, though near, invisible—not one small moorland bird is astir among the brackens—no ground bee is at work on the sullen heather—and the aspect of the earth is grim as that of heaven. Hark! From what air moans the thunder:—"Tis like an earthquake. Now, it grows. Yonder cloud, a minute ago, deep-blue, is now black as pitch. All the mountains seem to have gathered themselves together under it—and see—see how it flashes with fire! Ay, that is thunder—one peal split into a hundred—a cannonade worthy the battle of the gods and giants, when the Sons of Terra strove to storm the gates of Uranus. Would that Dan Virgil were here—or Lord Byron! O Dr Blair! Dr Blair! why didst thou object to the close of that glorious description—"DENSISSIMUS IMBER?" Jupiter Pluvius has smitten the Grampians with a rod of lightning, and in a moment they are all tumbling with cataracts. Now every great glen has its own glorious river—some red as blood, some white as snow, and some yet blue in their portentous beauty as that one thin slip of sky, that, as we are looking, is sucked into the clouds. Each rill, each torrent, each river, has its own peculiar voice, and methinks we distinguish one music from another, as

we dream ourselves away into the heart of that choral anthem. Woe to the "wee bourracks o' houses," bigged on the holm-lands! Bridges! that have felt the ice-flaws of a thousand winters rebounding from your abutments, as from cliff to cliff you spanned the racing thunder, this night will be your last! Your key-stones shall be loosened, and your arches, as at the springing of a mine, heaved up into the air by the resistless waters. There is no shrieking of kelpies. That was but a passionless superstition. But there is shrieking—of widows and of orphans—and of love strong as death, stifled and strangled in the flood that all night long is sweeping corpses and carcasses to the sea.

But it is high time to shut our ears and our eyes to this description. It is getting painfully pathetic; and we had intended, and do still intend, that this shall be an amusing article. To secure its being so, we turn to Sir Thomas Lauder Dick without further preface. Sir Thomas is a man of taste and feeling—nay, of genius and science—and is well known, or at least deserves to be so, both in the scientific and literary world, by various works of very great merit. His paper, in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, on the Parallel Roads in Glenroy, is most ingenious and satisfactory; and his two romances, "*Lochandu*," and the "*Wolf of Badenech*," are full of excellent character, incident, and description. But neither the one nor the other is to us nearly so interesting as the volume which we now introduce to the public. It is worth a gross of fashionable novels, and twenty Tours. Sir Thomas tells a pathetic, or a humorous story admirably, and many such are scattered over these 400 pages. He looks at nature with a painter's and a poet's eye, and describes her well both with pen and pencil. His heart, too, is as warm as his imagination; and as the scenes of suffering he brings before us were real, he awakens all our most tender and generous sympathies, by the earnestness and sincerity of his own; so that his book, we doubt not, will inspire many of his readers to contribute by their charity to the relief of the distress brought on many hundred poor people by the floods that swept away their "little all," and left them

nothing but endurance and resignation. But we are in danger of falling again into the pathetic—the sin, indeed, which most easily besets us, but which, in this case, may, we trust, be forgiven for sake of our subscription. Reader! gentle and generous! perhaps, after reading our article, you will unclasp with your slight fair fingers that pretty silk purse (not made out of a sow's ear,) and set apart a coin—mayhap a sovereign—or be it but a crown—sweet sister of charity—for behoof of some aged crone now sitting blind in her shieling, or some bright-eyed lassie singing in the sunshine at the door, built now on some knoll safe from the river that, last autumn, made the one a widow, and the other an orphan.

Many of our readers, we dare say, read accounts in the newspapers of Great Floods during August last year in the Province of Moray. But newspaper accounts of calamities are generally considered apocryphal, except they record the bite of a mad dog—each strange tale of hydrophobia being held devoutly true by the Reading Public. Sir Thomas Lauder Dick has spared no pains in collecting all the most interesting circumstances of that unexampled Flood, many of them bordering so closely upon the marvellous, that he acknowledges he might have felt some difficulty in reporting them, had they not, in every instance, been well vouched. The extent of ground carried off or destroyed in particular places, the various items of miscellaneous damage, and the sums of money at which the various losses are estimated, are stated from returns made after the survey by able and responsible men, whose valuations were exclusive of all such injuries as might affect mere taste, or any thing not usually measured by money. The sums specified, Sir Thomas says, are rather under than above the truth. For no surveyor could expect to gain favour in the eyes of his employer by exaggerating his misfortunes; and no proprietor would consider it his interest to promulgate an extravagant account of the deterioration of his estate; while, on the other hand, very potent reasons may exist for country gentlemen putting the best possible face

on the state of their affairs. As the limited nature of his work necessarily compelled him to pass over all the lesser, though more numerous items of destruction, nothing approaching to any just estimate of the grand total can possibly be formed. But when we consider that the injuries done to the estates of Lord Seaforth are estimated at thirty thousand pounds,—to those of Mr Macpherson Grant at eight thousand,—to those of Mr Cumming Gordon at five thousand,—to those of Sir Thomas Dick at twelve hundred, (we think,) and to the estates of many other gentlemen in like proportion; to which is to be added all the loss of crops and standings—along so many straths—the sum-total of the loss must indeed have been enormous.

The deluge of rain that produced the flood of the 3d and 4th of August, 1829, fell chiefly on the Monadh-leadh mountains, rising between the south-eastern parts of Lochness, and Kingussie in Badenoch, and on that part of the Grampian range forming the somewhat independent group of the Cairngorms. The heat in the province of Moray, during the months of May, June, and July, had been unusually great; and in the earlier part of that period, the drought so excessive, as to kill many of the recently planted shrubs and trees. As the season advanced, the fluctuations of the barometer became very remarkable; but they were not followed by the usual alternations of weather. It often followed that the results were precisely the reverse of its prognostications, and observers of the instrument began to lose all confidence in it. These apparent derangements arose, Sir Thomas Dick remarks, from electrical changes in the atmosphere. The Aurora Borealis appeared with uncommon brilliancy about the beginning of July, and was frequently seen afterwards, being generally accompanied by windy and unsteady weather, the continued drought having been sometimes interrupted during the previous months by sudden falls of rain partaking of the character of waterspouts. One of these occurred on Sunday the 12th of July, at Keanloch-huichart, a little Highland hamlet at the head of the lake of that name, in the parish of Contin, in Ross-shire. A man, who had taken shelter under a

bridge, suddenly beheld a moving mountain of soil, stones, and trees coming down the deep course of the stream. He had just time to leave his stance before it reached the bridge, overthrew it in a moment, and devastated the plain bordering the lake. All the grown-up people of the hamlet were at church, but the children, who were playing at home, were miraculously preserved by escaping to a hillock before the river reached the spot. The people coming from church were, by the fall of the bridges, caught between two impassable torrents, and had barely time to save their lives by crowding to an elevated spot, where they remained till the waters subsided. The whole fury of the flood rushed directly against their devoted houses; and these, and every thing they contained, were at once annihilated, as well as their crops, together with the very soil they grew on; and after the *dé-bâcle* had passed away, the course of the river ran through the ruined hearths of this so recently happy a community. This waterspout did not extend beyond two miles on each side of the village, which led, continues Sir Thomas, these simple people to consider their calamity as a visitation of Providence for their landlord's vote in Parliament in favour of Catholic Emancipation.

Sir Thomas has a very plausible theory to account for the great floods of the 3d and 4th of August. The previous prevalence of westerly winds had produced a gradual accumulation of vapour somewhere to the north of our island, and the column being suddenly impelled by a strong north-easterly blast, it was driven towards the south-west, its right flank almost sweeping the Caithness and Sunderland coasts, until, rushing up and across the Moray Frith, it was attracted by the lofty mountains of the Monadh-leadh range, and discharged its torrents into the Nairn, the Findhorn, the Spey, the Lossie, the Deveron, the Don, and the Dee, and their various tributaries. Certain it is, that these and other rivers were all more or less affected by the flood exactly in proportion as they were more or less connected with those mountains. That part of the Spey which is above the line marked by Sir Thomas was hardly swollen at all; while below Kingussie,

it and all its tributaries were elevated to an unexampled height. Some persons could not believe, looking at the floods, that they could have been produced by merely twenty-four hours' rain. But sure, such rains were never seen; for Mr Murdoch, gardener to the Duke of Gordon, at Huntly Lodge, ascertained that $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches of rain fell between five o'clock of the morning of the 3d, and five o'clock of the morning of the 4th of August; that is to say, that, taking the average of the years from 1821 to 1828 inclusive, *about one-sixth part of our annual allowance of rain fell within those twenty-four hours!* This, too, was at a great distance from the mountains—so that among them the rain must have been like one of the floods, which was described by one of the sufferers, from its fury, as “just perfectly ridiculous.”

On the 27th of July, there was what Sir Thomas calls “an appendix flood.” Each of the four principal rivers, the Nairn, the Findhorn, the Spey, and the Dee, had an appendix flood. But these appendices did not, like those of Dr Parr to his Spital sermon—to his sermon on education—and to the character of Fox by Philopatri Varvicencis, transcend in magnitude the very original performances to which they severally were appended. The Nairn seems to have been more ambitious in his appendix than any of his brethren. The Findhorn had so completely exhausted the subject in his first discourse, that he had but little new matter to bring forward on the 27th. The Spey had so triumphantly removed all obstacles in his great appearance on the 4th, that on the 27th it was comparatively plain sailing; and as for the Dee, there was little left for him to do, but to sweep away the bridge and harbour of Aberdeen, which would have been not only very wicked, but foolish, and little better than cutting his own throat. We shall therefore have small and seldom occasion to refer to the appendices, and shall confine ourselves to the main current of the great body of the discourses.

The united line of the rivers, whose devastations Sir Thomas undertakes to describe, cannot be less in extent than from 500 to 600 miles. Having visited the greater part of the flood-

ed districts in person, he writes about them very much from his own observation, aided by the ample oral and written information obtained from persons of intelligence; and often he brings forward the witnesses to tell in their own words their own story. The narrative, therefore, is often enlivened by dramatic scenes, equal in interest to the best in Sir Walter's novels.

Let us begin with the river NAIRN, and dismiss him in not many words. He is, in his upper story, of a fine bold Highland character, and runs through a straight line of country, of somewhat more than 30 miles in extent, but of much longer course in its sinuosities; and he drains off the waters from a small part of the Monadh-leadh group. He rushed from his mountains, with his tail, on the morning of the 4th, and being armed with stones and gravel, committed sad havoc on many farms, especially on that of the Mainn of Aberarder. Seven hands were able to reap, in one day, all that remained there of a crop, for which L.150 of rent was payable. He then swept away the fulling-mill of Faillie, with all its heavy machinery, down to Cantray, nine miles below, whence it was with much labour brought back to its Highland home; but the Nairn, in the flood of the 27th, bore it away on a second expedition, and landed it at Kilravoch, after a voyage of eleven miles. Our friend then amused himself with sweeping away two bridges on the parliamentary line of road, one at Dunmaglass, and the other of two arches over the burn of Aultranagh. He then fell foul of the mill of Clara, which he utterly demolished. But it was rebuilt with all possible expedition, so as to be ready for him on the 27th, when he again came down in great fury, and swept it off, we suppose, to the sea. On the estate of Cantray, the villain did damage to the tune of L.1200—inundating the garden of the mansion-house, ruining utterly the houses of the gardener and miller, and sweeping away about fifteen acres of valuable land. He then attacked the bridge of Holm, and so shook the handsome arch of 55 feet span, that on the 27th he had but to give it a shove with his shoulder, and down it went like a sack. Here the Nairn

must have been much amused by a little incident. Having risen high on a dry-stonewall, dividing the Holm and Kilravoch estates, he had no sooner touched the foundation, than the sods on the top of it became, as it were, alive with mice, all forcing their way out, to escape as fast as they could from the inundation that threatened their citadel. The old castle of Kilravoch seemed to stand in a sea, but the Nairn could make no impression on its walls, so, out of spite, he carried off above two acres of a thriving wood of deciduous trees. A little farther down, he carried away about one-third of the fifty arable acres belonging to the farm of Rosefield, or destroyed them beyond all power of redemption, by deposits of gravel and stones. The crops and grass were utterly ruined—a number of extensive works annihilated—the lime-beds of manure swept away, together with the whole corn of last year; and the whole farm, now in a state of chaos, lies at the mercy of every partial rise of the river. The crop ruined on the estate of Kilravoch, is estimated at L.500, and the actual damage done to the property, has been calculated by the factor at L.2400. Lord Cawdor's loss of soil, and other injury done to his estate along this part of the Nairn, may be set down at L.2000, and that of Mr Macintosh of Geddes, at L.1200. The inundation here spread far over the rich plain on the right bank, flooding some of the farm-houses that were 500 yards from the usual margin of the river, and ruining the crops to an extent that defies calculation.

All this was pretty well, and ought, we think, to have satisfied the Nairn. But after quitting the above extensive arable plain, he got into another, and attacked Fir-hall. The offices were substantially built, on the summit of a bank about 30 feet high, and at the distance of about 30 horizontal yards from the edge of the river. The Nairn attacked the base of this bank with great strength and science, and cut it entirely back, until he had undermined the buildings. Then down came the thrashing-mill and the gable of a lofty barn. Not satisfied with this signal display of skilful prowess, he swept away great part of a very thriving plantation of well-grown timber-trees from behind the

offices. Arrived at the burgh of Nairn, he immediately attacked the washing-green, and made off with a couple of acres. The three arches of the bridge of Nairn, aggregate breadth 120 feet, stood fast; but one of two stone bulwarks below the bridge, appertaining to the pier-works, eleven feet high, and very strong, was levelled and scattered. The flood of the 27th did far greater damage, for the piers on the right bank of the harbour gave way, and one arch of the bridge, 30 feet span, was ruined, and the whole fabric shaken. It was very remarkable that a fishing-hut, about 12 feet long, standing on a beach in the middle of the river, constructed of four posts, with beams stretched between them at top and bottom, and covered, roof and all, with outside planks, stood unmoved in the midst of the waters of both floods uninjured, except that it swayed a little from the perpendicular; while the bridge, the pier, a vessel that had bulged, nay, the very rocks, were all yielding to the furious force of the deluge. No building of stone and lime could have stood in the same place; and its preservation, Sir Thomas rightly says, is worthy of record, as a valuable fact, to prove how much power posts and planks will resist in such a situation. It stands, says he, as a useful instructor to the burghers of Nairn, for the restoration of their harbour, the damage done to which is calculated at L.2500. And here we conclude our abstract of the achievements of the Nairn. His hands were not died in human blood. On the evening of the 3d of August, a schooner-rigged vessel was lost in attempting to run into Nairn harbour before the wind, and the crew perished; but the river had no hand in that catastrophe, and it is but fair play to give the devil his due.

The FINDHORN is in all respects a superior being to the Nairn; nor will any one who has seen Relugas—the residence of our worthy author—wonder at the enthusiasm with which he writes about this noble river. The Findhorn is born in a marish on the summit of a mountain in the midst of the Monadh-leath group—and pursues a rejoicing course of about ninety miles through a district of country of not less than sixty,—and of all the rivers of Scotland, there i

not one perhaps that possesses so exquisitely varied a character. Many a long day and short night have we lain and lingered among his banks and braes—in many of his pellucid pools have we dived and darted “like a wild goose at play”—and not few are the silver-shiners, fish and trout, that we have seduced by fly-fascination from the stream to the sand-bank, while all the scenery round seemed beautified by the presence of the splendid spectacle. Tourists go blindfolded, hoodwinked, fancy-fettered, soul-swindled through the Highlands, with some wretched guide-book in their hand,* playing at cross purposes with the glens, and hide-and-seek with the woods, and blind-man’s buff with the mountains. Let them use their seven senses, and finding its source, take some river for their guide, and walk in music to the sea. Why, the Findhorn will shew them more of the spirit of Highland scenery, in three days, than they will ever see “all their life-long, in their present leading-strings along roads civil and military; the Spey too is a pleasant and instructive fellow-traveller, and the Dee a positive Poet, who embues the dullest wight with some of his own imagination.

But let us view the Findhorn in flood. After leaving its bleak parent hill, it runs through a deep ravine in the primitive rocks, whence it enters a beautiful pastoral glen and valley, bounded by steep and high mountains, with occasional rocky faces, but generally covered with a rich and valuable herbage. In those regions the flood was without parallel, and did all the harm it was possible for water to do—sweeping away, for example, the great wool-house of Laggan, and the whole shearing of wool of heaven knows how many thousand sheep. Lower down he sadly injured the estates of Dalmigarie, Killochie, and Balnespeik—scattering the corn and potatoes of many poor families—and by cutting off parts of fields diminishing greatly the value of entire farms. The little burn of Aultan-eachgra, which here joins the Findhorn, filled up and ruined the dams

and watercourses of its carding and meal-mills, injured the houses and machinery, and left all in a state of silent, melancholy, and motionless ruin. Near its junction, the side of a wooded hill 100 feet high, slid down at once and covered the great public road with *débris* and with large trees, many of them in the growing position. The Findhorn now meeting with some opposition from the old bridge of Corryburgh, commonly called the bridge of Freeburn, consisting of three large arches, heaved them all up into the air, like the lid of a chest, and leaving nothing but the ruins of the two land-abutments, rolled on to other triumphs. The beautiful valley, or plain, below Freeburn, in olden time, no doubt, a lake, resumed that character. The river changed its course in several places, scarifying many acres, and carrying some away from the farm of Invereig. The eight-mile long, and everywhere extremely narrow glen, called the Streens, felt the fury of the flood—the spouts of rain having converted every dry scar on the mountain-faces into a torrent, which soon cut it into a ravine, and covered acres with huge stones and heaps of gravel, to the depth of many feet. In some places, where the hillside was formerly quite entire, it was torn open, and fragments of detached rocks, eight or ten tons in weight, were thrown down into the glen. Coming to Lord Cawdor’s property, the flood carried away the garden of the house of Cuilliachan, and the crop on twenty acres of land—injuring more or less the whole farm. Indeed, all the small farms hereabouts were nearly ruined by the annihilation of half their arable lands. Easter Tchirfogrein, “the place hid from the sun,” stood 100 horizontal yards from, and twelve feet above, the usual surface of the river. The two brothers, who farmed it, seeing the house surrounded three feet deep, carried their sister and bed-ridden old mother to the side of a hill, from which they soon saw their dwelling-house and other dwellings disappear in the flood. Next morning, one end

* No allusion here to that very useful volume “The Scottish Tourist,” manifestly compiled by an intelligent editor, and published by the respectable firm of Stirling and Kenney, Edinburgh; Whittaker and Co., and James Duncan, London; nor to “The Picture of Scotland,” by that ingenious and amusing writer, Robert Chambers, published by our good friends, the Messrs Taits, Princes Street, Edinburgh.

of a cowhouse alone remained—the whole crop was gone—so were six acres of arable land, and all the rest was ruined by deep deposits of sand and gravel. The poor tenants removed to the farm of Knochandhu. The house stood about twenty yards from the edge of a haugh, 100 feet high above the Findhorn. But the “appendix flood,” of the 27th, finding the base of this lofty bank already scarified, attacked, undermined, and tumbled it down in enormous masses, with a noise like volleys of artillery—so that the house, though not hurled over, had to be deserted, standing as it now did, on the edge of a red, raw, perpendicular precipice a hundred feet high. Lord Cawdor’s loss is estimated at L.6000—and many poor people were reduced to utter want and ruin. The Findhorn then attacked the old military bridge at Dulsie, which consists of one bold and lofty arch of 46 feet, spanning the yawning chasm. The Findhorn attacked him in close column, with all his forces—having risen *en masse forty feet above his usual level*. But though invaded to within three feet of his key-stone, the old veteran stood fast, and repulsed the enemy,—or rather suffered him to make his escape along the foundations of his piers. The Findhorn was here reinforced by the Drumlochan Burn, in its ordinary state hardly sufficient to keep a saw-mill going, but now a column of water ten feet deep by forty in breadth. Its very branches were mighty—and carried away two bridges of twenty feet span. The Findhorn, swollen with so many furious auxiliaries, now resolved to sweep away the magnificent bridge of Ferness. It was built of solid granite by the Parliamentary Commissioners, consisting of three arches of thirty-six, fifty-five, and thirty feet span, and founded on the solid rock. But Sir Thomas’s fine description of this attack must be given unabridged:—

“It went on to rise in this way till about 7 o’clock, when the haugh on the right bank was covered, and the arches were not only completely filled, but the water was level with the top of the parapet, 27 feet above the ordinary level; and, indeed, if a few yards of the parapets towards the left and highest bank had not appeared, no one could have sus-

pected that there was a bridge there at all. Grouped with some cottages and some other trees, at a point about 150 yards above the bridge, grew one of the most beautiful ashes I ever beheld. It had a tall triple stem, supporting a perfect grove of foliage. The largest of its three divisions was 12½ feet in circumference, the next 7½ feet, and the smallest about 7 feet. This noble tree was covered to a considerable height by the water; but the gardener had no apprehension for its safety, when all at once it fell with a fearful crash, breaking a number of its branches by the very force and weight with which they struck the surface of the water, and throwing up the agitated element to a great height. Down it went out of sight, with an enormous bank of gravel, torn away and retained by the long and multiplied reticulations of its roots. As it got rid of a part of this dead weight, and rapidly approached the bridge, its branches rose for a moment, with great majesty, some 40 or 50 feet above the water, and fell backwards, in such a manner as to bring the root forward. In an instant it was sucked into the vortex of the centre arch. The branches and smaller limbs were ground to pieces with a noise like thunder, mingled with that of the explosions of gunpowder. For three or four minutes it stuck, ‘groaning and bellowing’ as if from torture, and then appeared darting below the lower side of the bridge, shorn of its mighty honours. When the river subsided, the bridge of Ferness, to the astonishment of every one, emerged from the flood, with no other damage than the loss of a part of its southern wing-wall and road-way, estimated at about L.100. But the preservation of the arches and the body of the bridge, must ever occasion it to be regarded as a miracle of masonry.”

The flood now reached the Regulas property—and here ripped up an old tragic secret:—

“At one place, immediately above where the public road now runs, it was carried past *Cumin’s Cairn*, rising on the verge of a steeply inclined bank of 70 or 80 feet high. This heap of stones was raised over the body of a man of the name of Cumin, who, having hanged himself in his barn in the beginning of the 18th century, that is to say, about 100 years before the time I now speak of, was buried on the march, according to the custom observed with suicides. The moment the ditch was opened down the face of the bank, it collected the water of every shower of rain; and, being thereby

converted into a temporary cataract, a gully of immense magnitude was cut in the alluvial matter in the course of a year or two. The bottom of this soon formed itself into an inclined plane, of above 100 yards in length, after which the water ceased to have any effect on it. This sufficiently illustrates the law governing all streams in their operations on the face of the earth, which have all a tendency, by deepening one place and filling up another, to reduce their channels to inclined planes. After a flood, which brought down a good deal of the loose material on the sides of the gully, a boy, tending cattle, observed something like long red hair streaming in the breeze, near the top of the broken bank. On climbing up to investigate the matter, what was his horror and dread when he discovered that the hair was attached to a ghastly human head! He fled home in terror, and the people crowded out to see the wonder. There they found the corpse of Cumin, so entire, that if any one could have known him alive, he must have perfectly recognised his features. The head protruded horizontally from the bank, and the excudation from the body had tinged the sand beneath it of a black colour, to a considerable depth. The cause of the preservation of the body was manifestly the dry ferruginous sand it was buried in. The rope was found about his neck, and attached to the fatal beam. During the night following the discovery of the body, the man's descendants carried all off, and buried them in the churchyard of Edenkilloe."

The Findhorn, though, during the flood, well entitled to the cognomen of "The Bridge-Destroyer," was yet, like Wellington at Burgos, often repulsed. He rose thirty-one feet against the bridge of Daldich, a fine bold arch of eighty-two feet span, and forty-four from parapet to ordinary water-level, springing from the rock—but after a whole day and night's cannonade, he was fain to sheer off from that impregnable position. He now approached the Haugh of Randolph—vulgarly called Rannoch. And although the opening at Randolph's Bridge extends as the rocks rise upwards, till the width is perhaps not less than seventy or eighty feet above, yet from the sudden turn the river takes as it enters this passage, the stream was so checked in its progress, that the flood actually rose over the very top of the rocks, forty-six feet above the usual

height, and inundated the level part of Rannoch-haugh that lies over them, to the depth of four feet, making a total perpendicular rise at this point of no less than fifty feet!

Leaving the "Bridge-Destroyer" in his full-swollen pride and wrath at Randolph's Bridge, let us accompany Sir Thomas while, according to the arrangement proposed in his preliminary chapter, he describes the ravages of the river Divie, which falls into the Findhorn immediately below the house of Relugas. The Divie has its origin in the hills dividing the district of Braemoray from that of Strathspey, and is formed by the combination of many small streams. Its scenery, for a stretch of six or seven miles below the spot where it leaps into the glen in a wild waterfall, to its junction with the Findhorn, is exquisitely beautiful. Mr Cumming Bruce's estate of Dimplail stretches nearly to its upper extremity five or six miles above the fall—and he had a range of small farms all along its course, the haugh lands of which were entirely swept away by the flood. It carried away a beautiful bridge of one arch which had been there for nearly a century. It broke quite over the parapet; yet still the arch stood till about a quarter of an hour afterwards, when some very large trees came down with the stream, stuck within it for a time, and the pressure accumulating above, it was carried off *en masse*, and actually hurried for some distance down the river, before it went to pieces and sunk.

The Dorback which joins the Divie, comes from the wild lake of Lochindorbe, remarkable for the extensive ruins of its insulated castle, and has many tributary burns. One of its branches destroyed a bridge on the Grantown road, and another tore down the bridge of Dava, swept away the garden of the inn, and the whole crop and soil attached to it. The Dorback itself was far from being idle on this great occasion. He utterly annihilated the whole of the low lands of Lord Moray's estate of Braemoray, and converted the green slopes of the hills into naked precipices. The damage done on Mr Cumming Bruce's part of the Dorback is of the same character and comparative extent. At the Ess, or waterfall of the Dorback, where the river runs

through a ravine thirty feet wide, the flood was twenty feet high—a towering altitude for a rivulet which, in ordinary seasons, you may wade—at a hundred fords—knee-deep. Lower down, the deluge of rain performed a curious achievement. It so soaked and saturated about an acre of wood on the face of a bank, 100 feet high, that the whole mass, with slopes and terraces covered with birch and alder-trees, gave way at once, threw itself headlong down, and bounded across the Dorback, blocking up the waters in that tremendous flood.

“ William Macdonald, the farmer of Easter Tillyglens, witnessed this phenomenon. He told me that it fell ‘ wi’ a sort o’ a dumb sound,’ which, though somewhat of a contradiction in terms, will yet convey the true meaning better than any more correct expression. Astonished and confounded, Macdonald remained gazing. The bottom of the valley is here some 200 yards or more wide, and the flood nearly filled it. The stoppage was not so great, therefore, as altogether to arrest the progress of the stream. But this sudden obstacle created an accumulation of water behind it, which went on increasing for nearly an hour, till, becoming too powerful to be longer resisted, the enormous dam began to yield, and was swept off at once, and hurled onwards like a floating island. But this was not all; for while Macdonald was standing, lost in wonderment, to behold his farm thus sailing off to the ocean by acres at a time, better than half an acre more of it rent itself away from its native hill, and descended at once, with a whole grove of trees on it, to the river, where it rested most accurately on its natural base. The flood immediately assailed this, and carried off the greater part of it piecemeal. Part of it yet remains, however, with the trees growing on it, in the upright position, after having travelled through a horizontal distance of 60 or 70 yards, with a perpendicular descent of not less than 60 feet.”

The Dorback then destroyed the beautiful meal-mill and carding-mill of Dunphail. The whole family, consisting of the miller, a most meritorious and ingenious, and what is far better, religious young man, William Sutherland—a boy his brother—the assistant miller—a lad, and a servant girl, found themselves surrounded by the flood. As they were engaged in family worship, down

came the river suddenly upon them, pouring into the house both by the doors and windows. But here we must quote the miller’s own impressive account of the affair :

“ ‘ I ran,’ said the miller, ‘ to the bed where my little brother lay; and, snatching him up, I carried him out to the meal-mill, the floor of which was elevated and dry, and I kindled a fire on the bricks to keep him and the lass warm. By this time, the cattle were up to the bellies in water in the byre; and I ran to throw straw bundles under them and the pigs, to raise them, to prevent their being drowned. I had hardly returned to the house, when the south gable, which had the current beating against it, fell inwards on the other room, and I was instantly obliged to knock out that window in the north gable, to let the water escape, otherwise we must have perished where we were. About five o’clock, I observed my neighbours John Grant and his wife standing on the bank in front. The distance between us was not thirty yards, yet I could not make them hear for the fearsome roar of the water, which was now quite tremendous. Large trees were constantly coming down and striking against the carding-mill. The look up the water was awful. It seemed as if a sea was coming down upon us, with terrible waves, tossing themselves into the air, much higher than the houses. I saw Grant’s wife go up the bank, and she returned some time afterwards with four men. We watched them consulting together, and our hopes rose high; but when we saw them leave the place without making any attempt to save us, we thought that all hope for us in this world was gone. Willingly would I have given all I had, or might expect to possess, to have planted but the soles of my feet, and those of my companions, on yon bit green sod, then still untouched by the waters. Every moment we expected the crazed walls of the house to yield, and to bury us in their ruins, or that we and it together should be swept away. We began to prepare ourselves for the fate that seemed to await us. I thank Almighty God that supported me in that hour of trial. I felt calm and collected, and my assistant was no less so. My little brother, too, said he was na feared; but the woman and the lad were frantic, and did nothing but shriek and wring their hands.

“ ‘ While we were in this situation, we suddenly saw about sixty people coming down the bank, and our hopes revived. The four men had gone to raise the country, and they now appeared with ropes.

All our attention was fixed on their motions. They drove a post into the ground, and threw the end of a thick rope across to me. This we fixed to a strong beam, and jammed it within the front window, whilst they on the bank made fast the other end of it to the post. A smaller rope was thrown over. This I fastened round the boy's waist, and he was dragged through the water to the bank, supporting himself all the way on the larger rope, that was stretched between the window and the post. The lass lost her hold, and was taken out half drowned; but, thank Providence! we were all saved. By six o'clock in the evening, the water had so fallen, that I made my way in to give provender to the beasts. I then found that the whole Dorback had come over from the west side of the valley, and cut a new course close at the back of the mills. All the mill-leads were cut entirely away. A deep ravine was dug out between the houses and the bank—their foundations were undermined in that direction—the machinery destroyed—the gables next the river carried away—and all, even the very ground, so ruined, that it is quite impossible ever to have mills here again."

So much for the exploits of the Dorback before he joined the Divie; and now a few words more of the Divie before he joins the Findhorn—and then a few pages, perhaps more, of the "Bridge-Destroyer," before he joins the Sea.

We grieve to say, that the Divie shewed himself by his conduct to his excellent benefactor and benefactress, Mr and Mrs Cumming Bruce, a monster of ingratitude. The new house of Dunphail, then partly inhabited, and on the eve of being finished at the time of the floods, is one of the happiest efforts of Mr Playfair's classical taste. It stands on a wide lawn, 50 feet from the verge of a bank in front, at the base of which there is an old channel, where there was little water except in floods, and 600 feet from the proper and ordinary course of the river that runs along the steep and wooded bank bounding the valley to the west. The intermediate space was occupied by a broad, green, and partially wooded island of some acres in extent. On the evening of the 3d, the Divie rose so as to carry away two handsome wooden bridges, and, an embankment at the upper end of the island having given way, a mighty torrent poured towards the house. Mr Cumming Bruce prevailed on his

wife and daughter to leave Dunphail, for the house of a friend. Before doing so, about six in the evening, their anxiety had been extremely excited for the fate of a favourite old pony, then at pasture in the island. Though the house of Dunphail itself was about to be in jeopardy, their feeling hearts felt for old Dobbin.

"As the spot had never been flooded in the memory of man, no one thought of removing him until it was too late. When the embankment gave way, and the patches of green gradually diminished, Dobbin, now in his twenty-seventh year, and in shape something like a 74 gun-ship cut down to a frigate, was seen galloping about in great alarm, as the wreck of roots and trees floated past him, and as the last spot of grass disappeared, he was given up for lost. At this moment he made a desperate effort to cross the stream under the house,—was turned head over heels by its force—rose again, with his head up the river—made boldly up against it, but was again borne down and turned over—every one believed him gone, when, rising once more, and setting down the waste of water, he crossed both torrents, and landed safely on the opposite bank."

Mr Cumming Bruce returned to Dunphail at ten o'clock, and then the river had undermined the bank the house stood on to within four paces of the foundation of the kitchen tower, and at eleven, there were only three yards then left to count on. At two o'clock on Tuesday morning, it came 12 feet within the height of the bank, flowing 16 or 18 feet immediately below, where, in general, the old water-course was dry, and the bank fell within one yard of the foundation of the east-tower. Mr Cumming Bruce then ordered every one to quit the building, and he and his people took their station at some distance, to witness the fate of the beautiful structure. But at four o'clock the river began to subside, and the house was saved.

"The ruin and devastation of the place was dreadful. The shrubbery all along the river side, with its little hill and moss-house, had vanished; two stone and three wooden bridges were carried off; the beautiful fringe of wood on both sides of the river, with the ground it grew on, were washed to the ocean, together with all those sweet and pastoral projections of the fields, which gave so peaceful and fertile a character to the valley; whilst the once green island, robbed of its groups of

trees, and furrowed by a dozen channels, was covered with large stones, gravel, and torn up roots. The rock in the old channel had been rendered unavailing by the great quantity of gravel brought down, which raised the water over it, so that it acted against the superincumbent mass of mortary gravel that was incapable of resisting it; and thus the house was left in the midst of ruin—like a precious gem, the lustre and effect of which have been destroyed by its setting being injured, and the stone itself left in jeopardy. ‘Dreadful, indeed,’ says Mrs Cumming Bruce, feelingly, in a billet written in reply to our enquiries, ‘is the devastation that a few hours have wrought. But we must be thankful that all around us are safe. God’s will be done. I daresay we were all too proud of the beauty of our valley, —a beauty which we had not given, and could not take away, but which has vanished in an instant before His sweeping arm.’”

This is the spirit in which all losses in this life should be met; and though from the eyes of her who felt and feels thus, the “beauty of our valley” be indeed gone, yet it shall endure for ever before her imagination, thus kindled always by a light from heaven.

But we now accompany the worthy Baronet to his own “Relugas,” where the Divie acted nearly as wicked a part as at Dunphail. Yet, after all, we believe in our conscience that he could not help it. The man who, when hurried headlong by the force of one single, or twenty united swollen passions, would seek, after spreading irremediable misery far and wide, to palliate his wickedness by the plea that he was no longer a voluntary agent, is suitably answered by an immediate order for his execution. But a river is at the mercy of the marshes of earth and the clouds of heaven, and cannot successfully fight against his Will-o’-wisps and his Stars. We have sometimes seen a stream vainly resisting earth, air, and sky to flood him, and trying to make his escape into bays and nooks—but it would not do—he soon became red, and then raving—and as well as drumly—and knocking his head against rocks and bridges, rushed howling like a maniac to the sea. On the 3d and 4th of August, the Divie was indeed an object rather of pity than of anger—of poetical wonder and awe, than of moral blame

and condemnation. Sir Thomas, who suffered so sadly from his insanity, compassionately saw his conduct in this light, and for sake of his many virtues, regards him with entire forgiveness.

The chief part of the pleasure grounds of Relugas, occupies a peninsula bounded to the east by the Divie, and to the west by the Findhorn. The house stands on a terrace facing the west, in which direction the lawn stretches towards the Findhorn. The south front looks over the garden, extending up the glen of the Divie, and immediately above a wooded bank, which slopes from the garden into an island called the Mill Island, formed by the water led off from the Divie as a mill-stream. This mill-stream ran peacefully along the base of that superbly wooded bank, where trees of all kinds grew to the height of eighty feet, and produced an impenetrable shade. The side of the Mill Island, next the Divie itself, was defended by a spine of wooded rocks, rising abruptly, and terminating at the upper end in a picturesque castellated mass called the Otter’s Rock. On the Mill Island itself the greatest care was lavished, the peaceful mill-stream, the lawny grass glades, the winding walks, and the rocky ridges, having all been adorned with all that was most rare, till it was converted into a spot of delightful retirement. At the back of the house, a picturesque conical wooded hill, called the Doune, rises to the eastward. The Divie coming from the south, after skirting the whole length of the Mill Island, strikes against the southern base of the Doune, and then turns off to the eastward at a right angle, immediately above which point the stables and other offices stand, 40 feet perpendicular, and 158 feet horizontal from the water’s edge, forming two sides of a square corresponding to the angle of the river. After leaving the offices, the Divie sweeps for a circuit of half a mile round the south, east, and north bases of the Doune, between lofty and rocky banks, luxuriantly wooded with stately timber, and along the mingled lawns and wooded banks that slope towards its stream from the north front of the house, it pursues its course westward to join the Find-

horn, which it does at no great distance from Randolph Bridge—the point, our readers may remember, at which we forsook for a while—to return to him by and by, “The Bridge-Destroyer.”

Such was—and is—though much beauty for the present has disappeared—Relugas. On the evening of Monday the 3d, being roused while at dinner by alarming accounts of the rivers, the family took their way through the garden to their favourite Mill Island. Sir Thomas, anxious for the safety of a little rustic Doric temple, partly constructed of masonry, and partly of unpeeled spruce trees, that occupied an isolated rock above a broken cascade crossed by picturesque bridges, said to the gardener, “John, I fear our temple may be in some danger if this goes on.” —“Ou, sir, it’s awa else,” (already,) was John’s reply—and looking up—says Sir Thomas, “The Divie appalled us!”

“It resembled the outlet to some great inland sea, that had suddenly broken from its bounds. It was already 8 or 10 feet higher than any one had ever seen it, and setting directly down against the sloping terrace under the offices, where we were standing, it washed up over the shrubs and strawberry-beds, with a strange and alarming flux and reflux, dashing out over the ground 10 or 15 yards at a time,—covering the knees of some of the party, standing, as they thought, far beyond its reach,—and, retreating with a suction, which it required great exertion to resist. The whirlpool produced by the turn of the river, was in some places elevated 10 or 12 feet above other parts of it. The flood filled the whole space from the rocks of the right bank on the east, to the base of the wooded slope, forming the western boundary of the Mill Island, thus covering the whole of that beautiful spot, except where two rocky wooded knolls, and the Otter’s Rock beyond them, appeared from its eastern side. The temple was indeed gone, as well as its bridges, and four other rustic bridges in the island. Already its tall ornamental trees had begun to yield, one by one, to the pressure and undermining of the water, and to the shocks they received from the beams of the Dunphail wooden bridges. The noise was a distinct combination of two kinds of sound; one, an uniformly continued roar, the other like rapidly repeated discharges of many cannons at once. The first of these proceeded from the violence of the water; the

other, which was heard through it, and, as it were, muffled by it, came from the enormous stones which the stream was hurling over its uneven bed of rock. Above all this was heard the fiendlike shriek of the wind, yelling, as if the demon of desolation had been riding upon its blast. The leaves of the trees were stripped off and whirled into the air, and their thick boughs and stems were bending and cracking beneath the tempest, and groaning like terrified creatures, impatient to escape from the coils of the watery serpent.”

How fared the beautiful and beloved Mill Island? All its magnificent trees were falling like grass beneath the mower’s scythe. Numerous as they were, says the Baronet, feelingly, they were all individually well-known friends. Each as it fell gave one enormous plash on the surface—then a plunge—then the root appeared above water for a moment—then again all was submerged—then uprose the stem, disbranched and peeled—and finally they either hurled round in the cauldron, or darted like arrows down the river.

How stood the bridge over the Divie to the north of the house? Here, the river, bounding out from the rocky glen behind the Doune, was fearful. The arch is 24 feet high, and its span from rock to rock, 60 feet. The flood filled more than two thirds of its height—yet all night the bridge stood fast—though the wide body of water which covered the Mill Island, and wrought such devastation there, had all to pass through that narrow chasm. All the servants who lived in the offices had sat up the whole night in dread of the building being carried away. Morning then came—and Sir Thomas thus describes the scene:

“I hurried out. But, prepared as my mind had been for a scene of devastation, how much did the reality exceed my worst anticipations! The Divie had apparently subsided, it is true, but it was more because it had widened and disencumbered its course, than from any actual diminution of its waters. The whole Mill Island was cleared completely of shrubs, trees, and soil, except the hard summit toward the Otter’s Rock; and, instead of the space being filled with that wilderness of sweets into which the eye found difficulty in penetrating, one vast and powerful red coloured river, dividing itself into two

branches against the other rocks, flowed in large streams around it, without one single obstacle to its action; with less turmoil than before indeed, but with the terrible majesty of a mighty conqueror sweeping sternly over the carnage of his recent victory. And well might the enemy triumph!—For, besides the loss of the Mill Island, which I had looked for, the beautiful hanging bank, covered with majestic forest and ornamental trees, of all kinds, and of growth so fresh and vigorous, had vanished like the scenery of a dream, and, in its place, was the garden hedge, running for *between 200 and 300 yards, along the brink of a red alluvial perpendicular precipice 50 feet high*, with the broad remorseless flood, rolling at its base, eating into its foundation, and, every successive minute, bringing down masses of many cubic yards. And then, from time to time, some tall and graceful tree, on the brink of the fractured portions of the bank at either end, would slowly and magnificently bend its head, and launch into the foaming waves below. The whole scene had an air of unreality about it that bewildered the senses. It was like some of those wild melodramatic exhibitions, where nature's operations are out-heroded by the mechanist of a theatre, and where mountains are thrown down by artificial storms."

The ruin here described was very much owing to the confinement of the Divie for a great way above the waterfall, and its bursting at once from the gorge below it, called Macrae's Loup, into the wider theatre of its havoc. The height of the flood at Macrae's Loup was no less than 40 feet above the ordinary level! The river from that spot towards the house and offices used to present one of the richest scenes imaginable. But when the water had ebbed away, nothing was to be seen but a dark ravine of sand and gravel, covered with huge rounded lumps of stone. The officers were within a yard of the crumbling precipice of earth! Though they stand—if we rightly understand the Baronet—158 feet horizontal from what used to be the water's edge! The quantity of gravel and stone, indeed, brought down by the Divie was far greater than by any other river. It used to be remarkable for the depth of its pools; but the flood completely obliterated them, and for many weeks afterwards a dog might have walked down its whole course from Eden-

killie Church to the Findhorn, without having occasion to swim one yard! The Swimming Pool at Relugas, was 16 feet deep. It has now 20 feet deep of gravel laid into it, and is converted into a shallow, the bottom of which is 4 feet higher than the former surface of the water!

A branch of the pleasure walks leads down the left bank of the Divie, as you enter the Relugas property from the Dunphail march, for more than two miles, to the point of its junction with the Findhorn. Sir Thomas having had lessons read to him by former floods, had conducted the line at an elevation thought by all to be above all danger.

"The rocks and recesses of the wooded banks, and the little grassy slopes, were covered in a wild way with many thousand shrubs, of all kinds, especially with laurels, rhododendrons, azaleas, lilacs, and a profusion of roses, which were thriving vigorously, and beginning to bear blossoms, whilst the rocks were covered with the different saxifrages, hung with all sorts of creepers, and enamelled with a variety of garden flowers, all growing artlessly, as if sown by the hand of Nature. The path was therefore considered to be not unworthy of the exquisite scenery through which it led. But the flood of the 3d and 4th of August left not one fragment of it remaining, from one end to the other. Not a tree, or shrub, or flower, or piece of soil, nay, or of moss or lichen, is to be seen beneath that boldly and sublimely sketched line of flood, that appears on either side, and from end to end of these rocks, like the awful handwriting of God on the wall."

The point of junction between the Divie and the Findhorn was terminated by a picturesque rock covered with trees, and rendered accessible by a rustic bridge. The waves, at this meeting of the waters, were terrific, tossing themselves 20 feet into the air, and throwing up the drift trees, and other bodies, to a great height. The bridge and the trees on the rock were swept away, and not even a blade of grass or a tuft of moss left.

"The damage done at Relugas by the flood, is perhaps not more, in actual value, than L.1200; yet, when the rocky defences all along this very small property are considered, even this sum is great. But the beauties of nature cannot be estimated in money; and although Relugas

has yet enough left to captivate strangers, and to make them wonder how there could have been any thing to regret; yet ten thousand points of locality are lost, on which hung many long-cherished associations with the memory of those who can never return to sanctify the new scenes resulting from the late catastrophe. The flood of the 27th did no injury here. Principal Baird, being on his way to Relugas from Forres, on that day, called to the postboy to stop as he was crossing the Divie bridge, that he might enjoy the view of the scenery. 'Na, na, sir!' roared the lad, smacking his whip, 'these are ower kittle times to be stopping on brigs!'"

We now return from the Dorback and the Divie to the Findhorn, whom we left at Randolph's Bridge:—

"The next spot I visited on the morning of the 4th, was the Findhorn, at Randolph's Bridge. I have already mentioned, that the flood rose to the height of *fifty feet there*. I found it in its greatest grandeur,* flooding over the whole haugh of Rannoch, carrying large trees, with their roots and branches, triumphantly around it, and washing so far up the road leading down to it, as very nearly to run into a course which I have often been wondered at for calling an ancient channel of the river. The turmoil of the surges was so tremendous, that the primitive rocks shook, as the Divie bridge had done the previous evening. Nothing can convey an idea of the violence and velocity of the water that shot away from the whirling sea above the cliffs. It was scarcely possible to follow with the eye the trees and wreck that floated like straws on its surface. The force was as much more than that of a raging ocean, as gunpowder ignited within the confined tube of a cannon is more terribly powerful than the same material when suffered to explode on the open ground. I was particularly struck here with an example of the fact, that trees exposed to occasional struggles with torrents, instinctively prepare themselves to resist them. I observed one tall ash, growing a little way above Randolph's Bridge, covered to at least four-fifths of its height. It was broken over at last, but, having been taught by experience to resist the action of water, it was not rent away, whilst all those which had never been visited by floods before, were torn up like weeds. Before I left this spot, I saw one of the under gardeners wade into the water as it had begun to ebb on the haugh, and, with his umbrella, drive ashore and capture a *fine*

salmon, at an elevation of fifty feet above the ordinary level of the Findhorn."

We next behold him carrying off, at Logie, two acres of very fine full-grown timber, soil and all. The mill here, standing seventy-two horizontal feet from the brink of the rock over the river, and fifteen perpendicular feet above the level of its mid-channel, had a narrow escape. It was flooded three feet deep in its upper story; but was saved from destruction by a row of large ash-trees firmly rooted between it and the river. From Lord Moray's Haugh of Logie, some of the largest oaks in Scotland were rent away, and seven acres of very valuable land carried off. Sir William Cumming lost a quarter of an acre of magnificent trees from a beautiful spot near the Roane, and a wooded island, 160 yards long, by 20 broad, was swept entirely away from Ranflat Haugh. Cothall mills, too, farther down, belonging to Sir William, were totally annihilated. They consisted of an extensive group of buildings, three stories high, containing flour, meal, and barley mills, with all manner of appurtenances. Not a vestige remains; and the whole force of the river now runs through the spot where they stood. Sir Thomas himself saw one of the freestone lintels, three feet and a half long, by one foot one way, and nine inches the other, lying two miles below the site of the mills! Sir William Cumming's magnificent drive, which ran under the bluff Craig of Coulternose, superbly finished, and beautifully planted with ornamental trees and shrubs, was completely destroyed, and sixteen acres of land were cut off entirely from his farm of Mundole.—Think for a moment of the power hercabouts of the Findhorn. The medium width of the channel at the Limestone Craig of Coulternose, is 185 feet. The mean depth of a number of soundings, taken across the river, at its ordinary state, is about three feet four inches, above which the flood rose fourteen feet eight inches, making the total depth eighteen feet—so that a transverse section of the column of water passing through must have had a superficial face of 3330 square feet moving with force and velocity perfectly inconceivable. It is proposed to build the new bridge here—to supply the

place of Randolph Bridge, which was swept away, and that the span shall be 160 feet, which will form the grandest feature of one of the finest possible landscapes.

Hitherto we have seen the flood raging chiefly against plains, woods, rocks, and bridges—but now the Findhorn threatened and endangered human life, and his progress is contemplated with a far deeper—with a tragic interest. Terrific was the discharge of water, wreck, and stones that burst from the pass at the Craig of Coulternose, over the extensive plain of Forbes, spreading devastation abroad on that rich and beautifully hedgerowed country. On Monday the 3d of August, Dr Brands of Forbes, a gentleman, as it appears, of rare intrepidity, was professionally called to the western side of the river, which he forded on horseback. Before he had crossed the second branch of the stream, he saw the flood come thundering down—his horse was caught by it—he was compelled to swim, and he had not long touched dry land, ere the river had risen six feet. After dinner at Moy, he accompanied Mr Suter, the worthy dweller there, to several cottages, advising the inmates to leave them without delay, and come to Moy—a kind advice, which was taken by all except the family of one Kerr, who, trusting to their great distance from the river, somewhat obstinately refused to move. The house of Moy, by ten at night, was filled with men, women, and children, flying from the flood. “There’s twa families yonder wholly surrounded,” cried a voice, “and as for poor Sandy Smith! Poor *Funn*s! Naebody can ever houp till see him or his family again.” This Sandy Smith was an active boatman, commonly called Whins, or, in the provincial pronunciation, *Funn*s, from his residence on a piece of furzy pasture, at no great distance from the river. A far distant gleam of light came from his window. “I have often heard of a ray of hope,” said Mr Suter, “but this is the first time I ever experienced it in a literal sense.” What too was to become of the Kerrs at Stripeside! Here we must record in our pages an incident most honourable to the humanity and courage of Mr Suter;

“But farther consideration for them was extinguished for a time, by the loud screams that proceeded from the gardener’s wife and children near the offices at Moy. They hastened thither, and found the flood rushing strongly about the house. It was not yet too deep to wade, but the river was making rapid advances, whilst the people were debating what was best to be done. ‘I will go myself and save them!’ cried Mr Suter. ‘God forbid that ye could risk yourself alone, sir!’ said an elderly woman standing by; ‘I’ll gang wi’ ye.’—‘Come along then, madam,’ said he, offering his arm to the old lady, whom he now recognised to be Widow Ross, his washerwoman, who had only a short time before escaped with her children, from her house at Stripeside, with the loss of every thing she had in this world. ‘Come along! we shall try it at all events.’ They entered the water, and, after three or four paces, it became deep. They had to pass through a gate, where the current was strong. ‘No fear, widow!’ said Mr Suter, ‘lean more on my arm.’ By this time they were up to the middle in water. ‘Haud mair to that side, sir,’ cried the widow, ‘there’s a deep well here, and we may fa’ intil’t.’ They reached the cottage door. ‘What’s the meaning of this delay?’ demanded Mr Suter. ‘Come, young fellow,’ said he, addressing himself to the gardener’s youngest son, and bending his body to receive him, ‘leap upon my back.’ The little urchin joyfully obeyed, and, in ten minutes, the whole family were saved.”

The stormful blackness of the night made it impossible to assist either the Kerrs or *Funn*s, but Mr Suter said, “Let candles be placed in all the windows of the house, that poor *Whins*, if yet in existence, may know that he is not forgotten amidst the horrors of this awful night. But, alas! his light no longer burns!” At daybreak Dr Brands hurried down to the offices, and ascended the tower to look out from the top. The prospect was awful—all the extensive plain of Forbes being one wide-weltering flood, down to the expanding Frith and German Ocean. The houses of Stripeside were still standing; and he saw too the far-off dwelling of poor *Funn*s, its roof rising like a speck above the flood, that had evidently made a breach in one of its ends. Mr Suter, about seven in the morning, went to his own offices, and there he found one of his servants, Alexander Kerr, son of the old

people in jeopardy in Stripeside, weeping in agony for the inevitable destruction of his parents. As Mr Suter was trying to comfort him, the whole gable end of old Kerr's dwelling gave way, and fell into the raging current. Dr Brands, who was looking intently the while through a telescope, observed a hand thrust through the thatch of the house—it worked busily, as if in despair of life—a head soon appeared—and then the whole body of old Kerr, who began drawing out his wife and niece. They all crawled along the roof, towards the northern chimney. As soon as they had left the roof it fell into the flood—Old Kerr letting himself drop from the thatch of the roof they had reached, let himself drop from the eaves on a small speck of ground higher than the rest, close to the foundation of the back wall of the building, which was next to the spectators. The brave Dr Brands set off on horseback—and the lad Alexander also in another direction—to endeavour to find a boat. But after many narrow escapes from danger, intrepidly encountered, the Doctor was forced, without having attained his object, to return to Moy. At this time poor Funnis, and his family, were thus situated,—

“ They were huddled together on a spot of ground a few feet square, some 40 or 50 yards below their inundated dwelling. He was sometimes standing and sometimes sitting on a small cask, and, as the beholders fancied, watching with intense anxiety the progress of the flood, and trembling for every large tree that it brought sweeping past them. His wife, covered with a blanket, sat shivering on a bit of log, one child in her lap, and a girl of about 17, and a boy of about 12 years of age, leaning against her side. A bottle and a glass on the ground, near the man, gave the spectators, as it had doubtless given him, some degree of comfort. Above a score of sheep were standing around, or wading or swimming in the shallows. Three cows and a small horse, picking at a broken rick of straw that seemed to be half afloat were also grouped with the family.”

At last a boat was seen launched from the garden at Earnhill, about a mile below:

“ The young man who went in the direction of Kincorth, found that Mrs Grant

had already ordered out a pair of horses to convey the boat to the spot where it was committed to the waves; and it was immediately manned by Donald Munro, overseer to Mr Loudon at Earnhill, William Smith, salmon-fisher, and Tom Fraser, floater, who nobly volunteered to proceed, in the first place, to the rescue of the family of a man named John Smith, who were in the most perilous situation imaginable, in the island opposite to Earnhill. The gentlemen on the tower watched the motions of this boat with the liveliest interest. They saw it tugging up till an intervening wood hid it from their view. Again it was seen beyond, making, as it were, for Rodney's cottage, as they hoped with the intention of reaching Stripeside. But in an instant it dashed into the main stream, and disappeared behind the wood with a velocity so fearful that they concluded its destruction certain. But in a moment it again showed itself, and the brave fellows were seen plying their oars across the submerged island of Earnhill, making for John Smith's cottage, the thatch, and a small part of the side walls of which only were visible above the water; so that, by means of the telescope, the gentlemen saw the poor inmates actually dragged out of the windows, from under the water, having been obliged to duck within ere they could effect their escape. The boat then swept down the stream towards a place called the Lakes, where John Smith, his wife, and her mother, were safely landed.

“ The boat was now again brought up by the Kincorth horses to a point near the bridge over the Moy Burn. There Donald Munro again sprang forward, and Sergeant John Grant, an old pensioner from Findhorn, with David Reat, from Kintessock, and Robert Dallas, claimed the honour of the Stripeside adventure. After bringing the boat across the flooded bridge, they, with great difficulty, crossed the stream on the south side of it, and pulled along the road till the current became so strong that the people, who waded breast deep to meet them, were compelled to haul them up by means of ropes. There was one individual in that boat whose exertions, Mr Suter says, he can never forget. The others were sufficiently active, but he was both physically and morally more energetic than they, and his conduct was so conspicuous, as to call forth the frequent and united plaudits of all present. This was Donald Munro, who, from certain remarkable parts of his dress, was that day called *Straw-Hat* and *Yellow-Waistcoat*,—titles under which he gained so much honour, that he may well be proud of them for

the rest of his life. He was now at the prow, now at the stern, now in the water to the neck, and again he was tugging hard at the oar: in short, he seemed to be the chief instrument of deliverance.

"Having pulled up as far as they could in the still water, they approached the desperate current formerly noticed as having swept away the two elms, and fearlessly dashed into its tumultuous waves. For a moment the spectators were in the most anxious doubt as to the result; for, though none could pull a stronger oar, yet the boat, in crossing a distance equal to its own length, was swept down 200 yards. Ten yards more would have dashed them to atoms on the lower stone wall. But they were now in comparatively quiet water; and availing themselves of this, they pulled up again to the park, in the space between two currents, and passed, with a little less difficulty, though in the same manner, the second and third streams, and at length reached the houses. The spectators gave them three hearty cheers. By this time the Kerrs had been left scarcely three feet of ground to stand on, under the back wall of the houses. A pleasing sight it was to see the boat touch that tiny strand, and the despairing family taken on board. After they were safely stowed, Yellow-Waistcoat was observed wading, and sounding his way with a pole, till he reached the west end of the building, where he pounced upon an enormous hog, which he lugged down to the boat, and threw it in as easily as if it had been a rabbit. 'My indignation was stirred up against the Kerrs,' said Mr Suter, 'thinking that, at such a time, they could have thought of risking Munro's life for such a purpose. But I was afterwards pleased to learn, that it was to preserve "poor Widow Ross's moo, which was a' that was noo left till her.'"

"How anxiously did the spectators watch every motion of the little boat that was now so crowded as very much to impede the rowers! They crossed the two first streams, and finally drew up for the last and dreadful trial. There the frail bark was again whirled down; and, notwithstanding all their exertions, the stern just touched the wall. The prow, however, was in stiller water; one desperate pull; she sprang forward in safety, and a few more strokes of the oar landed the poor people amongst 50 or 60 of their assembled friends. Then was there a meeting between parents and son! What gratulations! What greetings and embraces! What grappling of hearts and molarure of eyes ensued! All crowded round them to obtain one squeeze of their hands.

"Hoot toot, nonsense!" cried the weather-beaten Rodney, dashing his rough hand across his eyes, 'What's this o't? Toots! I canna stand this mair than you, bairns. Od I maun just greet it out.'"

Old Kerr's account of himself and family during the danger is interesting, and droll and comical enough too;—but we must look after *Funn's*. Again, Yellow-Waistcoat and his gallant fellows plied their oars, on the work of deliverance. And first they rescued from death, in a lonely cottage among the alders, a little way above the blown-up bridge, three helpless old women, one of them for years bedrid. They were found sitting on chairs, placed in a wooden roofed bed, nearly dead with cold, and could not have existed many hours longer. Yellow-Waistcoat and Sergeant Grant lifted them out of the window, and ere long Mr Suter was restoring them to life by Glenlivet. He did not forget to hand a caulker to their deliverers, and offered Sergeant Grant a second dram. "Na, I thank ye, sir," said the Sergeant, eyeing it askance, and retreating beyond the influence of its temptation; "I like it ower weel; and if I tak it I may forget mysell, an', God kens, we need to hae a' our wits about us the day. But an we get a' the poor folk safe, I'se no say but I'se get fou." Well said, noble fellow—let the Temperance Society preach from that text!

The boat was again manned, John Smith, who had himself been rescued from the Earnhill Island, being one of the crew, and Yellow-Waistcoat at his post. In attempting to row across to the Moy embankment for a larger boat lying there, they were swamped; but being carried into smooth water, by wading shoulder to shoulder, and shoulder deep, they reached the large boat and soon righted the small one. From the top of a wall, they tried to drag the large boat through a gateway, but it swamped and went down. Wading with only their heads above water, they again reached the small boat, which they had tied to a pillar of the gate, and, rowing along the road, disappeared behind a plantation. The small boat soon swamped, and the brave crew saved themselves by providentially catching and clinging to a

haycock that happened to be floating past at the moment! They were carried along with it till it stuck in some young alder-trees, where each of them grasped a bough, and the haycock sailed away, leaving them, where those on shore could just see them at times endeavouring to support themselves among the weak and brittle branches.

"Send for a boat!" was the first sentence that came from them. "What has become of your own?" shouted some one in return. "A boat! a boat!—send for a bo-o-out," was the only response. Some thoughtless creature among the crowd belated out, "Why don't you use your own bo-o-out?" There was a degree of mimicry in the tone of his voice that excited a momentary smile; but the next instant a hoarse murmur of disapprobation went round, and the abashed caitiff slunk away behind backs, to shun the general indignation he had excited. For two hours these brave men hung there, and a thousand schemes were proposed for their rescue, and all successively rejected. Towards five o'clock, Dr Brands and Sergeant Grant had already got ropes, and were preparing to make the hazardous attempt of swimming to their aid, when, to the astonishment and joy of all assembled, they beheld Yellow-Waistcoat baling out the water from the boat with his straw-hat, and soon afterwards they were seen pulling along the road, and making for the bridge of Moy. On their way thither, they were the means of saving Betty Findlay, the celebrated biscuit-baker, who, in endeavouring to wade across the bridge, was swept off her feet, and was floating down, supported by the buoyancy of her outspread drapery, when they fortunately caught and rescued her.

"The circumstances attending the recovery of the boat, are fully equal to most of those conveniently marvellous coincidences so servicable to novelists. William Smith, being unable to hold on longer by the boughs, let himself gently down into the water, with the hope of finding bottom. 'I feel the boat!' shouted he to his companions; and, strange as it may seem, the small boat, which had last swamped with them, had actually drifted to the root of the very tree whither fortune had carried them! But this was not all. Some salmon-nets and ropes had also, by the strangest accident, been lodged there. One of these Smith contrived to pull up with his foot, and making a noose, and slipping it on his great toe, he descended once more, and managed to fix the rope round the stern of the boat. Having passed the rope

over a high branch of a tree, he threw the end of it to his companions. 'Now, haul upon that, my lads!' cried he, with great glee, and, joining with them in chorus, they, with much trouble, succeeded in righting the boat. The oars being fixed to the side with iron pins, were all safe. Mr Suter ordered the men up to the house for warmth and refreshment."

Again the boat was manned and launched on the flood—for the Broom of Moy. Dr Brands was one of the gallant crew. The first house they made for was that occupied by a family of the name of Cumins, consisting of a poor invalid old man, father-in-law to *Funns*, his wife, nearly as infirm, their daughter an elderly woman, and her son, a boy. At first the silence seemed to denote death. But there the whole family were, roosted like fowls on the beams of the roof. They were all half-dead with cold; and the old man's mind being too much enfeebled to withstand the horrors, was now utterly deranged. The next house of the hamlet the boat went to was that of the Widow Speediman, an old bed-ridden woman, with whom resided her niece, Isabella Morrison, an elderly person. What follows is worth reading,—and William Shakspeare's fiction never surpassed Isabella Morrison's truth:—

"One of the walls of this house was gone, and the roof was only kept up by resting on a wooden boarded bed. Here those in the boat beheld a most harrowing spectacle. Up to the neck in water, sat the niece, scarcely sensible, and supporting what was now the dead body of her aunt, with the livid and distorted countenance of the old woman raised up before her. The story will be best told in her own words, though at the risk of some prolixity.

"'It was about eight o'clock, an' my aunty in her bed, fan I says till her, "Aunty, the waters are cumin' aboot's;" an' I had hardly spoken fan thy wur at my back. "Gang to my kist," says she to me, "and tak oot some things that are to be pit aboot me fan I'm dead." I had hardly tukken oot the claes fan the kist was floated bodalie through the hoos. "Gie me a haud o' your hand, Bell," says my aunty, "an' I'll try an' help ye into the bed." "Ye're nae fit to help me," says I, "I'll tak a haud o' the stoop o' the bed." And see I gat in. I think we war strugglin' i' the bed for about twa hours; and the water floatit up the cauf-

bed, and she lyin' on't. Syne I tried to keep her up, an' I took a hand o' her shift to try to keep her life in. But the waters war ay growin'. At last I got her up wi' ae haun to my breest, and held a haud o' the post o' the bed with the ither. An' there wuz ae jaw o' the water that cam' up to my breest, an' anither jaw cam' an' fuppit my aunty oot o' my airins. "Oh! Bell, I'm gane!" says she; and the waters just chokit her. It wuz a dreadful sight to see her! That wuz the fight and struggle she had for life! Willin' wuz she to save that! An' her haun, your honour! hoo she fought wi' that haun! It wad hae drawn tears o' pity frae a heathen! An' then I had a dreadful spekalation for my ain life, an' I canna tell the conseederable moments I was doon in the water, an' my aunty abeen me. The strength o' the waters at last brak the bed, an' I got to the tap o't; an' a dreadful jaw knockit my head to the bed-post; an' I wuz for some time oot o' my senses. It was surely the death-grip I had o' the post; an' surely it wuz the Lord that waukened me, for the dead sleep had cum'd on me, an' I wud hae faun, and been droont in the waters! After I cam' to mysell a wee, I felt something at my fit, an' I says to mysell, This is my aunty's head that the waters hae torn aff! I felt wi' my haun, an tuk haud o't wi' fear an' trumlin'; an' thankful was I fan I faund it to be naething but a droont hen! Aweel, I climbed up, an' got a haud o' the cupple, an' my fit on the tap o' the wa', and susteened mysell that way frae maybe about half-past ten that night till three next afterneen. I suppose it wuz 12 o'clock o' the day before I saw my aunty again, after we had gane doon thegither, an' the dreadful ocean aboot huz, just like a roarin' sea. She was left on a bank o' sand, leanin' on her side, and her mouth was sou o' san'. Fouk wondered I didna dee o' cauld an' hunger; but balth could an' hunger ware unkent by me, wi' the terrification I wuz in wi' the roarin' o' the waters aboot me, Lord save me!*

"The corpse of the poor old woman Speedlman was put into a cart, together with her niece Bell, whose state of exhaustion was so great, that it was difficult to tell which was the living, and which the dead, body."

The boat next rescued three old women, one of whom died, in Elgin hospital, of dropsy, brought on by cold and wet. Then a family of the

name of Monro were relieved, but the horrors of that dreadful day affected Mrs Monro's mental, as well as bodily health.

It was now about six o'clock in the evening, and *Funns* and family had for four-and-twenty hours been in peril. During all these rescues they had been seen far over in the midst of the inundation, clustered like flies on their little speck of land. The boat of the deliverers had gone to the rescue of those within easiest reach, or had been forced to obey the flood. *Funns* had never been for a moment forgotten, and it was now his turn to be saved. Through the wide inundation that surrounded the tiny spot where that family stood, five tremendously tumultuous streams raged furiously with elevated waves. The moment the boat dashed into the first of these, it was whirled down for a great way; but having once got through it, the bold crew pulled up in the quiet water beyond to prepare for the next, and in doing so, Sergeant Grant stood in the prow, with a long rope, the end of which was fixed to the boat, and whenever he thought he had footing, he jumped out, and dragged them up, and thus, finally, they reached *Funns*, and after many dangers, all the family were brought to Moy-House. The youngest daughter fainted on being brought near the fire; and on the wise suggestion of Dr Brands, as sensible as brave, to restore the animal temperature she was put into Mrs Suter's bed, already occupied by "five bairns;" and warm wine, and warm broth, and a good night's sleep perfectly restored her to strength.

Reader, weep for the poor Cumins's. You have seen that poor, frail, and both bodily and mentally infirm couple rescued from death in their cottage in the Broom of Moy. In the appendix flood of the 27th, they were again nearly drowned in their bed in a cottage near the burn of Rauls-mill—but were saved. Here is a picture of human nature:—

"A lady, who felt a charitable interest in those poor people, visited them at the Broom of Moy, after the subsidence of the flood. She found the old man lying on a damp bed, under a defenceless roof,

* This poor woman has since become a perfect cripple from rheumatism.

exposed to wind and rain. His moans were unceasing, save when his wandering mind led him to talk wildly of drowning, and of the water being at his feet. His wife, scarcely less imbecile, sat rocking herself to and fro on a low seat, called a *Sunkie*, before a fire, which she in vain tried to make burn, complaining to herself of a hurt in one of her legs, received at the time the flood filled the house, when the daughter, by an almost miraculous exertion of strength, raised her parents and her son up to the place whence they were rescued. Unconscious whence the blessing came, the poor creatures eagerly drank the wine the lady had brought them; and when, a little afterwards, she looked for the bottle, that she might give a glass to their daughter, she found that, with the selfishness dotage sometimes brings with it, the old woman had contrived to hide it in a corner of her bed. Their daughter, who is quite deaf, was employed in digging various articles out of the sand. Her hand had been severely cut by an adze, while in the act of dragging up her parents from danger. 'It will be o' nae use,' said she, refusing to have it bound up, 'for I maun ay be dabling.' It was the lady I allude to who made them comfortable in the cottage, where they were disturbed by the flood of the 27th. But the succession of miseries to which they have been exposed, have not been without their good result, since they have but widened that field for benevolent exertion, in which a truly angelic mind delights to occupy itself."

We have not room to accompany Sir Thomas in his account of all the incidents of the flood on the plain of Forres, on the right bank of the Findhorn, to the seaport. These details are nearly as interesting as those we have now abridged. The devastations of the burn of Forres were identified with those of the Findhorn. But higher up, it did much damage to Altyre, the beautiful seat of Sir William Cumming. The house was surrounded, and the greatest alarm excited. The splendid groups of rare evergreens, and other shrubs of magnificent growth, that decorate the lawn, were sorely ravaged. The havoc on the dressed banks, and among the extensive walks and shrubberies, was ruinous; and in the lower, or kitchen-garden, the current carried off the gardener on one of his melon frames, to take an aquatic excursion among his gooseberrybushes and cauliflowers. But no lives were lost—nor yet put into jeopardy—and na-

ture will, in a few seasons, restore Altyre to all its original beauty.

The SPEY holds, says Sir Thomas, the third place among Scottish rivers. But we say, how may the examining masters decide to whom the gold medal shall be assigned, when the candidates that flow for honours are the Tweed, the Clyde, the Spey, the Tay, and the Dee? Is it to be given to the greatest volume of water? In that case, perhaps, they might measure the performances or essays of competitors, and by a mere arithmetical process decide the prize. But how impossible a right decision becomes, when they have to compare the depth of the impression, the purity of the sheet, the breadth of the margin, and the variety, beauty, splendour, and magnificence of the binding! Therefore, we say, let them all be bracketted, and declared, without any invidious degrees, the First Floods of their year. Strathspey! Music and dance are in that glorious spondee—and who has not heard of that many-footed metre, the Reel o' Tullochgorum? The Spey in spate seems, indeed, the serpent that stopped the march of the Roman legions. Swim the Spey in spate! No—not a whale could perform that feat from pole to pole. A Triton among the minnows there would wish himself a Leviathan among the cods of the ocean-stream. He would find himself in worse straits there than those of Davis, and would be feeble as a frog. A herd of wild elephants would be hurried down its flood like so many auld wives' bauchles—and mammoths and mastodontons like so many Highland bonnets. On the 4th of August, you might have heard his thunder in a balloon high up in heaven as the topmost peak of Chimborazo. No cloud dared to bang above him on that day; but all the sky was black with fear as with night; and nothing but a lurid glimmer through the "water-bleared horizon," denoted that there was a sun. No wonder his main battle was terrific, when all his tributaries joined in—wild tribes and grim—from the cliffs and cataracts, and all in one close column, headed by General Conster-nation, bore downwards to the sea.

"Their floods were a thousand, their thunders were one."

There, floated and tossed the blood-

red banners of the vassal chieftains of King Spey—the Feshie, the Dalraddy, the Druie, the Dorback, the Dulan, the Duthel, the Craggan, the Tilchen, the Aven, the Conglass, the Livat, the Tomore, the Knockando, the Dullen, the Fiddich—famous all among the Grampian peerage, and celebrated in the songs of Echo since the birth of time. In the words of Professor Wilson,

“ A regal flood, that, born amid the hills,
Sweeps on unseen through many a
darksome glen,

Till join'd by all his tributary rills,

From loch, from tarn, from marish, and
from fen,

He leaves his empire with a kingly glee,
And fiercely bids recoil the billows of the

About Belville, on the Invereshie estate, the Spey flooded the meadows, five miles long and one broad. All the while the heavens were in deluge, the north-east wind blew great guns,—frequent were the flashes of lightning, but there was no thunder. The Feshie—fordable two days before to the lambs, separated from their mother in heedless play—rolled down rocks, while trees floated in it like feathers. A house full of people was flooded four feet high, when, in defiance of the tremendous rush of water, a few such Highlanders as fought at Quatre-bras and Waterloo, entered, as Highlanders are wont to do in trying circumstances, shoulder to shoulder, and rescued them all, one by one, from peril proved to be imminent by the sudden disappearance of a large saw-mill. The romantic old bridge at Invereshie, though flooded three feet above the keystone, stood fast, while huge masses of micaceous rock below were rent away, and buried a hundred yards off under heaps of gravel. The Feshie then smote some strong stone bulwarks into shivers,—overflowed and destroyed the whole low grounds of Dalnavert,—excavated for itself a new channel in less time than it would have cost all the pioneers of a large army of us men,—and left an island between it and the Spey of two hundred acres. Here the Dalraddy behaved most generously to one Mrs Cumming. After the flood had subsided, she found, on Tuesday afternoon, at the back of the house, all lying in a heap, a handsome dish of trout, a pike, a hare, a partridge, a

dish of potatoes, and a dish of turnips, all deposited there by the Dalraddy, except a turkey, which, alas! was one of her own favourite flock. Sir Thomas describes an amusing conversation he held hereabouts, some time after the flood, with one Widow Cameron:

“ The Abernethy road runs across the edge of this sweep of the flat. I was struck by the failure of one of its conduit bridges, and seeing the remains of river-wreck on the edge of the moor, and being incredulous that the inundation could have spread so far, I turned aside to the house of Widow Cameron, who gave me the history of her disasters. ‘ Ou, sir,’ said she, ‘ ye see, Spey was just in one sea a’ the way frae Tullochgorum yonder, on the tither side o’ the strath, to thay muiry hillocks out by there, ayont the King’s road forenent us; and, or e’er we kent whar we war, the water was a’ in aboot huz, and up four or five feet in our houses; an’ it destroyed a’ our meal, and floated aff oor peat-stacks—see till some o’ the peats lying oot on yon hillock-side yonder, twa hunder yaids frae whar we’re stannin’. I was feared oot o’ my judgment for my bairns, and sae I but to be oot o’ this wi’ them.’—‘ And how did you escape?’ demanded I with the greatest anxiety. ‘ Ou, troth, just upon a brander;’ replied Mrs Cameron. ‘ A brander!’ exclaimed I with astonishment, arising from my ignorance that the word was applied to any thing else than a Scotch gridiron, and thinking that the riding to the moon on a broom, or the sailing in a sieve to Norway, were nothing to this; ‘ A brander! what do you mean by a brander?’—‘ Ou, just a bit float,’ replied the widow; ‘ a bit raft I made o’ thay bit palins and bits o’ moss-fir that war lyin’ aboot.’—‘ What! and your children too?’ exclaimed I. ‘ Ou, what else!’ replied she, amused at my surprise; ‘ what could I hae done wi’ them else? nae horse could hae come near huz. It was deep enough to droon twa horses.’—‘ And how did you feather yourself over?’ enquired I. ‘ Troth, sir, I hae nae feathers,’ replied Mrs Cameron, very simply; ‘ I’m no a dewk to soom. But, ye see, I sat on my hunkers on the middle o’ the brander, wi’ my bairns a’ aboot me, in a knot; and the wind, that was blawin’ strong eneugh frae the north, just teuk us safe oot to the land.’—‘ And how did your neighbours get out?’ asked I. ‘ Ou, fat way had they get oot, but a’ thegither upon branders;’ replied Mrs Cameron.—Let the reader fancy to himself this fleet of branders, with their crews of women and children, floating gallantly *vent en poupe*, towards the land, and he

will have before his mind's eye a scene fully as remarkable as any which this eventful flood produced."

The Nethey did wonders. Barns and cow-houses sank before it—of dwelling-houses and bridges it made no bones—embankments it shoved aside, and trees it tore up, and brandished their roots in the sky. It is the great medium of transport to the Spey, of the timber from the magnificent pine forests that cover that district. To facilitate this, a cut was made, a good many years ago, at great expense, through the moss of Cluihaig. The banks are from 10 to 15 feet deep, and six or eight strata of roots of trees are to be seen on its sides, in the natural position, all the growth of successive ages. The trunks of some lie horizontally embedded in the moss; others have evidently been burnt to the surface. In one part of the bank, the lowest stratum is of birch roots, about two feet above the gravel the moss rests on, then some three successive strata of fir roots, 18 inches apart; then another stratum of birch roots, and above that, one or two more of fir; and, lastly, there are firs now rooted and growing on the surface, but small and stunted, called *darracks*. In the evening of the 3d of August, the Nethey burst its bulwarks, demolished this work, and returned to its former and natural channel. One word of the Dorback that joins the Nethey at Dell.

"Alexander Fraser, the fox-hunter, at the Drum of Dorback, a place, in an out-of-the-way corner, far up its stream, had his house situated some 12 feet above the level of the water. 'I thought nothing,' said he, when telling the story himself, 'of the height o' the water on the Monday night, until about the gloamin', when down she cam', in a few minutes' space, fearfully upon us. First she struck the gable o' the byre, and it went. Syne the gable o' the firehouse partly fell, an' the water began to come in on us at sic a rate, that I made haste to get oot the wife and the sax bairns, the auldest o' them nae mair than twal year auld. Wi' some ado I carried them to the bare braeside. I then steekit the door o' the hoose, to haud oot as muckle o' the water as possible, and made a hole through the back o't, to lat oot what was in.' Syne, wi' the help o' some neebours, I got oot a muckle kist o' drawers, and twa cloth kists. By this

time the furniture was going fast, and we tied a strong rope to a new bed, but we had hardly done that, when the water cam' and carried off bed and house and a'thegither. Syne the barn, fu' o' corn, and a' kind o' farming tools and gear, gaed aff too. For lang, the wife and bairns clang to the bank, seein' a' thing t' en awa', cauld and weat as wund and water could mak them, ill wullin' to leave it till the last. But, when the last houp, the hoose, was gane, I got them carried aff to a neebour's barn. It was a' we could do to get to the bank after the hoose was gane, standin' as it did on a wee bit plain by the waterside. But that, and my garden, field, and corn-yard, are a' gane to the sea, and the place is noo a bare *claddoch*, without a vestige o' any thing that might gar ye believe it had ever been the bield o' any human creature."

But to return to the Nethey. At some distance below the Dell of Abernethy, lay the *Iron Mill Croft*, which, nearly a century ago, received that name from the mills erected there by a branch of the York Buildings Company, who had purchased for L.7000 a portion of the forest of Abernethy, and carried on their operations on a magnificent scale. They employed 120 working horses at their saw-mills and iron-mills, with all implements and apparatus of the most expensive sorts. They used to display their vanity by bonfires, tar-barrels, and hogsheads of brandy to the country people. They had a commissary for provisions and forage, and finally went off deep in debt to the proprietors and the country. A few large cast-iron pillars and iron beams were, up to the 4th of August 1829, all that told where that Troy once stood. But the Nethey, inspired with a sudden antiquarian zeal, laid open to day the buried secrets of the *Iron Mill Croft*, and divulged the origin of its name.

"Such was the state of things, when the flood of the 3d and 4th of August scooped out a new and very broad channel for the river, right through the arable croft, and a part of the alder grove, excavating it to the depth of six or eight feet. Under this, and in the middle of its new channel, to the astonishment of every one who has seen it, appear the lying beams or frame-work of a gangway across the water. A platform on the left of the sketch, which is nicely jointed and morticed together, seems to have been the foundation of the mill-house. There

seem to have been upright posts in some of the beams, probably to support a platform above; the sluices for conveying water to the works, and for the escape of flow-water, appear to have been between these upright posts. The whole timber is perfectly fresh, and the mortice ends of the beams are all carefully numbered with the axe. The haugh above, must have formed a reservoir for supplying the machinery with water. On the brow of the high right bank of the Nethey, the flood has exposed a bed of charcoal 18 inches thick, probably deposited there for the use of the smelting works. A fine spring of water, issuing from the left bank of the river, immediately opposite to the site of the Iron-mill, is known to this day by the name of Crowley's Well, from a certain John Crowley, one of the workmen who constructed it, and that with much trouble and care in its formation and embellishment, as has been made more apparent by the operation of the flood. This has brought into view a wooden spout, laid along the base of the bank, some two feet below the surface, with an inclination downwards towards the well, thereby collecting all the springs within its range to one point. There is a flagstone, laid endwise in front, with a bore of two inches diameter, through which the water flows; and, not many years ago, an iron spout, inserted in this bore, allowed vessels to be filled with ease, without disturbing the well. The lower haugh is said to have been wholly occupied by the Company's gardens and houses. People say that a considerable quantity of silver-plate was found in a cellar there, together with several other heavy articles of value, which they could not carry away with them, in the hasty moonlight retreat they were forced to make.

"The excavations of the river Nethey, on the Iron Mill Croft, are extremely interesting to the geologist. We have here the history of the operations of a river for exactly a century. At this time, 100 years ago, the English company were pounding iron-ore with their ponderous hammers, moved by active machinery, in the bed of the river Nethey. These actors move off the stage, bonfires, tar-barrels, and all, and the river, in some of its floods, soon obliterates all traces of them or of their works, by filling up its bed with rounded masses of stone, mingled with gravel, and so, by shutting itself out of one channel, compelling its stream to seek another, considerably to the westward. But floods succeed floods; and the quieter portions of each successive inundation spread over the ground, where, by degrees, they deposit a deep and fertile soil,

forming a rich haugh of land, the surface of which is six or eight feet above the level of the ground the works stood on. The greater part of this beautiful flat is subjected to tillage, whilst the seeds of some neighbouring alder trees find their way into a portion of it, and spring up into a grove. The trees grow till they become tall and majestic; and agricultural labour goes on, till the Iron-mill is as much forgotten as the face and figure of John Crowley who worked in it; when comes the flood of the 3d and 4th of August last, tears off the shroud that covered it, and brings all back again to light save the busy human beings who once animated the scene."

The inhabitants at Bridge of Nethey had a narrow escape. The river, that here meandered on its course, suddenly shot into one broad, straight line of destruction, on both sides annihilating the haughs. Gardens and cottages sank before it, and the ground and gravel being scooped out to an immense depth, all communication was cut off with the west end of the bridge. It was covered with people, whom the novelty and grandeur of the sight seems to have stupefied to the sense of danger, as the immense roaring river continued to bring down large trees, and to toss them up perpendicularly, when all at once the enormous mass of timber buildings, composing the saw-mill of Straanbeg, about 500 yards above, moved bodily off, steadily and magnificently, like a three-decker leaving dock. Destruction seemed inevitable to all palsy-stricken in fear, when all at once it struck upon a bulwark, went to pieces with a crash, and spreading itself abroad over the surface of the waters, it rushed down the Spey in one sea of wreck! The grey granite bridge, of solidity that promised endurance for ages, lost its western arch, was shook to its centre, and gravelled up above its spring—not even the sites of several saw-mills remained—and to clear the channel of the immense quantity of large stones left in it, must be the work of years. Captain Macdonald of Coulmakyle, whose house is situated in the angle between the right bank of the Nethey and the right bank of the Spey, said, that the flood around "put him in mind of Spithead in a gale, and that he was satisfied he could have sailed a fifty-gun

ship from the Boat of Bellfurth to the Boat of Gartin, a distance of seven or eight miles!"

The Dulan's exploits were pretty much on a par with those of the Nethey. Let one suffice. It attacked the bridge of Carr, of a single arch of 65 feet span, and such was the force of the immense body of water, that, according to the relation of an eye-witness, the moment the support of the undermined southern abutment gave way, it made the arch spring fifteen feet into the air!

The old military bridge of Spey, below Grantown, rose with a steep ascent from the low left to the high right bank, and had its roadway and northern wing walls heightened, which occasioned such a concentration of the power of the stream, that the least of the three arches gave way, all except about three feet, which supported the spandral and parapet walls on the lower side. Here is an amusing picture:—

"On Wednesday, the 5th of August, Mr Peter Forbes, farmer at Urlarmore, on the south side of Livat, dispatched his servant, Donald Cameron, a tall, handsome, athletic man, about twenty-five years of age, to carry a message to Mrs Forbes, then at Aitnoch, near the banks of the Findhorn. On arriving at the Bridge of Spey, and seeing its state, he quietly mounted the extremely narrow parapet. The river was still raging in all the fury of flood, and loud were the cries and expostulations of the spectators. Disregarding these, however, but without saying one word, Donald coolly and steadily walked onwards, with an air of perfect complacency, till he came to that part where there was a gap in the masonry of forty feet, save in the single parapet alone. The increased cries of the beholders were luckily drowned by the roaring of the surges. Donald staid but one moment to cast his plaid more tightly about him, and again continued his dangerous path to the farther end of the parapet, where, leaping lightly down, he pursued his way without once looking over his shoulder for applause, or showing the slightest symptom of being conscious that he had achieved any thing extraordinary. A certain shop-keeper in Grantown, too, nicknamed *Dear Peter*, pressed by the urgency of some favourable chance of sale, did also essay the adventure of the perilous parapet. But, having a large pack on his back, he took the good mercantile precaution of doubling his security, by planting four

legs instead of two under him. Squatted on hands and knees, Peter pursued his path, whilst his pack kept vibrating to and fro, like the pendulum of a clock, his features being, all the while, twisted in an opposite direction to that of his load. The spectators, notwithstanding their anxiety for their Dear Peter, were convulsed with laughter, till their shouts, mingled with the thunders of the Spey, had nearly made him lose his balance. But, with all his terror, he stuck to his pack, resolving, that if he did go, he should carry his goods with him. At last, however, he succeeded in carrying all safe to the opposite side, amidst the cheers of the multitude."

It pleases us to see that our old friend the Aven was not behind-hand with the best of them in his exploits. What the general character of these exploits were, may be conjectured from one circumstance alone—that he utterly destroyed about 600 acres of the best soil in all the Strath. We beg Sir Thomas to have the goodness to decide a bet—for a rump and dozen—between the Ettrick Shepherd and us about the origin of the Aven. We maintain, that the loch out of which he flows is a very small one, perhaps a mile or two in circumference; and the Shepherd swears he walked along its banks great part of a summer day without seeing the end of it. According to him, Loch Aven is between thirty and forty miles long, with many islands, and its bayed banks overshadowed with forests. Had he confined his assertion to a note to one of the fine ballads in the Queen's Wake, we should have said nothing, as poets have the privilege of lying in their written inspiration to the full length of any imaginable tether. But James swears to this longitude in private—at the Round Table of the Noctes—and, with violent gesticulations, maintains his Mediterranean. Sir Thomas paints a fine picture of the scene:—

"The River Aven, tributary to the Spey at Ballindalloch on the right bank, has its source in the very bosom of the Cairngorum Mountains,—a circumstance that sufficiently accounts for the very wide ravine it committed during the flood. Its lonely crystal lake is surrounded by frightful precipices, rising on all sides, sheer up, almost to the very ridges of those towering heaps which are now admitted to be higher than any land in Great Britain,

Nothing in our island can approach so near to the wilder and more savage parts of Swiss scenery. Cairngorm and Beinn-bhainne rise almost perpendicularly from its western and northern edges; and the vast foundations of Benmacdui and Beinn-main overhang its southern extremity, in frightful masses, that seem as if poised for immediate projection into the valley; so that, for several of the winter months, the sun never shines on the surface of the lake. These are the sources of the pure and transparent Aven, the glaciers which hang in their ample bosoms furnishing exhaustless supplies to its stream, by means of the cataracts they continually pour down into it. All traces of man are lost amid the grandeur of these regions. No tree or shrub is to be seen; and no living creature, save when the eagle soars from the verge of the cliff athwart the vacant ether, awakening the echoes with his scream, or when the ptarmigan flutters its low flight across the mountain brow, or perhaps when some straggling deer from the Forest of Mar,

'That from the hunter's aim hath ta'en a hurt,
May come to languish.'

But this the Shepherd will not confess to be decisive of his fiction. And therefore we again request Sir Thomas to send us the dimensions of the loch—and we need not add, that his assistance at the dinner will be most delightful to the Knights of St Ambrose.

Ballindalloch, the beautiful estate and seat of Mr Macpherson Grant—sorry are we to say it—suffered sadly from the Aven. On the evening of the 3d, it there suddenly overflowed its banks 700 yards—and during the night the situation of the family was dreadful. The ground-floor, where the dining-room is, had above three feet of water in it; streams were pouring violently through all the vaulted passages of the old mansion, and great part of this period of dread was veiled in the thickest darkness, while the rain and the tempest continued to add to the other horrors. In the morning, it appeared the Aven had established itself within 50 yards of the house—and its former bed was filled up with gravel and enormous stones. Part of the lawn was sliced away—part cut into chasms—and the rest covered with sand, trees, and wreck. The garden was filled four feet deep with sand, leaving the tops of the fruit-trees alone visible. A deep ravine

was excavated between the house and the bank—and the whole shrubbery stretching along the base of the bank below the house demolished; and, finally, the flood, bursting across the rich enclosures of the farm, spread devastation over 130 acres of the finest land—18 of which are irrecoverably lost. After the flood all the small birds, there innumerable, left the place; and the lawn trees, which had been flooded round the roots, were immediately struck with the chill of autumn, and prematurely assumed its variegated livery. Many of Mr Macpherson Grant's, fine farms were grievously injured—acres upon acres being swept away. The bench of a saw-mill, eleven and a half feet long, four and a half feet broad, and three and a half feet high, containing two circular saws, and one hundred weight of iron attached to it, was carried down the Spey for twelve miles, and landed uninjured on the Heathery Isle, above Arndilly. And a line of majestic oaks, skirting the water's edge, but high above it, were swept away from the farm of Wearach, and most of them landed on that of Dandaleith, twelve miles below. In the midst of all this overwhelming calamity, the tenants bore their losses with a true Christian temper. Mr Grant, in a letter to Sir Thomas, says, "they talk of nothing but how they are to recover and restore their farms, and have never mentioned the word *abatement*, leaving that to my decision." Nor did they suffer by so feeling and acting; for Sir Thomas tells us that Mr Grant has made abatements to the full extent of their losses, taking them entirely upon himself, in addition to all he has suffered as proprietor. His loss is calculated at £8000; but the landlord who behaves thus, will never miss his vanished acres, and there will be a blessing on the soil beyond that of human agriculture.

The rapid burn of Tomore descends from the mountain Belriunes, and joins the Aven. There is something *sublime* in the following picture. It "gives the world assurance of a MAN."

"John Cly, the meal-miller of Tomore, a sturdy, hale, independent-minded old man of 75, has been singularly persecuted by floods, having suffered by that of

1768, and by three or four inundations since, but especially by that of 1783, when his house and mill were carried away, and he was left penniless. He was not a little affected by that calamity which fell upon him, and on no one else; but his indomitable spirit got the better of every thing. About seven years ago he undertook to improve a piece of absolute beach, of two acres, entirely covered with enormous stones and gravel. But John knew that a deep rich soil lay below, buried there by the flood of 1768. He removed the stones with immense labour, formed them into a bulwark and enclosure round the field, trenched down the gravel to the depth of 4 or 5 feet, and brought up the soil, which afterwards produced most luxuriant crops. His neighbours ridiculed his operations while they were in progress, saying that he would never have a crop there. 'Do ye see these ashen trees?' said John, pointing to some vigorous saplings growing near, 'are they no thriving?' It was impossible to deny that they were. 'Well,' continued John, 'if it wunna produce corn, I'll plant it wi' ash-trees, and the laird, at least, will hae the benefit.' The fruits of all John's labours were swept away by the direful flood of the 3d of August. But pride of his heart, as this improvement had been, the flood was not able to sweep away his equanimity and philosophy together with his acres. When some one condoled with him on his loss, 'I took it frae the Awen,' said he, with emphasis, 'and let the Awen hae her ain again.' And, when a gossiping tailor halted at his door one day, charitably to bewail his loss, he cut him short, by pithily remarking, 'Well! if I have lost my croft, I have got a fish-pond in its place, where I can fish independent of any one.' After the year 1783, he built his house on a rock, that shewed itself from under the soil at the base of the bank, bounding the glen of the burn. During the late flood, the water was dashing up at his door, and his sister, who is older than he, having expressed great terror, and proposed they should both fly for it; 'What's the woman afeard o'?' cried John, impatiently, 'hae we not baith the rock o' nature and the Rock of Ages to trust till?—We'll no stir one fit!' John's first exertion after the flood, was to go down to Ballindalloch, to assist the Laird in his distress. There he worked hard for three days, before Mr Grant discovered that he had left his own haystack buried to the top in sand, and insisted on his going home to disinter it. When Mr Grant talked to him of his late calamity, 'Odd, sir,' said he, 'I dinna regard this

matter hauf sae muckle as I did that alap i' the aughty-three, for then I was, in a manner, a marked man. Neo we're a sufferin' thegither, an' I'm but neebour-like.' Mr Grant says that the people of this district bear misfortunes with a wonderful degree of philosophy, arising from the circumstance of their being deeply tinged with the doctrine of predestination. I was much gratified by my interview with honest John Cly. Whilst I was sketching him unperceived, Mr Grant was doing his best to occupy his attention. 'Well now, John,' said Mr Grant to him, pointing to an apparently impracticable beach of stones a little way up the glen, 'if you had improved that piece, as I advised you, it would have been safe still, for you see the burn hasn't touched it at all.'—'Na, fegs!' replied John, with a most significant shake of his head, 'gin I had gruppit her in wi' the stanes that cam oot o't, whaur wad she hae been noo, think ye?—Odd, I kent her ower lang.'"

John Cly, we are told, has already begun (months ago—immediately after the disaster,) the restoration of his croft, which he says was a *great deal waur i' the seventeen hunder and aughty-three*. John! thou art sure of a seat in heaven. We trust there is no heresy in that prediction.

"O mortal man that livest *here* by toil,"
there shalt thou have eternal rest!

The flood, both in the Spey and its tributary burn, the Knockando, was terrible at the village of Charles-town of Aberlour. A picture of more sustained harrowing and agonizing passion, than that prevailing through the following passage, we never remember to have met with either in the records of real miseries, in poetry, or in dreams.

"On the 3d of August, Charles Cruickshanks, the innkeeper, had a party of friends in his house. There was no inn-briety, but there was a fiddle; and what Scotsman is he who does not know, that the well-jerked strains of a lively Strathspey have a potent spell in them that goes beyond even the witchery of the bowl? On one who daily inhales the breezes from the musical stream that gives name to the measure, the influence is powerful, and it was that day felt by Cruickshanks with a more than ordinary degree of excitement. He was joyous to a pitch that made his wife grave. I have already noticed the predestinarian principles prevalent in these parts. Mrs Cruickshanks was deeply affected by her husband's unusual jollity.

'Surely my goodman is daft the day,' said she gravely, 'I ne'er saw him dance at sic a rate. Lord grant that he binna *fy!*'

When the river began to rise rapidly in the evening, Cruickshanks, who had a quantity of wood lying near the mouth of the burn, asked two of his neighbours, James Stewart and James Mackerran, to go and assist him in dragging it out of the water. They readily complied, and Cruickshanks, getting on a loose raft of wood, they followed him, and did what they could in pushing and hauling the pieces of timber ashore, till the stream increased so much, that, with one voice, they declared they would stay no longer, and, making a desperate effort, they plunged over head, and reached the land with the greatest difficulty. They then tried all their eloquence to persuade Cruickshanks to come away, but he was a bold and experienced floater, and laughed at their fears; nay, so utterly reckless was he, that, having now diminished the crazy ill-put-together raft he stood on, till it consisted of a few spars only, he employed himself in trying to catch at and save some haycocks belonging to the clergyman, which were floating past him. But, while his attention was so engaged, the flood was rapidly increasing, till, at last, even his dauntless heart became appalled at its magnitude and fury. 'A horse! a horse!' he loud and anxiously cried; 'Run for one of the minister's horses, and ride in with a rope, else I must go with the stream.' He was quickly obeyed, but ere a horse arrived, the flood had rendered it impossible to approach him.

"Seeing that he must abandon all hope of help in that way, Cruickshanks was now seen, as if summoning up all his resolution and presence of mind, to make the perilous attempt of dashing through the raging current, with his frail and imperfect raft. Grasping more firmly the iron-shod pole he held in his hand, called in floater's language, a *sting*, he pushed resolutely into it: but he had hardly done so, when the violence of the water wrenched from his hold that which was all he had to depend on. A shriek burst from his friends, as they beheld the wretched raft dart off with him, down the stream, like an arrow from the bowstring. But the mind of Cruickshanks was no common one, to quail before the first approach of danger. He poised himself, and stood balanced, with determination and self-command in his eye, and no sound of fear, or of complaint, was heard to come from him. At the point where the burn met the river, in the ordinary state of both, there grew some trees, now surrounded by deep

and strong currents, and far from the land. The raft took a direction towards one of these, and seeing the wide and tumultuous waters of the Spey before him, in which there was no hope that his loosely connected logs could stick one moment together, he coolly prepared himself, and, collecting all his force into one well-timed and well-directed effort, he sprang, caught a tree, and clung among its boughs, whilst the frail raft hurried away from under his foot, was dashed into fragments, and scattered on the bosom of the waves. A shout of joy arose from his anxious friends, for they now deemed him safe; but he uttered no shout in return. Every nerve was strained to procure help. 'A boat!' was the general cry, and some ran this way, and some that, to endeavour to procure one.

"It was now between seven and eight o'clock in the evening. A boat was speedily obtained from Mr Gordon of Aberlour, and, though no one there was very expert in its use, it was quickly manned by people eager to save Cruickshanks from his perilous situation. The current was too terrible about the tree to admit of their nearing it, so as to take him directly into the boat; but their object was to row through the smoother water, to such a distance as might enable them to throw a rope to him, by which means they hoped to drag him to the boat. Frequently did they attempt this, and as frequently were they foiled, even by that which was considered as the gentler part of the stream, for it hurried them past the point whence they wished to make the cast of their rope, and compelled them to row up again by the side to start on each fresh adventure. Often were they carried so much in the direction of the tree, as to be compelled to exert all their strength to pull themselves away from him they would have saved, that they might avoid the vortex that would have caught and swept them to destruction. And often was poor Cruickshanks tantalized with the approach of help, which came but to add to the other miseries of his situation, that of the bitterest disappointment. Yet he bore all calmly. In the transient glimpses they had of him, as they were driven past him, they saw no blenching on his dauntless countenance,—they heard no reproach, no complaint, no sound, but an occasional short exclamation of encouragement to persevere in their friendly endeavours. But the evening wore on, and still they were unsuccessful. It seemed to them that something more than mere natural causes was operating against them. 'His hour is come!' said they, as they regarded one another with looks of awe; 'our struggles are vain.' The courage and the hope

which had hitherto supported them began to fail, and the descending shades of night extinguished the last feeble sparks of both, and put an end to their endeavours.

"Fancy alone can picture the horrors that must have crept on the unfortunate man, as, amidst the impenetrable darkness which now prevailed, he became aware of the continued increase of the flood that roared around him, by its gradual advance towards his feet, whilst the rain and the tempest continued to beat more and more dreadfully upon him. That these were long ineffectual in shaking his collected mind, we know from the fact afterwards ascertained, that he actually wound up his watch while in this dreadful situation. But, hearing no more the occasional passing exclamations of those who had been hitherto trying to succour him, he began to shout for help in a voice that became every moment more long-drawn and piteous, as, between the gusts of the tempest, and borne over the thunder of the waters, it fell from time to time on the ears of his clustered friends, and rent the heart of his distracted wife. Ever and anon it came, and hoarser than before, and there was an occasional wildness in his note, and now and then a strange and clamorous repetition for a time, as if despair had inspired him with an unnatural energy. But the shouts became gradually shorter, less audible, and less frequent, till at last their eagerly listening ears could catch them no longer. 'Is he gone!' was the half-whispered question they put to one another, and the smothered responses that were muttered around but too plainly told how much the fears of all were in unison.

"'What was that?' cried his wife in delirious scream—'That was his whistle I heard!' She said truly. A shrill whistle, such as that which is given with the fingers in the mouth, rose again over the loud din of the deluge and the yelling of the storm. He was not yet gone. His voice was but cracked by his frequent exertions to make it heard, and he had now resorted to an easier mode of transmitting to his friends the certainty of his safety. For some time his unhappy wife drew hope from such considerations; but his whistles, as they came more loud and prolonged, pierced the ears of his foreboding friends like the ill-omened cry of some warning spirit; and it may be matter of question whether all believed that the sounds they heard were really mortal. Still they came louder and clearer for a brief space; but at last they were heard no more, save in his frantic wife's fancy, who continued to start as if she still heard them, and to wander about, and to listen, when all but herself were

satisfied that she could never hear them again.

"Wet, and weary, and shivering with cold, was this miserable woman, when the tardy dawn of morning beheld her, straining her eyeballs through the imperfect light, towards the trees where Cruickshanks had been last seen. There was something there that looked like the figure of a man, and on that her eyes fixed. But those around her saw, alas! too well, that what she fondly supposed to be her husband was but a bunch of wreck, gathered by the flood into one of the trees, for the one to which he clung had been swept away.

"The body of poor Cruickshanks was found in the afternoon of the next day, on the Haugh of Dandaleith, some four or five miles below. As it had ever been his uniform practice to wind his watch up at night, and as it was discovered to be nearly full wound when it was taken from his pocket, the fact of his having had self-possession enough to obey his usual custom, under circumstances so terrible, is as unquestionable as it is wonderful. It had stopt at a quarter of an hour past 11 o'clock, which would seem to fix that as the fatal moment when the tree was rent away, for when that happened, his struggles amidst the raging waves of the Spey must have been few and short. When the men, who had so unsuccessfully attempted to save him, were talking over the matter, and agreeing that no human help could have availed him, 'I'm thinkin' I could ha' ta'en him out,' said a voice in the circle. All eyes were turned towards the speaker, and a general expression of contempt followed, for it was a boy of the name of John Rainey, a reputed idiot, from the foot of Belrinnies, who spoke. 'You!' cried a dozen voices at once, 'what would you have done, you wise man?'—'I wud hae tied an empty unker-cask to the end o' a lang lang tow, an' I wud hae floated it aff fine near about whur the raft was ta'en first awa', an' syne, ye see, as the stream teuk the raft till the tree, maybe she wud hae ta'en the cask there too,—an' if Charley Cruickshanks had ance gotten a hand o' the rope,'—He would have finished, but his auditors were gone. They had silently slunk away in different directions, one man alone having muttered, as he went, something about 'wisdom coming out of the mouths of fools.'

There is another tale of danger—but of rescue—farther down the Spey, in the plain of Rothes—almost equal to this in intense interest—that of the family of the Riachs. Mrs

Riach, the grandmother, Sir Thomas afterwards saw in her own cottage. How beautifully does he tell the meeting!—

“She had her Bible in her hand, apparently the only wreck of property she had saved; but in that she had found consolation. Her soul had been already well attuned to affliction. In this her widowed state, she had recently lost her son,—and now nearly her all was gone; for, when I visited her farm, not a vestige of new or of old crop was left. The house had indeed been built up, but the offices were still in ruins, a great ravine was dug out between them and the dwelling-house, the surface of the farm was reduced to one waste of devastation,—yet, with all this, pure religion had produced its effect, and the pale mild countenance of the widow, lighted by a celestial smile, met me at her unpretending threshold, wearing the expression of Christian resignation and gratitude, for the merciful salvation which had been vouchsafed to her. There was no lip of complaint,—every word she uttered was expressive of the deep sense she entertained of the goodness of that God, who is ever the widow’s friend, who had so wonderfully preserved herself and those whom she held most dear. One sight of that woman’s face, after having seen and heard the sum-total of her afflictions, was worth a volume of sermons. It is pleasing to think that her lot is cast on an estate where the hearts of both the manager and his constituent are too much fraught with the finer feelings of humanity not to shew the tenderest mercy towards the ‘shorn ewe.’”

As a relief to these deeply tragic, or tenderly pathetic tales, turn to the following humorous scene:—

“The hadgh above the bridge of Lower Craigellachie was very much cut up; and the house and nursery at the south end of the arch are gone. The widow of James Shanks, amidst the loss of her furniture, house, and her son’s garden-ground, lamented nothing so much as her deceased husband’s watch, and his fiddle, on the strings of which hung many a tender recollection. That fiddle, the dulcet strains of which, had come over her ‘like the sweet south breathing upon a bed of violets,’ stealing the tender affections of her virgin heart, till they all centred on her Orpheus Mr James Shanks; that fiddle, to the sprightly notes of which she had so often jerked out her youthful limbs, and whirled round in the wild *pirouette* of the Highland fling, to the animating tune of *Bogan-Lochan*; that fiddle, in fine, which had been the fiddle of her fancy,

from the heyday of her youth upwards, ‘was gone with the water, and was now, for aught she knew to the contrair, in Norrawa or Denmark!’ The grief of Mrs Shanks for the loss of this valued violin was more than I shall attempt to paint. Great artists often envelope the heads of their chief mourners in drapery, from a conscious inability to do justice to the passion, and so must I hide the lachrymose head of Mrs Shanks. And how indeed shall I describe her joy, some days afterwards, when an idle loon, who had been wandering about the banks of the river ‘findin’ things,’ as he said himself, appeared before her astonished and delighted eyes, with the identical fiddle in his hands? The yell of Mrs Shanks was said, by those who heard it, to resemble the wild shriek with which her husband was wont to inspire additional fury into the heels of the dancers, already excited by the power of his wonderful bow hand. She kissed and hugged the fiddle, and, as if its very contact had music in it, she laid hands on the astonished loon, and went a full round of the floor with him, ending with a fling that surprised every one. The fiddle had been found in the neighbourhood of Arndilly, whither it had merrily floated on the bosom of the waves. But what was yet infinitely more extraordinary, the watch, which had hung in a small bag, suspended by a nail to the post of her bed, was found,—watch, bag, post, and all,—near Fochabers, eight or ten miles below, and was safely restored to its overjoyed owner.”

For some time past our interest has been so riveted to suffering and endangered human life, that we have almost forgotten inanimate objects, except in so far as they were agents instrumental in bringing about the catastrophes of the Tragedies or *Comédies Larmoyantes*. But now we begin to long for the “dingin’ doon o’ a brig.” The Spey and its tributaries have been sweeping away all this time many of a smaller size, that have sunk in their insignificance like broken bladders. But now we cannot be far off the Bridge of Fochabers, which, we remember well, consisted, last time we had the pleasure of passing along it, of four arches, two of 95 feet, and two of 75 feet span, making a total water-way of 340 feet. Ay, there it is! Lo! one vast undulating expanse of dark-brown water, from the foot of the hill of Beregan to the sea, two miles broad, and ten miles long, strewn with the floating wrecks of nature

and of industry, tufted tops of submerged trees, and roofs of houses, to which, here and there, miserable creatures are seen clinging, and heard shrieking to the boats that are plying for their rescue on that maddening loch. It is now eight o'clock on the morning of August 4th, and the flood is 17 feet up on the bridge; but while its great limbs magnificently bestride the roaring stream, which, disturbed by the opposing piers, closes round them in furious vortices, forming a high curved crest from bank to bank, rolling rapidly to the dizzy eye, and to the astounded ear loud as the thunder of heaven or the sea, the crowds of people, who had been looking over the parapets at the wreck, carcases of dead animals, and other bodies which were hurried through, have all run off to the south end, to see the Duke's forester and his men drive piles for the protection of the mound of approach.

"It was now about twenty minutes past twelve o'clock—suddenly a crack, no wider than the cut of a sword, opened across the roadway, immediately over the second arch from the toll-house, about three yards before them, and backwards, parallel with the parapet. 'Good God!' cried Mr Macewan, 'the bridge is falling; run for your lives!' With one cry of alarm, he and his companions sprang forward in the direction of Fochabers. The crack yawned wide ere Mr Russel, one of their number, could step across it. He leaped from the falling ruins, and alighted on that part which was yet firm, with one foot hanging behind him in vacancy. Down went the whole mass of the two arches next the left bank, falling with the loose, shattered, and cloudlike appearance of an avalanche, into the foaming surge below. For the fraction of a moment the furious stream was driven backwards with impetuous recoil, baring its channel to the very bottom, and again rushing onwards, its thundering roar proclaimed its victory, and not a vestige of the fallen fragments was to be seen.

"At the time the alarm was given, William Sivewright, mason; John Cuthbert, slater; and John Anderson, a lame young man, only son of widow Anderson, the toll-keeper, were leaning over the parapet wall. Mrs Anderson, and one of her daughters, had quitted the bridge only a few minutes before. She was sitting by the fire when she heard the terrible crash. 'Oh, my son! my son!' exclaimed she, starting up, 'he's gone! he's gone! my son! my son!—I shall never see him

again!' And, rushing out, she stared with a frenzied air on the frightful chasm, wildly repeating the same exclamations. Some of those about her would have persuaded her that her son was on the other side of the river; but the awful truth was too apparent to permit so well-meant a fraud to take effect.

"'I saw them running and waving their hats,' said Sivewright, when narrating the circumstances, 'but before I could guess what they meant, the parapet wall folded round before me, and parted from the roadway, which then seemed whole; but, ere I had time to cry out, it was falling in a thousand pieces, cracking end-long and across from the centre. I sprang sideways past Anderson and Cuthbert, and leaped from fragment to fragment of the falling roadway, as if I had been flying. When I reached the rock I was blind for a moment; and, when I recovered and looked around, Anderson and Cuthbert were gone. In my confusion, I had not at first seen Cuthbert, who now appeared crossing the road. I congratulated him on his escape, and asked him the particulars. "When the brig begud to fa'," said he, "I made a jump to get past, but the shake jostled me over to the tither parapet—a stone struck me, and the road gaed awa' beneath my feet. I then made a claught wi' my hands at the gravel." Luckily for him, it was nearly as hard as a rock, though he did leave the mark of his fingers in it. "When I made the loup," continued Cuthbert, "poor Anderson made a claught at the tail o' my coat. He missed it, and fell on his back. The parapet wall tumbled doon about him, an' I never saw him again." The poor youth's body was found in the evening, about a quarter of a mile below, lying on his back, his greatcoat entangled among some brushwood, and his hands held up, as if to save himself.'

"The shriek that spread along both banks of the river, when the bridge fell, was loud and agonizing. People ran in all directions, clamorously enquiring for friends and relatives. Signals and shouts were exchanged from either bank, to tell of the safety of individuals, and many were the joyous recognitions that took place. The Duke rode in great anxiety to the bridge; but, on seeing Lord Saltoun and Mr Grant on the opposite bank, he waved his hat and gave them a hearty cheer. During the afternoon, the people crowded to the spot from all quarters, and many could not be persuaded that the 'Brig o' Spey' had actually fallen, until they beheld its ruins with 'their ain een.'"

We have now, by quotations, ab-

tracts, and abridgements of Sir Thomas's volume, and by occasional description or remark of our own, given our readers, we presume, a full and clear conception of the might and majesty, the pride and peril, of the Great Moray Floods. A thousand humorous incidents, affecting or striking illustrations of general nature, and of individual character, are scattered over the work, which it is impossible for us to collect. The love of property in poor people is, from the necessities of their condition, strong as that of life, and in people not absolutely poor, passionate from the endearing thoughts and feelings that cling to objects in themselves valueless, but, from associations stretching deep and far into the soul, above all price. Many facts proving this truth are narrated by Sir Thomas in a philosophical spirit, but simply and without parade. One old gentleman of the name of M'Intosh, after getting hold "o' something he wad hae done ill wantin'," risked his life to save his "spees." "Trouth," said he to Sir Thomas, "I cou'dna see to read my Bible without them—and mair nor that, they were silver spees, sent me hame in a present frae my son, the Yepiscopeal meenister in Canada." One of the sufferers in the Streets, the morning after the flood, had his heart nearly broken by the fate of his great store-chest. He saw it settled on an opposite bank. But while looking at it with longing eyes, a remorseless eddy swept it away; and after having run the perilous gauntlet of rocks that lined its way thither, it was found afterwards, with only an inch in thickness of the outer part of the meal moistened, about twenty-seven miles below, at the mouth of the Findhorn. But it fell into the hands of the Philistines—the only instance of theft recorded—and crowdly from that chest never cheered the hearts of its former owner's family more. Francis Gibb, from whose farm fifteen acres were swept, observing that the flood was making rapid encroachments on a hill, (and it thought nothing of eating away, in a few hours, three or four hundred feet of bank and brae,) on the brow of which he had some beehives, determined to attempt removing them; an attempt most perilous, from the falling precipices. The

ground cracked beneath his feet—but he seized on one hive, and with one bound cleared the chasm, just as the whole mass was quenching its smoking fragments in the flood below. A woman, who, with her husband and family, narrowly escaped from their falling house, was chiefly distressed by the loss of a tubful of clothes. "It just sailed out o' the door," said she, with a melancholy face, "and was whauned afore my very twa een!" A worthy blacksmith, named Maclean, was nearly drowned, by remaining to attend to a favourite sow, that was about to have an accouchement. She kept her reckoning to a minute—and the flood had so inundated the sty in which the fat lady was about to lie in, that her loving master had to carry her up stairs to his own bed, where, at the very height of the Great Moray Flood, she presented him with a beautiful litter of promising young pigs, squeaking in the storm. These, with the mother, who was doing as well as could be expected, and who it was absolutely necessary should be kept quiet, he conveyed to the garret. But had it not been for the timely interruption of James Edwards, shoemaker, Neptune would have been too much for Vulcan. A poor woman, an industrious little shopkeeper, in telling the story of her woes, pathetically said, "We had eneuch ado to escape to the braeside. It took eight o' the stoutest men in the haill country, wi' the risk o' their lives, to get out my kist. We syne saw the waters rise ower the eaves o' our thatch, an' that was the way that a' things was till ten o'clock neist morning, when we came back, an' fund that a' the sma' kinkind o' articles had been floated out o' the back wundo. But waur nor a' that, the haill o' Tam's goode, tea, sugar, an' siclike, war a' gane, and the sugar a' melted!" One curious couple, a Mr and Mrs Yates, amused Sir Thomas by a specimen of conjugal branglement, as he asked them to narrate their misfortunes. When a question was put, the woman opened her mouth to reply, like an impatient turkey, but before she could get out half-a-dozen words, she was silenced by the sharp "Haud yere tongue, woman!" of her husband, who proceeded to deliver the response himself with the gravity of

an oracle. He told of a small lake in his farm, which, he assured Sir Thomas, contains a ploughman, his plough, and a yoke of oxen. The man was ploughing in the very field where Mr and Mrs Yates were then reaping, when, *scared* by a thunderstorm, the animals galloped off with plough and man into the loch. As the oxen are always heard bellowing in bad weather, their tremendous routings on the 3d and 4th of August, quoth the Baronet slyly, may be imagined. A cowherd-boy who slept in a house that was swept away, being asked if he had lost any thing, "Ay," replied he, "I lost twa sarks, and *ane o' them was clean too!*" In one scene of imminent danger, where peats in black masses, firewood, poultry, and pigs, were all tumbling along, every now and then the young fellows were dashing in, and hauling out huge pigs by the hind legs, or plunging up to the neck after some other live or dead objects. One strapping hizzie who had leapt out of bed up to the hips in water, mistaking the matter entirely, bawled out, "The water's bilin'!" In the midst of a terrified group of grown daughters, who were hanging around her, in a house at Ballater, a place of some resort and fashion, one lady clung to her worthy husband, and their dear papa, till the good man, who was rather corpulent, had been nearly pressed down into the water, by the weight of their united embraces. "Call you this a *watering place?*" exclaimed he, as he shook himself free from them on reaching a dry spot; "if you catch me coming a-watering again this gate, I'll alloo ye to mak a water-kelpie o' me." In one house, when all the inmates were expecting nothing but death, the water being several feet deep in the room, auld Jean Stronach, fourscore years of age, sat the whole night, "amid a' the jostling, wi' a clockin' hen and a wheen chickens in her apron. Some ane said till her, that she might hae ither things in her mind than a hen and chickens, when she was on the brink of yeternity. 'Poor things,' quo' Jean, 'I cudna thuk o' lettin' them be drowned!'" Another of the doleful party "clam up the lum, an' pat her head oot at the tap, wi' her face as black as a suttymans. 'Oh! Jamie Mill, Jamie Mill,' cried she,

'ye're the blythest sight that ever I saw!'—'Keep us a', is that you, Maggy?' quo' Jamie Mill; 'weel, I've seen blyther sights than you are at this precious moment; but, black though ye be, I maun hae ye oot o' that.' Poor Jeanie Stronach lost five o' her chuckens, as they were draggin' her oot through the water into the boat."

The loss of human life was not great. Besides the deaths already mentioned, one of the most afflicting was that of Mr William Williamson, butcher, of George Street, Aberdeen. He was riding between Kemnay and Monymusk, when his horse started at some wreck that was floating on the road, near a bridge then completely flooded over, by the Bank of Don. The animal leaped over the end of the bridge, and disappeared with his rider in the stream, then ranging along 10 feet deep. His companion was Mr George Williamson, grandson and nameson of the great cattle-dealer so called, well known at every market, from John o' Groat's House to Smithfield, by the name of *Stately*. With a bravery not often paralleled, he stripped and leaped into the furious flood, diving for his friend in all directions. He got hold of the rein and dragged out the horse; but his rider was irrecoverably lost. This, says Sir Thomas, is perhaps the most gallant action I have to notice; and Mr George Williamson would indeed richly merit some distinguished mark of the approbation of his fellow men. Mr Alexander Don, assistant schoolmaster of Strathdon, on his return from a visit to his relatives at Drumblade, reached the Bank of the Don, about a quarter of a mile below the church. Within a few yards of the ford there was a wooden bridge, along which he might have passed with perfect safety, for it remained uninjured throughout the whole flood. But a strange infatuation seems to have come over him, and pushing his horse into the water without a moment's pause, both were engulfed. His body, found about an hour afterwards, was carried to the house of a poor old woman, but she resolutely resisted its passing across her threshold. The poor creature was overwhelmed by the superstitious dread, by no means uncommon, that the admission of a drowned

person into her house was certain to be followed by some fearful calamity. At last she consented to admit it, on condition of its being carried three times round her dwelling. But the charm was but half effectual; for during the night the flood swept off her cottage, though the poor old crone escaped with life. Another life was lost in the Don, in a yet more foolish manner than that of the schoolmaster. A blacksmith undertook, for a bet, to swim across the flooded river, near the Mason-lodge of Glenkindy; but had his strength been that of Hercules, it would have availed him nothing in such a stream. He was whelmed beneath the raging billows, and sunk to rise no more. If he who tempted him to so awful a provocation of Providence, says Sir Thomas, has any human feeling in his bosom, I should say with Douglas, that "happy in my mind was he who died."

Of animals the destruction must have been great. The horses we read of displayed wonderful strength and sagacity in securing their own preservation under the most desperate circumstances—so, we do not doubt, after their own instincts, did the clumsy cows and the silly sheep. Yet the rivers were bloated with carcasses. We read, indeed, of the death but of a single cow—"John Geddes's cow"—and "the thrawsome brute," as he said himself, "was droon'd by her ain obstinacy, for she wad gang nae gait but what she liket." After the flood of the Lossie, a hillock was found covered with the dead and mutilated bodies of an immense number of moles, mice, rabbits, partridges, and hares, which had been trodden into the mire by the hoofs of some affrighted and restless colts driven there for shelter. Many thousands of hares, and rabbits too, were drowned among the furzy patches of ground overflowed by the Spey—and singular enough, and to us a fact new in the natural history of these animals, on the subsiding of the flood, numbers of rabbits were, on different river sides, found alive high up among the branches of trees.

Sir Thomas is decidedly of opinion that these floods greatly exceeded that of the year 1768, or any other in tradition. Old Mr Macintosh of Cuil-

liachan assured the Baronet that he well remembered the great flood of 1782, or rather, as Sir Thomas suspected, that of 1768—but that any thing like the rain or flood of the 3d or 4th of August he had never seen by five or six feet—"no, nor any one of the oldest people in the glen"—he himself being the "oldest inhabitant." This, considering that the Findhorn filled then the whole width of the glen, was a most prodigious difference. At the Rock of Sourden, where the width from the site of the old castle of Aikenwalls, on the right bank, to the hill on the left of the pass, is 237 feet, the Spey was 20 feet 10 inches above its ordinary level, and 15 inches above the mark made to record its rise in the Great Flood of 1768. Even 15 inches is a great difference over so extensive a space. But the real difference was, in all probability, far more; for in 60 years a great change must have taken place in the depth and capacity of the river's bed, especially in a pass of this kind, where there must be a great rush at all times when the river is full. Indeed, any given quantity of rain must now produce a much greater flood than it could have done before the country became so highly improved. Formerly the rain was either evaporated on the hill side, or sucked up by an arid or a spongy soil, before so much could coalesce as to form a rill. But when we consider the number of open cuts made to dry hill-pasture, the numerous bogs reclaimed by drainage, the ditches of enclosure lately constructed, and the long lines of roads formed with side drains and cross conduits, we shall find, that of late years, the country has been covered with a perfect network, to catch and concentrate the rain as it falls, and to hurry it off in accumulated tributaries to the next stream. In all this we perfectly agree with Sir Thomas; yet, as many brave men lived before Agamemnon, of whom we know nothing, because there was no Homer to sing their deeds, so haply may there have been floods in the olden time in the province of Moray, as illustrious as those of the 3d and 4th of August 1829, the memory of which has perished, because there was no Sir Thomas Lauder Dick to record their achievements.

For the relief of some of the many miseries caused by these floods, a considerable fund has been raised, called the Subscription Flood Fund, which is particularly appropriated to the destitute sufferers in the county of Elgin. On February 20th, 1830, it amounted to nearly L.1500, and owed much to the charitable zeal of Mr Isaac Forsyth of Elgin, Secretary to the Elgin Central Committee of Management. His labours, we are told, have been unremitting and unwearyed; and they cannot fail, says Sir Thomas, to secure him a yet more honourable, though perhaps less extended fame, than rewarded his deceased brother, Joseph, author of the admirable and scholarlike Tour in Italy. The London Morayshire Club were the first to set the example of a subscription; and though the relief afforded by L.1500 to upwards of 3000 sufferers (as appears by Mr Forsyth's statement) must have been but small, yet, under his judicious management, and that of other humane and thoughtful men, it was well-timed; and to virtuous and grateful poverty there is a point of need when there is much blessing in a mite.

We had not room to give a narrative of the noble exertions of the Findhorn boatmen during the Floods. Forty of these fine fellows were engaged in the perilous work of mercy; and not one of them received, or wished to receive, a shilling for their services, by which many lives were saved. But L.20 (it will require L.60) have been set aside as the foundation of a small sum, for the purpose of procuring a silver medal

for each man, with his name and services engraven on it; which, with an honest pride, on festive or solemn occasions, could be displayed by himself and his descendants, as a proof of his merits and of the public approbation, and hence become a stimulus, in the little circle of his connexions and acquaintances, to emulate his good conduct, and thus, in a certain degree to elevate the character of this class of the people.

We have little more to say, except that we wish Sir Thomas, in a new edition—and there will be many editions of this book—would try to give a statement of the amount of loss and injury done by these Floods. We wished to do so ourselves from the various items scattered up and down the volume; but we got confused, not being so fond of figures as Joseph Hume, who shewed his skill in arithmetic, and his scrupulous accuracy to the very fraction of a farthing, more conspicuously in that famous Greek affair than in all his appearances put together in Parliament. At the conclusion of the volume, Sir Thomas gives us an admirable summary of the *general* effects which the Floods have produced on the ancient province of Moray, the chief theatre of their operation. He shews himself thoroughly versed in statistics; and we conclude with hinting to him, that he could not more honourably and usefully employ his talents and his knowledge than in the composition of some important work on the condition and resources of that beautiful province, its antiquities and traditions, the customs and the character of its inhabitants.

THE REIGNING VICE. BOOK VII.

ARGUMENT.

EDUCATION, when properly conducted, the greatest earthly corrective of Selfishness.—Where it has failed of a beneficial effect, every man must commence a course of discipline for himself.—Self-knowledge must precede reformation.—It will shew us that there is a great moral fault in the constitution of our nature.—As a motive to correct this, we must consider how incompatible it is with our situation in the universe, and with our duties to God and man.

As, lured by wealth, the trembling miner braves
The grave-like perils of unfathom'd caves,
With feeble lamp the dark'ning depth explores,
Or hails the gleam of unexpected ores;
From noisome vapours panting turns away,
And now with joy returns to upper day;
So I with anxious toil my paths have wrought
Through the long veins and galleries of thought;
So, tired with evil's noxious breath, I rise
To purer air, and bless the opening skies.

Oh, do not think my satire lends its aid
God's noblest work to lessen and degrade!
Who dares to write on such an impious plan,
Himself deserves not to be rank'd as man.
No! To exalt his nature I would try,
Shew the disease to point the remedy,
And but expose the deeply-seated ill,
To prove it cureless by all mortal skill!
Nor think I seek Religion's aid sublime
To swell the cadence of a sounding rhyme;
If poetry be fiction, I disclaim
The worthless glory of a poet's name.
But Poetry is Truth. Her piercing eye
Sees all things in their primal essence lie.
Ere one bright world in yonder concave glow'd
Her voice in still communion dwelt with God;
When Light and Order rose from chaos dim,
Raptured she sung Creation's morning hymn.
And, when the night of all things darkens round,
Her solemn close shall Nature's requiem sound.
Then who shall dare confound her awful power
With the light meteor of an idle hour?
If she deceive, all Nature is deceit,
And Truth exists not, if she prove a cheat.

O Education! Destiny below,
Stamp of the soul, decree of joy or woe,
What grief were spared, didst thou conspire to bless,
Not join in league with early selfishness!
Forth from ourselves, while new-born reason sleeps,
Like Eve of old, Temptation smiling creeps,
And, scarce contented with our native stain,
In childhood's Eden ruins us again.
Ah, then, when Reason first begins to wake,
And feel the fetters that she cannot break,
Queen of a realm, all anarchy, all storm,
A wild dominion that she did not form,
How sad the scene that asks her stern control!
Gigantic Habit lords it o'er the soul;

Here a rude passion, there a rooted vice,
 Pride, the worst slave, and blind dull Prejudice.
 Then, if she look not for superior aid
 From Him, whose voice the winds and waves obey'd,
 She but ascends her tottering throne too late,
 Like Rome's last monarchs, crown'd in empty state.
 Oh, then ! if manhood's sad and sober truth
 Must quite unteach the lessons of our youth,
 If all the future must unlive the past,
 And slow unravel what was twined in haste,
 If, on the soul, of images imprest
 The first be deepest, timely stamp the best !
 Say, in a home, where heavenly Wisdom guides,
 Where Duty regulates, and Love presides,—
 Where by no heart a selfish joy is known,
 And all weep most for sorrows not their own,—
 Where thorns and roses form one wreath, to dress
 The brow of calm domestic Happiness,
 Could base Self-love an air congenial find,
 Or, as she now enslaves, enslave the mind ?
 From the dove's nest can birds of prey take wing,
 Or Winter follow on the steps of Spring ?
 But thou, whose course from youth has been awry,
 Rouse all thy powers,—To yield were but to die !
 For thee, though harsher discipline remains,
 More glorious wreaths shall crown thy sterner pains.
 Wouldst thou rebuild thy heart, all pride o'erthrown,
 First lay Self-knowledge as the corner-stone.
 Of things above thee, what can be reveal'd,
 If all within thee be a world conceal'd ?
 His bosom's eye shall vainly lifted be
 To see his God, himself who cannot see.
 Why shrink from deeper scrutiny within,
 If not from trembling consciousness of sin ?
 If man's pure soul were Virtue's genial soil,
 To trace her myriad paths were pleasant toil,
 To range her flowers, her thousand fruits partake,
 Without one fear the lurking asp to wake.
 How oft for this we lonely hours should spend,
 Shut out the world, exclude our dearest friend,
 Turn with dull ear from Flattery's sweetest lays,
 To listen to our heart's sincerer praise,
 Forsake the sciences, ourselves to scan,
 And shut our books to read the inward man !

Thou, who to mortals art as truth sincere,
 Bold as the ocean, fetterless as air,
 If to explore thyself thou art not brave,
 I brand thee coward, hypocrite, and slave !
 Coward, who dar'st not face the worst within ;
 Slave—to thy passions and thy ruling sin ;
 Hypocrite—smiling o'er thy bosom's lead,
 Thou deep dissembler to thyself and God !
 Eternal contradiction, living lie,
 Whose words confess what all thy deeds deny !
 Thy heart still blinded, while thy lips allow
 That life's prime wisdom is thyself to know !
 Wherefore distinguish'd at so rich expense
 From brutes, by forethought, reason, judgment, sense,
 If, with all powers to know, decide, discern,
 Thou canst not meditate, and wilt not learn ?

Be, then, a man! Thy inmost heart dissect!
—What law shall fix us, or what light direct?
Shall godlike Wisdom for our guide be had?
One touch of Passion sends her raving mad.
Morality?—Alas! the doting sage
Is almost grown inaudible from age!
Philosophy?—Behold, to thread the maze,
A thousand Mentors point a thousand ways!
Let spiders veil thy philosophic shelf;
Each sage's system but reflects himself!
If what thou shouldst be Solitude impart,
Society shall shew thee what thou art;
Headlong in action, though in reas'ning cool,
Wise in the closet, in the world a fool.
Thy rule of life shall self-indulgence be?—
Is that a rule which veers with all we see?
How ready thou to cry—"I'm fix'd as fate
To love eternal, or eternal hate!"
A week's eternity your passions prove,
Then love is hatred, hatred turns to love.
You hunt an insect for its crimson hue,
And, when 'tis caught, you weep it is not blue.
How vain, how mutable, is that which draws
Its laws from will, and not its will from laws!
Shall the world lead us?—What! vile custom's slave!
That moon, that weathercock, that dancing wave?
Which shifts from age to age with strange caprice,
The reigning virtue, or the modish vice?
See Sparta deck her cunning thieves with fame,
The sot and lecher she consigns to shame;
We hang the thief, and call him all that's base,
While sots and lechers strut abroad in lace!
Shall that teach us, which still untaught appears
By the hard schooling of six thousand years?
What, then, shall guide us on our devious road?—
The everlasting oracles of God!
These, these alone, ne'er gloss the front of vice,
Descend to pride, or warp to prejudice;
To human passions make no fond appeal,
Flatter no frailty, and no truth conceal,
Strip off impartial all exterior things,
Addressing men as men, not clowns, or kings;
To whose straight rule all mortal deeds brought near
Must bend, or break, or shew how wide they err;
Be these thy path, thy guide, thy lamp, thy test,
Thence turn the day upon thy darkling breast.
As air, within a half-enlighten'd room,
Seems pure till sunbeams penetrate the gloom,
Then, where the rays in pencill'd columns stream,
A thousand atoms mingle in the beam,
So pure may seem thy bosom's atmosphere;
Let in Truth's lustre—Lo! what specks appear!
That faults you have, you haply, then, allow,
But yet canst guess not whence they come, or how;
You view them simply in themselves as sin,
And not as signs of something worse within.
Go then, thy lust, thy avarice, remove,
Extinguish all—yet leave behind Self-love;
By partial reformation only fed,
The master-sin still rears its monstrous head.
How vain to pluck away the deadly fruit,
Or prune the branches, while untouch'd the root!

The quivering pangs that all the frame convulse,
 The fluttering breath, flush'd cheek, or failing pulse,
 What skill'd physician will begin with these,
 Nor pierce at once the seat of the disease?
 What! shall we thus the body's ills explore
 Nor probe the soul's diseases to their core;
 To blind dull chance the spirit's welfare trust,
 Yet weigh each atom of this heap of dust;
 Pore with minutest eye on vein and skin,
 Nor turn the mental microscope within!
 Think not, though milder symptoms cheat the sight,
 If slight the tokens, the disease is slight.
 The soul's o'erflowings only serve to shew
 The fountain's fulness, not its depth below.
 Say, can the weeds, that mark the billows' line,
 Fathom the ocean, or its power confine?
 Though halcyon Peace now walk the charmed waves,
 Their calmness smiles above a thousand graves.
 Know ye, if once the elements engage,
 What awful ruin waits upon their rage?
 Shall the sheathed sword its scabbard ever keep,
 Or judge ye Passion's waking from her sleep?
 Has not, at times, when fierce temptation fired,
 And treacherous opportunity conspired,
 A flash just trembled o'er thy passion's source,
 And darkly hinted at its fearful force?

No longer, then, the outward signs correct,
 But reach the very heart of the defect.
 Seek arms against Self-love. Devoutly scan
 Thy proper part in Heaven's stupendous plan,
 And, in the mirror of thy soul, descry
 Thy present use, thy future destiny.

Void of self-knowledge, every mortal sees
 Objects proportion'd in inverse degrees.
 Self is the hugest thing in heaven or earth;—
 What line can take its height, its depth, its girth?
 That vast eclipse, that mountain, which upsprings
 To raise the soul and dwarf all other things,
 To which creation seems an idle thought,
 Archangels atoms, and the Godhead naught.
 Impious!—Reverse the scheme! Let God be all!
 Down, down, thyself—to dust, to nothing fall!
 Still we forget that objects, which appear
 Small in the distance, may be vast when near,
 That, seen afar no bigger than an ant,
 An elephant is still an elephant.
 With all Self-love's false logic we discuss
 What the relation objects bear to us;
 But what relation we to them may bear
 Ne'er tasks our judgment, never claims our care.
 Where'er we move, to our deluded view,
 Still with us moves the world's horizon too,
 And to himself, each, like a ship at sea,
 Seems the sole centre of infinity.
 Important fool! and does thy dulness dream
 All creatures made for thee, not thou for them?
 Dost thou, between the cradle and the hearse,
 Colossus-like, bstride the universe?
 From Nature's boundless system shouldst thou drop,
 Think'st thou, vain dust, Creation's wheels will stop?

Behold yon anthill ! See the living soil
 Swarm thick, and ferment with unceasing toil !
 " What's this to me ? " you cry, and view with scorn
 The tiny heroes of a grain of corn——
 To angel eyes, if such our ball behold,
 Seem we, who strive for sceptres, scarfs, and gold.
 Subtract an emmet from yon countless heap—
 Say, cease the rest to bustle, toil, and creep ?
 Poor breathing speck, as little thou'lt be miss'd,
 When thou and thine are struck from Being's list !
 Come forth ! Come forth ! diffuse thyself abroad !
 Scan air, earth, ocean, all the works of God !
 All insect life, all bestial, human see,
 Go, finite being, grasp infinity !
 Survey the midnight Heaven ! In Fancy's car
 Pass every planet, every fix'd star :
 Yet farther, farther still advance thy powers,
 Where what seem clouds are systems vast as ours ;
 Proceed, till all we see has left thy sight ;—
 Then through new systems wheel thy endless flight !
 See boundless space uncounted worlds unfold,
 See countless worlds unnumber'd tribes uphold !
 Then drop to earth, and ask thy single soul
 Its due proportion to the mighty whole !

Sure Angels laugh, if heavenly beings can,
 To see the pompous nothingness of man.
The Earth !—ridiculous and monstrous pride !
 As if there were no other earth beside !
The World !—as if the only world it were,
 That spins in space, or claims its Maker's care !
Our System !—Grant the moon is all our own,
 Were sun, stars, planets, made for us alone ?
Our System !—Let the spiders on a beam
 Boast house and furniture all made for them !
 Pry through thy wondrous tubes—in vision rise
 A few leagues nearer to the peopled skies !
 Discover a *new* star ! To thee 'tis new !
 And thou mayst think thou didst create it too !
 View and review it—Art thou now *more wise* ?
 'Tis but a silver spangle in thine eyes !
 Give it a title, yea, a monarch's name ;
 Think you it shines more bright with conscious fame ?

Yet stop not here ; 'tis not enough to view
 Thy littleness—observe thy grandeur too !
 Thyself as mortal, as immortal, scan,
 And learn the meanness, majesty of man !
 As the small pool reflects the boundless sky,
 Its depths impure th' unsullied vault on high,
 Thy breast, though mean, to God and Nature given,
 Is capable to be a mirror'd Heaven.
 Part of a mighty scheme thou still mayst be,
 And, link'd to that, partake its dignity.
 Wouldst thou be wise ?—Thy proper office learn ;
 Glorious ?—Thy rank on being's scale discern !
 What in its sphere shines forth with brightest grace,
 Is but a splendid error out of place.
 The post of honour is thy native state,
 Fulfilling life's great purpose thou art great.
 Ask you that purpose ?—To thyself attend,
 Observe thy means, and thence deduce their end ;

Do Nature's bidding; trace with careful eyes
What best befits thy lofty faculties.

Thou mine of wealth, thou treasure-house of power!
Fraught with thine own and with Creation's dower!
Whose reason, like th' imperial bird, can clasp
All Nature's lightnings in its forceful grasp!
Thou, who dost enter Life's august abode,
Hung round with great memorials of thy God!
If to some end the sacred thrift of Heaven,
To meanest things the meanest gift has given,
Think'st thou on thee her treasures so profuse
Were wildly lavish'd for thy own mean use,
Mere mortal toys of vanity or vice,
Slaves of thy will, and toys of thy caprice?
Wilt thou than brutes no nobler office crave,
To get thy kind, and fertilize thy grave?
For obvious ends thy body was design'd,
But to what purpose serves th' immortal mind?
Look where we may, all Nature's wheels and springs
Employ their functions on congenial things.
With matter our material part must blend;
To outward forms our outward senses tend.
To kindred objects let the spirit fly!
Eternal—let it grasp Eternity;
Invisible—converse with things unseen;
An inward tenant—turn its gaze within;
A Spirit—to the Fount of being tend,
And, born of Deity, to God ascend!
Behold then, Man, thy proper station given,
A link between the universe and Heaven!
See to their several spheres thy powers assign'd,
Thy heart to God, thy actions to mankind!
Image of God, thy glorious lot fulfil,
To know and to obey th' Eternal Will!
Heir of the world, thy use, thy office know,—
Full, to impart, receiving, to bestow,
On man whate'er **on thee** the Heavens bestow'd,
On beasts protection—**give back** all to God.
An insulated thing, **behold** thee poor,
Rich, if thou swell and share the general store;
Mean in thyself, not in relation mean,
The least link 's glorious of the mighty chain!
Die to thyself! To others greatly live!
And learn the lessons God and Nature give!
See all things here to others' good conduce,
Reflect their beauty, or impart their use:
Heaven drops the balmy rain; the bounteous shower
Refreshes earth; earth nourishes the flower;
The flower perfumes the breeze that sweeps the lea;
The breezes waft the fragrant bliss to thee;—
Be thine to bid it from thy bosom rise,
In grateful incense to its native skies!
All things below are like the dewdrop given,
Which, Heaven-descended, is exhaled to Heaven.
Shall God's own image mar th' eternal plan,
And all be liberal, all diffused, but Man?
Say, is it fit, thou Heart of all we see,
That Nature's circulation stop with thee?
Rise, yield, adore, and thy unseal'd eye
Thy just gradation shall at length descry;

Nor only clearer as it inward bends,
But more far-seeing as it outward tends.
Self sinks diminish'd, others rise in view ;
The motive changed, the object alters too.

To common life these principles apply.
Nor rest content with barren theory.
God's light shall be thy guide, his Word thy rule ;
Events thy teachers, and the world thy school.
Behold, one solemn lesson these impart—
The silent self-denial of the heart.
To all, to each, the day revolving brings
Its hourly troubles and its insect stings ;
If fairly met, they bring their own reward,
But pain pursues their selfish disregard.
Like noxious weeds, they wound the timid clasp,
But lose their venom in a firmer grasp.
Face then the worst ; no weak excuse pursue ;
One only standard set before thy view :
If on two sides a duty binding be,
Another's negligence acquits not thee.
Nor seek from stoic pride relief to gain,—
You lose a pleasure in avoiding pain.
Where interest leagues with right, beware of wrong,
Guard most thy weakness where thou seem'st most strong ;
Where the carved lion frown'd, Amorium's wall
Before the Saracen was first to fall.

Wait not for high achievements ; if you hoard,
You rust the edge of Duty's temper'd sword.
'Twere worse than madness trifles to despise,
Since but by faint degrees we sink or rise.
Small cares than great 'tis harder to sustain,—
If it be harder, 'tis more glorious then.
What makes most shew is rarely most of use,
As double blossoms cannot fruit produce.
Judge not of actions by their mere effect,
Dive to the centre and the cause detect.
Great deeds from meanest springs **may take** their course,
And smallest virtues from a mighty **source**.
False strength the soul from action's fever draws,
Thrives on its own or on mankind's applause ;
But he, who calmly smiling suffers here
The settled sorrow of the daily tear,
A silent sacrifice to man unknown,
Derives his energy from God alone.
True trial lies in patience ; death is less
Than the pale siege and Famine's slow distress.
Ruin full oft is met with steady eye,
But who hath gazed untamed on poverty ?
He who resigns an empire, scarce may brave
The petty insults of the meanest slave.
'Tis magnanimity to greatly dare,
But 'tis a heavenly fortitude to bear ;
And all the force of self-devotement lies
Not in the first, but after sacrifice.
Yet veil thy strength, nor, save in trial, shew
The changeless wreaths Faith binds around thy brow.
Be, in prosperity, the rock unseen
With ivy crown, 'midst summer uplands green :
Be in adversity that rock betray'd
With ivy crown, when winter strips the shade.

Kill not thy passions, nor too tightly rein,
 Enlist them rather in fair Virtue's train.
 Be obstinate in good; let generous pride
 Disclose thy own, all other weakness hide;
 Against thyself let honest anger rise,
 And noble envy emulate the skies.

Judge none by thine own law, nor harshly bind
 Another to the temper of thy mind.
 Be free as light, diffusive as the air;—
 Has Nature but one form of good or fair?
 Has she not spread abroad a liberal feast,
 And various sweets for every varied taste?
 There's not a tree, a plant, a leaf, or flower,
 But has its own peculiar beauty's dower.
 Then seize the treasures all around thee thrown,
 Nor fret that blockheads stint themselves to one.
 Nor those, who love not all you love, condemn,
 The answering chord may not be found in them.
 If Nature, Habit, Age, Event, Degree,
 Build up the man, how various each must be!
 Think you the stranger, whom you lead around
 The little plot of your paternal ground,
 Will feel, like you, each tree and blossom raise
 The dreams and sympathies of early days?
 Oft man with man in words not meaning fights,
 A definition would set all to rights.
 The self-same object is by each described,
 Each only sees it on a different side.
 To yield in trifles is the art of life,
 And truly conquer by declining strife.
 A shameful prize is gain'd at too much cost,
 He's most the victor who concedes the most.
 'Tis the wrong person we expect to bend,
 Ourselves should learn to yield and to amend.
 Besides, the man who fastest moves his tongue,
 Must more than half suspect himself of wrong.
 He talks so volubly, with outward din,
 To drown the tedious monitor within.
 With frailty and with folly learn to bear,—
 These human nature's chief ingredients are;
 Remember, Man, thou also hast thy share!
 If in thy neighbour's face thou evil see,
 Be it no triumph, but a glass to thee.
 Fret not at weary time to others given;
 It is not lost, but register'd in Heaven.
 'Tis not enough that thou no evil do,
 Who lives for his own heart, must live for others too.

THE REIGNING VICE. BOOK VIII.

ARGUMENT.

The future Destiny of Man considered.—His usual objects of interest contrasted with it.—The necessity of an entire change of principle insisted upon.—The means of that change.

LIFE'S duties known, with firmer step proceed
To trace the glorious future where they lead;
Of all thy powers the scope and meaning see,
And let this *Now* be mirror of *To Be*.
Can such beginnings end with parting breath,
So rich a scheme be poorly lost in death?
No!—Prodigal of proof, Heaven gives the soul
A thousand voices to proclaim her goal;
Through earth's disguise still vindicates the sky,
And wraps us round with immortality.

Is there a breast, in which is never heard
A piercing cry for innocence restored?
'Tis the soul's instinct, Nature's heart-wrung prayer,—
We pant, we die, to be as once we were.
'Twas innocence round youth a glory cast,
And makes it seem the Eden of the past.
Dost thou ne'er seem, in thought, thyself to see
An infant kneeling at thy mother's knee?
That thought is the Sinroom. Thy bursting heart
Throbs out a prayer to be as once thou wert,
And longs to plunge into some freshening fount,
Thence, like the fabled bird, anew to mount.
Can God have given these restless thoughts in vain,
Mere curious instruments of futile pain?

Does joy e'er seem to reach its perfect height?
When bliss comes next, we promise full delight:
It comes. Still lurks behind a bliss uncaught,
Beyond our powers, but not beyond our thought.
Observe the sources of our deepest joys—
Concealment decks, Reality destroys.
The hollow clouds, that helm the mountain's head,
And down its steepy sides their shadows spread;
The gloomy trees that thwart the falling stream,
Or veil the richness of an evening beam;
The mists that tremble o'er the waters smooth,
Give more to fancy than they take from truth.
The mind, half-conscious of its mighty dower,
Is raptured with its own creative power.
Our nature is a promise, and we view,
Best pleased, the joy that is a promise too.

See man athirst for bliss, yet never blest,
His restless schemes, yet cherish'd hopes of rest;
The fond desire of home, the wish to range,
The love of novelty, yet hate of change:
For change is sorrow; custom still endears,
And makes the past the fountain of our tears.
Change points regret, when falls a tree we loved,
And swells our anguish when a friend's removed.
See with what zeal we labour from our birth
To make an immortality on earth;

Strive to give longer date to ev'n a flower,
 Grasp every toy, and cling to every hour.
 See o'er the lost how full our sorrows swell,
 And "gone for ever!" is life's dreariest knell.
 This aim to stamp eternity on time,—
 This cry for innocence from gulfs of crime,—
 This quenchless hope to find the lost again,—
 This quest of happiness through ceaseless pain,—
 All points to Heaven, where guilt and death shall cease,
 And all be ecstasy, yet all be peace.

Bound down by sin, wrapt round with earthly weeds,
 Alas! how vainly the immortal pleads!
 In vain created with prospective eyes,
 We stop far short of our predestined skies.
 Each looks to some fond future of his own,
 To various minds at various distance shewn.
 While Hope's horizon, as we forward pass,
 Itself retreats, and still is where it was,
 Death drops on all the curtain, soon or late,
 Then what to us the futures we create?
 Ah! what avails that Man's superior soul
 Outruns himself, and seeks some distant goal?
 Less wise than Nature's tribes of earth or air,
 His proper future never claims his care.
 The ant prepares her treasure-house, and home,
 The bee her cell, the worm its silken tomb;
 God, our true Good, our proper future Heaven,
 To earth our hearts, to time our thoughts are given.
 Infatuate mortal! thus thy labours miss,
 Not only future, but immediate bliss.
 Does Pleasure, lowest sorcery of earth,
 Beguile thy soul? Go, chase her wildest mirth,
 Sing, shout—while Reason gives a mournful smile
 To hear thee laugh, and see thee weep the while.
 Below the brutes to self-oblivion shrink,
 Man's worst disgrace is, not to dare to think.
 Thought sleeps—the tenure of thy joys how slight!
 The lightest touch may break a sleep so light.
 Thought wakes—glides ghastly by in Pleasure's bower,
 And glares upon thee in the lonely hour.

Can riches tempt thee? See yon vessel blaze!
 All crowd the boats, save one who plundering stays.
 Around his waist the gather'd gold he ties,
 Springs from the deck, encumber'd, sinks, and dies!
 Art thou more wise to risk repose and health,
 Eternal blessings for a moment's wealth?
 See Clodio's park, the joy of half mankind,
 How blest must be the owner!—he is blind!

Through Hope's bright vista, lured by beckoning Fame,
 Behold the immortality of Name!
 "When Mutius Scævola and Decius Mus
 Were consuls, Rome was ornamented thus."
 "When John and Samuel Briggs churchwardens were,
 The parish vestry underwent repair."
 And this is Fame! What matters it if shown
 Gilded on wood, or carved in Parian stone?

Perchance thy soul Ambition's dream deludes—
 Mount to her throne o'er trampled multitudes!

Through darkest ways the glittering mischief seek,
 Slave to the strong, but tyrant to the weak !
 Yet, ere to vain pre-eminence thou soar,
 Read the sad record of departed Power !—
 “ Cordova’s Caliph, full in fortune’s rays,
 Reign’d fifty years, and lived but fourteen days.”
 Or dreams thy wily brain of state intrigue ?
 What aims are foil’d, when knaves are join’d in league !
 Where all are selfish, think how interests cross,
 How few can thrive, who gain by many’s loss !
 What is thy trust, where all deludes the view ;
 Where love’s a cheat, and only hatred true ?
 Thou seem’st to touch thy goal of hope ;—thou fool,
 Awake to find thyself thy worst foe’s tool !

Or art thou one, who, seeking joy, still pores
 On musty tomes, black coins, or monstrous ores ?
 Who, for an old inscription, scours the globe,
 And, for a true Corregio, would disrobe ?
 Ah ! think what pangs thy curious soul await,
 When thy best Trajan’s proved a counterfeit !
 How vain the joy a troglodite bestows,
 While thy friend’s cabinet a rarer shows !
 How vain the store thy cautious care collects,
 When death shall scatter what thy life protects !
 Ah ! hurl a prescient glance beyond the tomb,
 See thy loved treasures grace the auction-room,
 While barbarous hands thy mystic drawers profane,
 And thy Corregio’s sold for five pounds ten !

Or shall, in prospect, joys domestic please,
 The desk of science, or the chair of ease ?
 These may be blessings ; reason owns them true ;—
 But are they, therefore, to be won by you ?
 Or, if you win them, will they still delight ?
 The very search has pall’d the appetite !
 You fain would rest awhile ere life be past,
 But death shall find thee restless to the last.
 Vapid and rayless, see thy hopes depart ;
 Where, where is all, that fired the glowing heart ?
 Flat as election’s morrow to the train,
 Who canvast as for endless joy or pain.
 Stale as a lottery puff, which, after date,
 Still tells you in three hours you’ll be too late.

But grant thee blest, thy soul’s full purpose given,
 Thy joys must end ;—that thought would darken Heaven !
 Go then, the mighty ends of life obey,
 To love, to hate, to slander, and to slay !
 To toys of straw confine thy piercing eye,
 Thou time-born nurseling of eternity !
 This frame of dust, this little span of earth,
 Thy place of destiny as well as birth !
 Still let thy hopes, thy fears, thy heart, thy all,
 Creep, toil, and jostle round this play-thing ball ;
 Load thyself thick with clay—heap throng on throng
 Of vainest vanities !—then ask—How long ?

What thus can lead man’s darkling steps astray ?
 The fire of the immortal pent in clay !
 This peoples earth with turmoils, plots, complaints,
 This *hath* made heroes, and this *should* make saints.

Religion must be centre of the breast ;
 What but the masterwheel can move the rest ?
 If for a wheel of meaner force exchanged,
 How soon the whole machine would be deranged !
 'Tis not enough it bear a part in thee,
 Thy every deed a part of this must be.
 Yet thy soul's heart is fame, is sensual bliss,
 Gold, science, friendship—any thing but this !
 And thus Creation's jarring note thou art,
 A river lost in sands, an aimless dart,
 A blot, an accident, a strange disease,
 Midst nature's healthful fair contrivances.
 Turn then to this with only half the zeal
 Which for earth's toys earth's wayward children feel ;
 Here point ambition, here give reins to joy,
 Be miser here of immortality !
 Here only fear no fall. Give fancy scope,
 For here enjoyment must eclipse all hope.
 Here only constancy is surely blest ;
 Here warfare leads to conquest, toil to rest.
 Wouldst thou be learn'd, though barr'd from learning's spring,
 King without subjects, subject without king,
 Great without titles, rich without a store,
 Wise Ali said—" Serve God, and sin no more."
 Gain but religion's vantage-ground, and life
 Will seem scarce worth a thought, much less a strife.
 The ship, that down some river nobly steers,
 Lost in mid ocean, but a speck appears.
 Thus fades our being to th' expanded eye,
 That sweeps the ocean of eternity.

Faintly I plead—a bolder course be trod !
 Ere Heaven be thine, 'tis thou must change—or God.
 Learn to regard thine hour of parting breath,
 As life less alter'd, than prolong'd by death.
 No sudden change fix'd nature's laws produce,
 All speaks its future in its present use.
 In endless circles Being's wheel revolves,
 Each atom reappears as it dissolves,
 Nor lost, nor wholly changed. The wings that form
 The butterfly were folded in the worm :
 The acorn's juices in the oak endure,—
 And thus the mind is its own miniature.
 Each infant power, each embryo passion's root,
 Shall spring, shall bud, shall blossom, shall bear fruit.
 Judge then thy future from thy present state ;
 As now, hereafter, thou wilt love or hate.
 Would Heaven unfold for thee a blest abode ?
 Nor fame nor wealth is there ;—but only God !
 Think of the time, when evil woke within,
 And thy young soul yet shudder'd, new to sin ;
 Now thou canst sin, and tremble not. Take heed !
 Think you a downward path to Heaven can lead ?
 Can self-repose to joy celestial tend,
 Or selfish acts in heavenly glory end ?
 Heaven's glorious prize to heavenly love is due ;
 Is it adjudged to mean self-love and you ?
 From mortal motives sprung, the purest deed
 In mortal rapture finds its proper meed.
 When Brutus triumph'd, deaf to nature's cries,
 Fame drest the shrine, fame soothed the sacrifice.

Sublime the action, and in noble thought
 It found the lofty recompense it sought.
 And canst thou boast a title as secure
 To bliss as lofty, or reward as pure ?
 For heavenly rest thy empty clamours cease ;
 Thy aim, thy end, thy Heaven, is earthly peace !
 From pleased self-love thy every joy proceeds,
 To self-content thy every action leads.
 What, then, can happiness be safely built
 On the great base of mortal woe and guilt ?

See through all nature reign two only Wills,
 Of good and bad mysterious principles.
 Obeying one, you slight the other's sway ;
 Resisting one, the other you obey.
 Though now on dubious thrones they seem to reign
 Discordant, and perpetual strife maintain,
 That shall prevail, this crush'd and quell'd retreat,
 And thou must share the triumph, or defeat.
 Reach one sure truth by reason's plainest road—
 Thy own self-will is not the will of God :
 Confess then, man, thy unsubdued self-will
 Is but the opposing principle of ill.
 Go then, rash fool, th' Omnipotent resist,
 Refute the All-wise, thou daring blasphemist !
 While to one Will the universe conforms,
 And views amazed the anarchy of worms,
 While angels shudder at th' enormous fault,
 And ev'n Hell trembles at thy bold revolt,
 Go, thou, who never tremblest for thyself,
 Sport, thing insane, upon destruction's shelf,
 From thy own death an idiot rapture quaff,
 And o'er thy dread rebellion frantic laugh !

Know, all the blessings Heav'n on man bestow'd
 Lie in these words—"Renounce thyself for God !"
 Thy heart's contracted gates wide open throw,
 Abase the lofty, and exalt the low,
 And make a highway for thy God alone
 Supreme to enter and reclaim his own.
 Renounce thyself ! 'Tis Life's prime wisdom—this
 Thy truest dignity, thy proper bliss.
 Self-love has marr'd thy being's great design,
 To this thou art restored by love divine ;
 Self-love, which lifts thee to the skies in thought,
 In very deed, is that which makes thee nought.
 One moment stoop, eternally to rise,
 Confess thy folly, and be greatly wise.
 Wouldst thou be blest ? Renounce that idle self,
 Which sighs for titles, or which pines for pelf ;
 Self, that uneasy, restless, aching thing,
 Of every woe at once the smart and sting,
 Goaded with malice, piqued into disdain,
 The fool of pleasure and the slave of pain,
 Which fears, plots, hates, revenges, trembles, glows,
 Or sinks and rots away in dull repose :
 What joy is thine, what animated rest,
 When that base tenant is expell'd thy breast ! *
 This hour begin. To shrink from Duty's face
 Is to draw backward from a concave glass :
 The growing shade the frighten'd infant foils,
 More monstrous still the farther he recoils.

But thou mayst ask me, if self-love can die,
 Law of all being, nay of Deity ?
 No ! still our impulse, but no more our guide ;
 It does not perish, 'tis but purified !
 From things below, 'tis turn'd to things above,
 From dark to light, from false to real love.
 No more it seeks some transient joy to share,
 Our lasting good becomes its nobler care.
 It warns, chastises, with such holy zeal
 As tenderest mothers for their offspring feel ;
 A blind brute force no more it roams abroad,
 But moves harmonious on the will of God.
 For coward Sloth a holy peace is given,
 For Self-content a conscience knit to heaven.
 Short of this change thou canst not, must not rest,
 Or dies thy labour futile and unblest.
 The mortal strength which promises relief,
 Fails with the weight of unexpected grief,
 But Faith can bridge the torrent of our woes,
 And, like an arch, more press'd, still firmer grows.
 Leave moralists external truth to teach,
 And point the summit which they never reach ;
 Seek thou a mightier power, a costlier art,
 To heal the bitter waters of the heart.
 Cull'd from celestial Truth's unfading bower,
 Cast in a branch of purifying power !
 Like Marah's spring, amid the scorching waste,
 The gall turns sweetness to the wondering taste.
 Then, as the fountain, so the mighty stream
 Reforms alike its nature and its name :
 'Tis love to God, where late Self-love it ran,
 And Selfishness flows Charity to man.

Oh, consummation of sereneest joy,
 How shall we grasp thee, how the past destroy ?
 What wondrous force, beyond our mortal range,
 Shall pierce our being and our essence change ?
 The universe shall answer ; air and sea
 Shall thunder forth the mystic Agency ;
 And every beam of monitory light
 On earth's great volume shall the secret write.
 Dive deep in Nature, lo, material things
 Are but Creation's wheels, and not her springs.
 An immaterial Power still lurks behind,
 Which baffles all the searchings of the mind :
 A second cause alone our aims detect.
 We reach th' Invisible, and there are check'd.
 Go, babble well of Fate, and Nature's laws ;—
 Laws speak a lawgiver, effects a cause—
 Tell how attraction guides the planets' course,
 Prate of centrifugal, magnetic force,
 Give life to matter, motion to the clod ;
 Attraction, gravity, are only God.
 Th' expanding spring may move the dial's hand
 What gives the spring its impulse to expand ?
 The sap fermenting bursts in vernal leaves ;
 What to the sap its mounting instinct gives ?
 What calls the magnet's prompt affection forth,
 When the touch'd needle trembles to its North ?
 Say, what, thou masterpiece of all, explains
 Thy body's growth, the current of thy veins ?

Continued motion speaks continued force ;
 Let the breeze stop, the vessel stops of course.
 The bursting blossom, the revolving sky—
 All owns an ever-acting agency,
 Which still impels Creation's meanest part,
 And urges each vibration of the heart.
 Were one fix'd law the guide of nature's frame,
 All objects were, from age to age, the same ;
 But tell me, Man, what soul, what boundless power,
 Varies each leaf, each mind, each face, each flower ?
 Nor deem the world has worn this only robe ;
 Pierce deep the strata of the solid globe,—
 There trace the pattern of the things of old,
 Forms of which Nature has destroy'd the mould,
 Bodies prodigious to our mortal view,
 Which dwarf our dreams, and make chimeras true.
 O, Great First Cause ! so distant, yet so near,
 So all-inscrutable, yet shown so clear,—
 Must we scale Heaven, thy spirit's light to find,
 Or dive to Hell ?—No, seek it in the Mind !
 Shall He, who harmonized primeval strife,
 And woke dull matter into glowing life—
 The mighty Energy, who forceful hurl'd
 Swift into motion each rebellious world,
 Inert, unmoulded leave the mind alone,
 Whose essence is more kindred to His own ?
 If God be absent from the human breast,
 His omnipresence is a dream—a jest.
 He is around us, near us—though forgot,
 He is within us,—and we know it not.
 And vainly too, we call Him of our state,
 Creator, if he cannot re-create.
 The heart's a shatter'd mirror ; once it shew'd
 A full reflection, now a gleam of God ;
 The Almighty Maker can alone restore,
 And set it opposite his beams once more.
 Hark ! hark ! What mighty shout Creation rends ?
 Self-love, behold and die—A God descends !
 From what to what ?—Can thought the distance span ?—
 From Heaven to earth, from Deity to man !
 Emptied of Godhead, human pain to know,
 Sunken from celestial bliss to human woe,—
 From all Heaven's radiance to earth's meanest place,—
 From Heaven's dominion to earth's worst disgrace,—
 From sinlessness divine to sin's dark load,—
 From God's embraces to the wrath of God,—
 From immortality to death, and still
 A lower fall—from Nature's throne to Hell,—
 All this, for whom ?—For rebels to the sky,
 Foes to his power !—Self-love, behold and die !
 Is yet in vain the great example given ?
 I claim thee, Mortal, as the right of Heaven !
 No more thou art thine own ;—Such love sublime,
 Hath made ingratitude a damning crime.
 When Heaven descends, shall earth retain her pride ?
 Dares man to live as if no God had died ?
 You own 'twere joy your tyrant will to shun ;
 Be His disciple, and the work is done !
 " Are we not His ?" the astonish'd world may cry ;
 " Alas ! ye never knew Him !" I reply.
 If ye be His, some traits are surely like ;
 On closest search, does the resemblance strike ?

From those we love we catch the voice's tone,
 Their gestures, nay, their looks become our own.
 Oh! is it so with thee? Impartial ask!
 The Muse shall aid thee in th' important task.
 Christ lived for others. Now an answer give—
 For whom dost thou, oh Man of Pleasure, live?
 Why dost thou flutter still in Folly's train,
 Still chasing Pleasure half an inch from Pain?
 Why dost thou hunt fame, honours, titles, pelf,
 The world's applause?—What, silent?—For thyself!
 Christ wept for human guilt—Ah! when hast thou?
 Thine eyes are tearless, unabash'd thy brow.
 Christ was forgiving, lowly, patient, meek;—
 Art thou all these?—Thou canst not, dar'st not speak;
 Thou art not His. Oh, wherefore art thou not?
 Thou art not happy! 'Tis thy chosen lot.
 Thou seekest happiness on thorny ground,
 Where it was never—never shall be found.
 Say, though amidst the maddening crowd awhile,
 The faithless tongue may jest, the false lip smile,
 Like the cold sparkling of eternal snow
 Conceal they not the wintry waste below?
 Did ne'er in silence sigh thy sickening breast
 For something more than all it yet possess,
 Despise, abhor the selfish, sensual throng,
 Who dance with thee vain pleasure's path along,
 And think, with anguish think, did sorrow rend,
 Did fortune fly thee, that thou hast no friend?
 Alas, thy lonely bosom never proved
 The bliss of loving and of being loved.
 Behold the source and centre of thy woe!
 For love alone is happiness below.
 Not love of self—no, God himself hath shewn
 It was not good for man to be alone;
 Not earthly love—that spark of grosser fire,
 Which glares to injure—shines but to expire;
 But love, which in its holy round shall bind
 Domestic bliss—God, Nature, and Mankind.
 Love is to all most needful;—lives there one—
 Search every clime beneath the circling sun—
 Who hath not, to himself perchance unknown,
 One thought that links some bosom to his own?
 And, if cut off from every human tie,
 In Nature's tribes we seek society.
 Mark the poor shepherd-boy; he, all day long
 Compell'd to watch the grazing fleecy throng,
 From the whole flock his favourite singles out,
 Who knows his voice and follows him about,—
 Takes from his proffer'd hand the choicest green,
 And slumbering on his knee its head will lean.
 See the lone captive: his affections bend
 To court a bird, or spider, as a friend;
 Yes, He, who best must know what most will aid
 The happiness of those Himself hath made,
 Display'd his richest bounty, when his rod
 Inscribed the mandate, "Thou shalt love thy God."
 These simple words with deepest awe behold,
 Earth's plainest surface hides the mine of gold:
 View them, as he who stands in solemn dream
 Beside the birth-place of some giant stream.
 See from their source all mortal blessings flow,
 See in their depths the cure of mortal woe!

From Love we fell—Love only can restore
The glorious image which at first we wore,
And bring earth's wanderers to their home above
In God's similitude—for God is love.
To this His Spirit shall our spirit mould,
While, touch'd by prayer, the gates of Heaven unfold.
Fresh from the sun the light each morn is given;
Then let thy soul seek daily light from heaven.
Sleep nightly doth the body's strength repair;
Thus bathe thy spirit in the fount of prayer,
And, while to God thy heart and knee shall bend,
Let these poor words, or words like these, ascend.

“O God! Creator! who didst frame mankind
In the bright likeness of thy reasoning Mind;
O God! Preserver! who thy life didst pour
To lift our being whence it fell before;
O God! Restorer! whose serene control
Renews the blotted legend of the soul;
Help me to lay my heart upon thy shrine;—
Thus made, thus rescued, I am doubly thine!
Nor led by fear, nor selfish hope of good,
O'ercome by love, enthrall'd by gratitude,
On all its powers my spirit fain would call,
And to Thy service dedicate them all!
Thy countless mercies, O may memory trace,
And ever yield to Thee its dearest place!
May Hope exulting wing to Thee her flight,
Gaze on Thy face, and live amidst Thy light;
With Faith, who scorning all the wealth of kings,
Draws more from shadows than the world from things.
Let Reason mark the wonders of Thy power
In every blade of grass, or bud, or flower.
Love conquers Fear; yet still let Fear attend,
But only tremble lest my deeds offend!
Bid Joy quaff rapture where her Source appears,
And Grief dissolve in penitential tears!
Oh, save me from myself! A lurking foe
Rebels within, and hurls my thoughts below!
I cannot mount to Thee! Debased, o'erthrown,
All will, all power, I ask from Thee alone!
The good Thou givest, in its birth confirm,
And change my being in its inmost germ!
Then let no thought unquesti'd come or part,
But be Thyself the warder of my heart!
From fancied clearness, purge my darkling sight,
And drag beguiling Selfishness to light!
O, aid me hourly! Lead my lingering mind
From love of Thee to love of all mankind,
Of Nature's every tribe;—Oh, bid me see
Thyself in every thing, and all in Thee!”

LETTERS FROM THE PENINSULA.

No. V.

Lieutenant Spencer Moggridge, to his Aunt Dorothea Moggridge.

[WE owe many apologies to the author of the following article, which has been in our possession upwards of six months. By some unaccountable mistake it had got into the Balaam-Box, where it might have continued still longer to "waste its sweetness on the desert air," but for a recent gaol delivery, by which many of its brothers in misfortune were committed to the flames. We have now great pleasure in presenting it to the public, and trust that our old correspondent will accept this true statement as an excuse for the unintentional delay which has taken place. C. N.]

THE devil! So Harriet is married! Married to a rosy Warwickshire parson, redolent of tithe pig and tobacco smoke, and absolutely mistress for life of a snug parsonage of two stories, with a green door in the centre, and windows on either flank, tastefully set forth with beaupots of mignonette! What! *that* Harriet whose eye was so keenly sensitive to the splendours of scarlet and embroidery, who loved the art military—if not for its own sake, at least for that of its professors—and to whose enthusiastic imagination a recruiting captain appeared a being only a little lower than the angels!—who bewailed with indignation more clamorous and bitter the iniquitous order which denuded the subaltern's shoulder of its bullion and invested it with paltry fringe? And *this* fair being—oh! proclaim it not in Askelon!—is now married to a *parson*,—a man of black,—a mere commonplace reader of lessons and homilies, undignified by even the extrinsic virtue of an army chaplaincy! Why, my good aunt, I remember when the very sight of a redcoat—ay, even that of a militiaman—was enough to disorder the whole economy of her pulsations, and I declare she once absolutely confessed to me, that perhaps the happiest night of her life was one in which she *dreamed* of dancing four sets with a Major of dragoons. Poor Harriet! To her a parson of fifty-five, with seven chopping children to begin with, must indeed have been a forlorn hope, accepted only when, after some lustres of unproductive flirtation, the men of *tags* and epaulettes were found unattainable, and not an ensign had become immeshed in her toils. Nay, I do

verily believe, that had a drum-major offered, even at the church-door, she would have braved fate and the doctor, and consoled herself, under every misfortune, with the proud thought of being married to a *staff* officer! I will now change the subject. Yet offer her, I beg of you, my kind regards, and warm wishes that she may prove ancestress of a battalion.

Your melancholy account of the death of poor Tompkins, though given with all due pathos, I cannot say has materially impaired my tranquillity. Well, Tompkins is dead; I am sorry for him, but my digestive powers have not suffered on his account. Low diet, my good aunt, is a wonderful antidote to extravagance of sympathy. You may call this unfeeling if you please; but only consider, I beg of you, whether a man like myself, compelled to rough it out on ration beef and *aqua ardente*—I wish you could but taste them!—can be expected to feel very deeply for an apoplectic gentleman in his 64th year, found dead in his chair, when laudably engaged in the discussion of his second bottle. Had I never left home, it is possible my feelings might have been as much excited as your own; but since I commenced campaigner, I have become too familiar with Death to learn of his proceedings in any ordinary case with inconvenient vehemence of emotion. Those who never encountered him, may talk of death as they please, but, believe me, he is but a nine days' wonder at best—a bugbear for grown gentlemen with comfortable establishments and well-stocked cellars. He is an actor—not a well-graced one, certainly—each of whose appearances on the stage is attended with less effect than

the preceding. Yet, ill favoured as he may be, look him boldly in the face, and you will find him less frightful than you imagined; muster courage to beard him, and his terrors are gone for ever. Thus has it been with me, who make no pretension to a larger share of courage than my neighbours. Though a young soldier, Death and I have been thrown in each other's way too often not to have formed something of an acquaintance; and this I must say for him, that, within the scope of my own personal experience, he has always conducted himself like a gentleman.

So much for the news contained in your letter, and my dilation on it at such length may be taken as a sign that I have nothing of any very serious importance to communicate. True, we have had a good deal of fighting, but no very stiff work after all. Stay—what am I saying? Take, in contradiction to it, the following narrative of the brilliant conduct of our regiment at El Bodon.

Early in September, our brigade crossed the Agueda by a ford about a league from Fuente Guinaldo, where Lord Wellington had established his head-quarters. We halted in the large village of Robleda, and remained there about three weeks—not a disagreeable interlude, I assure you, in the drama of the campaign. During that period we received no molestation from the enemy, and for once, at least, the lines had fallen to us in pleasant places. Robleda, being at some distance from the main roads, had suffered less than its neighbours from hostile inroads, and, embosomed amid the green hills, it reminded me of some of those quiet and rural villages which are occasionally met with in the pastoral districts of the south of Scotland.

Till our arrival at Robleda, we had enjoyed no opportunity of becoming acquainted with the amusements and social habits of the Spanish people. We then did so; and surely never was there a more simple, innocent, and light-hearted set of beings than those peaceful rustics among whom we sojourned. At evening the whole population poured forth into the market-place, where the voices of young maidens were heard chanting their national melodies, and many light feet kept time to the sound of

the guitar, and the clink of castanets. Our wants were here abundantly supplied; the markets of different sorts were excellent, and provisions cheap, for these primitive traffickers had not yet learned the arts of fraud and extortion, in which the presence of a British army generally initiates the natives. In short, we were all partial to the inhabitants of Robleda, and General Colville, as a mark of his satisfaction at our reception, directed the bands of the different regiments to play every evening, and regale the unsophisticated ears of the rustic audience with more crude, though, to my feeling, less beautiful music, than that of the wild and simple melodies of their native land.

Notwithstanding all these *agremens*, the place was unhealthy. Why, it would be difficult to say. The natives were robust and vigorous,—the air seemed pure and bracing,—there were in the neighbourhood no marshes of any kind to mingle poison in the atmosphere, and the water used by the troops was as fine as any that ever trickled from the rock. Yet the *ague* was abroad, and made sad work among all ranks. The parades grew daily thinner, and the hospitals more crowded, till at length in our corps alone we had actually seven officers and ninety men *hors de combat*. Of these seven I was one. You have never had the *ague*, my dear aunt, and, I thank heaven, are not likely to have it. Refresh your imagination, therefore, with the following picture of the sufferings of a gentleman afflicted with a Tertian, and if the adage of the poet be true—

“He best can paint them who has felt them most,”

the delineation will be graphic enough.

Let it be taken for granted that the intended sufferer is of hale constitution, strongly and symmetrically made, of sanguine complexion, with great facilities of digestion; yet so laudably abstemious as seldom to exceed his tenth tumbler. Well, this gentleman—myself, for example—in the full and vigorous discharge of all bodily functions, suddenly finds himself, on some fine forenoon, when cantering along the road, or busily engaged at home in writing a letter to his people, turning most inexplicably cold. If in the latter predica-

ment, he seizes the bottle of cogniac—seldom far distant—and fortifies his interior works with a bumper, but with no beneficial result. Surprised at this, he attributes his feelings to the coldness of the weather, draws closer to the fire, and exposes his back settlements to the full radiation of the heat. Alas! the current in his veins is too sluggish to be thus stimulated, and while the portion of his person nearest the flame enjoys the temperature of Bombay, he feels as if the more distant ones had been transported to Iceland or Kumschatka.

His troubles go on increasing. His skin, at other times smooth as a gentleman's should be, becomes rough as that of a goose. His teeth chatter; his flesh creeps; his limbs refuse their office, and he who never shook with fear in the hour of danger, yields to an uncontrollable impulse, and trembles like an aspen. All this time his throat is parched with a thirst which the whole waters of the Tagus would not allay. The bottle of cogniac again rises to his thoughts, and he directs his servant to make him *instantan* a glass of hot grog warm without sugar. Unhappy man! In avoiding Scylla, he runs smack on Charybdis. There is fever in his blood which the ardent spirit, at other times so exhilarating and salubrious, tends only to increase. It indeed shortens the duration of the cold fit under which he suffers, but only adds fuel to the fiery purgatory he is about to enter.

A change is at length wrought in the character of his sensations. The diagnostics of his disorder undergo a mutation unaccompanied by relief. His blood passes rapidly from zero to boiling temperature, or rather his arteries seem filled with the molten lead, and he goes, or, more properly speaking, is carried, to bed, by his servant, who congratulates himself on his good fortune in serving a master whose weight does not exceed twelve stones and a half. In bed, however, matters only get worse, and he writhes for several hours in a fever so violent, that less than two days of it would inevitably prove fatal to the strongest man alive. At length, the fit, having reached its crisis, gradually declines. His skin is bedewed by copious perspiration,

and the throbbing of his pulse becomes less like the strokes of a sledge hammer. He at length falls asleep, dreams of all imaginable horrors—such as being tried by a court-martial, and disgracefully cashiered—being run through the body by the bayonet of a rascally sentry of his own company, whose post, by some fatuous but irresistible impulse, he attempted to force; or, worst of all, being condemned, on false evidence, as a deserter, with the alternatives—almost equally odious—of being shot with all due formality, or receiving pardon, coupled with the condition of marrying Sally Biggs—a young lady, my dear aunt, of whose tastes, habits, or pursuits, it fortunately behoves not that you should know any thing. By sleep, however, even such as this, he is refreshed, and awakens at the precise moment when the irrevocable words of the parson are about to make Sally an *honest woman*, at the expense of one who is far from admitting the equity of the retribution. The fever has left his blood, and he calls lustily for his servant to arrange the implements of his toilet. He is weaker, indeed, but in other respects as well as before the attack, and remains so till precisely the same hour on the third day, when he is condemned to a renewal of the sufferings I have attempted to describe. But of this enough, and more than enough. I will now, according to promise, go on with my narrative.

Well, after leading for three weeks a quiet, and, but for the ague, not an uncomfortable life, at Robledo, on the forenoon of the 23d of September we received the order to march. On the day previous, it had been reported among the natives that the enemy were in force at Salamanca; but as such rumours were seldom to be depended on, the one in question met with less credence than it deserved. About two o'clock, therefore, of the same day, we found ourselves rather suddenly *en route*, and, fording the Agueda, we soon learned, from various authentic sources, that Marmont and his army were already in the neighbourhood of Ciudad Rodrigo, only two leagues off. The night following was one to be marked with a black stone, in the tablets of my life. The billet allotted to four of us was a miserable shop, about

twelve feet square, and abominably dirty. The bed of the owner and his wife was only partially concealed by a tattered curtain, the sanctity of which obscurity, I believe none of us were induced to violate by the charms of the lady, who was absolutely the ugliest and dirtiest woman I have yet encountered in the course of my campaigns. For myself I slept on the counter, with my portmanteau for a pillow; and as my slumbers on so hard a bed were naturally somewhat restless, I had the misfortune to roll off in the night, to the considerable bodily injury of our worthy adjutant, who lay, extended in his blanket, on the floor beneath, and who was utterly unprepared for the descent of a body so ponderous as that of your worthy nephew. As for the owner of this wretched hovel, both he and his rib were astir the whole night, in dismal apprehension of being robbed, though of what article of value certainly could not be determined by any inspection of the premises. Indeed, I have always remarked in Spain, that wherever we halted for a single night, the Patrono or his better half kept a strict watch on all the motions of their inmates, even when their dwellings contained nothing in any form of wealth or garniture, which could tempt the poorest of mankind to an involuntary transgression of the Tenth Commandment.

Well, the night passed slowly and miserably, and no sooner had the grey light of morning begun to peer through the windows, than we sallied forth to exchange for the free air of heaven the close and polluted atmosphere which for so many hours we had been condemned to inhale. We were anxious also to collect as much intelligence as possible, for it had been dark night when we reached our quarters, and we yet knew nothing of the general motions of the army. After roaming for some time about the streets, vainly requesting news from men as ignorant as ourselves, we observed a dragoon, with drawn sabre, standing sentinel near a small chapel, on an eminence which commanded a full view of Ciudad Rodrigo. We immediately assailed him with our questions, but the man was an ass, and nothing could be got out of him but an assurance that the enemy had

not yet appeared in the distance. We learned, however, from the natives, that Marmont was already in the city, and that his infantry was hourly coming up. Under these circumstances we knew that an attack might be expected, and experienced all that anxiety, mingled with exhilaration, which generally moves the bosoms of men in such circumstances.

About one o'clock, the brigade received orders to march, and we moved about two miles nearer to the city, and halted for an hour, during which the Paymaster, as usual, on the twenty-fourth of the month, made his muster, *selon les règles*. We then returned to our former quarters, and passed a night of discomfort as great as the preceding. Our only anxiety was, that the enemy might move, in order to escape from the miserable hovel, in which, by the chances of the service, we had been condemned to find a local habitation. Yes; a soldier, it must be owned, is occasionally something of a selfish being. I do believe, that intelligence of the slaughter of thousands would have cost myself or my three companions less uneasiness than did the prospect of being condemned for a night or two to the occupation of this abominable quarter.

Marmont, on the present occasion, was so obliging as to concede the object of our wishes. An hour before daylight, a loud knocking was heard at our door, which we speedily ascertained to proceed from the orderly man of the company, who came with orders for the officers instantly to get ready, and the baggage to be loaded without signal of drum or bugle. In our circumstances, *over-sleeping* was out of the question, and portmanteaus being duly packed, we sallied forth from our miserable hovel; and the battalion being speedily formed, we marched instantly to the alarm post. There we joined the remainder of the brigade, and subsequently advanced to a height in front of the village, which commanded a complete view of Ciudad Rodrigo, the object to which our eyes were turned with natural anxiety. Night was fast veering into day as we reached it. The sun rose majestically behind the city, illumining its dark towers with a flood of splen-

dour, as he held on his course towards the zenith. Nothing could be finer; but our attention was speedily diverted from such matters, by perceiving that all the roads leading from Ciudad Rodrigo, towards the frontiers of Portugal, were covered with the enemy. Our brigade formed the right of the line, and though the enemy were yet five miles distant, from our elevated position we commanded a fine view of this movement. I certainly never witnessed any spectacle more grand and impressive. Their masses came on in the most imposing order and regularity, with the brazen helmets of their heavy cavalry glittering very gloriously in the sunshine. While I gazed on them, my schoolboy learning came back on me, and I thought of the Roman legions,—but not long, for I well knew that the legions I beheld were not invincible as those.

Whatever the course of my reflections on the scene before me might have been, they were cut short by the appearance of Lord Wellington, who just then rode up, and passing through our regiment, then formed in open column of companies, called loudly for General Colville. The General soon came up at full speed, and Lord Wellington remained for a minute or two—certainly not more—regarding the enemy, without the aid of the telescope, though an orderly was in attendance with that instrument, and its tripodal support. During this brief period, he appeared to have formed his resolution as to our destination, for enquiring what regiments were there, and being told the 5th, 77th, 83d, and 94th, he directed General Colville to proceed with the 5th and 77th to a height at some distance on the left, which completely commanded a road leading from Ciudad Rodrigo to Fuentes Guinaldo. As for us, we were directed to commence our march in the same direction, when the advanced detachment of the brigade should have reached a certain point of their progress.*

At length we too moved off, I hope in such order as to give the enemy, who witnessed all our motions, a good opinion of our discipline. At that interesting moment, there were no skulkers or stragglers. Our route lay across a deep ravine, the ascent

on the farther side of which was so steep and difficult, that though the troops moved with all possible alacrity, nearly an hour elapsed before we succeeded in crowning the summit of the height. The object of this movement was to bring the enemy as much as possible on our right, as the route of retreat on Guinaldo lay entirely on the left.

On reaching the apex of the ascent, a new scene opened to us. We saw the great body of the French cavalry close in our front, and divided from us only by a ravine, ready, on the signal being given, to execute a charge. About half a league to the left, we observed the other two regiments of our brigade already under a heavy cannonade from the enemy, whose position along the whole extent of the line was divided from ours by the ravine already mentioned. The spectacle in this quarter, however, became soon more interesting. The two regiments, though posted on a height of difficult ascent, were charged very gallantly by a large body of cavalry, who succeeded in driving the Portuguese gunners from their posts. This was awkward, but a volley from the 5th regiment repaired all. Many of the enemy fell, and the 5th, advancing with the bayonet, drove them back in great confusion across the ravine.

It was not, however, the intention of Lord Wellington to give battle in the position we had assumed; and the different divisions had received orders to fall back, when pressed by the enemy, to Guinaldo. There, a ridge of commanding ground had been strengthened by fieldworks and intrenchments, and on that ground Lord Wellington had determined to keep Marmont at bay, should it be found necessary for his purposes. We had scarcely, therefore, enjoyed the pleasant spectacle of the severe check given to the enemy's cavalry by the charge of the 5th, when we again found ourselves in motion towards our left, retreating on Guinaldo.

You already know that our brigade formed the extreme right of the army, and, when put in motion, we of course formed the rear of the column. We moved on in squares of battalion—a squadron of the 11th Light Dragoons, and another of the

1st German Hussars—all the cavalry we had in this quarter—skirmishing with great gallantry along the flanks of our line of march. But it was impossible that so small a body could make head against the vast masses of the enemy's horse which now came on. In a few minutes, their leading squadrons were within an hundred yards of us, and in a few more, our three weak battalions, the 83d, 94th, and 9th Portuguese, were completely surrounded. At this interesting—nay, that is not strong enough—this *awful* moment, we had no officer at our head, on whose talent, promptitude, or experience, it was possible to rely. Major—— was a brave man, but utterly devoid of all other attributes of a gifted commander. However, on the present occasion, we had no cause to complain of him. He addressed the men in the native Doric of his country—the major is a Scotchman—told them to take good aim, and not to waste their “pouther;” and I doubt if Cæsar himself, in such circumstances, could have said any thing much more to the purpose.

In this manner did we move for the space of two miles, surrounded by upwards of forty squadrons of horse, who executed repeated and desperate charges on our squares. In every one of these they were repulsed. Men of iron could not have awaited their enemy more firmly and steadily. On came the French cavalry, like successive waves of the ocean, to be broken on the rock of brave hearts and strong arms, which we opposed to their progress. One tremendous charge I remember. It was made by a battalion of Cuirassiers, fine-looking men, and bravely caparisoned. At some distance we gave them a volley, but this had not the effect of checking their progress. At length they reached the barrier of bayonets, on which, by another yard of advance, they must have been impaled, and, diverging in their course, they galloped round the square, encountering the fire of each face, vainly looking for an aperture by which they might dash through our ranks. Repulsed in all their efforts, they at length retired, leaving the ground covered with the bodies of men and horses. I do believe I felt more for the latter than for the former. There

is something indescribably touching to me in the sufferings of a horse. Never does a cry of pain escape from this noble and unrepining animal, that is not torn from it by the very extremity of anguish. And then the expression of eye, and the agonized dilation of nostril which mark its countenance!—But if I go further into this matter, I shall get into the melting mood, and that is not my cue at the present moment.

Well, on we continued to march, I believe without loss, though surrounded by clouds of foemen, and to carry on the simile, making a little thunder in our progress. On that day, every man of us was a cheap bargain to the king, to say nothing of my own services, valued only by his majesty at six and sixpence a-day. But our situation, though honourable, was not pleasant. There was the disagreeable conviction, that a single coward might cost the loss of a battalion; for the slightest symptom of confusion, or an aperture a yard broad, would have done the business. Well, on we marched, but the French flying artillery contrived at length to get up, and then came a trial even more severe than those to which we had already been exposed. Their guns opened fire on our dense and crowded squares. One shot, I remember, swept through us, laying fifteen of our number prostrate in the dust. The other regiments were even less fortunate, I believe, and the number of their casualties were greater. But the places of our fallen brethren were immediately filled up, and our aspect to the enemy was not less formidable than before.

Such was our situation when we were joined by the 88th and 45th, which had been dispatched by Lord Wellington to our support. Our force then began to be more effective, and the remainder of our retreat was effected in comparative security. Only one misfortune occurred that I remember. Some ammunition mules, and a few stragglers from the other brigades, were moving up after their regiments by the road to Guinaldo, on our left, apparently little aware of the near proximity of the French cavalry. Your English soldier is the stupidest brute alive. These numskulls kept lounging along at their leisure, and because they did

not see an enemy before their noses, never thought of looking for him on either flank. It seems rather odd that the French should have thought it worth while to charge such boobies, but they did so. Suddenly, about thirty of the Polish lancers started from one of the French columns, and making a sweep on our left, at full speed, with the long tails of their horses floating in the air, and red flags waving at the extremity of their lances, came *ad improviso* on the unfortunate stragglers, who, without means of resistance, became the instant victims of their own stupidity. One man in particular I watched with my eye. He literally continued marching in ignorance of the impending attack, till pierced from behind by the lance of an assailant.

Such, my dear aunt, was the affair of El Bodon, not destined probably to make any great figure in the gazette, yet one which those engaged in it may be excused for relating with some share of pride. Last night the whole army, with the exception of the light division, still on t'other side of the Agueda, halted in position at Guinaldo. We expected that the enemy would have attacked us this morning, but our hopes have not been realised. Marmont contented himself with an exhibition of his force, which, as if for our amusement, he caused to perform a variety of manœuvres in front of our position. Nothing could be finer. The French infantry went through all its evolutions with the greatest precision, and the movements of the cavalry, making due allowance for the badness of their horses, were also laudable. In the meantime, what either Marmont or Lord Wellington intend to do next, we know no more than men dropped from the moon. A few hours, however, will probably reveal something of our leader's intentions, and as the post does not leave the army for a few days, I shall keep this letter open, in hopes of having something interesting to communicate. In the meanwhile, God bless you, my dear aunt.

October 1st.—The 26th, as I have already told you, passed over in unbroken tranquillity, unmarked on our side by the occurrence of any event save the arrival of the light division, for the safety of which very serious apprehensions were entertained. The

case was as follows:—By some mistake, General Crawford, who was still on t'other side the Agueda, did not receive orders to retreat, till all the other divisions had fallen back on Guinaldo, and feeling apprehensive that in crossing that river at Robleda, he might be intercepted, he determined to fall back along the right bank of the river, not being aware that General Foy, then in the neighbourhood of Perales, might thus cut off his retreat. Lord Wellington, however, was aware of this, and orders were instantly dispatched to General Crawford, directing him to retrace his steps, and cross by the ford of Robleda. This fortunately was effected without opposition of any kind, and the light division joined the army on the evening of the 26th.

Hitherto, the whole object of Lord Wellington's manœuvres had been to ascertain the enemy's intention, and the position of Guinaldo had only been strengthened to serve as a *point d'appui*, by means of which he might be enabled to keep out a strong advanced corps to the latest moment. But Guinaldo was in no respect the position in which Lord Wellington had decided on meeting Marmont, and the untoward absence of the light division had alone decided him to remain in it even for a day. That portion of the army, therefore, was no sooner out of jeopardy, than we found ourselves again in motion, followed closely by Marmont, whose boldness seemed to increase with each successive step of our retrogression. During this movement, our division and General Cole's formed the rear corps of the army. On the 27th, the enemy made a powerful attack on Aldea de Ponte, a village occupied by General Cole. The suddenness and vigour of this attack, made it at first successful. The 4th division were ousted, but returning to the charge, the enemy in their turn were beaten back, and the village, in spite of all their efforts, remained in our possession.

At night we continued our retreat, and by day-dawn, had reached a position on the heights behind Solto, in which Lord Wellington had evidently resolved to offer battle. The ground we occupied was certainly strong. It extended across a sort of delta, formed by an inflection of

the Coa, which thus afforded protection to both flanks, and prevented the possibility of its being turned. But this, which constituted the strength, constituted also the danger, of the position. In case of defeat, the river in rear and flanks being unfordable, cut off all chance of retreat, so we had nothing to look to (when, indeed, did a British army look to any thing else?) but fighting it out to the last. Should the enemy succeed in forcing the position at any one point, it was all over with us, and I may also say, with John Bull, whose game would have been up, and then, who but Nap? We all knew, therefore—those of us, at least, endowed with any moderate degree of military acumen—that we had nothing for it but the old proverb, “Pull, baker, pull, devil;” and leaving the character of devil to the French, which they better deserved, we prepared, in the former capacity, for a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether.

Whether Marmont knew this or not, I cannot pretend to predicate of that *notable*—I here take credit for resisting the temptation of a pun—General, but this I know, that after surveying our position, he did not venture to attack it, and fell back, it may be presumed, somewhat chop-fallen, when confronted by that enemy whom he had hitherto made every demonstration

of desiring to engage in pitched battle. He has accordingly retired to the neighbourhood of Ciudad Rodrigo. We have been marched back to our former cantonments;—and so, my dear aunt, concludes the memorable campaign of 1811, the result of which has been, to free the whole of Portugal from the enemy. What the next may bring forth, is still, as the poet says, “Far in the womb of time;” but surely the annals of that portion of the struggle already past, authorizes us to look forward to it with hope, as to a period when British prowess will enjoy fresh opportunities of vindicating, against a barbarous and vindictive enemy, the pure and holy cause of freedom and justice. All we ask, is a fair field and no favour, in which, if by God’s blessing we cannot do ourselves right, then the best policy of England is to truckle to Bonaparte, and be quiet. But I am getting on high matters, and as usual in such a case, becoming prosy. It is therefore high time to stop; but were it not so, O’Malley, my worthy and intelligent servant, has just announced that dinner, consisting of ration-beef and rice-pudding, is on the table, and truly, never did the voice of that trusty functionary sound more musical in my ear.—Farewell, then, my dear aunt, and believe me ever, &c.

SPENCER MOGGRIDGE.

TO LITTLE MARY.

I’m bidden, little Mary!
 To write verses upon thee;
 I’d fain obey the bidding
 If it rested but with me:
 But the Mistresses I’m bound to,
 (Nine Ladies hard to please,)
 Of all their stores poetic,
 So closely keep the keys,
 It’s only now and then,
 By good luck as one may say,
 That a couplet or a rhyme or two,
 Falls fairly in my way.

Fruit forced is never half so sweet
 As that comes quite in season—
 But some folks must be satisfied
 With rhyme in *spite* of reason.
 So, Muses! now befriend me,
 Albeit of help so chary,
 To string the pearls of poesie,
 For loveliest Little Mary.

And yet, ye pagan Damsels !
 Not over fond am I,
 T' invoke your haughty favours,
 Your fount of Castaly.
 I've sipt a purer fountain,
 I've deck'd a holier shrine,
 I own a mightier Mistress—
 O Nature ! *T'hou art mine.*
 And Feeling's fount, than Castaly
 Yields waters more divine !

And only to that well-head,
 Sweet Mary ! I'll resort,
 For just an artless verse or two,
 A simple strain and short,
 Befitting well a Pilgrim
 Way-worn with earthly strife,
 To offer thee, young Traveller !
 In the morning track of life.

There's many a one will tell thee,
 'Tis all with roses gay—
 There's many a one will tell thee,
 'Tis thorny all the way—
 Deceivers are they every one,
 Dear Child ! who thus pretend ;
 God's ways are *not* unequal—
 Make *Him* thy trusted friend,
 And many a path of pleasantness
 He'll clear away for thee,
 However dark and intricate
 The labyrinth may be.

I need not wish thee beauty—
 I need not wish thee grace—
 Already both are budding
 In that infant form and face.
 I *will not* wish thee grandeur—
 I *will not* wish thee wealth—
 But only a contented heart,
 Peace—competence—and health—
 Fond friends to love thee dearly,
 And honest friends to chide,
 And faithful ones to cleave to thee,
 Whatever may betide.

And now, my little Mary !
 If better things remain,
 Unheeded in my blindness,
 Unnoticed in my strain,
 I'll sum them up succinctly,
 In "English undefiled,"
 My Mother tongue's best benison,—
 God bless thee—precious Child !

THE ORIGIN OF THE FAIRIES.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

I HAVE heard a wondrous old relation,
 How the Fairies first came to our nation ;
 A tale of glamour, and yet of glee,
 Of fervour, of love, and of mystery.
 I do not vouch for its certain truth,
 But I know I believed it in my youth ;
 And envied much the enchanted Knight,
 Who enjoy'd such beauty and pure delight.
 I will tell it now, and interlard it
 With thoughts with which I still regard it,
 And feelings with which first I heard it.

The Knight of Dumblane is a hunting gone,
 With his *hey!* and his *ho!* and *hallo!*
 And he met a merry maid alone,
 In the light green and the yellow.
 That maiden's eyes were the pearls of dew,
 And her cheek the moss-rose opening new ;
 Her smile was the sun-blink on the brae,
 When the shower is past, and the cloud away.
 And then her form was so light and fair,
 That it seem'd to lean on the ambient air ;
 So very blithesome and so boon,
 That the Knight was afraid it would fade too soon ;
 Mount on the ether from human ken,
 Or melt away in the breeze of the glen.
 His frame thrill'd to the very core
 When he saw that beauty stand him before,
 With the gleam of joy on her brow so meek,
 And the dimple on her damask cheek.
 And then so ripe was her honey lip,
 That the wild-bee, lingering, long'd to sip ;
 And the merl came by with an eye of guile,
 For he hover'd and lighted down a while
 On the snowy veil in which she was dress'd,
 To pick the strawberries from her breast.
 O was there aught below the heaven
 I would not have done, or would not have given,
 To have been the Knight of Dumblane that day!—
 But 'twas better for me that I was away.

The Knight came nigh, and essay'd to speak,
 But the glamour of love was on his cheek ;
 And a single word he could not say,
 For his tongue in thirsty silence lay.
 But he doff'd his cap from his manly brow,
 And he bow'd as low as a knight could bow,
 Then stood with his velvet cap in hand,
 As waiting for the maiden's command.

Sure this was witless as could have been,
 I cannot conceive what the Knight could mean ;
 For had I been there, in right or wrong,
 As sure as I sing you this song,
 I would, as the most due respect,
 Have twined my arms around her neck ;
 And sure as man e'er woo'd a maid,
 Have row'd her in my shepherd plaid,
 And in token of my high regard,
 Have set her down on the flowery sward,

And if some discourse had not begun,
 Either in quarrel or in fun,
 Take never a shepherd's word again,
 And count my skill in wooing vain;
 All this I would have done with speed—
 But for ever would have rued the deed.

Oh, never was knight so far o'ercome
 As he who now stood blushing and dumb
 Before this maid of the moorland brake,
 With the cherub eye and the angel make.
 At first no higher his glance was thrown
 Than the flowery heath that her foot stood on;
 When by degrees it embraced her toe,
 But over the ankle durst not go;
 Till at length he stammer'd out modestly,
 "Pray—madam—have you—any commands for me?"

Shame fa' the Knight! I do declare
 I have no patience with him to bear;
 For I would have look'd, as a man should do,
 From the shoe-tie to the glancing brow;
 Nay, from the toe's bewitching station
 Even to the organ of veneration.
 For what avails the loveliest face,
 Or form of the most bewitching grace,
 Which on earth are made for man alone,
 If they are not to be look'd upon?
 Yes, I would have look'd till my sight had rack'd,
 And the very organs of vision crack'd,
 And I would have sworn, as a man should swear,
 That I never saw virgin half so fair:
 This I had done, despite all pain,
 But, ah! I never had done it again!

But the maid was delighted beyond expression
 To mark the young Knight's prepossession,
 And with a smile that might have given
 Some pangs even to a thing of heaven,
 She took so moving a position
 That set his soul in full ignition:
 One limb alone scarce press'd the ground,
 The other twined her ankle round;
 Her lovely face was upward cast;
 Her sunny locks waved in the blast;
 And really she appear'd to be
 A being divine—about to flee
 Away from this world of self and sin,
 A lovelier, holier clime to win.
 No posture with that can ever compare—
 What a mercy that I was not there!
 But he raised his eyes as hers withdrew,
 And of her form got one full view:
 The taper limb, and the slender waist,
 The modest mould of her virgin breast,
 The lips just opening with a smile,
 And that eye upraised to heaven the while;
 The purple tides were seen to entwine
 In a thousand veins all crystalline!
 Enough! The sequence is too true:
 For though the Knight got but one view,
 One full intoxicating look,
 It was more than his fond heart could brook;
 For on the ground he fell as dead
 As he had been shot out through the head.

Now this was rather a sad o'erthrow;
 I don't think I would have fallen so;
 For though a lovely virgin face
 Has sometimes put me in piteous case,
 Has made me shed salt tears outright,
 And sob like the wind on a winter night,
 Nay, thrown me into a burning fever,
 Yet I never just went off altogether;
 But I have reason, without a flam,
 Thankful to be—and so I am—
 That I was spared the illusive sight
 That was seen by that enchanted Knight.

Now it seems that the maiden to fear began
 For the life of that young and comely man;
 And every art essay'd to try
 To make him uplift his amorous eye.
 But in reality, or in mime,
 The swoon continued a weary time.
 And better had it been if he had never
 Re-open'd his eyes, but slept for ever;
 For when next they awoke on the light of day,
 His cheek on the maiden's bosom lay.
 He felt its warmth new life impart,
 And the gentle throbs of her beating heart;
 He felt beneath his aching head,
 The enchanting mould that had laid him dead;
 He felt her hand his temples chafing,
 And every tenderness vouchsafing;
 He lifted his head—he hid his face—
 And stole his cheek from that witching place;
 Yet still he cast, though disinclined,
 A longing, lingering glance behind,
 Where he saw—but I dare not describe the view,
 For if you are a man it will kill you too;
 If you are a woman, and lovely bride,
 You will turn up your nose in disdain and pride.
 If you are not, without a frown,
 You will laugh at the Knight till you fall down;
 For true it is, when the Knight had seen
 The beauteous bed where his cheek had been,
 The blush, and the smile, and the lucid vein,
 He gave one shriek, with might and main,
 Then shiver'd a space—and died again!

From that time forth, if I durst tell,
 Unto that Knight such hap befell,
 As never was own'd by mortal man,
 And never was told since tales began.
 He got his wish—It proved a dear one,
 It is an old story, and a queer one;
 But free of fear, and free of fetter,
 I'll tell it out even to the letter—
 The wilder 'tis I love it the better

We all have heard the maxim old,
 That a tale of truth should aye be told;
 For nothing in nature happen can,
 That may not a lesson prove to man:
 Now this is true:—Yet things, we ken,
 Oft happen between the women and men,
 So wild, romantic, and precarious,
 So complicated, and contrarious;

So full of passion and of pain,
 They scarcely can bear to be told again.
 Then think of love 'twixt a mortal creature,
 And a being of another nature!

The Knight was lost—that very morn,
 Rung the last peal of his hunting horn;
 His comrades range the mountain reign,
 And call his name, but call in vain;
 From his hawks and his hounds he is borne away,
 And lost for a twelvemonth and a day;
 And all that time, he lived but to prove
 The new delights and the joys of love—
 His mistress, a pattern of sweetness and duty,
 And her home a palace of splendour and beauty.
 But whether it was in the sinful clime
 That bounds mortality and time,
 In a land below, or a land above,
 In a bower of the moon, or the star of love,
 He never could fathom or invent,
 Or the way that he came, or the way that he went;
 But he ween'd, from his love's aerial nature,
 That she barely could be a mortal creature.

And every night in his ears there rung
 The accents sweet of the female tongue;
 Light sounds of joy through the dome were ringing—
 There was laughing, dancing, harping, singing;
 But foot of man in the halls was none,
 Nor sound of voice but his own alone:
 While every night his beloved dame
 In new array to his chamber came;
 And, save herself, by day or night,
 No other form ever met his sight.
 So ween'd the Knight; but his mind was shaken,
 And, alas! how far he was mistaken!
 For love's full overwhelming tide
 O'er the mind of man is hard to bide.
 Yet this full fraught of delirious joy,
 Without reverse and without alloy,
 I would once have liked to have essay'd,
 But at last—how I had been dismay'd!

The times soon changed, for by slow decay,
 The sounds of joy were melted away
 To a tremulous strain of tender wailing
 Of sufferings for a former failing;
 While something was sung, in a plaintive key,
 Of a most mysterious tendency,
 Of beings, who were not of the earth,
 To human creatures giving birth;
 Of seven pure beings of purity shorn,
 Of seven babes that might be born,
 The nurslings of another clime,
 By creatures of immortal prime,
 Of the mother's thrilling fears, and more
 Of the dark uncertainty before!
 The Knight then dreaded, as well might he,
 That things were not as things should be,
 And a hearty wish rose in his mind,
 That he were at the home he left behind.
 To wish, and to have, in the charmed ring
 Of that sweet dome, was the self-same thing;
 For the Knight awaken'd, as from a dream,
 And he stood by the wild and mossy stream,

Where first he felt the bewitching power
 Of the beauteous maid at the morning hour,
 Where he fell a victim to beauty's charms,
 And died of love in a virgin's arms!
 He sought his halls and his stately bower,
 But a solemn stillness seem'd to lour
 Around his towers and turrets high:
 His favourite hound would not come nigh,
 But kept aloof with a murmuring growl,
 And a terror his heart could not control;
 For he prick'd up his ears, and snuff'd the wind,
 Though he heard his master's voice behind,
 Then fled with his bristles of dread unfurl'd,
 As from a thing of another world.

And every maiden, and every man,
 Away from their master in terror ran;
 While his aged mother, in weeds of wo,
 Conjured him solemnly to go
 Back to his grave, and his place of rest!
 For her mind with terror was sore oppress'd.
 But there he remain'd, and once again
 Was hail'd as the true Knight of Dunblane.

But, oh! how changed in every feature,
 And all the vehemencies of his nature,
 As if an eagle from cliffs above
 Had been changed into a plaintive dove;
 From a knight of courage and of glee,
 He was grown a thing of perplexity,
 Absent and moping, pining, panting,
 A vacant gaze, and the heart awanting:
 Earth had no pleasures for his eye,
 When he thought of the joys that were gone by.
 This to some natures may be genial,
 Or, as a failing, counted venial;
 For me, I judge the prudent way,
 Let past time have been what it may,
 Is to make the most, with thankful mind,
 Of that which still remains behind.

The Knight lived on as scarce aware,
 How long I neither know nor care,
 Till at the last, one lovely morn,
 The fairest lady that ever was born
 Came into his bower with courtesy bland,
 And a lovely boy was in either hand;
 Two tiny elves alike, not less
 Than twin flowers of the wilderness.

"Thou art my lord, my own true knight,
 Whose love was once my sole delight.
 Oh, I recall—how can I not?—
 That morning never to be forgot,
 When I met thee first with horn and hound
 Upon the moor to the hunting bound,
 When thy steed like lightning fled away,
 And thy staghound howl'd and would not stay;
 Thou stolest the heart that never had birth,
 The heart of a being not of this earth:
 And what is more, that heart to wring,
 The virtue of an immortal thing.
 Dost thou own these babes in the gold and green,
 The loveliest twins that the world has seen;
 Wilt thou here acknowledge us as thine own,
 Or bear the brunt of our malison?"

Then the Knight shed tears of joy apace
 At seeing again that lovely face;
 And his heart with love was sore oppress'd
 As he fold'd the fair dame to his breast:
 "Thou art my lady love," said he,
 "And I never loved another but thee!"

"Alas, how blind are earthly eyes
 To those that are lighted by other skies,
 By other breezes, untainted by sin,
 And by other spirits that dwell within,
 Well might thy raptures of pleasures be
 Sublimed by creatures such as we:"
 The lady said with an eye of shame,
 When enter'd another most comely dame,
 As like to the first as she could be,
 As like as cherries on the same tree;
 While hanging on either hand were seen
 Two lovely babies in gold and green.

"Thou art my own true lord and love,"
 The second said, "and thou wilt approve
 This dear love-token, I chang'd with thee,
 When sitting in the bower upon thy knee."
 The Knight acknowledged the token rare,
 And flew to embrace his lady fair;
 But remembrance came with a thrilling pain,
 That instead of a lady he now had twain,
 And instead of two babies of beauty and grace,
 There were four all looking him in the face.
 He stood like a statue, of sense bereft—
 He look'd to the right and then to the left,
 But one from the other he could not know,
 They were both the same, and yet there were two.
 While thus he stood prepared for shrift,
 In came a third—a fourth—a fifth—
 A sixth—a seventh! All round they stand,
 And each had a baby in either hand,—
 And each had her love-tokens to display,
 Which the Knight acknowledged without delay.
 But how that maid he met on the hill,
 And loved so dearly, and loved her still,
 Had thus the powers of nature outdone,
 And multiplied into twenty and one—
 Why, that was more than he could believe,
 Than his head could frame, or his heart conceive;
 And still he cast his eye to the door,
 Distrustful that there were not more.

His lady mother at length attended,
 And her courtesies were with wonder blended,
 To see such beauty in such array,
 Seven dames all lovely as morns of May,
 With fourteen babies in a ring,
 And all like the children of a king;
 And she laid on her son her quick behests,
 To tell her the quality of their guests.

"Why, mother, 'tis strange as strange can be,
 And yet it is truth I tell to thee,
 That all these dames of beauty so bright,
 Claim me for their own true lord and knight;
 Nay, and I may not deny it neither,
 And all these children call me father.
 But I swear by my vows of morn and even,
 And I swear before the throne of Heaven,

That I never knew of daughter nor son,
Nor of a love save only one;
There is glamour abroad in moor and glen,
And enchantment in all the walks of men."

"Why, son, it has often been told to me,
That you never could learn to multiply.
Your bold advancement now I greet;
It is practice that makes the man complete."
This said, the dame with a sullen smile,
And a gloom upon her brow the while;
For she soon perceived by dint of lore,
That the seven weird sisters stood her before,
Who had dwelt in enchanted bower sublime,
From the ages of an early time,
Condemn'd for an unhallow'd love
Endless virginity to prove,
And endless longings for bliss to be,
In their palace of painful luxury,
Unless a mortal knight should fall
In their love-snares, and wed them all.
And for all this numerous comely birth,
She knew that her son was lost to earth,
And perchance would be caught in enchantment's thrall,
And lost to heaven—the worst of all.

"My son," she said, "since so it be
That all this comely progeny
Are here acknowledged to be thine,
Before they can be received as mine,
I have lock'd the doors, the gates, and all
And here within this stately hall
They shall kneel before a sacred sign,
And be christen'd by a name divine."

Then a shriek arose from the lovely train,
Was never heard such a yell of pain,
Till the gorgeous cieling that glow'd o'erhead
Was shiver'd like an autumn reed,
And the images all prostrate lay,
And the casements of the tower gave way,
And the lovely train, all three by three,
Walk'd forth in beauty and in glee;
While many a glance they cast behind,
As they trode the billows of the wind;
For they danced as lightly through the air
As if heaved on the gilded gossamer,
That play'd with a soft and silent motion,
Like the gentlest swell that woos the ocean;
And many an eye beheld them fly,
And heard this plaintive melody:

"Now we are free, now we are free,
We seven sisters now are free,
To fly where we long have wish'd to be;
And here we have these babies of ours,
To dwell within our shady bowers,
And play their pranks in the moonlight dell,
With the human beings they love so well;
For O, they are babies of marvellous birth;
They are neither of heaven nor yet of earth;
And whether they will live till time be done,
Or fade away in a beam of the sun,
Or mount on the polar heights sublime,
And to worlds of unknown splendour climb,

Is a mystery which no eye can pierce
 But His, the Lord of the universe :
 But this we know, that above or below,
 By the doors of death they shall never go.

"Adieu, our sweet little babies, for ever !

Blithe be your lives, and sinful never ;
 You may play your pranks on the wicked and wild,
 But wrong not virtue's sacred child,—
 So shall your frolics be lightsome and boon
 On the bridge of the rainbow or beam of the moon ;
 And so shall your loves in the bridal bowers
 Be sweeter still than your father's and ours,
 And the breezes shall rock you to soft repose
 In the lap of the lily or breast of the rose,
 And your beauty every eve renew
 As you bathe your forms in the fragrant dew,
 That stands a heavenly crystal bell
 In the little dew-cup's lovely well ;
 Your drink be the haze on the moonlight rill,
 And your food the odour which flowers distil,
 And never let robes your forms adorn
 That are not from the web of the rainbow shorn,
 Or the purple and green that shines afar
 In the breast of the eastern harvest star ;
 And then shall you ride o'er land and o'er tide,
 O'er cloud, and o'er foam of the firmament wide,
 O'er tree and o'er torrent, o'er flood and o'er flaine,
 And THE FAIRIES shall be your earthly name :
 In joy and in glee your revels shall be,
 Till a day shall arrive that we darkly foresee ;
 But note you well when these times commence,
 And prepare for your departure hence.

"When the psalms and the prayers are nightly heard
 From the mossy cave or the lonely sward ;
 When the hunters of men rise with the sun,
 And pursue their game till the day be done ;
 And the mountain burns have a purple stain
 With the blood of men in the moorland slain ;
 And the raven croaks in the darksome cloud,
 And the eagle yells in the heavens aloud,
 We you command, with heart and hand,
 To leave the links of fair Scotland.
 Away ! dismiss ! and seek for bliss
 In a happier, holier sphere than this !

"Sweet babies, adieu ! and may you never rue
 The mingled existence we leave to you.
 There is part of virtue and part of blame,
 Part of spirit and part of flame,
 Part of body and passion fell,
 Part of heaven and part of hell.
 You are babies of beauty and babies of wonder,
 But fly from the cloud of the lightning and thunder,
 And keep by the moonbeam or twilight grey,
 For you never were made for the light of day.
 Long may you amid your offspring dwell,—
 Babies of beauty, kiss and farewell !"

The Knight of Dumblane from that day forth
 Never utter'd word upon the earth ;
 But moved about like a spirit in pain
 For certain days, then vanish'd again,
 And was chosen, as my old legend says,
 The patriarch King of the Scottish Fays,

With full command o'er these beings strange;
But his human nature never would change,
Till, at the end of a thousand moons,
All deck'd with garlands and gay festoons,
He was borne away with lament and yell,
And paid as kane to the Prince of Hell!

From such unhallow'd love as this,
With all its splendour and all its bliss,
Its end of terror and its bane,
The Lord preserve us all!—Amen.

ALTRIVE LAKE, *July 10, 1830.*

THE TEAR.

I WAS led in a dream to the gate of the Upper Heaven, and I saw many sights on which I must be silent; and I heard many sweet sounds, like the voices of angels, hynning to their lyres. And the seraph Uriel was with me, for he is the regent of the sun, and the conductor of errant sojourners through the paths of Infinity. And the light of Heaven dazzled mine eyes long before I reached its glorious portal; and I must have sunk beneath its insufferable splendour, had not the angel shaded me with his ambrosial wings, and touched mine eyes with balm of amarant, which only grows in Heaven. And when he touched them with this balm, I felt them strengthened, and I could gaze undazzled on any part of the bright Kingdom save one; and I asked Uriel the cause of this surpassing light, and he said it was the light of the Sanctuary. And, lo! at the gate of Heaven stood a pedestal of jasper, and on this pedestal a vessel of pure sapphire, encircled with gold—and within this vessel lay a tear, which evaporated not in the light of Heaven, but remained the same for ever. And I said unto the angel, "Whence cometh this tear?" And he answered, "From the eye of an earth-born maiden, named Leila; if thou wouldst know more of this tear, speak to it—it will answer thee." Then I marvelled, saying, "Can a tear answer?"—"Yea," responded Uriel, "this tear is not as other tears,—it hath a spirit within it, and a voice, for the sake of the maiden Leila by whom it was shed." Then, methinks, I spoke to the tear, and a voice arose from its bed of sapphire in reply.

BARD.

Crystal gem of mortal birth,
Fairer than the gems of earth,
Was it Grief that bade thee mount
Upwards from thy coral fount?
Was it Care, with dewy sigh,
Moulded thee on Leila's eye?

TEAR.

Minstrel, nay, it was not Care
With his breath that framed me there;
Neither did I quit my fount,
From its crystal floor to mount,
(Like the dew on autumn's leaf,)
By the sceptred spell of Grief.

BARD.

Jewel of a maiden fair,
Was it Mirth that brought thee here?
Was it touch of Laughter's spell
That o'erflow'd thine azure well?

TEAR.

Neither Mirth invoked me here,
(Yet thou seest I am a tear,)
Nor Despair's terrific dart
Bade me from my fountain start;

Tear like me had never birth
 Or by Sorrow or by Mirth.
 Whilome was my fountain dry,
 Laughter beam'd in Leila's eye;
 Round her bosom Joy was slung,
 Mirth was floating on her tongue;
 And her step was gay and light,
 And her eye was pure and bright;
 And her soul, with Rapture fraught,
 Harbour'd no desponding thought;
 But a vision of Distress
 Came athwart her loveliness,
 Like a thunder-cloud in June,
 Or a mist before the moon:
 Straight the voice of Pity fell
 O'er her spirit, as a spell,
 And her eye distill'd a tear
 Lovelier than Grief may rear:
 Unto me the power was given
 Leila's cause to plead in Heaven,
 For I have been shed upon
 Others' sorrows—not her own.

And I inclined my head while the voice was yet speaking; and it seemed to come from the drop within the vessel of sapphire—and I knew the tear to be a spirit. And I said to Uriel, "Do all tears find their way to Heaven?" But he answered, "Nay—none but those of compassion: all other tears perish, as a drop of water, when they are shed; but those of pity come hither, and, after sojourning for a season at the gate of Heaven, lo! some of them are changed into jewels, and hang upon the crowns of the archangels; others are mingled with the fountain of benevolence, and they all plead with seraphic tongues for those that shed them." And I knew from this response of the angel that there were no tears like those of compassion.

A MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

THE VALE OF PINES.

How soft is the sound of the river,
 Stealing down through the green piny vale,
 Where the sunbeams of eventide quiver
 Through the scarce stirring foliage, and ever
 The cooing dove plains out its tale;
 While the blackbird melodiously sings
 An anthem, reminding of innocent things.

Grey Evening comes onward, and scatters
 The fires in the western serene;
 And the shadows of Lebanon's daughters,
 Darkly imaged, outspread on the waters,
 Festoon'd with their outlines of green;
 The clouds journey past, and below
 Are reflected their masses of crimson and snow.

Oh sweet is the vision that loses
 Present cares in the glow of the past!
 As the light of Reflection reposes
 On youth, with its blossoming roses,
 And sunshine too lovely to last:
 Sweet dreams! that have sparkled and gone,
 Like torrents of blue over ledges of stone!

But why should break forth our repining
 O'er what we have loved and have lost?
 Whether fortune be shaded or shining,
 Our destinies bright or declining,
 Our visions accomplish'd or cross—

It is ours to be calm and resign'd,
Faith's star beaming clear on the night of the mind.

When morning awoke on the ocean,
Dim tempests were louring around :
Yet see, with how steadfast a motion,
As the clouds bend and glow with devotion,
The sun his asylum hath found !
Twilight weeps ; and all gorgeously red
Are the smooth sloping vale, and the tall mountain-head.

Lo ! thus, when the clouds of life's sorrow
Have pass'd and have perish'd, the sky
An added effulgence shall borrow
From the storms that have flown, and the morrow
Gleam bright in eternity's eye ;
And the Angel of Righteousness send
His balm to that heart which is true to the end !

Δ.

SUNSET, AFTER RAIN.

THE shower hath drifted o'er ; the blue
Of cloudless heaven shines softly through ;
Still is the air, the sea is calm,
The bright-bloom'd flowers outbreathing balm :
And from the west, with orange ray,
Serenely clear and calmly gay,
The sun looks forth o'er ocean's isles,
O'er earth and heaven, and, setting, smiles.

What though the day in clouds hath pass'd,
Though dripp'd the rain, and roar'd the blast,
Though morning's orient flag unfurl'd
Scarce awed the shades that dimm'd the world,
And fire-eyed noon's resplendent car
Plough'd vainly through deep mists afar—
This scene of beauty and delights,
And evening radiance, well requites
For dreary doubts and boding gloom,
And dreams whose dwelling was the tomb.

The murmuring bee from flower to flower
Is roaming round the blossom's bower,—
The clustering bower, where jasmine wreath
Is mix'd with odorous flowers ; beneath
The creeping honeysuckle weaves
Its yellow horns with ivy leaves ;
And round about, in many a row,
The lilies of the valley blow,
Upshooting snowy bells between
Luxuriant stems of darkest green.

How bright, how beautiful, the day
In its calm lustre dies away,
As if the clouds that wept the while
Now dried their tears, and turn'd to smile
Down on the verdant vales of earth,
Whose looks have changed from gloom to mirth !
On every blade, and leaf, and stem,
Of diamond drops a diadem
Around is sprinkled, bright and clear
As beauty's sympathizing tear
When sinless sorrows cause its flow ;
The fruits depend from every bough,

Mellow and ripe ; the downy peach,
 The purpled plum, and nectarine, each
 Half-shaded by its leaves, in hue
 Diversified, and varying too.—
 With note melodious, clear, and free,
 Upon the moss-brown'd apple-tree,
 Within the ancient orchard's pale,
 The blackbird, Scotland's nightingale,
 Sits singing, and responses sound
 From every grove and garden round.

When worldly strife is hush'd, and all
 With Music's murmuring, dying fall,
 The air is stirr'd, how sweet, to rest,
 Remote from men, with easy breast,
 While scenes awake to Memory's eye—
 Scenes, whose bright hues can never die—
 As round the pictures of the past
 Her more than sunlight glow is cast,—
 Scenes 'mid Time's landscape far, but seen,
 By distance hallow'd, calm, serene,
 And bearing in their mellow dyes
 As 'twere the mark of Paradise ;—
 So, over ocean's billows curl'd
 Blue coasts, the confines of a world—
 A world of hope, and love, and truth,
 And beauty to the eyes of youth ;
 Some realm of fancy, which how fain
 The feet would traverse—but in vain.

Yes ! all of calm, and grand, and fair,
 In iris hues are pictured there ;
 There, from terrestrial dross refined,
 We see the shadows of mankind,
 Beyond the clouds of grief and fear,
 Bright wandering in a fairy sphere ;
 All low-born cares dispersed and gone,
 Misfortune fled, and Pain unknown.

We look on valorous deeds, which raise
 To ecstasy the voice of praise,
 As youthful Wolfe sinks down to die
 Within the arms of victory ;
 Or Moore, without a murmur, yields
 His spirit on the last of fields,
 And, by his mourning comrades brave,
 Is laid, at midnight, in the grave,—
 The wailing of the restless surge,
 And cannon of the foe, his dirge :—
 We listen to the words, whose glow
 Makes nations like a river flow,
 As Chatham's kindled lips dispense
 The lava tide of eloquence,
 Unmanacle the friendless slave,
 Stir up the nerveless to be brave,
 And bid his country's armies be
 Unmatch'd on shore, supreme at sea ;—
 We marvel at the thoughts which climb
 Above our nature, bright, sublime,
 As of the immortal Milton sings,
 His muse on angel-pinion'd wings,
 Aspiring high, till Heaven above
 Seems link'd to Earth with chains of love.

EVENING TRANQUILLITY.

How still this hour ! the mellow sun
 Withdraws his western ray,
 And, evening's haven almost won,
 He leaves the seas of day :
 Soft is the twilight reign, and calm,
 As o'er autumnal fields of balm
 The languid zephyrs stray ;
 Across the lawn the heifers roam,
 The wearied reaper seeks his home.

The laden earth is rich with flowers,
 All bathed in crimson light ;
 While hums the bee mid garden bowers
 With clustering roses bright :
 The woods outshoot their shadows dim ;
 O'er the smooth lake the swallows skim
 In wild erratic flight ;
 Moor'd by the marge, the shallop sleeps,
 Above its deck the willow weeps.

'Tis sweet, in such an hour as this,
 To bend the pensive way,
 Scan nature, and partake the bliss
 Which charms like hers convey :
 No city's bustling noise is near ;
 And but the little birds you hear,
 That chant so blithe and gay ;
 And ask ye whence their mirth began ?
 Perchance since free, and far from man.

Their little lives are void of care ;
 From bush to brake they fly,
 Filling the rich ambrosial air
 Of August's painted sky :
 They flit about the fragrant wood ;
 Elisha's God provides them food,
 And hears them when they cry ;
 For ever blithe and blest are they,
 Their sinless course a summer's day.

Yon bending clouds all purpling streak
 The mantle of the west ;
 And tremulously the sunbeams break
 On Pentland's mountain crest :
 Hill, valley, ocean, sky, and stream,
 All wear one placid look, and seem
 In silent beauty blest ;
 As if created Natures raised
 To heaven their choral souls, and praised.

Above yon cottage on the plain
 The wreathy smoke ascends ;
 A silent emblem, with the main
 Of sailing clouds it blends ;
 Like a departed spirit gone
 Up from low earth to Glory's throne
 To mix with sainted friends,
 Where, life's probation voyage o'er,
 Grief's sail is furl'd for evermore !

THE SILENT MEMBER.

No. V.

A CATHOLIC SCENE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

WERE all other evidence wanting, of Mr O'Connell's insignificance on this side the Channel, (and more especially of his nothingness in the House of Commons,) the proof might be found in his own words and actions. "It does not surprise me," said he,* "that they who *make attacks* upon me are *cheered*, and that *my defence* is received in *silence*. I know I am no favourite with any party. I have never supported any. I have not supported the oligarchy of this House; and both sides, of course, unite to applaud those who oppose me." Poor gentleman! He is ill used much after the fashion of those unfortunate persons who contrive to appropriate to themselves a unanimous feeling of contempt; an achievement almost, if not quite, as difficult, as to unite the good opinion of the world in our favour. But it is his letters to the Irish editors of newspapers—his appeals to the Irish Catholic population, through the agency of the press, and of his myrmidons whom that press is to set in motion—it is to these I would more particularly refer for the proofs, furnished by himself, of his own conviction, that in England—that as a member of the British Parliament—he is powerless for mischief—the only power he seeks or has ever exercised. The truth is, he has little in him but brawl and bluster, tawdry Irish tinsel, and genuine Hibernian blarney. It is not as a lawyer, that I thus speak of him; but as the member for Clare. It may be asked, how such a man can exercise the influence which Mr O'Connell undeniably exercises over a large portion of his countrymen? I answer, it does not require the sun to fire a powder magazine; a match, not worth the fraction of a farthing, can do the feat. Set Mr O'Connell to harangue a non-inflammable body of men, and he is that match tossed

into a quarry; give him a gunpowder audience, and you have an immediate explosion. This is consistent with all experience. What did those contemptible incendiaries, the Hunts, the Thistlewoods, and the Dr Watsons, do with a Spa Fields mob? What did men of a similar stamp do with a Queen Caroline mob, and a Manchester mob? We all know. Turn them loose now to bellow to any five hundred, or five thousand, of his Majesty's lieges, that could be brought together to listen to them, and, God save the mark! what pitiful mountebanks they would be accounted! But carry the hypothesis a little farther. Suppose these same oracles of Spa Fields, Manchester, and Brandenburgh House, members of Parliament. You laugh at the preposterous idea. Yet, what *they* were able to do with an infuriated populace, and the conclusion, to which the mind instantly jumps at the ludicrous supposition of *their* being seated in the House of Commons, furnishes a solution of the apparent paradox of Mr O'Connell big enough in Ireland to intimidate Arthur Duke of Wellington, and Mr O'Connell so shrunk in dimensions in England, that his presence is hardly perceptible; with this difference, which I willingly concede, that it is only as a demagogue and politician he can be put upon a level with the "agitators" of Spa Fields and Manchester.

It is not, however, for the purpose of recording the extinction of the honourable Member in the atmosphere of Parliament, or of analysing the precise causes of the phenomenon, that I have adverted to the subject. It is, to ask Sir Robert Peel, how he felt on the evening when the discussion arose upon the presentation of Sir Harcourt Lees's petition?† I do not enquire what his feelings were as he listened to the

See Debate, June 24

† See Debate, June 24.

castigation inflicted by Mr Doherty; inflicted in that fearless spirit which dreaded no encounter with a man ready to retort upon an antagonist in a tone of virulent coarseness, the very apostasy by which he had benefited, because *there* he was invulnerable;—I do not seek to know what the *feebriefs are*, which seem to impose upon the right honourable Secretary an inflexible determination not to come into angry collision with Mr O'Connell, under any possible provocation.* I would merely ask here how he felt while the following scene was exhibiting before him?

"General Grosvenor said he was of opinion that it was high time the honourable and learned and CATHOLIC Member should be observed. (Cries of Order! Hear, hear! and loud cheers.)

"Mr Spring Rice rose to speak to order. Mr O'Connell attempted to rise, but was *kept down by Mr Hume*; and considerable confusion existed for a few moments—some members cheering, and some vociferating, Order.

"Mr S. Rice was at length suffered to say, that there was one word, and only one word, used by the gallant officer, which he thought it right to take notice of, which, in fact, the House was bound, he thought, to find fault with, as quite unparliamentary. The honourable and gallant general had no right, *since the law recognised no distinction, to call any Member a Protestant Member or a Catholic Member*. It was not parliamentary, and certainly it would not be convenient. This was the first time, he believed, that any such allusions had been made, and he trusted that he did not interfere unnecessarily. *If they were not checked in time, they would lead to serious inconvenience, and in time to great confusion.*

"The Speaker said that the House,

and no Member of it more than the gallant officer, must feel obliged to the honourable member for calling the gallant general to order. The honourable and gallant officer must feel the impropriety of making any distinction among the members of that House, *since the law had once settled that there are to be no distinctions.*

"General Grosvenor bowed to the authority of the Chair, and to the call to order made by the honourable Member in such good humour. He had only used the word as a means of distinction. There were so many honourable and learned members, that he knew not how to describe him. He was glad that the honourable member for Dover had made these observations in his place. The House had been exposed to considerable inconvenience from the number of petitions presented to the House from Ireland against the proposed scheme of taxation, and all these petitions apparently proceeded from the bureau of the honourable and learned member. The letter already alluded to was signed Daniel O'Connell, and that he presumed was the same honourable member. The honourable member had referred to the petitions from Ireland, and described the apathy of the House as discreditable to it; but, in his opinion, those petitions and their consequences were discreditable to nobody but the honourable and learned member."

Blessed effects of Catholic Emancipation! Riot! confusion! Protestant members taunting Catholic members with their religion! Catholic members rising to repel the taunt, but pulled back into their seats again by neutral members: as Mr Jenkins, of a free and easy club, would tug at his friend Mr Brown, to prevent him from throwing the to-

* The only instance in which the right honourable Secretary was moved from this determination, was on the 22d of March, when Mr O'Connell presented a petition from the town of Drogheda, praying for a repeal of the Union. On that occasion, he said he "knew of no terms sufficiently strong, in which to express his reprobation of the conduct of those who, by agitating this question, would cause disturbances among the ignorant and unthinking in Ireland." No doubt he was exceedingly indignant; but, good man that he is! he was wont to be quite as indignant at the idea of conceding Catholic Emancipation. Let the honourable member for Clare, therefore, and the Anti-Unionists, go on. They have nothing to fear from him when the proper time comes.

bacco-box at the head of Mr Green, who had said something that was affronting to the feelings of Mr Brown. The Speaker authoritatively declaring from the chair, that the law had settled there was to be henceforth no distinction of creeds in Parliament! And these are the infant limbs of the baby giant! These are the heart-burnings, bickerings, and angry out-breakings of the *first* session of a Catholic Protestant Parliament, with only a sprinkling of Catholic members in it! When the giant is full grown—when Catholicism feels its strength in the Legislature, as it has already found it *out*, may we not expect to witness exhibitions of a still

more improving character? may we not prepare for feuds and retaliations, which the forms of the House will be insufficient to control? may we not look to see all other party designations merged in the two religious and hostile factions of Protestant and Catholic? For Protestantism *will* imperceptibly degenerate into faction from the mere circumstance of its ceasing to be one of the essential qualifications for legislative dignity. The scene was novel and instructive; and the right honourable Secretary evidently felt it as such. I only marvel he was able to remain silent, under all the excitement it was calculated to produce.

GRIMALDI—THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON—PRINCE LEOPOLD—AND GREECE
AND AUSTRIA.

There used to be a famous trick of old Grimaldi's, in one of the Christmas pantomimes, to which the situation of ministers in the question of Greece bears, I think, a remarkable resemblance. He set to work and built up a man out of all sorts of heterogeneous materials. Arms, legs, feet, body, &c. were ingeniously obtained from rolling pins, bandboxes, and sundry other whimsical substitutes for humanity. The head which was to crown the whole, lay on the stage behind him; just sliced off, by the prowess of his single arm, and the aid of a tin scimitar, three yards long, after a desperate conflict, from the shoulders of either Gog or Magog. While, however, he was busily engaged in putting his man together, Harlequin tripped in, and with one touch of his magic sword endued the head with locomotive powers, which immediately danced away, to the tune of "Drops of brandy," to the utter dismay and no small perplexity of Mr Grimaldi. Thus far my parallel holds. The Duke of Wellington and the Earl of Aberdeen having got the political body of Greece all ready for its head, and the head ready for the body, just at the critical moment the said head slips through their fingers; but who the Harlequin has been by whose Katterfelto trick the hocus-pocus was accomplished, does not appear. Neither is it yet apparent whether the parallel will stop here, or whether, as Grimaldi made his man walk *without* a head, his Grace and

the noble Secretary for Foreign Affairs, will settle it that Greece shall be governed without a king. Be that as it may, there is already this additional point of resemblance between these celebrated performers—the audience always laughed immoderately at the jig danced by Gog's head; and all Europe is laughing at the dance which the abdicated King of Greece has led our excellent ministers.

But to approach the subject in a more serious strain. A voluminous mass of papers has been communicated to Parliament; and though more information has been called for, (and more is wanting to elucidate some points,) there is enough to prove that we have been played upon by others, as well as played with by Prince Leopold. With regard to the latter, indeed, I confess myself puzzled, as at present advised. I cannot make out, from the documents before me, whether his Royal Highness ever seriously wished or intended to be King of Greece; whether, if he did wish or intend it, his alleged reasons for abdicating the throne are his real ones; whether, if not, he has been the tool of any party, either abroad or at home; and lastly, whether, if he be the tool of no party, person, or interest, he has been the dupe of Capo d'Istria. The solution of the mystery must be sought in some one or other of these suppositions; and as I do not happen to entertain very extravagant notions touching his Royal

Highness's capacity as a statesman, I will frankly own that the bias of my opinion is towards the last; and that Capo d'Istrias scared him with a bug-a-bo, while, as nurses sometimes do to children, he kept crying, "Come on, my dear, don't be afraid—Come along—there 's nothing to be frightened at." At the same time, when I recollect the questions that were asked by Lord Holland at the beginning of the session, and the hypothetical facts upon which his Lordship affected to ground those questions, protesting he knew nothing concerning the state of the negotiations for the final pacification and independence of Greece, its frontier, the contemplated arrangements respecting Candia and Samos, &c. &c., but what he learned from the public journals of Europe,—when, I say, I recall these circumstances, and apply them to the authentic disclosures made in the papers communicated to Parliament, I am not wholly unprepared to find that ministers have been baffled by intrigues nearer home. Two things are certain, that baffled they have been; and that they cut a very ridiculous figure in the business.

It is not, however, in having their king snatched out of their hands at the eleventh hour, that consists the whole of their mortification. More remains behind; and more that they are ashamed to avow, or my Lord Aberdeen could not, in his extremity only, have cried out, "ask no further—the papers you require will be very inconvenient and detrimental to the public service."* It would have been more dignified, more candid, more consonant to the usages of Parliament in all similar cases, to have met the motion of the Marquis of Londonderry, *in limine*, by this declaration. Such an avowal would have ended the discussion at once. But no. His Lordship took his chance for dissuading the House; and it was only when he saw that the House, instead of being dissuaded, very naturally estimated the importance of the papers in the ratio of his reluctance to produce them, that he "had no hesitation in stating most explicitly it would be

very inconvenient, and detrimental to the public service;" in answer to the "explicit" demand of Lord Calthorpe whether such were the fact or not. And why would it be, "detrimental to the public service?" or, in more intelligible words, "very inconvenient" to the noble Secretary, to grant the required information? Because it would substantiate in a regular, parliamentary way, what is as notorious as that the sun shines at noon, namely, that Austria was, if not positively inimical to, most positively disinclined to, the objects of the treaty of the 6th July; because it would prove, that she endeavoured to thwart its execution in every possible mode, through her Internuncio, (Baron d'Ottensfels,) who was a pliant instrument in the hands of Metternich, suffering his acts to be owned and disowned, just as it suited the purposes of his Machiavelian employer. The Marquis of Londonderry and Lord Holland know what they are about right well, when they call for "the recorded sentiments of our ambassadors on the subject."† Why, the Foreign Office is full of "recorded sentiments," loading Prince Metternich with reproaches for his crooked policy, and unequivocal in their expressions of disgust at the servile and degraded subserviency of the Internuncio to his perfidy. "It is impossible for that man" (Metternich) "to go straight-forward: whatever he means to do he will try and accomplish by a circuitous path, even when a straight one is the nearer." Something like this—perhaps, even, there might be a curious coincidence of words—would frequently appear in those recorded sentiments of our ambassadors which Lord Holland vehemently desires to obtain. It is possible, too, were they produced, they would shew whether Austria, at that time, was or was not acting upon a secret understanding with Russia; for, most assuredly, could the ambassadors of the Allied Powers have prevailed with the Ottoman Porte, (and the Porte would have yielded, left entirely to itself, with no assurances, or expectations of support

* See debate, House of Lords, June 11th, upon the motion of the Marquis of Londonderry for additional documents which he specified.

† See debate, House of Lords, June 14:

from Austria,) there would have been no occasion for Russia to take the attitude she afterwards did; or to play the magnanimous part she now seems to play, by renouncing large indemnities under the treaty of Adrianople, to induce the Sultan to acquiesce in the arrangement with respect to Greece. But, as I have already said, the production of the papers would only substantiate, in a regular, parliamentary way, (and so lay the ground for parliamentary investigation,) facts which are in themselves perfectly notorious. Nay, in the documents that have been granted, conclusive, though indirect, testimony, is supplied upon the subject. In a dispatch annexed to the Protocol of the 15th June, 1828, and addressed by Count Nesselrode to Prince Lieven, occurs this expression:—"Austria herself, by overtures, of which I will treat in a separate dispatch, manifests a visible tendency to draw nearer to the courts which have undertaken to restore peace to Greece, and expresses no intention of supporting Turkey." Austria, then, in June 1828—that is, twelve months nearly after the signing of the treaty of the 6th July—*begins* to shew a "visible tendency to draw nearer to the courts which have undertaken to restore peace to Greece"—she having till then manifested a no less visible tendency to keep at a distance from those courts: moreover, she

"expresses no intention of supporting Turkey." There *was* a time, then, when she *did* express such an intention, or at least when she was suspected of harbouring it; else why put its non-existence upon record? I dare say it was not thought necessary to obtain from the Austrian cabinet an assurance that she had no intention of invading France or Prussia; simply because it would have been as ridiculous as to require from the Duke of Wellington or Sir Robert Peel, an assurance that neither of them has any intention of horse-whipping Mr O'Connell.

If we may anticipate how the Portuguese question will appear, (when we are favoured with two or three hundredweight of protocols and dispatches respecting it,) from the subordinate character maintained by this country in the Greek business, as well as the clumsiness with which some of its details were managed, we are in a fair way to have the opinion confirmed, that his Grace of Wellington would never keep by his pen what he conquered by his sword; and that the Earl of Aberdeen has more talent for antiquities than tact for diplomacy, especially when opposed to that most subtle, experienced, and perfidious of all modern statistes, Prince Metternich. I do not even except his brother prince, Talleyrand.

SIR JAMES SCARLETT.

Who would be a Whig Attorney-General, to stand in the pitiable condition of Sir James Scarlett? * None but a Whig can be his parallel; and I am constrained by honesty to confess, that though I make this concession in favour, exclusively, of his party, I know not the man among them, at the present moment, whom I would gratuitously insult by affirming, *a priori*, he either would or could, under assumed circumstances, fall so low. There must be something peculiarly noxious in what Lord

Darlington calls a "Tory government acting upon Whig principles," or something *sui generis* in the character of Sir James, to account for the spectacle. Why, even the honourable member for Colchester, Mr Daniel Whittle Harvey, flings his gibes upon him—rails at him—and tells him to his teeth he is no "true man!"—tells him, moreover, that he, his Majesty's Attorney-General, talks in the House as if he were in a court of law, "with some unfortunate printer writhing under him," indul-

* Debate in Committee of Supply (June 4) upon the following item, moved by Mr Dawson:—"That the sum of £.7000 be granted for EXTRAORDINARY expenses of prosecutions, &c. relating to the coin of the kingdom, for the year 1830, when Mr R. Gordon observed, that 'among other prosecutions were included the recent celebrated persecutions; for so he must call them, of the press.'"

ging, "he would not say in sarcasm, for that implied wit, but in that coarseness in which he fully succeeded." By Jupiter! this is "too bad." Mr Daniel Whittle Harvey, indeed, has ten times, aye, fifty times, the talent of Sir James. He would grind him to dust in an argument, and leave him immeasurably behind in glib dexterity of speech (the only thing, save his law, which he has brought out of Westminster Hall into the House of Commons.) But then—to think of his Majesty's Attorney-General—a dignitary of the crown—a high official personage—an embryo Lord Chancellor, or Lord Chief Justice, or Master of the Rolls—to think, I say, of such a functionary, whipped and scourged and cuffed by Daniel Whittle Harvey! member though he be for Colchester!! It is heart-breaking. I detest the man—(I mean Sir James, and I mean farther the political and Attorney-General part of Sir James, being all my knowledge of the said man)—and yet I declare it destroyed my night's rest, when I got to bed at four o'clock that morning, after listening to the attacks, (not merely of the honourable member for Colchester,) and the taunt, spiritless, I had almost said abject, defence. "Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just," says our great bard: and surely thrice is he disarmed who stands forth in a quarrel that is unjust. 'This was Sir James Scarlett's predicament, and I pitied him from the bottom of my heart. I don't know how it is, but one is apt to feel that soft emotion, when a fellow-creature is hunted down, in spite of whatever convic-

tion there may be upon the mind that the object of our pity deserves his fate. The deep disgust that was visible in the faces of some—the contemptuous indifference of others—former friends ashamed, present ones lukewarm—enemies exulting—and an old white-headed man trying to fix attention in vain—was, altogether, a scene of contumely and humiliation such as I hope never to witness again. The confusion at one time was so great, (arising from an impatient disregard of whatever he might say,) that Sir James had to appeal to their justice as his only chance of securing their ears. "I do not know," said he, "from what part of the house, or with what intention, this clamour is raised. But I do trust, that honourable gentlemen have not come into the house with an intention to stop their ears against the claims of justice." An Attorney-General, addressing the House of Commons as an accused party, could command no attention from the weight of his personal character—none from the authority of his official one—not even the ordinary indulgence extended towards every person who has to purge himself of imputed misconduct, but is compelled to entreat the boon from their sense of justice! Well might Sir Robert Peel observe afterwards, that he "had never yet seen a gentleman placed in such a situation as his honourable and learned friend beside him;" and well might I begin by asking, who would be a Whig Attorney-General to stand in such a situation?

HYDROPHOBIA, AND THE LAW OF DIVORCE.

A subject of vital importance to human felicity has occupied a small portion of the time, so largely devoted to talking, this session, and to so little profit. I do not allude to Alderman Wood's bill, for putting an end to that bugbear, hydrophobia, (which is quite the fashion this summer,)—and in which the worthy member had an admirable clause, "authorizing any person to seize hold of a mad dog, or dog suspected of being mad, and deliver it to a police constable," (the said police constable being bound, by virtue of

his office, to take charge of such dog, "being mad, or suspected of being mad," and knock it on the head, by a summary jurisdiction, without the benefit of a writ *de lunatico inquirendo*,)—I do not, I say, allude to this profound emanation of a great legislative mind, but to Dr Phillimore's motion (3d June), "that an humble address be presented to his Majesty, praying that his Majesty would be pleased to direct the commission now sitting to enquire into the ecclesiastical courts, to take into their consideration the Law of Divorce, and to

enquire into the best means of bringing such case under a legal jurisdiction."

If it were not that we can look back upon the history of the human mind, and mark the origin, progress, decline, and final extinction, of opinions once deemed sacred, but at last repudiated with one common voice of condemnation; if it were not that we have memorable examples, solemnly recorded, of errors, defended with the ardour that only truth should inspire, yielding to the reiterated assaults of reason; and of doctrines, believed to be infallible, because the undisputed legacy of ages, subverted by the resistless power of knowledge; if, in short, (for to that simple fact it comes,) the world and all that is in it, were not one vast memorial of ceaseless change, the idolatry of to-day becoming the opprobrium of to-morrow, it would be with more diffidence and hesitation than I actually feel, that I should venture to state my own sentiments upon the question of the Law of Divorce. In doing so, too, I shall divest it entirely of those technicalities and reverend mysteries, which, like cumbrous robes and drapery, have served to conceal the deformities of what is, as well as to hide the perfections of what might be. It has, indeed, no more need of such mysteries and technicalities than the commonest privileges we enjoy, whether by the free charter of nature, or the conventional obligations of society; as to breathe the air of life, to eat the food which nourishes our bodies, or to receive the protection of the laws we do not infringe. But the subtlety of crafty churchmen, in those ages when religion itself was converted into a system of frauds and fallacies, and the sordid instigations of cupidity added to the timid apprehensions of conscientious minds, acute enough to see the thralldom, but not bold or energetic enough to question its moral fitness, have built up the fabric which it is now almost sacrilege to touch with the profane hand of innovation.

It is not my intention to attempt an elaborate disquisition upon the law of divorce. All that I would submit for consideration, may be comprised in a few observations on

the arguments used by Dr Phillimore, Sir Charles Wetherell, and Sir Robert Peel.

Dr Lushington expressly declared there were two points against which he was most anxious to guard, in whatever alterations might be made. "I wish to have it distinctly understood," said the honourable and learned member, "that it ought to be, in my opinion, the principle of the law that *marriage is indissoluble*. The interests of families, of the whole community composed of families, demand that marriage should be declared indissoluble. The next point to which I wish to advert is this—that, in my opinion, *no other cause but adultery should be allowed to be a sufficient ground for a divorce*."

Sir Charles Wetherell observed, that "the increased facilities to divorce which his honourable and learned friend's proposed commission would afford to the less wealthy, would, owing to the undeniably greater immorality and moral coarseness of the poorer classes, tend to *increase very much the occasions for divorce, by adding to the already numerous cases of adultery that occur in the middling and inferior ranks of society*."

Sir Robert Peel said, "with reference to public morality, it appears to him it would be much better and, in all the existing inconveniences, than make divorce easily attainable. To do that, *would be to hold out a temptation to adultery*."

There are two considerations involved in this latter argument; first, that by facilitating the means of obtaining a divorce for adultery, the crime itself would be multiplied; and therefore, secondly, that the morals of society would be, *pro tanto*, deteriorated.

Now, with all possible humility, I beg leave to ask Sir C. Wetherell and Sir R. Peel, and every other person who holds the same doctrine, whether they really believe the crime of adultery ever was, or ever will be, committed, *merely* as the legal preliminary to a divorce? The supposition is founded upon the grossest ignorance of human nature, of the constitution of the human mind, and of the operation of human passions. I am willing to admit the possibility of apparent cases, though rare, when

such might *seem* to be the motive. But it would not actually be so. That is, assuming the previous existence of proper moral feeling, and of virtuous habits, up to the point at which this supposed motive must come into play, it never *could* of itself subvert those feelings and habits. But grant it otherwise; grant that these few apparent cases are real ones; it is not upon extraordinary exceptions to general principles that legislation should proceed. Suppose the ceremony of a divorce attended with no more difficulty than that of marriage, (or even with less,) but that the qualification necessary to entitle applicants to relief must consist in the pollution of the marriage-bed. Good God! Is it conceivable, that the frequency of this pollution would be increased by one solitary addition, under the influence of no other earthly motive save that of being separated? Picture to yourself, a virtuous wife and mother, wedded to a man of brutal character, who would willingly give half the years she has to live to be released from his control, in quest of a paramour by whose aid she may be enabled to comply with the legal conditions necessary to obtain her wish. Take the counterpart of this picture: I have no objection. Imagine a husband, entitling himself to a certificate from a brothel, for the same purpose; he being a man who, *but for such a purpose*, would abhor such profligacy. Are either of these cases, and, above all, is the first one, among the consequences rationally to be anticipated from facilitating the means of obtaining a divorce? Yet they are the consequences, and the only consequences, contemplated by Sir Robert Peel, Sir Charles Wetherell, and all who object to rendering divorces of facile attainment, *on the ground* that it would be "holding out a temptation to adultery," or that "it would add to the already numerous cases of adultery that occur in the middling and inferior ranks of society." For their argument is, not that we would be dealing unwisely with the amount of vice as it now exists in society; but that we should be offering such a tempting premium, establishing such an attractive reward, that the amount would be *increased* to an extent not otherwise to be apprehended. This, I contend,

is an unsound inference, incapable of being sustained by any knowledge we possess of the springs of human action, and certainly, as a mere abstract position, intensely derogatory to the moral character of a religious and civilized community. The victim of passion, under whatever modification it may assault the heart, is an object of respect compared to the despicable creatures whose existence is assumed in the hypothesis of Sir Charles Wetherell and Sir Robert Peel,—chapmen and dealers in crime at a price,—bargain-drivers, who consult their lawyers or an act of Parliament, to calculate the precise value of the sin before they commit it, and then commit it for its value.

But let us consider for a moment the practical absurdities which flow from the doctrine, that marriage itself should be an indissoluble contract, (no divorce *a vinculo matrimonii*;) but that in special cases, each case being disposed of upon its own merits, adultery should be allowed as a sufficient ground upon which to obtain a divorce *a mensa et thoro*, and sometimes even *a vinculo matrimonii*. "The principle of the law," says Dr Phillimore, should be, that "marriage is indissoluble," and that "no other cause but adultery should be allowed to be a sufficient ground for divorce."—"I am far from thinking our present system is a good one," says Sir Robert Peel; "but I am by no means prepared to say with the honourable and learned member for Clare, that the husband should have no remedy for the infidelity of his wife. It is well to make it the general rule, that there shall be no divorce, but there *must be exceptions*; yet these exceptions ought to be strictly enquired into, and ought to be the subject of distinct acts of legislation."

Now as to the first part of this doctrine. There shall be *no divorce*—neither the imperfect one, *a mensa et thoro*, nor the perfect one, *a vinculo matrimonii*—unless there is adultery; and divorce shall not be of *easy attainment*, lest the facility should promote adultery. If the argument, in the latter case, be sound, the principle, in the former, is vicious. If you believe that *increased facilities* to divorce would work proportionate corruption among the middle and infe-

rior ranks of society, the *existing* facility, which lies in a long purse, (for the rich *can* and *do* obtain divorces,) must have the same tendency in degree. This is rickety morality, if morality it be; and it is partial justice. The dishonoured husband who is poor, shall carry the burden of his dishonour to the grave; but the brow that wears a coronet as well as a certain figurative emblem of female frailty, shall have the privilege to cast his burden off again: there shall not be a turnpike road of divorce, for plebeian couples, smooth and pleasant, lest it should be too much thronged with travellers; but there shall be a private one, straight and level, over which they who loll in carriages may roll without a jolt. We cannot think of making divorces *easy*, because every body would be qualifying themselves for the accommodation; and yet we will not allow of divorces *at all*, without that very qualification which we are so fearful of encouraging. Such, as they appear to me, are the conflicting absurdities of these two principles. By declaring marriage to be indissoluble, and combining with that declaration the condition, that adultery alone shall entitle parties to a divorce *a mensa et thoro*, (though not, except in particular cases, *a vinculo matrimonii*;) to a certain extent we encourage adultery; at least, if the fears of Sir Robert Peel and Sir C. Wetherell be well grounded, that adultery is a crime which *would* be committed for the *sake* of divorce.

¶ But is this all? Are there only conflicting absurdities in the law of divorce as it is now administered? Or are we short-sighted moralists seeking to promote the interests of virtue and morality, by exacting their performance under circumstances which strike at their very existence? Surely, when we reflect upon the feelings which impel us to the married state, and still more upon those which it produces; when we consider what the sentiments are which are kindled in the heart by the reciprocal obligations and attachments of husband, wife, father, mother, we need be under no morbid apprehensions that the ties of wedlock would be capriciously loosened. Look, for example, at the actual condition of society. We hear of many

unhappy marriages; we see a few. But how few, how very few, of those we either hear of or see, do we find accompanied by that mode of relief which it is competent for the sufferers to bestow upon themselves: how few, though living together infelicitously, can determine to try the experiment of living apart? And why is this? Because there are a thousand mutual interests, sympathies, affections, wants, conveniences, which hedge them round, and through which, unless the suffering be great indeed, they have not power to break. The petty grievances, the idle discords, the peevish complaints, of matrimonial life, sink into nothing, when contrasted with the alternative of separation, with all its train of miserable consequences; the breaking up of domestic habits, the exposure in the eyes of friends, and of the world; the embarrassing distribution of the children, the amount of income to be allowed, &c. &c.; and this is the case when it is only a question of experimental, not of penal separation. Such separations, I have said, are few. They are necessarily so; while of that few the number, I am persuaded, would be still less of those who would avail themselves of any legal facilities to divorce, to make them final and complete.

Of all the grounds, however, upon which the present law of divorce in this country is defended, that of anxiety for private morals is the most fallacious. One moment's reflection will demonstrate this; and in stating the argument to prove it, it is not necessary I should trouble myself with the nature of the causes which prevent a man and woman from continuing to live together as man and wife. The instant that crisis arrives, the instant a wedded pair are single in all things save the civil obligations of the contract into which they have entered, the inexorable principle of marriage being indissoluble, works the same practical consequences as celibacy in the Romish church; and we have authentic evidence of the odious profligacy which has always grown out of that system. The conservative impresses of nature cannot be set at defiance. Buffon, and Haller, and Tissot, record frightful examples of enthusiastic devotees, who imagined they could set them at de-

fiance. What follows, what must follow, is obvious. Certainly the very antipodes of moral refinement, or exemplary conduct. The advocates for the indissolubility of marriage may fortify their doctrine by a reference to those of theology, by the authority of long usage, by the opinions of grave lawyers and graver moralists; but most assuredly they cannot do so upon the principle that the interests of morality are pro-

moted. As little could they shew that individual happiness is advanced by it. To discuss this point, however, with all its collateral details, would lead me far beyond the limits I have prescribed myself in simply noticing what appeared to me to be the vulgar error of Sir Charles Wetherell and Sir Robert Peel, and the unphilosophical one of Dr Philimore.

WILLIAM THE FOURTH—REGENCY—DISSOLUTION OF PARLIAMENT.

GEORGE THE FOURTH is no more!
WILLIAM THE FOURTH reigns!

This were a theme to dwell upon—but not here. The monarch is in his grave, has had his meed of honest praise from a thousand pens and tongues, even in the little space since that moment of mortal agony, when his soul felt what his closing lips declared—“*This is death!*” The mightiest monarch on his throne cannot hear the voice of truth—the din of courtly adulation is too loud. On the one hand, therefore, I am forestalled, or left to play the echo merely with barren repetition. On the other, I am forewarned *not* to play the lunatic patriot, he who prepares wisdom for kings, as some bards have written for posterity without a passport for their messengers. It is no treason now, however, to say, (and it is all I shall say,) that I deeply regret the nation has been spared its present grief *so long*. Such a calamity, had it happened eighteen months ago, would have permitted George the Fourth to close an illustrious reign, untarnished by one fatal measure which will forbid future historians to record, that he transmitted the constitution to his brother perfect and unimpaired as he had received it from their father. Neither can we indulge the hope, that it will be the historian's office to institute a parallel of names and characters—to remark, that the annals of our coun-

ty contain a William, who was its *Conqueror*; a William, who was its *Liberator*; and a William, who was its *REGENERATOR*. What a glorious title! But it is only in abeyance. Either the monarchy itself has run its course, and is hastening to decay, (and in that case all must perish with it,) or there is an appointed time, when it shall devolve upon one destined to restore its original brightness. Crippled, mutilated, defaced, as it now is, it can merely totter along in feeble but tenacious vitality, unless that current of its life-blood which has been poisoned be cleansed from the infection. Let us pass, however, from the consideration of what may or must be, at some future period, to the more important one of what is; the great concernment, after all, of such fugitive beings as ourselves.

His most gracious Majesty, having been duly condoled with upon that mournful event, which called forth, in the same breath, the most lively congratulations—the Lords and Commons (in those piebald addresses which are carried up to the throne of a new monarch, beginning with tears, and ending with smiles, like a soldier's funeral, which sets out with the hundred and fourth psalm, but returns to the tune of “*Maggie Lauder*,” or “*St Patrick's Day in the Morning*,”) having expressed their profound sorrow for the death of

* The most authentic accounts concur in stating, that just before he expired, he attempted to raise his hand to his breast, faintly ejaculating—“*Oh God! I am dying;*” and after the intervention of two or three seconds of time, he added—“*This is death;*” but his expiring condition barely enabled him to announce the fatal sensation so as to be heard by the page on whose shoulders his head had fallen. They were the last words he uttered!

George the Fourth, and their heartfelt delight at the accession of William the Fourth—these solemn plausibilities, I say, being all duly performed, and the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel having, moreover, exhausted their panegyric upon both Kings,* Parliament was invited to thank his Majesty for his gracious intention of dissolving it.

I am not hypercritical—I am not fastidious—I do not insist that *every* poet should write like Satan Montgomery, nor *every* statesman talk like Waithman; but I have my prejudices notwithstanding, and among them, a decided one against that species of oratory in which his Grace of Wellington excels. I have already analyzed it,† and I abhor the sin of iteration, else would I immortalize it again. The Peers are remarkably well bred; an improved edition, a refinement of Chesterfield himself—grave, dignified, decorous, polite. They never laugh *at*, and very seldom *with*, one of their own body; are free from that catarrhal affection which so frequently attacks the House of Commons with all the malignity of an influenza, and those convulsive twitchings of the legs, that produce such a disagreeable sound of scraping on the floor; in short, they seem to apply the irony of the poet with a literal sobriety of interpretation:

"What woful stuff this madrigal would be
In some starved, hackney'd sonneteer, or
me;

But let a lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens, and the style refines!"

This being the case, it is not surprising, when members of the House of Commons are turned into lords, that they find themselves also turned into orators, so far as attention from those they address may be regarded as presumptive orators, or that his Grace the Duke of Wellington obtains respectful listeners. But for that gravity, decorum, and refinement I have mentioned, it would have been morally impossible even for a Prime Minister to have delivered the speech his Grace did on the 30th of June, in the first year of the reign of our Sovereign Lord King William IV., without being horribly laughed at. It was upon the motion for taking into further consideration his Most Gracious Majesty's message; and I maintain there is neither exaggeration nor burlesque in the following abstract of it:—

"You see, my Lords, that formerly the Parliament was naturally dissolved when the King died; but now, 'owing to an act of Parliament passed in the reign of King William, and continued in the reign of Queen Anne, this and the other House of

* Surely these addresses of condolence and congratulation, speaking, in fellowship, the language of grief and joy, are among those mummeries which enlightened times might spare. "Who," asks Macbeth,

"Can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man."

It may be too much to expect all these contradictions in an individual; but I think they co-exist in the jumble of official affliction and rejoicing which marks the "demise" of the crown—its transit from one head to the other. They often stand in such ludicrous juxtaposition as to remind one of the droll, mentioned in Tom Coriat's Cruelties, who had acquired so great a command over the flexible muscles of his face, that he could cry on the left side, and laugh on the right, at one and the same moment. When, too, Ministers harangue in praise of the *public acts*, the *political character*, of their deceased royal master, what is it but indirect flattery heaped upon themselves, by whose advice, or under whose sanction, all those things were done, or presumed to be done, which they so complacently applaud? Sir Robert Peel was quite profuse in his posthumous tribute to the late monarch, who "never exercised his prerogative except with the view of promoting the welfare of his people," and so forth. But the Duke of Wellington extolled him for qualities which certainly had no reflex operation in favour of his Ministers. His Grace was contented to celebrate his "excellent education" and "polished manners," the "condescension, affability, and kindness" of George the Fourth. It is Montesquieu, I think, who remarks, that we are always most forcibly struck with those things in another, which we have not in ourselves.

† Silent Member. No. I.

Parliament are now sitting, and are enabled to continue sitting, for the dispatch of business.' Under these circumstances, we, his Majesty's servants, have advised his Majesty to send you a message; in which message his Majesty informs you, that though he might leave you alone for six months, he intends to get rid of you immediately. 'That, my Lords, is the effect of the King's message.' And now, my Lords, I will tell you why we, his Majesty's Ministers, have advised his Majesty to 'dissolve you in such haste.' My Lords, 'we are now arrived at that period of the year at which it usually happens that the business of Parliament is about to terminate; at least, my Lords, it generally happens that the business is so far advanced about this time, or within a month from this time, that it is possible to close Parliament.' Your Lordships need not be told, for the state of the votes of both Houses will inform you, that there is a great deal of business to do, and which, if done, must postpone the dissolution to a distant period; *therefore*, 'considering that the great calamity to which we have all been exposed, has been expected for a considerable time,' and that 'all men have been looking forward to a dissolution of Parliament within a limited period, and looking forward to a general election,' and so forth, I therefore think, after we have got such sums as will be necessary for the public service placed at our disposal, all the other public business can wait well enough till the next Parliament is called together. And these, my Lords, 'are the views and intentions of his Majesty's government, and their motives for recommending the dissolution of Parliament in such haste.'"

It is not very surprising that Earl Grey, after listening to this statesmanlike speech, began *his* with the following exordium: "In considering, my Lords, his Majesty's most gracious Message, which was yesterday read, it appeared to me to contain some propositions of a most novel and extraordinary nature; and if that were my impression yesterday, that impression is not weakened or diminished by the short and unsatisfactory statement—(Hear, hear)—by the very meagre explanation, of the

noble Duke—(Hear, hear, hear)—of the course which his Grace recommends the House to pursue." Truly, it was refreshing to pass from the tangled thread of his Grace's ideas, to the lucid arrangement, and intelligible character, of those of the noble Lords who took part in the debate that ensued; save and except, now and at all times, the rapid, frothy, shallow egotisms of that pert prater, Lord Ellenborough. If there be a doubt as to the prodigious bump of self-approbation which his lordship's glossy locks conceal, his eternal "I," and "we," and "us," when speaking of the measures of government, would alone be sufficient to destroy that doubt. Other ministers (to be sure they were only such men as Pitt, Liverpool, Eldon, Canning, &c.) were content to refer to themselves in the third person, except on special and extraordinary occasions. Not so my Lord Ellenborough: Whenever *he* opens his mouth, it is to announce what "*I* did," or what "*we* determined," or what was advised "*by us*." As for example, in this evening's debate, "It is necessary for *me* that *I* should assure your Lordships, that the course which his Majesty's government have determined to pursue, is one which *we* have not arrived at without much and most anxious consideration. Never have *I*, at any time, given an opinion, upon any public subject, with such a perfect conviction of its being right, as *I* have upon the present occasion. *I* am sure that in this cause are involved the best interests of the royal family, of the country, and of this constitutional monarchy; and it is upon this persuasion alone that *I* have concurred with *my* colleagues, upon the advice which *we* have thought fit to give to his Majesty. And it is *my* belief, that if this subject were fairly and dispassionately considered, there would not be one member of the House of Commons, or of this House, entertaining, as *I* believe they all do, an affectionate regard, and a decided determination, to," &c. &c. —"It was the saying of a very wise man, one of the wisest this country ever produced, 'Stay a while that you may end the sooner.'—There is wisdom in this sentiment, and *I* adopt that wisdom in applying it to the subject under consideration."—"I

can only say, that if such be his (Earl Grey's) opinion, I most sincerely rejoice that he has at length openly declared himself. An open foe is better than a secret enemy; and I rejoice that *we*, at length, know where *we* are to encounter opposition; who are *our* enemies, and who are *our* friends." Is not all this deplorable imbecility? His lordship, too, presumed to read a lecture to that fine old fellow, Lord Eldon, who had pounced, with his eagle mind, upon the baby reasonings of the Duke of Wellington, and scattered them to the winds. His squeamish sensibility, forsooth, could not bear the "jocularities" of the venerable peer, and he "hoped he heard it for the last time!" Just suppose that great man had been in the mood, with one pat of his majestic paw, he would have squeezed out the entrails of the troublesome gnat, which had ventured to settle on his mane, and with impertinent malice, was trying to poke his puny sting through its shaggy folds! "No one," said he, "entertains, so much as I do, a deep *hereditary* regard for the noble and learned Earl;" and he repeated this stuff, about hereditary regard, when the Duke of Richmond reprobated his coarse attack. Lord Ellenborough seems to have inherited some remarkable things besides goods and chattels, from his father. He lately told us, he had an hereditary protection from any mischievous disposition to interfere with the independence of the judges; and now, he has an hereditary respect for Lord Eldon. As to these particular inheritances, I shall say no more; but I am decidedly of opinion, every thing his lordship possesses, which is of any value, is *hereditary*. To return, however, from this digression.

Parliament is to be dissolved; and I confess I think the resolution of Ministers has been wisely taken. It is true, there is a great deal of public business yet undone; but it is not less true, that under the impatience, excitement, and distraction of an impending dissolution, it would be utterly impossible to do it. Nor, indeed, does it much concern the welfare of the country, whether nine-tenths of those measures which are in progress be completed this year or next; for though they may embrace

objects of practical benefit, they are not objects of such paramount necessity that we cannot go on, a few months longer, without them. When, therefore, to these considerations is added the still graver one, that from the moment the fever of a general election is upon the body politic, all its more healthful functions are either wholly suspended, or much vitiated, it would be unfair to deny that Ministers have exercised a sound discretion in seeking to abridge, as far as they are able, the duration of that fever. As to the question of the Regency, brought forward to the House of Lords by Earl Grey, and in the Commons by Mr Brougham, (with somewhat of that rancour and bad taste, which used to characterise Whig tactics when there was really a Whig opposition,) I admit all its importance, but cannot see its urgency. That life is uncertain—that kings as well as subjects, die—and that sudden death may visit the palace, as well as the easy-chair of a turtle-fed alderman, are truths, of which, if neither my Lord Grey nor Mr Brougham had enforced them, I should still have been duly sensible, though without hence inferring that our situation was so alarming as they would have us believe. The bare and forced possibility, that his Majesty may die in the course of the next three or four months, can hardly be considered a substantial ground for delaying the dissolution, all other objections being removed. Say the event took place, it could not find the country unprepared. If the new Parliament were returned, and the day appointed by the writ of summons for its assembling arrived, it could instantly sit; and if the day were not arrived, then, by the 37th Geo. III. cap. 127, the present Parliament, though dissolved, would meet again, and continue its sittings for six months, if not sooner prorogued or dissolved by the authority therein provided. All I pray is, that the people, thus called upon to act, will do so in the spirit of their complaints; that they will remember the things of which they have complained; against what, and for what, they petitioned in vain; and that in choosing their representatives, if they cannot always return tried men, they will prefer the chance of untried,

rather than send back some whom they *have* tried. It may not be in their power to do all they would wish; but much is in their power, which, if they do not do, their right to complain hereafter may be far less than their cause.

About two hundred years ago, or rather more, when James I. meditated the holding of a Parliament, out of his "princely judgment and paternal care," Lord Bacon drew up a proclamation for his Majesty's approval, setting forth the reasons of that proceeding. "For that part of it," says his Lordship, in a letter to the Marquis of Buckingham, "touching the elections, I have communicated it with my colleagues, Sir Edward Coke, the two Chief Justices, and Serjeant Crew, who approve it well: and we are all of opinion that it is not good to have it more peremptory, more particular, or more sharp." I will quote this part "touching the elections;" and were it in my power, it should find its way into the hands of every man in the empire who has a vote to give, or an influence, direct or indirect, over the votes of others. His language is the language of eternal truth, which takes no bias from times, or seasons, or persons.

"And because," says the King, (after reciting the various reasons why he deemed it necessary to hold a parliament,) "as well this great cause, (there to be handled among the rest, and to be weighed by the Beam of the kingdom,) as also the true and ancient institution of Parliament, do require the Lower House, (at this time if ever,) to be compounded of the gravest, ablest, and worthiest members that may be found; We do hereby, out of the care of the common good, wherein themselves are participant, (without all prejudice to the freedom of elec-

tious,) admonish all our loving subjects, (that have votes in the elections of knights and burgesses,) of these few points following:

"*First*, That they cast their eyes upon the *worthiest men* of all sorts, knights and gentlemen, that are *lights and guides* in their counties, experienced parliament men, wise and discreet statesmen, that have been practised in public affairs, whether at home or abroad; grave and eminent lawyers; substantial citizens and burgesses; and generally, such as are *interested and have portion in the estate*.

"*Secondly*, That they make choice of such as are well affected in religion,—without declining either, on the one hand, to blindness and superstition, or, on the other hand, to schism, or turbulent disposition.

"*Thirdly, and lastly*, That they be truly sensible not to *disvalue or disparage* the House with bankrupts and necessitous persons, that may desire long parliaments only for protection; lawyers of mean account and estimation; young men that are not ripe for grave consultation; *mean dependents upon great persons*, that may be thought to have their voices under command, and such like obscure and inferior persons; so that, to conclude, we may have the comfort to see before us the very face of a sufficient and well composed House; such as may be worthy to be a representative of the third estate of our kingdom, fit to nourish a loving and comfortable meeting between us and our people, and *fit to be a noble instrument*, under the blessing of Almighty God, and our princely care and power, and with the loving conjunction of our prelates and peers, for the settling of so great affairs as are here before expressed."

THE LAY OF THE DESERT. A POEM.*

MAGA is always the mildest—the meekest of monthlies—in a Double Number. She then feels her power, and her bosom expands with all the Christian virtues. She would not hurt a fly—nay, not a spider—nay, not even a rat. With a face even more expressive of moral and religious, than of intellectual worth, she looks over nature and over man; and if ever there were an angel on earth, then it is surely she. Far down the profound depths of her dark-blue eyes, you see slumbering the divine spirit of universal philanthropy; peace pitches her tent on that smooth and ample forehead, as on a heaven-kissing hill in Arcadia; and as she “enchanted smiles, and waves her golden hair,” she diffuses the Pleasures of Hope over all the inhabitants of the literary world. Christopher North, “that old man truculent,” beneath her snow-white wand, is transformed from a lion into a lamb; you absolutely hear him bleating; the knout drops from his hand; he is the very emblem of primeval innocence; Adam before the Fall.

Thrice happy they with whom he communes—commerce at such a season! Their bread is baked—their immortality is secured—and a voice is heard crying, “Oh! bards! live for ever!” He pats each pretty poet-aster on the pate with his paw, and thenceforth in Paternoster it is an Apollo. Under a benignant star wert thou born, Henry Sewell Stokes! Hadst thou flourished but one little month ago, a cruel frost from the biting North might have chilled thy blossoms; but the first of August is a Saint’s day in the calendar of criticism; and like a rose-tree full in bearing, thy poem shall shed unscathed its sweet scents over the wilderness. It shall not be born to blush unseen; many noses shall smell its buds; and over its fragrant crimson the eyes of many maidens let fall the pensive tear.

“THE LAY OF THE DESERT!”—a taking title—a touching text—and on it we shall discourse most excellent

music—and preach a small sermonette, which haply shall soothe our subscribers to sleep with a congenial strain.—“THE LAY!”—’Tis a pleasant and ingenious misnomer. “LAY” suggests the idea of something wild and irregular—Æolian, rather than Jew-harp-like—some such song as the Silvans might play to Pan sinking hairily asleep in the forest, and drawing up his hoofs in a dream. Or it reminds us of travelling Troubadour singing to captive king—or of him of whom ’twas said—

“The last of all the bards was he,
Who sang of Border chivalry;”

a strain the gracious Muses will not willingly let die—no, not while those silvery sisters, the Ettrick and the Yarrow, blent with the taintless Tweed, by abbeyed banks and keep-crowned braes, in sunshiny and shaded music, flow proudly to the sea.

But the “Lay” of Henry Sewell Stokes is all in Spenserian stanzas—and many a gross has he given—fourteen to the dozen—till arithmetic stands aghast, and her twins, addition and multiplication, fade away into nought, swooning at the dim foresight of the final sum. Their souls die within them at the bare imagination of the “Tottle of the Whole.”

Yes, he is the longest—the lengthiest—the most interminable and eternal layman of the age. ’Tis impossible to speak of him without a contradiction of terms. Time treads on the heels of eternity; space loses all bounds; and standing on a shoreless sea—if that indeed be practicable—we feel that the metaphysical mind strives in vain to conceive limits to infinitude. Yet some mystery is here, which may neither be analyzed nor followed. For true it is, or seems to be, that the Lay has an—End. To it, as to all other human works—even the great wall of China—is appended that incomprehensible word—Finis. We feel that the Lay is over at last—and yet that the Last Day has not come. To reconcile these two great truths, is, we

* *The Lay of the Desert.* A Poem, in Two Cantos. By Henry Sewell Stokes. London, Hurst, Chance, and Co. 1830.

verily believe, beyond the reach of its present capacity, merged as mind here is in matter, and circumscribed in its reaches by those slaves the Seven Senses, so fond of playing the tyrants in their thralldom, and making their shame their pride.

So much for the first—now for the second clause of our text.

THE DESERT! Is it the Great Desert? The Great Desert of Africa, so nobly sung by George K. Rickards, of Trinity College, in a poem, crowned at Oxford with Sir Roger Newdigate's prize? If so, ought the world to weep or smile, while she wonders at the strange coincidence, and to which of the mighty rivals shall she assign the palm? First hear Mr Rickards:—

"The sun hath set—yet, mark'd you from afar,
High o'er that hill, which thrones the western star,
In dim relief against yon streak of red,
The stately camel rears his dusky head?
No bright illusion this, of hope untrue,
Their shadowy forms are nearing on the view—
They come:—e'en now the far-stretch'd eye may scan
The pictured outlines of the caravan;
Like marshal'd band appears their long array,
As down you steep they wind their toil-some way.
First in the troop, elate with conscious pride,
The leader camel asks no human guide;
'To him the herd th' unenvied post assign,
Each knows his rank, and fills the destined line;
Next steeds and chiefs, a mingled train, appear,
And slaves, reluctant following, swell the rear."

What simple, yet original imagery! What flowing, yet faultless expression! "Mark'd you from afar!" How imaginative, yet rational, the appeal to the inexperience of the reader! "From afar." Vague, indefinite, and sublime,—while it makes us feel that the poet would not use a word for the sole sake of the rhyme, for the whole world. Observe how the camel's head is higher than the western star. The western star is throned on the hill—that is, sitting on it—o'er which the ship of the desert rears high his top-gallant-mast. But no comparison is drawn between

the western star and the camel's head. That is finely left, in the conscious power and pride of genius, to the reader's fancy. It is left doubtful whether or no the star were camel-eclipsed. Far grander is the image expressed. The dusky head of the camel in dim relief against yon streak of red! Not the whole camel, mind ye, but his simple head. That his body will follow, we have all the assurance that scepticism can have, in the established and immutable laws of nature. In due time, depend upon it, the *corpus delicti* will make its appearance. Nay, much sooner than might have been expected; and not only that one stately camel, in particular, with the dusky head, but hundreds of others whose shadowy forms, asking no dim relief from yon streak of red, are nearing on the view. But, look steadily at them, and assure yourself that "no bright illusion this of hope untrue." No *bright* illusion,—although from its being dim and dusky, you might naturally fall into the error of thinking it so. Above all, be confident that these camels are not the mirage. The mirage is an illusive vapour, seeming to be a lake. These are flesh and blood, hid and hairy, and each with a ball of flesh beneath each foot, to fit him for making his way rapidly and pleasantly along the sands. Observe, too, how, in his inspiration-fit, the young poet forgets his grammar,—substitutes rears for rear,—till for him seems to have been written that verse—

"Break Priscian's head, and ravish all the Nine."

How naturally he speaks of the caravan! "The pictured outlines." Not the real outlines, observe; for that would be plain dull matter-of-fact. But remembering Horace's advice, "*Ut pictura poesis*," our bard, while writing his poem, supposes himself looking at a picture, and conceives, not from the desert itself, but a bit of canvass. "Like marshal'd band appears their long array." That it is so he will not venture to assert, for he still fears it may be all illusion, and that what appears a caravan may, in sad truth, be but mirage. Rarely indeed do we meet in the same individual, especially an under-graduate, with such a promising union of

caution and enthusiasm. "As down yon steep they wind their toilsome way," bears a beautiful and close resemblance—which could only have been suggested by a genius as vivid as original—to Gray's forgotten lines,

"As down the steep of Snowden's shaggy side,
They wound, with toilsome march, their long array."

Why a caravan, in travelling through the Great Desert, should march up sand-hills throning the western star, except it be merely for the pleasure of marching down them again, lest we break the charm of the passage we shall not conjecture; any more than we shall conjecture why King Edward marched his long array up and then down Snowden's shaggy side,—a manœuvre which we have always contemplated with that wonder which is the daughter of ignorance, and which sheds an obscure splendour over the incomprehensible character of all great military achievements. "To him the herd th' unenvied post assign," contains a fund—a treasure of zoological knowledge. That not one of all those long array of camels should have envied the post of his leader, is a fact which proves them all, male and female, to have been either free "from that last infirmity of noble minds," ambition, or to have successfully smothered its fires under a strict system of discipline and subordination. But that they, taking upon themselves the election, *assigned* his post to their leader, is a fact illustrative of so much sagacity in the camel—and such well-reasoned and soundly-digested knowledge of civil and military affairs—that we are delighted to believe it on the authority of George K. Rickards, and Mr M'Farlane—if such be the creed of that gentleman—though overlooked by Buffon, Cuvier, and Griffiths. "Next chiefs and steeds, a mingled train, appear"—is a line altogether worthy of the rest of the passage—the repetition of the word "appear" having a fine effect; and the reader being left in a poetical dubiety, whether the chiefs are on horseback, or each leading his steed by the bridle, from fear of accidents—though, for our own parts, we should prefer in such a situation what Leigh Hunt calls "some horse-

back," and be willing to take the chance of being dismounted, rather than the certainty of being kicked. "And slaves, reluctant following, swell the rear"—is a truly Oxonian line; and that is the highest praise that can be bestowed upon any ten consecutive syllables. That the slaves disliked their condition and situation, we do not doubt; but we do not believe they ventured to shew any reluctance—for that would have insured them instantly a sound flogging; nor, classical as the expression may be, do we Goths see any peculiar merit—or indeed accuracy—in "swell the rear"—since the slaves—a few drivers excepted—entirely composed it. That the drivers—when ever the slaves shewed themselves at a chance time "reluctant," "swelled their rear," is more than probable; but farther the deponent sayeth not. The passage, as a whole, is certainly a fine one; and we are sorry that the rigid rules of criticism imperiously forbid us to preach longer about one Poem, when we are prosing about another—so, leaving the Desert of Mr George K. Rickards, who, in spite of the general laxity and feebleness of his style, shews himself a scholar and a gentleman, let us enter the Desert of Mr Henry Sewell Stokes, whose claims are somewhat dubious to that character.

It is what Mr Rickards so finely calls "a dim relief," to turn from the Great African Desert to the Small Dartmoor. One is apt to be lost in the African Desert—for it is nearly as dangerous in its dust as the North Bridge of the city of Edinburgh. A Simoom or Sirocco is almost as bad as an Easterly-Harr; and we pity a caravan on its way to Timbuctoo, as tenderly as we pity the Telegraph Coach on its way to Glasgow. Neither the one nor the other has yet discovered the means of consuming its own sand, as some engines consume their own smoke; and we never look at the basket of the latter, where, in ~~more~~ senses than one, "Slaves, reluctant following, swell the rear," without feelings of the most Christian commiseration. But from all such painful sympathies Mr Henry Sewell Stokes sets us free; for he is a pedestrian, and, staff in hand, sets boldly off for the distant Desert of Dartmoor, without even making his will

—such is his oblivion of all sublunary affairs. Imagination follows him with awe, on his pilgrimage to regions “beyond this visible diurnal sphere,” while Hope cheers our dream with prophetic whispers of his return, on some distant day, to the bosom of his discousolate family, two stone lighters at least, his figure like whipcord, his face brown as a berry, his mother tongue no longer in his mouth, but gabbling a strange jargon caught among the Tors,—an indigenous dialect, not unlike that with which our dear Shepherd bathes the lips of Mador of the Moor,—delivered in a sort of metre, too, which occasionally reminds us in this nether sphere of the Spenserian stanza.

Mr Stokes has been, he tells us, from his cradle upwards, a lover of solitude. So have we. He seems to have been born at Gibraltar, which he kindly assures us is likewise called Calpe. We were not. There, in boyhood, he used to climb the cliffs, where he says “his musings were subject to no mortal interruption,” save when they were “disturbed by some squalling ape.” In like manner, our musings are often interrupted—on the Calton Hill—or, as at present, in the Sanctum, by “a squalling ape;” but the squall is nothing, when one is accustomed to it. He seems also to have sought for solitude, some years ago, in some part of Spain, but was disturbed—just as we too often are out of Spain—by mules and asses. So, to indulge his passion for self and solitude, he has penetrated, with the spirit of a Mungo Park, into the interior of Dartmoor, and on his return will be fairly entitled to the reward and prize of £10,000, which Government, we understand, have declared their resolution not to bestow on any foolish mariner who may reach the North Pole, or sail through the Northwest Passage—discoveries which, if made, would be barren of all useful practical results—but to give it to the first adventurous spirit who shall bring back authentic intelligence of what is going on in the moral, intellectual, and physical world of our own many unexplored interiors, or even exteriors, centre or circumference, of this our partially civilized and enclosed native country. We hope that, in these “piping times of

peace,” the “*interrita pubes*” of these kingdoms will desire to share with Mr Stokes the danger and glory of such enterprises, and trust that, before the close of the century, we shall have a map of England, at once so minutely accurate, and so sweepingly comprehensive, that the march of intellect and of agriculture will meet with no impediment, and Dartmoor exist only in the Lay of the Desert.

We know not whether Mr Stokes’s pilgrimage to the Desert has been prompted solely by his love of self and solitude, or by his love of science and of his kind. Punts he to extend the bounds of human knowledge—especially in the geographical department? Or daunners he away to dawdle and twaddle in the Desert, to “babble about *brown fields*,” and sit like a simpleton till he catches a cold that may spread from his posteriors to his pericranium, on damp clammy stones, against the dripping death of whose unsunned chilliness two pair of corduroy breeches, and an equal number of flannel drawers, will be found a fallacious protection? We shrewdly suspect that the poor young gentleman is a misanthrope. Nay—there is no shrewdness shewn in such suspicion; for Mr Stokes is not ashamed to confess the melancholy truth. He is at once Timon and Tims. He thus addresses the Desert:

“I to thee hie, because my soul is sick,—
Sick with mankind and *their disgusting ways*;

Although but lately kindled my *life’s wick*,
And but now gathering into *manhood’s blaze*,

Much hath it felt the world’s *foul murky haze*;

Ay,—I have lived quite long enough to tell,

That Love, Truth, Virtue, in the
world’s wild maze

Perish,—they cannot bide the boisterous
swell—

Corruption’s mighty surge—that roars
their funeral knell.”

Mr Stokes is in a sad taking. Better far for himself, at least—if worse for the world—that he had remained among the squalling apes at Gibraltar. Perhaps, instead of his soul being sick, it is only his stomach. The two are often confounded by people who think themselves poetical; but the difference is well known and

easily distinguished by the simplest practitioners in medicine; and we strongly and earnestly—nay, seriously and solemnly—recommend to Mr Stokes a dose of Glaubers.

Let the *primæ viæ* be well cleaned out—as well as a blackleg's purse with a bad book after the Derby—and a day or two afterwards, he may, without danger—nay, with great propriety, retire to the Desert—not forgetting to put a cold fowl and a quarter loaf in his pouch, for he will wax exceeding *yawp* when the salts have done their work; and then, instead of giving way to melancholy, why, he will be busy picking a merry thought, and betting right hand against left which is first to be married. What sort of society, pray, has Mr Stokes been moving in since he bade farewell to the apes of Gibraltar, that he is sick with "*mankind and their disgusting ways*?" Has he a cottage in Cockaigne? A box in Little Britain? To what practices does he allude? Is he hand and glove with Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt? Their ways certainly are disgusting enough—but who supposes that they belong to "*mankind*?" Let him associate for a short time with the common run of Christians, and he will be delighted to see that the moment a human creature conducts himself "*in disgusting ways*," he is kicked out of company. The gorge does rise—nay, the soul as well as the stomach does get sick—at the "*disgusting ways*" of Cockneys; but how illogical to reason from brute to man, and to believe, because the one is disgusting, that the other may not be delightful? Let Mr Stokes but try—and we lay our lives on the success of the experiment. Let him cut all his present cronies—just as he cut the squalling apes of Gibraltar; let him quit Cockaigne as a place of residence, and he may depend upon it, that, on his entrance into England, he will find some spot more suitable, even to a lover of solitude, than Dartmoor Desert. 'Tis an absurd place, notwithstanding Mr Carrington's craze about it; but then Mr Carrington is a man of genius, and can find "*sermons*" in stones, and good in every thing." Not so Mr Stokes—to whom a stone is a stone, a stump a stump; although he has no right to complain, for the great principle of compensa-

tion reigns all over the world, and to him, as to other men, Glauber salts are Glauber salts, a purge a purge, an emetic an emetic, though a moor is not necessarily a desert, nor a lay in his hands by any means a poem. Mr Stokes seems occasionally not a very unamiable young man. "*Life's wick*" is an expression that shews some humility, and suggests the image of a farthing candle; but he relapses into a bad habit of self-conceit when he speaks of it "*gathering into manhood's blaze*," for no human eye, no human imagination, ever in this world saw the blaze of a farthing candle—twinkle is the proper word—or rather twinkling in the socket. The concluding line of the stanza is meant to be magnificent, but it comes in awkwardly upon the blazing wick of the farthing candle; whatever Mr Stokes—misunderstanding Milton—may be disposed to think to the contrary, a knell and a roar are two sounds most different to all ears of a moderate length, and with drums not of *ben-leather*; and if love, truth, and virtue, have all perished in the world's wild maze, beyond all possibility of resurrection by the Humane Society, Mr Stokes, instead of retiring to the Moor of Dart, ought to scorn to survive the death of all that makes life of any value, and, like Cato of Utica, read Plato on the immortality of the Soul, and with the spit seek refuge in suicide on the kitchen dresser.

"*But half an hour and I was in the world,*
The din of mortals overwhelm'd the roar
With which the surge its mighty masses
hurl'd

Against the bulwarks of the western
shore;

*In half an hour it seem'd the world was
o'er;*

*I climb'd the steep—the troubler, man,
seem'd dead,*

The sea's was drown'd in human din no
more;

Where dwelt the timid partridge did I
tread,

And in the eagle's realm aerial lift my
head."

We shall suppose that Mr Stokes—as he was not walking for a wager, did the distance at about the rate of four miles an hour—which, if the day was hot, must have put him into a profuse perspiration—a strong sweat. Two miles, therefore, from

a flourishing seaport town, he considered himself to be far beyond the bounds of the inhabited world—out of the reach of mankind and all their disgusting ways. With what a face he must have left the suburbs! Conscious of the high emprise on which he was bound, how must he have turned up his nose at the ragged urchins squalling round his path, till his eyes, in a fine frenzy rolling, met the lines intersecting the sky, and all fluttering with old seamen's jackets and trowsers, exposed to sale in Petticoat-lane! Had it been known in the town that he was about to plunge all alone into the perils of the desert, and to encounter single-handed all the monsters,

"Gorgons, and hydras, and chimeras dire,"

with which the imagination of a timid nautical population dreamt it to be infested, his exit would have been attended from the Pig and Whistle with a band of instrumental music, in which the cloth-covered marrow-bones and cleavers would to the muffled town-drum have moaned to the self-devoted hero an everlasting farewell.

"In half an hour it seem'd the world was o'er."

About the time consumed by a reasonable sermon. Did the world give o'er by degrees, like a pound of melting butter, or smack all in a moment like a burst bladder? For the first mile or so, there must have been,—nay, there were—for we have ourselves been in them, and at divers times, and in sundry manner, slaked our thirst both with blue ruin and heavy wet at their nut-brown oval oak-tables—here and there, as if dropped from heaven, small, comfortable, well-kept change-houses, or public, into whose ever-open doors we were smiled and beguiled, courted and curtsied, by slim-waisted maiden or barrel-bellied matron, wide awake to the wishes of wayfaring men, and "swifter than meditation or the wings of love," away and back again with a plateful of poached eggs, or welsh-rabbits, which in half an hour, nay, in far less time, "were o'er," like the vanished world. We have too good an opinion of Mr Stokes, in spite of his misanthropy, to believe his stomach

—as well as his soul—dead to all ordinary feelings of humanity; and do not doubt, to use his own poetical language, that "he hurled mighty masses" of toasted cheese down his gullet, according to "mankind's disgusting ways," washing them down with a deluge of brown-stout, before burying himself in the central solitude of the desert, perhaps a mile off that House of Entertainment for Man and Horse. Perhaps a pigeon-pie was in him, when treading among the "timid partridges" in the moor. But that eagles have their "realm aerial" within ten minutes' run of a donkey from a town, where Tars overwhelmed with their din the ocean's roar, is, we suspect, a traveller's tale, nor could we swallow it, even were Mr Stokes to shew us the stuffed body of an alleged Bird of Jove, which he had shot in that remote desert with a single ball from his shillela right through the heart. The creature he saw must have been a goose.

But what have we got here? Lord Byron? Indeed!

"Exception grand of these degenerate days!

Exception grand of thy degenerate caste!
In comet travel, and in comet blaze,
Thy genius o'er the mental midnight past,
While the dull common orbs look'd quite
aghast.

But soon was ended thy sublime career,
Thy glorious course for man was, ah! too
fast,—

Ay—and 'twas when thy ray most bright
and clear,

Illumed, alas! it sank, never to reappear!"

Mr Stokes, squatted on the furze, half an hour's walk from the world, no doubt imagines himself a compeer of Childe Harold; and inwardly—we had almost, by a slip of the pen, written mentally—compares himself with Byron, when he says,

"To sit alone, and gaze o'er flood and fell," &c.

Now, the bird called a Booby, perched with his fat doup on a large stone, about a ton weight, in the slush of a creek, half asleep, digesting a flounder, is just every whit as much a bird, and as scientifically included in the class Aves, as an Eagle, sitting broad awake on a cliff ten thousand feet above the sea, and staring at the sun to clear his eyes before he sets sail on his vans to "prey in distant

isles." But the moment he begins to flap himself up six feet above the level of the shore at low water, he feels painfully that he is a Booby; though, to do him justice, we question if he knows of the existence of the Eagle. Just so—and yet not just so—with Mr Stokes. He must know, figuratively speaking, that he is a Booby, and that too most painfully, the moment he attempts to fly. But, unlike his brother Booby, the bird, he bethinks him of the Eagle—that is, of Byron—and, forgetful of the prodigious weight which he constantly carries behind, and the feebleness of his finlike flappers, nothing less will satisfy him than to mount into what is called the empyrean, as if he belonged to the genus Falco. To the immediate consequences of this shot-star ambition, decency prevents us from making more than a slight allusion as we pass along; but the ultimate consequences are not only shameful as the others are, but fatal; and fatty gets a fall which shews him in the shape of a pancake.

Pray—if we may be permitted to indulge in a little verbal criticism—what does Mr Stokes mean by "exception of degenerate days?" And does he really, now, in his heart think these days degenerate? Are they degenerate from the virtue of the olden time? If he says so, alas! was poor Byron the man to restore their raciness? Are they degenerate from the genius of the olden time? If he says so, then we must change him from a biped and a booby into a quadruped and an ass; and even then the sentiment is too much to suffer from the largest animal of the class that "chews the thistle."

"Exception grand of thy degenerate caste."

Will Mr Stokes be pleased, next time he goes to the Desert, to make out a list of names of noblemen distinguished by all mental endowments, during any preceding age, as numerous as that which now glorifies the peerage? Has he ever looked into an Army or Navy list? Or read a Gazette? Were Wellington's aide-de-camps degenerate from their sires of old? Was all the blood of our nobility, so prodigally shed on field and flood, from the era of the French revolution, to that of the battle of Wa-

terloo, base blood and poor, in comparison with the high and rich blood of those undegenerate heroic families, the Stokeses and the Sewells, the two main branches of the great Trunk,—the right and left wings of the illustrious House of Tims? In all this he shews himself—if not a low-born—a low-bred man. In low birth, there is no disgrace—none but fools think so—and we should not esteem him the less—but the more—were he to turn out to be a natural son of the tailor who wrote the Age. But low-breeding is shameful, in all who have had the luck to be born at all, and peculiarly so in one who pretends that he cannot endure "mankind's disgusting ways;" indeed we have uniformly remarked, that he who plucks up courage to sneer at Lords, is the creature who would volunteer to lick their spittle, in the most "disgustful way;" and if spit upon accidentally by a nobleman, would pride himself on the expectation, and thenceforth claim three gobs on his scutcheon. Mr Stokes, like all other poetsasters, treats us with the old story of the comet. Byron has been compared to a comet about a billion times at the very lowest computation. Pray, did Mr Stokes ever see a comet? To the eye, it neither travels, nor blazes, nor particularly passes over midnight. It seems a soft lazy light, at which Mr Stokes, genteely tucking up the tails of his coat, might warm his posteriors. The dull common orbs—so he chooses to libel the stars—do not look quite aghast at a comet. They know their own place and keep it, and do not fear but that he will keep his, however eccentric may be his orbit. With regard to Byron again, did all the dull common orbs, alias all the great living poets of Britain, look quite aghast on his portentous career? All of them either admired, loved, or pitied him; even those whose innocuous brightness, in his unhappy and diseased temper, he vainly strove to stain with ridicule and abuse. Mr Stokes is mistaken, too, in supposing that the life of a comet is short. Comets are as ancient as the fixed stars—the transitory effulgencies are the meteors.

"Thy glorious course for man was, ah!
too fast,"

is about the most miserable line that

ever was written, except the one which follows it—

"Ay,—and 'twas when thy ray most
bright and clear
Illumed——"

where utter drivelslobbers in wretched grammar, and the faculties are exhibited in the last stage of pauperism. "It sank, never to reappear," is indeed the last sob of inanition.

"Behold, a bard—I need not tell his name,
Grey in the service of servility,
Whose pallid cheek is somewhat tinged
with shame,
With shame indeed it deeply tinged may
be."

Who may be this old unhappy creature? Let us turn over the leaves and see. Here he is again—

"The apostate turn'd him to the world,
and join'd
The gang of hypocrites, the servile throng,
For whom the gilded smile of Power is
coin'd,
How strange he look'd the fawning crew
among!"

Such is the character this small insignificant sinner Henry Sewell Stokes draws of ROBERT SOUTHEY. Faugh! the offence is rank; and the nostrils are surprised to feel how strong may be the stinking breath of a Lilliputian. To look at a poor poetaster, with his unmeaning face, and silly eyes, you would deem his disposition to be milk and water—but it is small beer turned into vinegar. Imbecility is almost always malignant—the feeble-hearted are generally foul-mouthed—and the weak, in a world where glory waits on power, are in fretting envy, the most worthless of the wicked. The head of that Illustrious Man is grey; for the brain within, working in intellect and imagination, for many laborious and glorious years, has whitened the locks that once were dark as the raven's wing; nor has Providence exempted him from mortal affliction.

But the world, whom his genius and his virtue have blessed, the race whom he has elevated by the divine spirit of his works, and the spirit diviner still of his life, will hold his name in everlasting honour and gratitude: and though loathsome to the mere senses, yet harmless after all will be the slime of the reptiles that may crawl over his grave.

Literary jealousy and envy, the bitterest passions that poison the heartsblood, and political party-spirit, that as often lies coolly as savagely, have for many years been assailing Mr Southey, with little other effect than public scorn spit in the faces of the mean malignants. But why should Master Stokes join the gang? If he be jealous of Mr Southey, so may green cheese be jealous of the moon. And as for party, why, Whigs and Radicals alike would scoff at a poetaster who dignifies Dartmoor with the pompous designation of a Desert. His abuse of Mr Southey therefore must be the abuse of a heartless blockhead, repeating by rote the gabble of the geese with whom he plowters about in the same pond. Motive he can have none; his fibels are even more ludicrous than loathsome; and we are disposed, as soon as our disgust subsides, to pity the poor fellow as a Fool. He is, after all, perhaps a simpleton rather than a sinner.

Uncle Toby we believe it was who dismissed a large bummer that had been teasing him, out at the window, with some such humane ejaculation as this "Go thy ways—poor devil—there is room enough in the world for both thee and me"—and Uncle Toby was in the right of it, for the blockhead of a blue-bottle had no sting, and was in his native element only in horse-dung. But small Stokes has a sting, which, though short and blunt, is yet venomous—and therefore we put our foot upon him—So.

KANT IN HIS MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

TO THE EDITOR OF BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

SIR CHRISTOPHER,

I HAVE talked with you so often upon the grand philosophic question of this age—the value and interpretation of the doctrines advanced by the great Thinker of Königsberg, that to you I shall not need any apology for drawing the public attention to any thing connected with that subject. Perhaps the direct philosophy of Kant, meaning by that term the Critical or Transcendental System, is not altogether fitted for a popular miscellany. Though, candidly speaking, I am not quite sure of *that*; for one excellence of your thrice-famous journal lies in its vast compass. There is no note within the gamut of human enquiries, and the largest scale of human interests, which has not been sounded by you on one occasion or other; and the true caution seems to be—not to reject such themes altogether, but (as in reality you have done) to keep them down within their just proportions. After a certain period of discussion, when books have familiarized us with their names, even the most abstruse enquirers after truth become objects of a mere popular interest in a limited degree. Fontenelle finds it convenient to expound one mode of philosophy to a female audience, Voltaire and Algarotti another. And such facts, possible for our ancestors of three generations back, are much more possible for ourselves, or *ought* to be, consistently with our pretensions. Yes, it will be said, mere abstruseness or subtlety, simply considered, is *no prima facie* objection to the policy of entertaining a great question even before a popular and mixed audience. It is not for its abstruseness that we shrink from the Transcendental Philosophy, but for *that* taken in connexion with its visionariness, and its disjunction from all the practical uses of life. In an age which, if ever any *did*, idolatrizes the tangible and the material—the shadowy (but not therefore unreal or baseless) texture of metaphysics is certainly called into a very disadvantageous comparison. Its objects are not those of any parts of

knowledge to which modern curiosity is directed; neither are its weapons such as modern education has qualified us to wield. We are powerless for the means, and without reverence for the ends. The subsidiary pursuits of Logic, Psychology, &c. languish under the same neglect in this country. And thus every avenue being barred to this great and central philosophy, our ignorance, gross in this point as that of the Esquimaux, becomes reciprocally cause and effect in relation to our want of interest. Yet, after all is said and done, and when vassalage to the eye is most matured, and the empire of sense absolutely systematized by education,—still under every obstacle—oppression, thwarting, stifling, such is the imperishable dignity of the human mind, that all the great problems concerning its own nature and destination, which, without one exception, happen to be metaphysical, must and will victoriously return upon us.

“Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will, and Fate,
Fixed Fate, Free Will, Foreknowledge
Absolute,”

the ruined angels of Milton (*Par. Lost*, b. ii.) converse, as of the highest themes which could occupy *their* thoughts; and these are also the highest for man. Immortality—is *that* a natural prerogative of the human soul, or a privilege superinduced upon its original nature? God—does he exist by laws capable of a regular demonstration, as Des Cartes (borrowing from the Schoolmen), and, upon different grounds, Samuel Clarke, imagine? Or is He far transcendent to every mode of apodeictic evidence? Is man free, *i.e.* has that stupendous phenomenon of human nature—the will, or the practical reason—absolute autonomy? Or is *that* also under laws of mechanism? In fact, all parts of knowledge have their origin in Metaphysics, and, finally, perhaps revolve into it. Mathematics has not a foot to stand upon which is not purely metaphysical. It begins

in Metaphysics; and their several orbits are continually intersecting—as in the questions arising on the Higher Curves—the Differential Calculus—and generally on the Infinite. Natural Philosophy even, which might have been presumed to have the least of a supersensuous origin, plants its first steps—those, namely, which concern Motion, Rest, Gravity, Force, Action, Reaction, Plenum, Vacuum, &c.—on ground which is so abundantly Metaphysical, that the shallowest philosopher has been forced to see that the solution of the difficulties, in any case where they are solved, and the anarchy of opinions in some of those cases where they are not, alike rest—not upon experiments enough or too few—but simply upon a better or worse theory, or Metaphysical construction by the understanding of the known facts of the case. These facts are to be exhibited in a system, *i. e.* in their relation to each other; and that can be done only under the guidance of Metaphysical principles.—And this necessity is absolute; no speculations on these elementary parts of Physics, not those which are the most obstinate in nominally abjuring Metaphysics, can really and *bonâ fide* forego this necessity. As well might a man abjure Geometry when investigating the affections of the Parabola. “*Hypotheses non fingo*,” says Sir Isaac Newton; yet, as Kant has shewn, in the business of a Vacuum—he not only *did* introduce a hypothesis, but that hypothesis a metaphysical one, and (worse still!) a needless one. Many are the men, indeed, who have railed at Metaphysics by metaphysical arguments; and have sought to establish the baselessness or the uselessness of Logic, Ontology, &c. by arguments drawn wholly from the armories of those sciences. The late *walking Stewart*, for example, spent his life and some scores of volumes in metaphyzizing against Metaphysics. And so in Physics, no matter how much opposed in other respects, all investigators of nature in her earliest *incunabula*, and expounders of the “dark foundations” upon which her elementary forces repose, are compelled, in substance and reality, to enter the province of Metaphysics—however much they may disown the name; and can excel their predecessors or antagonists only in

so far as good Metaphysics will furnish better results than bad.

Meantime, my dear Sir Kit, form yourself—with my present purposes—the question is of no moment. Put what value you will on Metaphysics, your appreciation is a matter in which neither Kant nor myself can be much interested. Not Kant; for a disparagement, applied to the science *in abstract*, cannot personally or separately affect the individual. That Sparta, which has fallen to his lot, sterile as it may be, it is yet possible that he may have ornamented and developed to the extent of its capacity. On the other hand, not myself; for I am not at this time meditating any incursion into that unpopular region. On some future day, it is very possible, that I may trouble you with a short exposition of the Transcendental Philosophy, so framed that, without foregoing one iota of technical rigour, it shall convey, for the first time, to merely English ears, a real account of what that philosophy is. For take notice of this, that every thing yet published on the subject of Kant, in the English language, errs by one of two defects. Either it is mere nonsense, in a degree possible only to utter and determined ignorance of the German language; or it is so close a translation of the *ipsissima verba* of Kant, as to offer no sort of assistance to an uninitiated student, to say nothing of the barbarous effect produced by a German structure of sentence, and a terminology altogether new. To the former class belongs the long paper in an early number of the Edinburgh Review, written, as I judged upon internal evidence, and have since had confirmed to me, by Dr Thomas Brown. To the latter, the various essays of Mr Wirgman, published in the *Encyclopædia Londinensis*. These, like some thousands of similar works published in Germany and Denmark, are sure to be in the right by benefit of an artifice which, at the same time, makes them utterly useless, *viz.* by evading every attempt at commenting upon difficulties, or illustrating them, or giving their own sense of ambiguous passages, under one uniform caution of simply rehearsing and echoing the identical words, (unaltered, unexplained, unexpanded by so much as a little parenthesis or note,)

of the master himself. Hence, whilst we have thousands (yes, thousands!) of German or Latin "Commentaries," "Dictionaries," &c. on the Philosophy of Kant, they are pretty generally, as I have often said, to be regarded as no more than mere concordances, more or less carefully compiled. If you would know the meaning of the word "*Transcendental*,"* for instance, the Dictionary of Schmidt, or any other contemptible work of that kind, will be sure to give you Kant's own definition of it; and it will also collect laboriously from all Kant's writings, a pompous enumeration of the various cases to which he applies this term; but not a syllable will you find of any attempt to harmonize their several applications, and to evolve the common principle which gives unity to so many apparent differences; no, nor a single attempt at anticipating and smoothing the difficulties likely to arise in the effort to grasp so subtle an idea, nor an atom of illustration wrought out *proprio marte*. In short, what assistance you might expect from an index of parallel passages, which should bring all the acceptations of a word under your view at one instant, *that*, and no more, you may promise yourself from the commentators of Kant. And this is the more disgusting, because Kant not only had no talent for communicating ideas luminously, but had even the good sense to be aware of his own deficiencies in that respect, and *publicly* to avow them. After that avowal, it became criminal in a *soi-disant* com-

mentator on Kant to rest contentedly in the words as he found them. Neither, indeed, had it been otherwise, and that Kant, instead of the obscurest had been the most luminous of expounders, could it have happened that another expounder, who had really mastered his meaning, would have uniformly acquiesced in his particular way of explaining it. We see, for instance, in Algebra, that the clear and most determinate truths of that science, are presented in a different way and order by each successive teacher: *quot homines, tot rationes docendi*. And hence we are forced upon a very unpleasant conviction, in regard to modern Germany, viz. that, beyond any other nation, she breeds a race of sciolists, who derive a strange pleasure from wielding a pompous machinery of distinctions and technicalities, which they do not even fancy themselves to understand. For it is evident that, upon the faith even of a *fancied* knowledge, they would have courage to venture some fragment at least of an occasional illustration from their own stores. It must happen too, in some instances, that they would differ a little from their master. The main doctrines of a great systematic work may have too logical a cohesion to allow of this: grant one, you grant all; but still, in a very diffusive philosophy, there is room in some minor point for the most confiding disciple to hang a doubt perhaps, or an insinuation of a conditional demur. If nothing must be

* On this word *transcendental*, as most arbitrarily distinguished from the word *transcendent*, Mr Coleridge says, (*Biographia Literaria*, Vol. I. p. 241,) that the distinction is "observed by our elder divines and philosophers, whenever they express themselves *scholastically*. Dr Johnson, indeed, has confounded the two words; but his own authorities do not bear him out." Nothing can be more unfounded; and the best proof that it is so, lies in this,—that the schoolmen themselves, whom our elder divines, &c., are here supposed to follow, never dreamed of any distinction. Neither was their use of these words, either one or other, at all akin to Kant's. In the scholastic use of the word *transcendentalis*, it was opposed to *predicamentalis*, if two correlates, as, *e. g.* Father and Son, fall under the category of Relation, they were then said to be predicamental notions; but if the two correlates, as, *e. g.* Causa and Causatum, Subject and Adjunct, did not fall under that category, but transcended the limits of all the categories collectively, in that case they were said to be transcendental notions. Now, though it is true that a Kantian category and an Aristotelian category are very different things,—the latter being a mere inert abstraction or generalization, and the former a true operative *conditio sine qua non* in the genesis of all our thoughts,—yet, so far as our present purpose requires, we may compare them by saying, that the transcendental in Kant's system, was so far from transcending the categories, that the transcendental, and that only, constituted the categories.

absolutely suspected, still (as in the French reign of terror) it may be suspected of being suspicious. The very blindest allegiance will allow of this. But naturally, where all is chaos and darkness, there can be as little of sincere doubt or hesitation, as of self-originated illustration.

However, all this is by the way; for, though my statement of Kant's system will be very different, in these particulars, from those which load the German catalogues for the last thirty-five years, yet at present I shall cautiously abstain from every part of his works which belongs to him in his quality of founder of a new philosophy. The best way to a presumptive, or analogical appreciation of a man's pretensions in matters which we do not well understand, is to try him in those which we do. Metaphysics are pretty generally out of the reach of a nation made up of practical men of business. To judge a metaphysician directly, is therefore out of our province; but indirectly we may fairly enough compute his amount of power, by observing how he acquits himself on that neutral ground which is common to all intellectual nations. Civil Polity, for example, Natural Theology, Political Economy—these are parts of knowledge which furnish an arena, not less to the subtleties of the speculative, than to the good sense of the practical. Now it happens, that on these, and other subjects of a more miscellaneous nature, there exists a large body of essays, written *occasionally* (i. e. in the philosophic sense of that term, as occasions arose to draw them forth) by Kant, at many different periods of his long life. These have been collected since his death, and published in four octavo volumes, under the title of *Kant's Vermischte Schriften*, (Kant's Miscellaneous Writings.) The editor, Tieftrunk, was personally acquainted with Kant; a man of talent, and one of the few, perhaps, who really understood him. His notes, therefore, in the rare cases where he gives any, are valuable; and much to be lamented it is, that he did not give us more. It is also

matter of regret, as with reference to my present popular aim, that the essays themselves have too little of a literary cast: too generally they have a scientific leaning, and always a scientific diction and mode of treating the subject. In reality Kant was a bad writer, and in some respects a pedant, and also, in a qualified sense, (and without meaning the least disrespect to him,) something of a brute. That is to say, though—from an early horror which he conceived for the character of a mere scholastic dreamer, unfitted to take his place in the business of real life—he affected, in his own person, the manners and knowledge of a man of the world, sought the society of ladies, and did not shrink from that of kings, soldiers, nobles, foreigners, &c.; and though, in the same spirit, and as part of that policy, he acted on the memorable counsel given to a Grecian philosopher,* and “sacrificed to the Graces;” though he went so far even as to write an illustrative essay on the Sublime and the Beautiful, which he did his best to make popular, by making it determinately shallow and trivial; though, in the same spirit, he seasoned all his works with elegant citations from classical poets—always apposite, however trite; yet, under all these disguises, it is very evident that Kant's original determination was to a coarse, masculine pursuit of science; and that literature, in its finer departments, whose essence is power and not knowledge, was to him, at all parts of his life, an object of secret contempt. Out of regard to what he considered the prejudices of society, it is true he concealed his contempt; and perhaps, in its whole extent, he did not even avow it to himself; but it is clear that it lurked in his inner nature. What, then? do I pretend to know Kant better than he knew himself? In some things, perhaps, I do. How, for instance, I ask, could that man have had any sense for the graces of style, in the largest meaning of that word, that is, for the mode of presenting a subject, of effecting the transitions and connexions, for the artifices by which parts are brought

* Would that he had adopted the *whole* counsel given in that instance—to sacrifice to the Graces and to Perspicuity; τὰς Χάριτας καὶ τὴ Σιφηνίαν.

forward into prominent relief, or withdrawn from too conspicuous a station; for the arts of preparation, of recapitulation, of peroration, together with the whole world of refinements which belong to a beautiful and impressive diction?—how, I demand, could he have had any organ for the perception of all this, who in his own case, and in those works which he most of all designed as the classical monuments of his own power, shews uniformly that, in a question of *manner*, he knows of no higher a purpose than a man can, or ought to have, than in any way whatsoever, no matter how clumsily, disorderly, ungracefully—no matter with what perplexity or confusion, tautology or circumlocution, to deliver himself of a meaning? In some degree this is certainly surprising; for Kant was really a good scholar, at least as respected Latin. He had, indeed, been a schoolfellow of Ruhnken, that admirable master of classical learning; he had corresponded with him, and he wrote Latin excellently, indeed a sort of Latin very much superior to what passes for good amongst ourselves. But, for all that, he wrote his own language most uncouthly; some would say *barbarously*, but that would be going too far. Joseph Scaliger, in the Introduction to his Annotations on Manilius, insists, very properly, on the distinction between *barbare loqui* and *incondite loqui*. This was precisely the difference between Wolf (the systematizer of Leibnitz) and Kant; Wolf, in our Queen Anne's time, who wrote in a piebald hybrid diction, made up of German, French, and Latin, might be said to write *barbare*, Kant, *incondite*, i. e. without composition or digestion. Frederick Schlegel, who was eternally weaving false refinements, represents Kant's style as the product of a deliberate system, and the result of infinite pains. Nothing can be more untrue; mere carelessness, combined with fulness of thought, self-confounded in the tumult of discharging itself, accounts for all that distinguishes his style. It is said that Kant was jealous of the reputation of Leibnitz. Perhaps, though in a way that never disturbed his candour, he was; and in some great endowments undoubtedly he had the advantage of

Leibnitz; but in others he was vastly his inferior, and in none more than in this very quality of style. The philosophic style of Leibnitz is excellent: to subjects already difficult in themselves, he brings no super-added difficulties of language. In fact, Leibnitz had lived too much in Paris for that. German prolixity and involution are inevitably pruned away by intercourse with French models.

One or two of these smaller essays of Kant, therefore, with all their defects, that is, with the defect *quoad hoc*, (or relatively to a popular treatment,) of too great a bias to severe science, and with the *absolute* defect of a bad style, and bad in that way which least allows of a remedy being applied in any faithful translation, I purpose to lay before your readers, not in a full version, but in a critical abstract. Allow me, however, to introduce them by a few general remarks on Kant's habits of thought, and on those peculiarities in his literary character and opinions which are likely to be most offensive to English readers, unless previously warned and taught to allow for them.

One fact, which struck me by accident, and not until after a long familiarity with Kant's writings, is this, that in all probability Kant never read a book in his life. This is paradoxical, and undoubtedly is in the very teeth of general fame, which represents him to have been a prodigious student in all parts of knowledge, and therefore, of necessity, it may be thought, a vast reader. A pretty general student he certainly was, but not, therefore, a great reader. And, fully conceding his great attainments, I still adhere to my thesis, that Kant never read a book. What! none? No, none at all; no book whatsoever. The books of which he read most were, perhaps, books of voyages and travels; for he himself gave lectures on what he called *Physical Geography*, i. e. descriptive sketches of our planet, both with reference to those obvious features of its terraqueous distribution and arrangement, (which constitute the sum of what is usually understood by geography,) and also with reference to its geologic structure, and the classification and condition of its human occupants. Books of that kind

which are made up of independent notices, and a vast variety of details, could not be read by any process of short-hand; and these he borrowed from his own publisher (Hartknoch), and most unwillingly, I venture to say, glanced his eye probably over the whole, pausing, perhaps, to dwell a little upon any passage where a prominent word or two might give a promise of some interesting discussion or statement. But wherever the business of the writer was not chiefly with facts, but with speculations built on facts, Kant's power of thought gave him a ready means of evading the labour of reading the book. Taking the elementary principles of the writer, as stated by himself or another, and supposing that he thought it worth his pains, he would then *integrate* these principles for himself; that is to say, he would supply all that was wanting as a complement to an entire systematic hypothesis. In this way he judged of Plato, Berkeley, and many others. Locke he had evidently read only in an outline; and authors of obscurer name, such as Plotinus, Boethius, Cudworth, and thousands of others, he had never so much as looked into. Yet these were writers in his own department; and if he would not read *them*, it may be presumed that (unless for relaxation) he would read *nobody*. For this abstinence, so long as he was forming his own system, I give him credit. Having his own principles fully conceived more than thirty years before he brought them forward in a full development, he was perfectly in the right to retreat from every thing that could disturb their evolution; but once having matured his own scheme of philosophy, undoubtedly it was his duty to have examined the writings of others who had trod the same ground; as in this way only he could ascertain the amount of his coincidences with former philosophers. These are, in fact, very numerous in Kant; whilst the air of intrepid originality, with which he uniformly presents both his principles and their consequences, forbids us to suppose that he was aware of them as such. I readily grant that, if an elder philosopher advances a truth as an insulated fact, and afterwards another deduces that same

truth in a regular way, from principles peculiar to himself, the second propounder has a right to esteem himself under no obligation to the first. But he will do well in policy to notice the coincidence, and to point out the systematic tenure which it has obtained from himself, in opposition to the loose footing on which it stood previously. It is undeniable, however, that in many instances Kant has not the excuse which I have here suggested for him; he brings forward truths not at all better demonstrated, or illustrated, or applied, than they had been by others, as pure novelties, and all for want of reading. The same want of reading is conspicuous in another class of cases, viz. those where he has missed the most tempting opportunities for applying his own undoubted principles to the exposure of errors countenanced by popular writers—errors of which he was not aware; for we may be sure that no man willingly foregoes such challenges, as it were, to the victorious application of his own principles.

Secondly, It must not be concealed that Kant is an enemy to Christianity. Not content with the privilege of speaking in an infidel tone, and with philosophic liberty, he manifestly thinks of Christianity with enmity, nay, with spite. I will never believe that Kant was capable (as some have represented him) of ridiculing in conversation the hopes of immortality; for *that* is both incredible for itself, and in contradiction to many passages in his writings. But that he was mean and little-minded in his hatred to Christianity is certain. Nor is it at all unintelligible, that philosopher as he was, and compelled to do homage therefore, unwilling homage, to the purity and holiness which so transcendently belong to the Christian morals, (a subject which he could not decline or evade, having himself treated that part of philosophy with such emphatic truth and grandeur,) after confessing, as, in fact, he did, its superiority to the Stoic morality, which certainly approaches nearest to the Christian in uncompromising rigour of principle, it is still not unintelligible that he should harbour enmity to Christianity as an entire scheme of religious philosophy. Though at first sight startling, I re-

peat that this co-existence of two opposite states of feeling with regard to Christianity is no inexplicable phenomenon. Infidel philosophers have in general displayed a bigotry of hostility to Christianity, which, whilst openly testifying their hatred, covertly testified their respect. In this there is really no marvel, though it is true that many writers have treated it as such. Humphrey Ditton, for instance, in his once celebrated book on the Resurrection, addressing the infidels of his day, says, (p. 42,) "Why is there so loud a cry of juggle and imposture set up against Christianity, against which the charge has scarce ever been attempted to be made out, rather than the religion of Mohammed, where they grant the forgery to be past dispute? If there be a little fling sometimes by chance at the Koran, the critics are *always* exercising their wits upon the Gospel. Now, I say, why all this noise and stir about Christianity? Why Jesus Christ more than Mohammed?" The answer to this is not difficult upon philosophic grounds. In any case whatever, let a man persuade himself that he has reasons for despising in one view what forces his homage in another, and a struggle will inevitably take place between the two opposite impulses, such as will always terminate in a lively state of anger and irritation. Absolute and unmitigated contempt will generally preclude hostility. That feeling will arise more naturally when the contempt is disturbed (and, therefore, from a quiescent raised to an active force) by a counter agent, a sentiment of imperfect respect. On this principle is solved the cruelty practised on slaves by some men humane enough to brute animals. The inevitable respect for their own common nature in the person of the slave, meeting with their contempt for the individual, raised a conflict in their minds; but in the case of the brute, where the state of the feeling with which it is contemplated is not $+ X$ (or *plus X*) in opposition to $- X$ (or *minus X*), but simply $= 0$, no such conflict could arise.

The explanation, therefore, of Kant's hostility to Christianity was not at all the more difficult, because, in many capital points, he venerated Christianity. On the contrary, it was on that

account so much the easier. But, however that may be, the fact is undeniable. In one passage, though I cannot at this moment cite page and volume, he peremptorily denies that the moral or political condition of the earth, and the general face of society, have been at all improved by eighteen centuries of Christianity, (more properly fifteen, regard had to the era of its civil establishment.) But Kant's works yield many instances of unfair dealing with Christianity; one of which, as it will amuse you, I will here translate.—In the conclusion of his "*Streit der Facultäten*," Kant had remarked in the text that the Biblical History "presents us with a very remarkable *Numeral Cabala*, in regard to the most important epochs of its chronology, such as cannot but in some degree weaken the impression of its authenticity." This remark he illustrates at length in the following foot-note: "Seventy Apocalyptic months, (of which there are 4 in this Cycle,) each month of $29\frac{1}{2}$ years, make 2065 years. Now from this product subtract every 49th year, as the great year of rest, or Sabbatical year, that is, subtract in all 42, and there remain exactly 2023 for the year when Abraham went up to Egypt out of the land of Canaan, which God had given him. Thence to the recovery of that country by the children of Israel are precisely 70 Apocalyptic weeks = 490 years. Four periods of that length ($= 1960$ years) added to the former period of 2023, make 3983 years (the era of Christ's birth, dated from the Mosaic creation); and *that* so exactly, that it is true even to a year. Seventy years after comes the final destruction of Jerusalem, and that also is a mystical epoch. But it may be objected, that Bengel (in his *Ordo Temporum*, p. 9, and p. 218, *seqq.*) deduces a different number as the era of Christ's nativity. True: but that makes no manner of difference in the mystical sanctity of the number 7; for Bengel's number is 3939. Now the number of years from Abraham's Call to the Birth of Christ is 1960, which number expresses the amount of four Apocalyptic periods, each of 490 years, or (if you choose) of 40 Apocalyptic periods, each of 7 times 7 years (49.) Subtract, then, from every period of

49 years, *one* as the representative of the Sabbatical year, that will give you 40 for a subtrahend; and next subtract, on account of every great Sabbatical year, (namely, every 490th year) *one* also, and that will give you an additional subtrahend of 4, as there are four such periods of 490 years. Your total subtrahend, therefore, will be 44. This, taken from 3983, will leave Bengel's number of 3939 for the era of Christ's nativity. And thus it turns out that the two numbers 3983 and 3939, assigned on separate systems for the Birth of Christ, differ only thus far—that the latter of the two arises when, in computing the amount of time for the former, all that time which belongs to the four great epochs is reduced by the number of the Sabbatical years. According to Bengel's reckoning, the chronological table of the Sacred History would stand thus:—

- " 2023—Promise to Abraham of the land of Canaan.
- " 2302—Accomplishment of this promise.
- " 2981—Dedication of the First Temple.
- " 3460—Order for the building of the Second Temple.
- " 3939—Birth of Christ.

Subtract from every one of these numbers the one immediately preceding, and it leaves 490. Even the year of the Flood may be learned on this system by *à priori* calculation. Four periods of 490 (that is of 70 times 7) make 1960. Subtract every 7th year ($\therefore 280$), and there will remain 1680. From this 1680 again subtract every 70th year ($\therefore 24$), and there will remain 1656; and that was the year of the Flood."

Upon all this long calculation Kant concludes thus:—"What shall we say then? Is it to be inferred that the sacred numbers have actually predetermined the course of history? Frank's system, entitled *Cyclos Jobilæus*, turns upon this very centre of mystical chronology."—By way of answer to it all, I think I cannot do better than transcribe the words of Mr Coleridge, as I once found them in a blank leaf of that volume which contains the Essay in question:—"In this attack on the New and Old Testament from Cabala of Numbers,

how came it that Kant did not perceive that Jews could not join with Christians? And one of the events, at least, is downright history, the destruction of Jerusalem. A single perusal of Eichhorn (no believer himself in the supernatural) dashes to earth all these objections. Besides, how unfair to subtract every 49th year in the first 2065 ($= 2023$), and not to subtract them in the 70 times 4 Apocalyptic weeks that follow; to make the Apocalyptic month 295 years, and then four Apocalyptic weeks $= 28$? What coincidences may not be produced by these means? I doubt not you might fix on some one number in the Greek or Roman history, and play the same marvels off with it. Petavius may omit, and Bengel introduce, the subtraction of the 49th year, and all is fair; but Petavius must not now omit and now introduce *ad libitum*. In short, the whole range is included in 10; and what wonder if, with such license allowed, half a dozen remarkable events, in the course of 6000 years, should be brought all to some one number? Every man's own experience would furnish equal coincidences in every year, if he examined minutely." True. Take an instance from the immortal Niebuhr. From Aeneas to the building of Rome—how many years? 360. Thence to the capture by the Gauls? 360. Thence to the foundation of the empire? 360. Thence to the foundation of Constantinople? 360. Was this Cabala? With respect to the Flood, Call of Abraham, Building of the First Temple, &c., these are all events that lie beyond the earliest limit of Grecian chronology, and therefore, of necessity, want all collateral evidence. Resting, therefore, upon purely Jewish testimony, it is open to an infidel to insinuate that events, synchronizing so perfectly with a fanciful Rabbinical Cabala, were themselves likely to be equally fanciful. But when he goes on to apply the same principle of criticism to events authenticated by collateral records—Pagan as well as Christian, and Jewish, Greek, and Roman, no less than Hebrew—his scepticism recoils sadly on his own character for good sense. If a monkish chronicler were to assure us that great famine or pestilence had occurred, according to intervals indi-

cated by the powers of the number 2, (viz. 1, 8, 16, 32, &c.) we should be disposed to laugh at his theory; and if we found him alleging confirmations of it from the dark ages, we should certainly suspect him of forging attestations so as to quadrate with his cabala. But if this same monk were to shew us that certain recurrences in our own actual experience had been governed by this law, in such a case, supposing that we still persisted in rejecting his theory, we must do so *in spite of* his illustrations, and not surely in consequence of them. Now, Kant's illustrations from the relations of time between the Crucifixion and the Destruction of Jerusalem, are brought forward as additional grounds of suspicion against Biblical testimony; whereas evidently, so far as it goes, the tendency of this particular illustration is entirely in favour of the Cabala. Did Kant mean to question the Christian chronology of these events? If he did not, he meant something which tended against himself.

In the very same Essay, and in the very next page, is another instance of Kant's hatred to *pure* Christianity: if he would tolerate it in any shape, it seems it must be in that which is farthest removed from its primitive purity; which, by the way, is an argument in favour of my way of accounting for Kant's feelings on this matter. Talking of the Roman Catholics, he says—"That church, in avowing that there is no salvation except within its own pale, speaks much more consistently than the Protestant, which admits the possibility of salvation even to the Roman Catholic. For, if that be so, then (as Bossuet* observes) a man will make the safest choice by attaching himself to the Papists. Since, after all, to be happier than happy, is what no man need desire." It is scarcely possible, in the same number of words, to crowd more or heavier errors. Even the last words have no truth; since a Protestant may, very consistently with Scripture, believe in *de-*

grees of future happiness. But the great blunder, and one which possibly never was surpassed by any man priding himself (and justly, for the most part) upon accuracy of logic, is in the application of Bossuet's remark. For it is obvious, that, if a man already believes in the Popish creed, then he has no choice to make. To suppose him in a state of freedom for making a choice, we must necessarily suppose him an unbeliever in that form of religion. If then, being an unbeliever, he yet adopts it on politic considerations of safety, (as having the votes in his favour both of Papist and Protestant,) *that* is no religion at all, either in the eyes of Papist or Protestant; for both must include sincerity in their idea of religion. Obviously, the maxim is of no prudential application at all; that is, it does not beforehand serve to guide a man in his choice of religion: its use is merely reflex or retrospective; that is, supposing a man, in sincerity of heart, to have, *bona fide*, adopted the Popish faith as his own, such a maxim is consolatory afterwards, and on reflection, by suggesting the double guarantee which he has for having made a wise choice, first, in the assurance of his own church, and secondly, in the admission of the hostile church. That a logician so keen as Kant should have committed so monstrous an oversight, and allowed his spite to betray him into such an Irish Bull as that of making a man to be prudentially religious in professing a religion which he does not believe, has certainly no parallel. Here again I found a note of Mr Coleridge's in these words: "It may well surprise one to find in Kant a confirmation of so ridiculous a sophism as that of Bossuet and the Romaniists. The Protestant does not say that a man can be saved who chooses the Catholic religion, not as true, but as the safest; for this is no religion at all, but only a pretence to it. A faith sincere, from honest intentions, will save Catholic or Protestant. So St Paul on meats and holy days." But

Bossuet may have been the person who first gave this notion extensive currency; and in that sense it may be properly attributed to him. Otherwise, it was used by Papists, and answered by Protestants, before Bossuet was born. See, among others, Archbishop Usher, Dr Christopher Potter, (of the age of James the First); and doubtless many scores beside. The root of the sophism came from Athanasius.

the best, most triumphant, and most comprehensive answer which this monstrous abortion of sound logic ever met with, was from the pen of Jeremy Taylor. Never, perhaps, on any subject, were there two such annihilating arguments on this point, as these which follow. First, on the supposition (a very possible one) that we Protestants are *wrong* in our concession,—“Whatever we talk, things are *as they are*, not as we dispute, or grant, or hope;” and hence he reminds a convert to Popery, whom he is here addressing, that it would be no great consolation to her, in the unfortunate case of finding herself damned, that we Protestants had, in our charity, believed the contrary. But, secondly, on the supposition that we are *right* in our concession, what is the true meaning and value of that concession? It may safely be affirmed, that, had Bossuet or any other Papist ever read the clench which follows, we should never again have heard this Protestant concession insisted on:—“I wish,” says Jeremy Taylor, “I wish that you would consider that, if any of our men say salvation may be had in your church, it is not for the goodness of your new proposition,” (*i. e.* for the additions or changes interwoven with Protestantism, or Primitive Christianity,) “but only because you do keep so much of that which is our religion, that upon the confidence of *that* we hope well concerning you. And we do not hope any thing at all that is good of you or your religion, as it *distinguishes* from us and ours; we hope that the good which you have *common* with us may obtain pardon, directly

or indirectly, or may be an antidote of the venom, and an amulet against the danger, of your very great errors. So that, if you can derive any confidence from our concession, you must remember where it takes root; not upon any thing of yours, but wholly upon the excellence of ours. You are not at all safe or warranted for being Papists; but we hope well of some of you for having so much of the Protestant.” Other arguments follow and precede this, in which Jeremy Taylor has pursued the sophism with such overwhelming ridicule, and so merciless an exposure of its hollowness, to the very end of his letter, (a letter to an English Lady, who had been recently seduced to Popery,) that, laying all together, one is perfectly astounded to find that any one single proposition can be comprehensive enough to cover such a variety and enormity of error. And had Kant been induced to read this flagrant exposure of the true Protestant sense of the famous Protestant concession, which he had backed with his *imprimatur*, under the Popish acceptance of it, he was too good a dialectician not to have blushed purple for his own levity and thoughtless precipitance.*

Writing with such habitual contempt for revealed religion, and with more bitter contempt in proportion as that religion came nearer to the ideal of absolute purity, Kant (as it may well be supposed) could not fail of drawing upon himself the notice of government. With all our modern outcry for toleration, it may be hoped that a time will never come, in any Christian land, when a public

* Kant was eternally using, in his own writings, the scholastic distinction of *objective* and *subjective*; and I readily grant, not without good reason, and great benefit. Strange that he did not see how much that distinction applies to this case! The Romanists talk as though our concession, opposed to their absolute refusal of a corresponding concession, argued something *objectively* superior and more convincing in their faith: but evidently, and *before examination even*. It might be presumed quite as likely to argue only a *subjective* difference in the two parties, viz. in charity. Not any more dubious appearance of error on their part, but on ours, greater charity as to the pardonableness of all error that is merely error of the understanding, extorts from us such a concession. On this view of the case, it is clear that greater impudence and greater uncharitableness will always be sufficient to secure the imaginary triumph of the Papist, or indeed of any other partizans in any other cause. A Cartesian might say to a Newtonian, I presume you do not think me in damnable error? Certainly not, replies the Newtonian. Then take notice, rejoins the Cartesian, that your errors in my mind *are* damnable. Upon this argument, according to Kant, a man would do well to abjure his Newtonianism.

Professor in a great national university, authorized and protected by the government,—a Professor, too, whose extraordinary talents and knowledge diffused his opinions far and wide, and whose otherwise irreproachable life gave them additional weight and influence,—can have reason to count upon toleration, in sapping the very foundations of those doctrines upon which all the sublimer hopes of poor frail humanity repose. Such a time, we trust, will never come, even in the heart of infidel Germany. At all events, it *had* not come in the 18th century. And accordingly, on the 12th of October 1794, Kant was surprised by an unwelcome letter of stern rebuke from his sovereign, the reigning King of Prussia, Frederick William the Second. The immediate occasion of this letter was his book on *Religion within the limits of pure Reason*: but it is probable that this particular book did but mature and furnish the immediate occasion to the explosion of that displeasure which must have been long accumulating. The thunder fell with the more effect upon the old Transcendentalist, for a very particular and facetious reason, viz. because he considered himself (*visum teneatis?*) a remarkably religious character. In one thing the old man's feelings were spared,—the letter was a private one, and first made public by Kant himself after the king's death. As it is short and to the purpose, perhaps I may as well translate it.

“Frederick William, by the grace of God King of Prussia, &c. &c. To our well-beloved Immanuel Kant, Worthy and very learned Professor, our dear liegeman! So it is, that for some time past it has come to our high knowledge, with great displeasure, that you misapply your philosophy to the purpose of disfiguring and disparaging many capital and fundamental doctrines of Holy Writ and Christianity; as particularly in your book entitled *Religion within the limits of pure Reason*, and in other similar Essays. We had looked for better things from you; since you cannot but yourself be aware how deeply you offend, by such conduct, against your own duty as a teacher of youth, and against the spirit of our paternal wishes—to which you were no stranger—for the welfare of the

country. We look for your conscientious answer as soon as possible; and expect, on pain of our highest displeasure, that you will give no ground for blame of that sort in future, but will rather apply your influence and your great talents to the task of furthering more and more our gracious designs for the public good. Otherwise, in case of persevering opposition to our pleasure hereby notified, be well assured that you will have unpleasant consequences to expect. Meantime, we assure you of our gracious regard. Berlin, the 1st of October, 1794.”

Such was the rebuke, such were the menaces, which, in hoary old age, (then upwards of 70,) Kant drew upon himself from his king,—a prince otherwise so well disposed to him, that nothing less than the highest provocation could have extorted from him a harsh word to a man, in other respects of merit so distinguished. But surely grey hairs and irreligion make a monstrous union; and the spirit of proselytism carried into the service of infidelity,—youthful zeal put forth by a tottering decreed old man to withdraw from poor desponding and suffering human nature its most essential props, whether for action or for suffering, for conscience or for hope, is a spectacle too disgusting to leave room for much sympathy with merit of another kind. What was Kant's reply?—It has often been observed that, when once a man gets deeply involved in debt, he is rarely able to preserve his integrity or his honour quite unsullied; or at least loses the edge of his aversion to petty meanness. Something of the same effect is visible in the conduct of those who allow themselves openly to propagate infidelity. Let a man be as sincerely an infidel as any ever *has* been, it is most difficult to suppose that he can have framed to himself any notions of moral obligation, which could make it a duty to extend his opinions. So that it is a thousand to one that, in publishing his opinions, he has yielded almost consciously to a vanity or to a spite which he is ashamed to avow. Hence arises a necessity for lying. And melancholy it is to record, that Kant,—the upright, stern, stoical Kant,—in his answer to the king, shuffled, juggled, equivocated, in fact (it must be avow-

ed) *lied*. To what an extravagant height Kant carried his general reverence for truth, is well known. So sacred, in his estimate, was the obligation to unconditional veracity, that he declared it to be a duty, in case a murderer should apply to you for information as to the route taken by a man who had just escaped from his murderous fangs, to tell him the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Not to save a poor innocent fellow-creature from instant and bloody death, not even to save the assassin from the guilt and misery of so hideous a crime, would it be lawful, in Kant's judgment, to practise any the slightest evasion or disguise. The right to truth, even of the most abhorred matricide, and in the very act and agony of accomplishing his hellish purposes, is, according to Kant, absolute, and incapable of restraint or qualification. This explanation it was necessary to make, that we may be able to appreciate properly the miserable dilemma in which Kant must have involved himself, before he would seek shelter from a king's displeasure in a palpable untruth. But such it was, a lie gross and palpable, on which this proud philosopher mainly rested his apology. His letter to the King of Prussia is a perfect model of all that a letter to a king ought—not to be; long, wordy, perplexed, miserably pedantic, and, by its tortuous involution in some passages, (if *that* were not the ordinary character of Kant's style,) one might think expressly designed to mystify the king, and throw dust in his eyes. The substance is this:—after rehearsing the words of the king's charges, he says, that, as “a teacher of youth,” *i. e.* in his character of public lecturer, he could not by possibility have committed the offence imputed to him; since he had always taken, as the text-book for his lectures, a well-known work in which no mention of the Scriptures or of Christianity had occurred, or could occur, *viz.* Baumgarten's *Metaphysics*. But might he not have wandered from his text? No: *that* was a fault which no man could tax him with. Having set his face through life against the popular error of confounding the limits of different sciences, could it be supposed that he would himself trespass in that way? Thus far, certainly, Kant said no more

than the truth. But now hear what followed. As to his work on religion, *that* was to be considered as a sealed book, never meant for the public at large, or what we may call the *lay* public, but addressed *ad clericum*, *i. e.* to the learned and professional public. Shameless falsehood! to say this of a book which is no otherwise an unpopular book than as it became such by the heavy, rude, and cumbersome style in which it is written, bristling with scholastic distinctions, and disfigured by hyper-composite terms of art. Such a style might have a good deal to repel; but was there nothing *ex adverso* in the widespread fame of the author, and the curiosity connected with his philosophy, that might avail as a counterweight to that objection? And will Kant pretend to tell us, that it was in any man's power, writing rationally and with simplicity on a subject of such diffusive interest as religion, so to conceal his meaning as that it should not be penetrated by all people of education with a tolerably good understanding? He had not so much as interposed the thin veil of Latin betwixt himself and the public. Such a veil, it is true, lasts only for a moment, as translators in abundance are always at hand for a book of any interest; but at least there is a homage to decorum in assuming that disguise. Perhaps, however, you may think that an acquaintance with the Transcendental Philosophy was a *conditio sine qua non* for understanding the book. By no means. It was absolutely independent of that and of every philosophical system. And, had Kant spoken the naked truth, he would have said—“It is most true that I have done the worst of what your Majesty imputes to me, and even worse; but, however, my book is written in such a disgusting style, very much resembling that of my present letter, that I am inclined to think very few people will read twenty pages without finding it act upon them as an emetic; on which account it may be considered as a book not written, or self-cancelled.” The practical result of the matter was, that Kant promised to offend in this way no more. But even here he practised a jesuitical reserve; for, in the last sentence of his letter, which made this promise in the most so-

lemn (and to an unsuspecting reader in the most unreserved) terms, he prepared an excuse for a future evasion of his promise, by introducing the words, "as your Majesty's most faithful subject;" which words, he tells us in a note, were secretly meant by himself as limiting his engagement to the term of the King's life; though the words neither pointedly express that limitation, nor were at all designed by Kant to be interpreted by the King in any such sense. This is not quite the good faith and plain dealing of a man of honour.

But enough of this. Another essay of Kant's, which I shall notice, is one which bears the following title—*"On the common saying, that such or such a thing may be true in theory, but does not hold good in practice."** In this Essay the primary purpose of Kant (or that which is ostensibly primary) is the correction of a vulgar

error, which is all but universal, viz. the notion of a possible want of harmony (or even a possible irreconcilability) between the laws of theory and the facts of experience; as if it were possible, or even common, that the first should teach us to expect what the other might refuse to ratify. No notion can be more erroneous, or, indeed, upon a proper definition of the word *theory*, more self-contradictory. For theory is, in fact, no more than a system of laws, abstracted from experience: consequently, if any apparent contradiction should exist between them, this could only argue that the theory had been falsely or imperfectly abstracted; in which case, the sensible inference would be, not a summons to forego theories, but a call for better and more enlarged theories. There is, however, a sense of this popular saying under which, though the ex-

* The idea of a *theory*, as it differs from that of a *hypothesis*, is much in need of rectification. Most writers use the terms indiscriminately, and with no sense of any precise difference; and others, who have such a sense, have it so vaguely developed, as to fancy that the word *hypothesis* means a theory in a state of immaturity, or so long as it is *sub judice* and undemonstrated. But the distinction turns upon quite another hinge. The Grecian etymology, in fact, points in each case to the true meaning. Imagine, in any science or speculation, that all the elements (*i. e.* the forces, the modes of action, the phenomena, &c.) are given; but as yet they exist to the mind as an unorganized chaos. Then steps in contemplation, or reflective survey (*ὁρᾶν*); to assign to them all their several places or relations; which shall be first, which middle, which last; which shall be end, which shall be means; which subordinate, which coordinate; which force is for impulse, which for regulation; which absolute, which conditional; which purpose direct, which indirect or collateral; and so on. This introduction of organization amongst the facts or data of science is Theory. A theory, therefore, may be defined—an organic development to the understanding of the relations between the parts of any systematic whole. But in a hypothesis, it is only one relation which is investigated, viz. that of dependency. A number of phenomena are given, and perhaps with no want of orderly relation amongst them; but as yet they exist without apparent basis or support. The question, therefore, is concerning a sufficient ground or cause to account for them. I therefore step in and *underlay* the phenomena with a substructure or *sub-position* (*ὑποβῆναι*) such as I think capable of supporting them. This is a hypothesis. Briefly, then, in a theory, I organize what is certain enough already, but undetermined in its relations; whereas, in a hypothesis, I assign the causality when previously it was either unknown or uncertain. For example, we talk properly of a *theory of combustion*; for the elements, *i. e.* the phenomena and results, are indeterminate only with regard to their reciprocal relations. But with regard to the *aurora borealis*, it is a hypothesis that we want in the first place, for the phenomena are of uncertain origin. And perhaps this hypothesis would demand, as its sequel, a theory of the whole agencies concerned; but this could not be until the causality should have been determined. Again, suppose the case of algebraical equations, here all possibility of hypothesis is excluded. But a theory is still wanted. Many theories have started from the genesis of equations first proposed by Harriot, viz. that which views the higher equations as generated by multiplication out of the lower. But perhaps a different view of their origin would lead to more comprehensive results. Hindenburg with his disciples, Stahl, &c. have most happily applied an improved theory of combinations to this subject. I conclude with this recapitulation.—Theory is = Ordination. Hypothesis is = Substratum.

pression is inaccurate, it is very true and very extensively applicable. In one passage, Kant seems to allude to such a sense, though he has not sufficiently illustrated his meaning. But waiving this, it is very certain that the ordinary application of the saying labours with the whole error charged upon it; and this is stated by Kant as follows. Having first shewn the futility of pretending to practical skill, in disconnexion from a knowledge of theory, he says:—

“Meantime it is far more tolerable that an unlearned person should represent theory as superfluous for the purposes of his imaginary practice, (though not questioning their harmony,) than that a shallow refiner, whilst conceding the value of theory for speculation and scholastic uses, should couple with this concession the doctrine, that in practice, the case is otherwise; and that, upon coming out of the schools into the world, a man will be made sensible of having pursued mere philosophic dreams. In short, that what sounds well in theory, is not merely superfluous, but absolutely false for practice. Now the practical engineer who should express himself in these terms upon the science of mechanics, or the artillery officer who should say of the doctrine of projectiles, that the theory of it was conceived indeed with great subtlety, but was of little practical value, because in the actual exercise of the art, it was found that the experimental results did not conform to the theory, would expose themselves to derision. For, supposing that in the first case should be superadded to the theory of mechanics, that of friction, and that in the second, to the theory of projectiles were superadded that of the resistance of the air,—which in effect amounts to this, that if, instead of rejecting theory, still more theory were added, in that case the results of the abstract doctrine and of the experimental practice would coincide in every respect.

“However, it cannot be denied, that a theory such as this I have just mentioned, which has reference to objects of sense, is very differently circumstanced from a theory which has reference to mere ideas: a theory, for instance, which is employed upon mathematical objects (*i. e.* ap-

on the determinations of space, which admit of a sensuous construction) differs much from one which is employed upon philosophic objects, (*i. e.* upon notions which admit of no such construction.) Hence it should seem, *prima facie*, not impossible that these last objects may be very accurately conceived and pursued into a theory, whilst yet, at the same time, they should be incapable of being *given*, (to use the technical term,) *i. e.* not capable of being realized in actual experience: in other words, the conceptions, and the theory built upon them, might be alike *ideas* in the true Platonic sense, that is, transcendent to all experimental exhibition, and susceptible of no practical application, or even of a very injurious one.

“*Primá facie*, I say, in these cases, it seems not impossible that such a want of correspondence might be found between practice and theory. Whether it really *would* be found, is another question. But, waiving this question as a general one, let me confine myself, throughout the present essay, to one particular case of this question, viz. that in which the theory should happen to be built upon the idea of *duty*. Now, in this case, I affirm, and shall undertake to prove, that all fear lest the theory should prove inapplicable in practice, on account of the idea on which it reposes, is utterly groundless. This is demonstrable; no theoretic demand of duty can by possibility be impracticable. Why? Because it never could be a duty to propose any such result as an object of legitimate desire, if it were not capable of being realised in experience—whether now and perfectly, or by approximation. This is the sort of theory which I shall treat in the present essay. For of this it is, to the scandal of all philosophy, that we hear it not seldom alleged, that what is abstractly right in it yet cannot be made available for practice: and *that*, too, in a conceited tone, full of presumptuous pretensions for correcting the reason (and correcting it, observe, in that very point which constitutes its most glorious distinction) by experience; under the vainglorious fancy of seeing farther and more surely by means of mole eyes fastened upon the earth, than with eyes fitted to a being that

was framed to stand upright, and fix his gaze upon the heavens.

"In our days, so rich in words but poor in deeds, this very popular maxim, (*of the discord between theory and practice*,) as often as it happens to be applied to any question of duty, whether it be a duty in that mode of obligation which is called ethical, or in that which is called juridical, is sure to be the parent of the very greatest evil. On this account I shall state the relation of theory and practice in three articles or sections: *First*, as it respects moral obligation in general, with a view to the welfare of every man indifferently, taken individually; *secondly*, as it respects juristic or political obligation, with a view to the welfare of states; *thirdly*, as it respects cosmopolitical obligation, with a view to the welfare of the human species as a whole."

Such is an outline of the introduction. From the body of the essay, as the parts of it are separately intelligible, and, indeed, quite independent, I shall select the *second* section; because this treats a question of politics in a high degree interesting to ourselves, not only as having often been discussed through the two last centuries, and by very celebrated writers of our own, but also as being now of real historical importance in determining the merits of our ancestors at the great epoch of our Revolution. The question I mean respects the right of subjects to resist, in case of fundamental violation of the contract (implicit contract) between themselves and the supreme power. The origin and the limits of this right might still give room to much metaphysical casuistry. But it must excite the burning indignation of Englishmen to find Kant roundly and broadly denying the existence of any such right in the uttermost extremity; and that, too, with a special regard to the particular case of England; yet with all that ignorance of the facts which we might look for in a man who (as I have said before) never read any thing at all.

I know not how others think upon this matter, under a point of view which I am now going to suggest. I know not how you think, most excellent Sir Kit; but for my part, I am stung with scorn, when I consider in what manner, and by what autho-

rities, the capital questions which arise upon the rights of great nations have been adjudicated. A *litterateur* of no very masculine intellect, Hugh Groot, (or Grotius,) or suppose Puffendorf, (who certainly had as poor an understanding as any creature that ever lived,) simply upon the strength of a little Latin and Greek, which also neither of them (not Groot even) had in any perfection,—inconsiderable knaveslike these, whom no man would allow to interfere in the most trivial domestic dispute, take upon them to lay down the law in the most peremptory manner for the weightiest concerns of mighty nations, on which are suspended, perhaps, the happiness and dignity of countless generations. Their arbitration would not be valid for a contested claim to the tail of a herring; and yet, from the imbecility of men, who will catch at any opinion which countenances *their* side in a quarrel, nations themselves will accredit and give weight to judgments, which else are lighter than vanity. But perhaps Grotius, &c. rest their doctrines upon their intrinsic force, upon their coherence with each other, and their logical dependency from a sufficient original ground. By no means. All is blank dogmatism; mere autocratic bulls, ukases, or rescripts; a continual *stat pro ratione voluntas*. Forth steps Barclay, a tooth-eating slave, one who practised adulation to kings, in the original sense of that word as a *slavish* homage (*δουλική*), that is, with Phrygian cringes and genuflexions:—well, what says Barclay? I allow, says he, of resistance in cases of hopeless extremity. Be it so; but now, tell us, hound! which be they? Why, these: For instance, first, if a king should commit enormous cruelties. Here note the abject understanding of the animal. Cruelties could never, in a populous nation, be an anti-national crime; they could bear no proportion co-extensive with the nation; they would constitute an offence against individuals. And the inviolability of the kingly character, in its relations to individuals, is a doctrine, not merely of the free British constitution, but one which is found more or less developed in all refined countries; and, as civilisation is matured, it will become universal. So that this sycophant destroys the sanc-

tity of the regal character in the very point in which the warmest friends of popular rights must allow it. Then, again, what business to erect a privileged case for the sufferer in mere animal interests, which is denied to every possible mode or degree of damage or peril as to interests which the same being can have as a moral and intellectual creature! So that the inference is—if the social compact is liable to dissolution on this single ground—that the paramount purpose of society is to protect a man's carcass. What says Groot to all this? Why Groot nods approvingly. So much, then, is settled: hear it, ye nations, and obey! But is this all? No; yet another boon will Barclaius confer upon the nations of this planet. I allow one other case, saith he; and *that* is, when a king is taking measures to sell his people to a foreign prince; in such a case, be it understood that I, Barclaius, by these presents, allow of that people's resisting the conveyance. Now for Groot: doth Groot nod as before? No. Groot reclains. This, saith he, is what I shall never allow of in that unlimited shape. No; I require proof, absolute proof, of signing, sealing, and delivery of the article. So Groot's concession amounts to this—that, supposing King John had so far accomplished his celebrated treaty with a Moorish prince, as that

all England had found itself chained at Tangier or Mequinez, in that case all England had Groot's gracious permission to commence resistance. I, Sir Christopher, as well you know, am no admirer of brutal punishments; in particular, the very word *knouting* is abominable to mine as it is to all refined ears. Yet, as even Barclay and Grotius allow of resistance in cases which they conceive to be desperate, so even I would unwillingly concede the use of the *knout* in cases unsusceptible of other remedies, and upon subjects insensible to other arguments. To some people, the only appropriate style of reasoning is by kicking them. *A posteriori* arguments are alone intelligible to their perverse senses. And I must confess that it strikes me as far below the majesty of the subject, that any apologist for great historical passages, and for nations who were the actors in them, should permit himself or the clients whom he has adopted to be cited to the bar of a low Dutch rascal, self-constituted a judge, and raised into an authority merely by force of his own coxcombry and self-sufficiency.* The time for knouting Barclay or Puffendorf is past. That was the proper answer. Being now impossible, let us have none at all.

The same feeling—the same unwilling side-glance at the knout as the

* Grotius is one of those names which time is rapidly reducing to its just level. Two centuries ago—that is to say, soon after the publication of his *De Jure Belli et Pacis* (in the summer of 1625)—his name was unquestionably the highest literary name in Europe. More extravagant encomiums might be alleged from Lord Bacon, Thuanus, &c., in regard to him, than any modern writer. [See, in particular, a passage in Bishop Burnet's Speech in the House of Lords on Dr Sacheverell's case.] But since then he has been woefully cut down. His edition of the Greek Dramatic Fragments, under the keen examination of exquisite modern scholars, has amply exposed his imperfect scholarship. In his work on the Evidences of Christianity, every way an attorney-like piece of special pleading, his ridiculous fable of Mahomet's Dove, which Peacock denounced, would have furnished the Mahometans with a standing handle against Christendom, had it not been omitted in the Arabic translation. His *Annals* are without historical merit. And his main work, *De Jure*, has kept its ground chiefly by means of its early possession of the ear of Europe, and also, in a considerable degree, by means of the little scraps of Latin and Greek with which, in contempt of all good composition, it is tessellated; these, being generally short, are of the proper compass for poor scholars; weak birds must try their wings in short flights. Take away the Greek and Latin seasoning, which (in conjunction with the laconic style) has kept the book from putrefying, all the rest is pretty equally divided between empty truisms, on one hand, and time-serving Dutch falsehoods, on the other. Had the book been really the powerful one it has been represented, it would have intercepted the extravagancies of Hobbes, which commenced thirty years after. Well and truly did Grotius, when dying, lament that he had consumed a life in levities and strenuous inanities.

appropriate instrument of reply—must come over every body, friend or foe, who reads Kant's attack on the English nation for their political Revolution of 1688-9. A great people solemnly effect a change in the government: [no matter whether, by introducing the doctrine of an abdication on the part of James, they were merely passive in the first step of the affair, since, upon any theory, they were undoubtedly active in the latter steps:] this people consecrate that event in their annals, and deduce their prosperity from that date. Forth stalks a transcendental pedant, and addresses them thus:—"You think yourselves very clever fellows in all this affair, and strut about Europe like so many peacocks on the score of your imaginary merits; and you value yourselves much on the public prosperity you ascribe to this event. But, as to the results of it, take notice that if, in fact, you *have* prospered, yet, in good logic, you ought *not* to have prospered. And as to the event itself, apart from its results, just step into my closet, and I shall shew you, in one volume octavo, that such conduct as yours merited capital punishment."

"The Consul quoted Wickefort,
And Puffendorf, and Grotius,
And proved from Vattel
Exceedingly well,
Such a deed must be quite atrocious."

So says the excellent ballad; but what came of the Consul? Why, the barbarous Dey—he "strangled him in his prating." And what some would think even a worse fate, has, in this instance, befallen poor Mr Kant. For that which he designed as the most alarming insult to a great nation, and which was for ever to throw a taint upon a capital point in their historical pretensions; in fact, what was put forth as a withering annihilation of British pride, as connected with the Revolution of 1688-9, has not yet, fifty years after it was published, been so much as heard of by those at whom it was aimed. I, for the first time, apprehending no mortification to our national pretensions in this great event, shall give the whole of what he says, without bestowing one syllable of reply upon it. So infinitely has England the start of all other nations in political know-

ledge, that even at this moment in France (where, however, they are far ahead of the Germans) a great authority, M. Cottu, is constrained to admit of his countrymen that they are not yet "ripe" for discussions on civil liberty; and as to German philosophers, whosever will look back to the full report of Dr Sacheverell's trial in Queen Anne's time (which said Dr Sacheverell, by the way, was called over the coals for pretty much the same opinions as are here advanced, with much less caution and good sense, by Kant) may there find an ample refutation of every notion here brought forward in almost every page of the speeches delivered by the managers of the case on the part of the House of Commons. So general was the diffusion of light even at that time in England; so total the darkness almost a century later upon the same topic among the illuminati in the "haughty schools" of philosophic Germany! But now let Mr Kant be heard:

"Hence it follows, that all resistance to the supreme legislative power, all rebellion, for the purpose of giving effect to the discontents of the subject, is the highest and most punishable crime in any form of civil polity; inasmuch as it destroys the fundamental props of that polity. And this prohibition of resistance is unconditional; so that, for instance, the legislative power, or its agent, the supreme governor, may even have violated the original contract, and thereby, in the opinion of the subject, have forfeited the legislative function,—still, even in that case, all right of resistance continues equally forbidden to the subject. The reason is, because, during the subsistence of a civil constitution, the people can rightfully be entitled to no co-permanent voice in determining—how, or by what rules, that legislative power shall be administered. For, suppose the case, that the people had such a voice, and that the judgment delivered by this popular voice were in opposition to the judgment of the existing supreme governor, who, I ask, is to decide with which side lies the truth? Manifestly neither side can do this, as judge in his own case. Consequently there would arise a necessity for a supreme head of the state, paramount to the

supreme head, who might thus be authorized to decide between the actual supreme head and the people; which, however, is clearly a contradiction. Furthermore, I affirm that no right of desperate extremity, [*ius in casu necessitatis*],—which, besides, as a supposed right to violate acknowledged rights, in a case of extreme physical necessity, is otherwise a nonentity in philosophical distinctions—can have any admission here, or can ever unlock that barrier which puts restraint upon the people. For the head of the state may just as well justify his severe measures against the subjects, by their contumacious resistance, as they their seditious movements by his tyranny. Who then is to decide? Doubtless, he that finds himself in possession of the supreme administration of the law; and that is precisely the head of the state: he only has the right of decision; and no member of the body politic can have a title to dispute this possession with him.

Notwithstanding all this, I find respectable authorities, who take upon themselves to stand up for the right

of the subject to a counter-power, of resisting under particular circumstances. Amongst these authorities, I shall here cite only one, viz. the very cautious, precise, and discreet Achenwall. This writer, in his *Jus Naturæ*, (5th Edit. Pars Poster. sec. 203—206,) delivers himself thus:—‘If the danger, which menaces the state from a longer toleration of the injustice exercised by the supreme magistrate, be greater than that which there is reason to apprehend from taking up arms against him, in that case the people are at liberty to resist him, in maintenance of this liberty are entitled to disengage themselves from their contract of allegiance, and are free to depose him as a tyrant;’ and he concludes, ‘that in this way the people must be held, with reference to their former governor, to have reverted to the state of nature.’

“I readily persuade myself that neither Achenwall, nor any other of those worthy† men, who have been led into agreement with him upon this point by metaphysical refinements, would in any case of actual occurrence have

* There is no such thing in morals as a *casus necessitatis*, except in one situation, viz. in a collision between unconditional duties on the one side, and, on the other side, duties which, though great, are yet conditional; as, for example, suppose an impossibility of averting a calamity from a state, except by betraying an individual that should stand in some near relation to oneself—that of father, perhaps, or of son. Now, in this case the duty to the state is unconditional; but the duty to the individual is purely conditional; viz. subject to the condition that he shall be free of all criminal acts or designs towards the state. The denunciation, therefore, which a man might make to the magistracy, of criminal enterprises, on the part of an individual so circumstanced, though made under the heaviest shock of pain and violence to private feelings, could yet be made under an absolute compulsion—viz. a moral compulsion. But in another case, when it is affirmed of one who pushes a fellow-sufferer, in a shipwreck, from his plank, for the purpose of saving his own life—that he had acquired a right to this act by a case of necessity (viz. physical necessity)—this, I take leave to say, is utterly false. For the duty of self-preservation is a mere conditional duty, (that is, subject to the condition that it shall be accomplished without guilt;) but, on the other hand, to forbear taking away the life of another, who is not offering me any injury, nay, who is not the author of that situation which puts me into any risk of losing my own life,—this is an unconditional duty. However, the teachers of general municipal law proceed quite consistently with the privilege which they concede to this self-consideration, in a case of desperate necessity. For obviously, if it were prohibited, the supreme magistrate could not connect any penalty with the prohibition, inasmuch as this penalty could be no other than death. Now, it would be an absurd law that should threaten a man with death for not voluntarily resigning himself to death in circumstances of danger.—*Note by Kant.*

† Here is another instance of Kant's want of reading. He speaks of Achenwall, and some nameless writers, whom he calls, contemptuously, “worthy men.” But he ought to have known that Locke, Barbeyrac, Noodt, Burlamaqui, and all the writers on this subject of any celebrity, since the era of Locke, take the same course as his own “worthies;” but generally with much more decision and plain-speaking.

counselled or even have sanctioned such perilous experiments;* and further, it is hardly to be doubted, that, had those popular movements, by means of which Switzerland, the United Netherlands, or even Great Britain, succeeded in extorting their present constitutions, upon which they set so high a value, come to a less fortunate issue, the readers of those histories would have seen, in the capital punishment of the several leaders in those revolutions, all honoured as they now are, nothing more or less than the well-merited punishments of great state criminals. For, generally, the final issue mingles in our judgment upon the rightfulness of actions; notwithstanding that the first can never be certain, nor the last ever doubtful. It is, however, evident, in what regards the latter, that even if nowrong were done to the sovereign, (as possibly having himself previously violated his compact with the people,) yet the people would, by this mode of seeking its rights, commit the very rankest injustice, as thus making all rightful constitution of a state impossible, and introducing a state of entire lawlessness, (*status naturalis*), in which all right ceases, or at least ceases for effectual existence.

"This theory, in fact, we see sufficiently confirmed in practice. In the

constitution of Great Britain, which that nation parades with such prodigious ostentation, as though it were a constitution for the whole world, we find that it is wholly silent about the rights which belong to the people, in case the monarch should violate the contract of 1688; consequently,† it is clear that the English constitution secretly reserves the privilege of rebellion against the king, in the case of his designing to violate it, inasmuch as no law exists upon the subject. For, to suppose that the constitution should contain a law for this case, justifying the overthrow of that subsisting form of government from which all special laws emanate, even assuming that the contract *were* violated by the king,—this is a self-evident contradiction; because in that case it would involve a direct counterforce, publicly constituted; consequently, there must be a second head of the state, for the protection of the popular rights, and after that a third, to arbitrate between the two first. Accordingly, we see that the leaders of the people at that crisis, (or, if you will, the guardians of the people,) apprehensive of some such accusation in the event of their enterprise failing, chose rather to palm upon the king (whom, in fact, they had panic-stricken into flight) an act of voluntary abdication, than

* How deplorably weak is this remark! For, suppose that Achenwall, in the circumstances stated, would act as Mr Kant here chooses most arbitrarily to assume, what would *that* prove, but that a particular individual was a bolder man upon paper, than under the trials of real life and of immediate danger? A very supposable thing, and which might, or might not, happen to be the result, if Mr Achenwall were summoned to such a test; but in any case, that result could illustrate nothing but Mr Achenwall's character or temperament—a matter surely very impertinent to the question before us. Manifestly, it could in no degree affect the doctrine under discussion. Let Mr Achenwall behave in what way he might, we should always be entitled to reduce the whole affair to this simple dilemma:—The case imagined and stated by Achenwall either *is*, or *is not*, realized: if it is *not*, then it is impertinent and puerile to talk about it. On the other hand, if it *is*, then we know what is the conscientious decision of Achenwall,—what, as matter of duty, he would both "sanction," and "counsel," and *do*, far better and more unequivocally from his book, where he speaks, under no possible bias, from promises on the one side, or terrors on the other, than we could ever do from his actual conduct, in circumstances which might probably lay him under disturbing influences from both. What sense in appealing from that which could not be other than a sincere decision to one which, if different at all, must differ by being insincere?

† Few people, it is to be hoped, out of Germany, or rather the cloisters of German universities, will see much logical consequence in this "consequently;" *i. e.* because the English constitution does not openly provide for rebellion, it must secretly reserve such a right! Had Kant, instead of speculating on this subject, read a little of such works as we English allow for faithful expounders of our constitution, he would not have needed to romance in this way. But, as usual, he read nothing.

to claim the right of deposing him; a claim by which they would have placed the constitution in open and undisguised contradiction with itself.*

After this you will smile, Sir Christopher, to hear that Kant passes, first stopping, with infinite complacency, to compliment himself as a man whom, assuredly, nobody would ever think of charging with adulation to kings, or too indulgent a spirit to their rights,—he passes, I say, to undertake the defence of popular rights against Hobbes. Hobbes's notions on this subject we all know; and Kant protests that they are shocking (*erschrecklich*.) But I daresay you will dispense with this part of his Essay, which is simply bent upon demonstrating that, although the people have no shadow of a right to enforce

their rights,† yet still (contrary to that shocking man Hobbes's doctrine) they *have* some rights; and if the monarch—be his name what it may, king or senate—will not grant these rights, then they are to tell him, *by means of a free press*, that really he acts in a very disagreeable kind of way.

But what if he refuse to allow them a free press, (this being the one sole resource conceded to the people?)

Why, in that case, they are to wait until he takes a more transcendental view of the case.

Next I shall give you, my dear Sir Christopher, the substance of Kant's famous Essay upon the famous problem of a Perpetual Peace; which Essay, it has been alleged, was pilaged, during the French Revolution, by the celebrated Abbé Sieyès.

ESSAY TOWARDS REALIZING THE IDEA OF A PERPETUAL PEACE.

This Essay, of 112 pages, is not included in the four volumes of Kant's *Miscellaneous Works*, published by Tieftrunk. *Why*, I cannot conjecture. It is true that it was not buried in the *rudera* of any voluminous periodical Miscellany, as others were among Kant's fugitive and occasional papers. It had been published separately; and, perhaps, more than once; for my edition (Koenigsberg, 1796) professes, on the title-page, to be a "*new and improved edition*." But yet, as a volume of so little substance, so easily lost therefore, and upon a theme of so much interest

and curiosity,—perhaps beyond any other short essay of Kant's, this merited preservation.

The problem of a perpetual peace, were it only for its impracticability taken in connexion with the reasons for that impracticability, will for ever retain its interest; that is to say, so long as it is not absolutely *demonstrated* to be a desperate problem; and such a demonstration, considering that the objections are purely moral, is at least as impossible as the problem itself. With the prevailing tone of thought in this country, and under the despotism of the *practical*,

* Now, here again, had Mr Kant condescended, (when writing upon the affairs of a foreign nation,) instead of speculating in a transcendental closet, to take the common-sense course of reading that nation's own account of its proceedings, speaking through its great political leaders, at that era, in their parliamentary debates, or speaking through its political annalists, in their secret history of parties and intrigues at that time, (such as Bishop Burnet, for instance,) or speaking through those who have since discussed the great event of the Revolution, he would have learned why, with what explanations, reserves, and temperaments, and to what extent among the ruling parties, contemporary with the case, that particular fiction of the *abdication* was adopted; and also in what light it has been considered by constitutional critics in the century and a half which have since elapsed.

† But, if there be no contradiction in having rights with no right [observe, not with no power, but absolutely no right,] to enforce them,—why might not the gentlemen of 1688, who (in Kant's opinion) secretly reserved the right to a little rebellion, say, without contradiction, that the monarch, in case he should happen to violate the constitution fundamentally, had a strict right to the continued obedience of his subjects, but only no right to enforce this right?

over every application of the mind, the mere entertainment of such a problem, though but for half an hour's speculation, is apt to throw the same sort of suspicion upon the sanity of a man's good sense as among geometers *justly* attaches to the problem for *squaring the circle*, or among mechanicians to the problem of a *perpetual motion*. But, in reality, this is very unjust; for the two mathematical problems are *demonstrably* impossible; that is, *necessarily* unattainable, and for that reason *eternally** so. But the moral problem of a Perpetual Peace is only accidentally unattainable: with every step taken in the moral development of human nature, as, for instance, in the abolition of slavery, (or, more philosophically speaking, in the pos-

sibility of such an abolition,) one step in advance would be gained towards the possible realization of a Perpetual Peace. For what makes such a problem impracticable at present? Simply the moral nature of man in its present imperfect development. The impracticability is therefore commensurate with that obstacle. As that wanes, this will wane; as that grows, if it ever *can* grow, this will grow. Properly speaking, therefore, a Perpetual Peace should be classed, as to feasibility, with the great geographical problems of the advance to the Pole, attainments of North-east or North-west Passages, determination of the Course of the Niger, much rather than with the mechanical problem of a Perpetual Motion. Take, for instance, the ad-

The general or unmathematical public are in a continual delusion about the nature of the barrier which separates us from the perfect solution of these problems. Every six months, the newspapers announce that some self-taught mathematician of original genius has succeeded in squaring the circle. Upon this, the mathematician, without troubling himself to enquire into the particular form of the man's nonsense, contents himself with laughing. And to this laugh the non-mathematical observer replies by saying, or thinking, that *previous* to enquiry, such a contemptuous dismissal of any man's pretensions is illiberal. But now let me explain to him that it is *not* so, and why. His mistake is in supposing the difficulty to be transcended, merely a subjective difficulty: because, if that were so, he would be right in arguing that all the failures in the world could not be sufficient to preclude the hope that *some* day or other the thing might yet be accomplished. Not only would it be a really illiberal use of the *argumentum ad verecundiam* to forestal any man with the objection that Plato, Archimedes, Leibnitz, Euler, had not succeeded; and, therefore, what hope remained to a nameless tiro? for, obviously, each of these great names might have been urged with the same invidious purpose of stifling in the birth each one in succession of the other three; but, secondly, the man might fairly protest—"Measure the value of my talent by the discovery I offer, and not the value of my discovery by my talent wantonly and invidiously assumed;" or, thirdly, he might say—"Not as equal, still less as superior to these great men, but as standing on their shoulders, I pretend to have seen farther than they;" or, fourthly, not even needing thus much assumption, but (whilst disclaiming a *higher* station, even upon their shoulders) simply insisting on the accidental *difference* of the station from which he had contemplated the question at issue; on any one of these grounds, the candidate for the honours of discovery might roll back the burden of invidious feeling upon those who laughed at him *in limine*, were the barrier between us and the discovery of these truths merely subjective. But it is not so. The barrier is objective: it lies not in the person attempting, but in the thing attempted. And the commonest reader will understand what I mean, when I tell him, that if it were possible for the relation between the square and the circle (*i. e.* between the diameter and the circumference) to be assigned exactly, and not (as it now is) infinitely near,—the consequences would be, not merely (as he supposes) that a mind had arisen which saw what had escaped all former minds—so far all would be pure gain—but also that, for the first time, an internal war would arise in mathematics: antinomies would be established: A and non-A would be equally true: contradictory positions would co-exist; in short, the supposed discovery would be inconsistent with existing truths. The objection, therefore, to a pretended squarer of the circle is not—"You, sir, by adding to our knowledge in a point impregnable to others, would compel us to believe you a greater than the greatest of those we honour;"—But this—"You, sir, by propounding a discovery that would unsettle the foundations of our former knowledge, oblige us to disbelieve you on the faith of that very science to which you do and must appeal."

vance upon the Pole. This, in the first place, has been influenced greatly by a subjective obstacle—(i. e. an obstacle entirely on the side of man, the agent, not on the side of nature, the subject of his attempt)—viz. the imperfect development of nautical science and nautical skill. These are progressive: in that proportion has the approximation been making for the two last centuries. But there are other elements to be contended with besides the sea. These are, as yet, even less tractable than *that* to our scientific resources. But a revolution,

not greater than that effected by the steam-engine, may suddenly reduce them to obedience. And hence this problem can never become *demonstrably* desperate. A Perpetual Peace, without being liable to any such subsidiary advances, yet so far agrees with these great physical problems, that it is progressive, though more continuously, and therefore less perceptibly progressive; at least, it is so in the faith of all those who believe in the continual moral advancement of the human species. But now let us hear Kant:—

SIX ARTICLES UPON WHICH A PERPETUAL PEACE CAN BE FOUNDED.

- I.—*No Treaty of Peace shall stand for such, which is made with a secret reservation of matter for a future war.*

COMMENTARY.

Why? Because in that case it would be a mere armistice, in other words a mere postponement of hostilities, not a peace: for *that* means the end of all hostilities; and in reality the very idea of a peace is such, that to qualify it with the epithet of *perpetual*, is already something of a needless pleonasm. All grounds for future war, existing at this moment, though possibly as yet unknown to the contracting powers, are understood to be annihilated by the treaty of peace; let them be afterwards fished out with ever so much dexterity and sharpness of vision from old archives. Any reserve (*reservatio mentalis*) of pretensions or grievances

to be first of all devised in future, which neither side mentions at present, because both are too much exhausted to pursue the war, yet with an evil design to revive them on the first favourable occasion for this purpose, are neither more nor less than Jesuitical Casuistry, and in that view below the dignity of sovereigns. Nevertheless, there is no doubt that, if the true honour of the state be placed, as agreeably to the maxims of state cunning it will be placed, in continual aggrandizement of its power, no matter by what means, in that case this principle of mine will be viewed as that of a mere scholastic and dreaming pedant.

- II.—*No self-subsisting state (little or great is in this case all one) shall be capable of becoming the property of another state by inheritance, exchange, purchase, or gift.*

COMMENTARY.

A state in fact is not, like the soil on which it is seated, a possession, (*patrimonium*.*) It is a society of men, over which no person but itself can have peremptory rights of disposal. Now, to inoculate such a body, a stem with its own separate root, as a graft upon another state, is virtually to take away its existence as a moral person, and to treat it as

a thing; this is in contradiction to the idea of the original contract, without which no right whatsoever over a people can be so much as conceived. Every body knows into what grievous dangers the imaginary right of this mode of acquisition, has in our times plunged Europe, (for the other quarters of the globe seem never to have recognised it,) to the extent even of believing that states

* An hereditary kingdom is not a state, which can be inherited by another state, but one whose governing rights can pass by inheritance to another physical person. But in this case the state, properly speaking, should be said to inherit a governor, not the governor *as* such, (that is 'as already possessing another kingdom,) to inherit the state.—*Note of Kant.*

could marry each other. Partly it has been pursued as a new mode of industry, viz. as the art of creating an overbalance of power, without expense of exertion, by means of family compacts.

Even the loan of troops from one

state to another, for hostile purposes against one who is not a common enemy, must be referred to the same head; for in this act the subjects of the state are used and abused at pleasure, as *things* or tools of mere material application.

III.—*Standing armies (miles perpetuus) shall gradually be altogether abolished.*

COMMENTARY.

My reason is this :—Standing armies threaten other states incessantly with war, chiefly by means of the front of defiance and eternal face of equipment which they present. Hence they irritate other states to perpetual and unlimited competition with each other in the number of their armed troops; and whilst by the cost of these measures it happens that peace itself is at length more op-

pressive than a short war; eventually they become themselves the causes of offensive wars, adopted as the best chances for getting rid of such heavy pecuniary burdens. Add to this, that for men to be taken into pay, as blank agents for killing or being killed, implies a use of them as pure machines or *things*, which cannot well be reconciled with the rights of humanity involved in personality.

IV.—*There shall be no National Debts contracted, with a view to external intercourse of the State.*

COMMENTARY.

For purposes of internal economy, this resource is not liable to suspicion :—but as a means of carrying on wars, it is most dangerous : inasmuch

as this single expedient, summoning all posterity, by way of anticipation, to the aid of the existing generation, transcends all resources combined of simple taxation.

V.—*No State shall intermeddle by intrigues with the Constitution or Government of another State.*

VI.—*No State, during a period of war with another State, shall allow itself in hostilities of such a quality as preclude all future return to reciprocal confidence; for example, the employment of assassins, or poisoners; the infraction of Capitulations; or the organization in the hostile country of domestic treason, &c.*

COMMENTARY.

These are all base, dishonourable stratagems. Some confidence in the honourable sentiments of the enemy must remain even during war; else all peace, or treaty of any kind, becomes impracticable, and the war degenerates into a war of extermination (*bellum internecinum*); whereas war is, at any rate, and at worst, but the sad resource of necessity to enforce rights by force, in default of any court with adequate powers to enforce them by a process of law. In this view, it is plain that neither side can be pronounced an unjust enemy; for that would presuppose

the function and authority of a judge; but the issue, as before the tribunal of God, is to decide which party is in the right. And between states no such thing as a penal war (*bellum punitivum*) is conceivable; because between states there is no such relation as that of superior and vassal. Hence it follows, that a war of extermination, leaving no room or hope for a peace, except such as would be indeed perpetual by assembling all the combatants upon one general Aeeldama, must be held to be under the ban of international law; and all the means and agents be held prohibited, which lead to such a war.

Such are the six preliminary articles on which Kant's project is built.

Three definitive articles follow, which are these : 1st, *That the internal con-*

stitution of all states shall be republican; 2d, That their internal relations shall rest upon Federalism; 3d, That a cosmopolitical right shall be recognised in mankind to passive hospitality, (meaning by that the right of free intercourse to the extent of access, though not of ingress.) The first of the three, coming from Kant, may startle you; but take it in connexion with his important explanation:—"That you may not," says he, "confound (as usually men do confound) the idea of republican with the idea of democratical, attend to the following distinction: Forms of state polity may be divided on two principles: first, on a personal distinction in the supreme minister of the state, as whether prince, nobles, or people. Here the distinction is in the Form of Administration (*Forma Imperii*); and of this no more than three modes are possible—*Autocracy*, *Aristocracy*, *Democracy*. Or, secondly, the principle of distinction lies in the Mode of Administration (*Forma Regiminis*); and, in relation to this, the state is of necessity either republican or despotic. Republicanism is the separation of the executive power from the legislative; and of Democracy it may be affirmed, that this, only, of the three *Formae Imperii*, is essentially a Despotism." The third article sufficiently explains itself. As to the second, Kant supposes (p. 37) that the very same impulses which have carried men, at a considerable price of personal sacrifice, to renounce the state of nature and lawless violence for one of social security, might weigh with states to an analogous renunciation of their right of war. True: but in the case of the individual man, his surrender of power, once made, is enforced upon him by the government to which, by the supposition, he has resigned it. What corresponding force can be devised for states amongst each other still retaining their independence? Certainly no absolute one; but, as the best surrogate, Kant proposes a Federal Union of States. To those who should treat such a resource as a reverie, I would suggest the just remark of Kant, that all international law whatsoever (Fœdial Law, Rights of Ambassadors, Laws of

War, &c.) do of necessity appeal to and presuppose such a Federal state, no matter how immature. Indeed, recent experience is on the side of Kant. According to the remark of Mr Southey (in his *Sir T. More*, vol. II. p. 425,) "The Holy Alliance, imperfect and unstable as it is, is in itself a recognition of the principle" (of a Perpetual Peace.) Certainly this was the first step taken by leading nations to realize the fact of a Federal Arcopagus for Europe, let the immediate purpose have been what it may. Meantime, the growth of a Federalism, purified for Kant's purpose, will be slow. Perhaps he did not himself think otherwise. Nay, it is very possible that the satirical signboard of a Dutch innkeeper, which he pleasantly alludes to in his preface—viz. a churchyard, filled with graves, and bearing the sarcastic superscription of *Perpetual Peace*—may, in fact, express the amount of his own serious anticipations in this region of human hopes.

I am really shocked, my dear friend, to find the length of my paper. Yet, supposing that I were treating the same subject in a separate book, rather than in a journal, I should be disposed to lengthen it by five entire essays: one, entitled the *Natural History of the Heavens*, in which Kant anticipated much of Herschell's views on the System of the Universe; another upon the idea of a *Race* in natural history, which deduces the physical varieties of man from a single aboriginal pair; a third, upon supposed marks of *scintilla* in our own planet. These would furnish popular illustrations of Kant's science; whilst his subtlety in paths more peculiarly his own would be best sustained by a little essay *On the Introduction into Philosophy of the idea of Negative Quantities*, and by his *Scheme of a Universal History on a Cosmopolitical plan*. This last I myself translated and published some years ago; and I shall not think my time lost, were it only for the following opinion which this essay was the occasion of drawing recently from Mr Southey:—"That Kant is as profound a philosopher as his disciples have proclaimed him to be, this little treatise would fully convince me, if I had

not already believed it in reliance upon one," &c.—*Southey's Sir T. More*, v. II. p. 408.

I had much to say of Kant in the way of blame; but I am not sorry that my last words about him happened to be those of praise—and praise from a writer who had great prejudices to overcome, being, in an ultra-British sense, hostile to metaphysicians as a class.

By way of a literary curiosity for the History of Popular Sophisms, let

me tell you at parting, that the original root of the famous argument grounded upon the Protestant concession of safety to Romanism—(about which I have said so much in the earlier part of this letter) lies in the following words of Arnobius: *Nonne purior ratio, ex duobus incertis et in ambigui expectatione pendens, id potius credere quod aliquas spes ferat—quam quod omnino nullas?*

Yours ever, my dear Sir C.

X. Y. Z.

THE WILD GARLAND, AND SACRED MELODIES.†

THESE two little unpretending volumes, from the pens of sister and brother, are, in our eyes, severally or conjointly, of more worth than many an ambitious tome put together in one heavy lump, that, by power of puffing, had each in its day enjoyed, perhaps, no inconsiderable share of popular applause. In these days, much as we love and admire the age, it is, we fear, one of the very rarest qualities even of true merit to be unpretending; perhaps because there is so much pretence without any merit at all, that people of worth feel they must stand up for themselves and their claims, else both will go unheeded and unacknowledged by the world. Yet they who in happy humility

"Hold the noiseless tenor of their way,"

and prefer the pleasure to the fame of doing good, the calm of conscience to the trouble of glory, seldom go altogether without the reward even of reputation. Their path, though silent, is not unseen, though lowly, is not obscure. More eyes are upon them than they think in their simplicity; ears from a distance catch the sweet music of their strains; and tongues "syllable their names," even in cities, while themselves know it not, in their seclusion. How pleasant—nay, how much more than pleasant—to take up by chance from some table groaning under a load of fashionable novels, some small vo-

lume, composed by some lover of nature, that hath found its way there, heaven knows how, like some real rosebud yielding its fragrance among artificial flowers. 'Tis next best thing to meeting in commonplace but talkative society, where all are jealously a-jabber from fear of being thought stupid, some maid or matron who loves silence best, except when her heart inditeth a good matter, and who then breathes, in a voice

"Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman,"

some sentiment, which, whether original or not,—and we doubt if any thing be entirely original,—touches an answering chord in our heart, and inclines our head kindly—perhaps tenderly—towards the fair speaker all the rest of the evening. That handsome, spanking girl, rather above the common height by a few inches, and with ankles not so very much amiss, may stare and speechify at you about Madame de Stael and Lord Byron, till she believes your name is added to the list of her conquests, and that in a few days, under unremitting management, you may be brought to propose. Meanwhile you wish her reddish-lidded amorous eyes, of no particular colour, would go an-ogling in the direction of the Doctor or the Captain, and leave you at peace and liberty to whisper in the shade of the curtained bow-window, com-

* Harvey and Darton, Gracechurch Street, London, 1827.

† James Nisbet, Berners Street, Oxford Street, London, 1816.

mauding, perhaps, a view of a lake, mountains, and woods, some affectionate and almost loving words in the ear of the meek-faced, soft-voiced stranger, who, as she listens, becomes lovelier and lovelier, and is felt at last to be, though few know, and none will acknowledge it, by far the prettiest girl in the drawing-room.

We believe the authors of these little volumes are Quakers. Alas! of one of them we must say *was*; for Samuel Miller Waring lost his life by a lamentable accident. He was a man of genius, undoubtedly, as his poetry proves; that he was a man of virtue was proved by his life. His sister survives; and of her *Duodecimo* let us first speak—The “Wild Garland; or Prose and Poetry, connected with English Wild Flowers, intended as an Embellishment to the Study of Botany.” We believe that in the fulfilment of her pleasant task, she was assisted by her brother; but hearts touched by the same or kindred feelings express them in language that breathes of their common origin; and therefore we shall not think of speculating on the shares respectively to be assigned to each of the coadjutors. The “Wild Garland,” though manifestly written by one who is an adept in the science of Botany, yet lays no claim to science, professes not to throw any fresh light upon the subject, nor to initiate by any new method into its hidden mysteries; but simply to give additional interest to any, by the association of ideas poetical, historical, or classical, with some of the beautiful productions of our fields and woods. As it is absolutely “a Wild Garland,” the author says that the strict arrangement of class and order has not been observed. The flowers of which it is composed have been gathered as fancy directed, and are offered to the reader, not as the fairest and most fragrant, but as a sample of the treasures every hedgerow and meadow may furnish. There are in all but eighty pages—and we have no fault to find with them except that they are too few. The engravings are excellent—and it does one’s eyes and heart good to look on them all so naturally coloured—the round-leaved Sundew, the Common Furze, the two-flowered *Linnaea*, the Red

Poppy, the Wild Germander, the Violet, the Snow-drop, the Common Primrose, the Cowslip, the Common Daisy, the Common Broom—treasures which are strewn along the wayside, both the highways and bye-ways, which he who stands still may gather, and he who runs may read. There are some touching lines on the round-leaved Sundew. Its beauty is truly said to consist in the form and appearance of the leaves which are thrown out immediately from the root, and spread over the surface of the ground; each plant forming a little circular plot of green cup-shaped leaves, thickly fringed with hairs of a deep rose-colour. These hairs support small drops, or globules, of a pellucid liquor-like dew, which continue even in the hottest part of the day, and in the fullest exposure to the sun. It is found in mossy bogs, and on the borders of ponds and rivulets in moorland districts.

TO THE ROUND-LEAVED SUNDEW.

“By the lone fountain’s secret bed,
Where human footsteps rarely tread,
Mid the wild moor or silent glen,
The Sundew blooms unseen by men;
Spreads there her leaf of rosy hue,
A chalice for the morning dew,
And, ere the summer’s sun can rise,
Drinks the pure waters of the skies.

“Wouldst thou that thy lot were given
Thus to receive the dews of heaven,
With heart prepared, like this meek flower?
Come, then, and hail the dawning hour;
So shall a blessing from on high,
Pure as the rain of summer’s sky,
Unsullied as the morning dew
Descend, and all thy soul imbue.

“Yes! like the blossoms of the waste,
Would we the sky-born waters taste,
To the High Fountain’s sacred spring,
The chalice let us humbly bring;
So shall we find the streams of heaven
To him who seeks are freely given;
The morning and the evening dew
Shall still our failing strength renew.”

The common furze, gorse, whins, —is not a bank of it beautiful, gleaming goldenly amid the summer woods, and scenting the thin mists that in morning hour float over the murmur of the awakened river? Here are three feeling quatrains to that bank; and—brae-brightener-and-sweetener.

"Mid scatter'd foliage, pale and sere,
Thy kindly floweret cheers the gloom;
And offers to the waning year
The tribute of its golden bloom.

"Beneath November's clouded sky,
In chill December's stormy hours,
Thy blossom meets the traveller's eye,
Gay as the buds of summer bowers.

"Flower of the dark and wintry day!
Emblem of friendship! thee I hail!
Blooming when others fade away,
And brightest when their hues grow pale."

All the verses that ever were written on flowers, are good—at least, we remember no bad ones. So spiritual in their balmy beauty, they inspire not only clods but clod-hoppers. A bunch of flowers suddenly held up before the eyes and the nose of the veriest blockhead, makes him for the moment a bard—a poet. The delicate and sensitive mind, again, alive to the visitings of the spirit of beauty that goes glimpsing over the earth, can never be at a loss for joy as long as the daisies dance in the sunshine. Gentle reader! perhaps you never saw a daisy dance? Then are you much to be pitied. They go dancing up hill and down brae, in no regular figure, but overspreading the whole green floor in one indistinguishable gallopade. The sunbeams in which they swim along, settle; and lo! in an instant all the dancers are motionless on their seats. They seem absolutely rooted to the ground—and all their faces covered with blushes. But here is a cowslip, and we absolutely smell the sweet-scented pale yellow blossom. But listen to a little lay in honour of the flower.

THE COWSLIP.

"Unfolding to the breeze of May,
The Cowslip greets the vernal ray.
The topaz and the ruby gem,
Her blossom's simple diadem;
And, as the dew-drops gently fall,
They tip with pearls her coronal.

"In princely halls and courts of kings
Its lustrous ray the diamond flings;
Yet few of those who see its beam,
Amid the torch-light's dazzling gleam,
As bright as though a meteor shone,
Can call the costly prize their own.

"But gems of every form and hue
Are glittering here in morning dew;

Jewels that all alike may share
As freely as the common air:
No niggard hand, or jealous eye,
Protects them from the passer by.

"Man to his brother shuts his heart,
And Science acts a miser's part;
But Nature, with a liberal hand,
Flings wide her stores o'er sea and land.
If gold she gives, not single grains
Are scatter'd far across the plains;
But lo, the desert streams are roll'd
O'er precious beds of virgin gold.
If flowers she offers, wreaths are given,
As countless as the stars of heaven:
Or music—'tis no feeble note
She bids along the valleys float;
Ten thousand nameless melodies
In one full chorus swell the breeze.

"Oh, art is but a scanty rill
That genial seasons scarcely fill.
But nature needs no tide's return
To fill afresh her flowing urn:
She gathers all her rich supplies
Where never-failing waters rise."

But let us now pensively turn over the leaves of the "Sacred Melodies." Some of them are truly beautiful—and will bear to be read after the hymns of James Montgomery, of Heber, or of Keeble. Oh! that people who take pen in hand would but write from the heart! All men, women, and children, have hearts—and we would fain believe not bad hearts either—nay, good hearts,—till the Prince of the Air, feeling himself called on by thoughts, by incipient sinners unexpressed, alights before them unseen,

"And then a wicked whisper turns
Their hearts as dry as dust."

Then the corrupt become stupid—and great proserers. Poetry breathes not, brightens not for such; yet once there was music in their souls, and in dim memory of the past they become versifiers—poetasters,—and without meaning to be impious, they tag-rag-and-bobtail the very verses of the Bible. But a truly pious man or woman always writes well on sacred subjects, for they always write from the heart; and in song the heart of a Christian justifieth itself before men and angels. Samuel Miller Waring was a pious man. Had he not been so, never could he have written the following lines:

"Thou, dear enthusiast, sayest,
None can like nature preach;

That in her fane thou prayest ;
 That woods and rills can teach :
 Yes, more than e'er Ilyssus
 Taught sages by his stream ;
 Or groves beside Cephissus,
 That waved o'er Plato's dream.

" Then leave these vales below thee ;
 Come, stretch thine eagle eye,
 And nature more will shew thee
 Of him thou canst not spy.
 Gaze on the fire-stream, pouring
 Down Eden's viny steep ;
 Go where the billow's roaring
 Is loudest on the deep.

" Where earthquakes mutter deadly,
 And domes and turrets reel ;
 Where camel-bells pause dreadly,
 When h'd in the hot Samiel ;
 Where thunders roll before him,
 And where his lightnings shine,
 Bow, tremble, and adore him ;
 For this—this God is thine.

" Yet see, through clouds storm-broken,
 The dove-borne olive bough !
 Take thou, and bind that token
 Around thine awe-struck brow.
 Then where his bow he spreadeth,
 Behold him dark no more ;
 Him, who the wild waves treadeth,
 Seek now on yon green shore.

" Around his footsteps springing,
 What wreaths embalm the air !
 While hills break forth in singing,
 Go, trace those footsteps there
 When morn's first beam from slumbers
 Awakes the dewy flowers ;
 Or with that bird whose numbers
 Charm starry midnight hours.

" To Him let rapture wing thee,
 From heights where eagles dwell ;
 Or let the glad bee bring thee
 Home to her thynny cell.
 Where'er thou wilt, observe him
 In things that fairest shine ;
 Then, joyful, fly to serve him,
 For He—that God—is thine."

There is something profound in
 the pathos of the lines addressed "To
 the Magdalen."

" Yes, weep, O woman frail and fair ;
 Though tears that fall so fast
 Amid that bright up-braided hair
 Can ne'er efface the past.

" Though other drops, whose power divine
 Can wash thy stains away,
 Must plead e'en more than tears like
 thine ;
 More holy still than they.

" Had He who pardons bid thee bring
 Those tears his love to buy,
 That word had ne'er unseal'd the spring
 That fills thy streaming eye.

" Ah 'twas not Sinai's flash that taught
 That frozen fount to glow :
 No—milder, mightier rays it caught ;
 And lo, the waters flow !

" Pour then thine odours—pour, and see,
 In Him on whom they fall,
 The vase of clay that holds for thee
 Balm costlier far than all.

" More fragrant unction on that brow
 Rests, where his Father smiled :
 He bears a brother's name ; for thou,
 Thou too art call'd a child.

" Oh wondrous !—pour a heaven of tears :
 When sin's erased above,
 How dark that record torn appears,
 In the full light of love !"

We have room for one other strain.
 It is not without majesty—and would
 do honour to a far higher name than
 that of Samuel Miller Waring.

" Peace ' peace ' swelling trump that re-
 peatest
 The praises to victory given !
 Let the harp, with the chords that are
 sweetest,
 Sound softly—' The banner of heaven !
 Oh bring forth the cross-bearing
 banner !
 The banner ! the banner of heaven !"

" Never blood of the vanquish'd imbrued
 it :
 Those drops from the Victor did flow ;
 And the tears that alone have bedew'd it
 Were shed o'er the wounds of a foe.
 There is victory dwells in the banner
 Of the Leader that bled for his foe.

" Yon standard, inwoven with flowers
 From the groves where sages have trod,
 And from Paradise too—how it towers !
 'Tis all, save the banner of God.
 Oh give us the banner !—the banner !
 Bring forth the true banner of God !

" Whence came that fierce zeal that is
 glowing—
 That would call down the flame from
 above ?
 Proud spirits their missiles are throw-
 ing :—
 Ah, where is the banner of love ?
 The banner !—oh bring forth the
 banner !
 Bring forth the mild banner of love !

"There are songs that break forth at its beaming,

As of warblers when dawning is bright;
And hark! lo, the night-bird is screaming,

As he flies from the banner of light.

'Tis holiness beams from the banner:
It breathes round the banner of light.

"Hail it not where the trampler hath found it:

Serene to the breeze be it given;
And soft airs shall whisper around it,
'This sure is the banner of heaven!'

Unfurl then—unfurl all the banner!
Every fold!—'tis the banner of heaven!"

Nay, we must quote yet another little poem. Which shall it be?

PETER WEEPING.

"O strong in purpose—trail in power.
Where now the pledge so lately given?
Coward—to creatures of an hour;
Bold to the challenged bolts of heaven!"

"Shall that fierce eye e'er pour the stream
Of heart-wringing tears before its God?
Thus did the rock in Horeb seem,
One moment ere it felt the rod.

"But Jesus turns:—mysterious drops
Before that kindly glance flow fast;
So melt the snows from mountain tops,
When the dark wintry hour is past.

What might it be that glance could paint?
Did one deep-touching impress blend
The more than sage—the more than saint—
The more than sympathizing friend?

"Was it, that lightning thought retraced
Some hallow'd hour beneath the moon?
Or walk, or converse high, that graced
The temple's column'd shade at noon?"

"Say, did that face to memory's eye,
With gleams of Taber's glory shine?
Or did the dews of agony
Still rest upon that brow divine?

"I know not—but I know a will
That, Lord! might frail as Peter's be!
A heart that had denied thee still,
Even now—without a look from Thee!"

It is delightful to know that much poetry such as this is almost every season stealing into existence, not transitory, since it lives in many gentle hearts, breathing its balm in quiet homes, like that of the favourite flowers that bloom in their parlour

windows—even like the ever-blossoming rose that often sheds its beauty unheeded, but every now and then, both in gloom and sunshine, suddenly attracts the eyes of the inmates, and often wakes a silent blessing, almost a prayer. Such poems as these, of which the world takes little or no heed, are felt peculiarly to belong to those who have been so fortunate—so happy—as to meet with them by accident perhaps, or to have received them from the hand of some chance-acquaintance, who, after the pleasant gift, is thenceforth considered to be a friend. Albums might be repositories for such productions. By the way, speaking of Albums—thanks to Charles Lamb for his *Album verses*, so beautifully printed and got up by his young friend Edward Moxon, himself gifted with much poetical feeling and fancy, witness his "Christmas." Charles! we love the following strain:—

ANGELIE HILL

"This rare tablet doth include
Poverty with sanctitude.
Past midnight this poor maid hath spun
And yet the work is not half done,
Which must supply from earnings scant
A feeble bed-ridden parent's want.
Her sleep-charged eyes exemption ask,
And holy hands take up the task,
Unseen the rock and pumple ply,
And do her earthly drudgery.
Sleep, saintly poor one, sleep, sleep on,
And, waking, find thy labours done.
Perchance she knows it by her dreams,
Her eye hath caught the golden gleams,
Angelic presence testifying,
That round her every where are flying;
Ostents from which she may presume,
That much of Heaven is in the room.
Skirting her own bright hair they run,
And to the sunny add more sun
Now on that aged face they fix,
Streaming from the crucifix;
The flesh-clogg'd spirit disabusing,
Death-disarming sleeps infusing,
Prelubations, foretastes high,
And equal thoughts to live or die.
Gardener bright from Eden's bower,
Tend with care that lily flower;
To its leaves and root infuse
Heaven's sunshine, Heaven's dews.
'Tis a type, and 'tis a pledge,
Of a crowning privilege.
Careful as that lily flower,
This maid must keep her precious dower;
Live a sainted maid, or die
Martyr to virginity."

"Oh! rare Charles Lamb!"

THE REVENUES OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.*

WRITTEN by rooted principle to the old and tried institutions of the country, we gladly avail ourselves of the clear and conclusive arguments used in this little publication, for the purpose of dissipating the monstrous delusions which are too prevalent with respect to the revenues of the Church of England. The more enlightened members of that establishment appear to us to treat with too much contempt, the effect which must be produced upon the public mind by the incessant misrepresentations of its enemies: reposing listlessly, or over-confidently, in the security of legal protection, they seem to consider it unnecessary to counteract the efforts of those who labour to undermine the ecclesiastical institutions ordained by the state. The ever-vigilant and indefatigable enemies of all institutions which have a tendency to uphold social order and public morals, dexterously take advantage of this sapineness, and are thus enabled, almost uncontradicted and unretuted, to exaggerate, in the grossest manner, the amount of the revenues of the Church of England, as well as misrepresent the sources from which those revenues are really derived. In the little work, from the pages of which we purpose borrowing largely, the most important and dangerous of these misrepresentations are, as we conceive, very successfully exposed. Indeed, it appears to us so well calculated to serve the object which it has in view, that we earnestly recommend its contents to the attention of all those who are desirous to uphold the English Establishment.

The first fallacy to which the author adverts is, the very common and prevalent notion, that all the members of the community are compelled by law to pay towards the maintenance of a set of teachers appointed, by a part only, though it be a majority, to preach a particular system of doctrine: that those who dissent from the doctrines of the Church of England, and support their own reli-

gious teachers by voluntary contributions, are compelled, in addition to this burden, to contribute towards the maintenance of the established clergy, and bear their full proportion of the expense attending the discharge of the ecclesiastical functions ordained by the state. There can, indeed, be little doubt, that much of the hostility felt towards the Established Church, by the various classes of dissenters throughout the empire, arises from the belief, that they are compelled by law to contribute, in proportion to the amount of their property, towards the maintenance of the established clergy. Nor is this delusion confined to those who dissent from the Church; it operates, it is to be feared, powerfully, as well as extensively, on the minds of persons who might be expected to be exempt from its influence. A large portion of the population of England has been taught to consider the established clergy as a body of public functionaries ordained by the state, and drawing a proportion of their stipends from the property of every member of the community. But this is a gross and dangerous fallacy, arising from an entire misconception of the nature and origin of the revenues attached to ecclesiastical offices. There is, in truth, no ground for the assertion, that the legislature compels all the members of the community to pay towards the maintenance of a set of teachers, appointed to preach a particular system of doctrines. The author before us has, we think, succeeded in proving, not only that the minority of the people who dissent from the Church do not really bear the proportion which is alleged to fall upon them of the expense of the ecclesiastical functions ordained by the State; but also that the established clergy cannot properly be said to receive pay from any member of the community, whatever may be the terms of his creed, or the amount or nature of his property. "It must," he adds, "be observed, that when it is alleged that

* *The Revenues of the Church of England not a burden upon the public.* John Murray. London, 1830.

the minority of the civil community is compelled 'to pay' a particular set of teachers appointed by this majority, the expression 'to pay' must bear a different signification from that in which it is used when a tenant is said to pay rent to his landlord, or when a debtor is described as paying a creditor a debt which he owes him. If the expression be used simply in the latter sense, the proposition that all the members of the community who possess real property are compelled to pay towards the support of 'the ecclesiastical institutions established by the majority,' is a mere truism, which admits of no more dispute than the assertion that all the occupiers of land are compelled to pay towards the support of its owners. But if it be used in another sense—in that of transferring to ecclesiastical property, which either in equity or law belongs to those who are said to pay them, the expression involves a plain fallacy; for it will not be difficult to prove that, in this latter sense, no payment is made towards the discharge of the ecclesiastical functions ordained by the state by *any* member of the civil community."

If any member of the community can properly be said to contribute towards the expense of supporting an ecclesiastical establishment, it must manifestly be in one or other of the three following capacities—he must do it either as the occupier of land—as the owner of land—or as the consumer of agricultural produce.

"That this burden does not fall on the *occupier* of land can be rendered abundantly clear. Assume that the incumbent of a parish receives, in lieu of tithes, a composition of five shillings per acre, and the landowner forty shillings per acre as rent; were tithes abolished,—were the claims of the ecclesiastic to his share of the produce to cease,—no reasonable man doubts that at the expiration of the agreement subsisting between the occupier and the owner of the soil, the sum now paid for tithes would be added to the amount of rent exacted by the landlord. Land which he now lets, *subject to tithes*, for forty shillings per acre, would then be let by him, *free from tithes*, for forty-five shillings. The abolition of tithes would, in such a case, merely add five shillings per acre to the present income of the landowner; but to the occupier of the land it could produce no pecuniary advantage whatever. Hence it clearly follows that the *occupier* of land, whether he be a

member of the Church of England or dissent from its communion, cannot be said to make any contribution towards the expense of the national establishment. The *occupier* now pays in the form of *rent and tithes* a gross sum, which, if tithes ceased to exist, would inevitably be exacted from him as rent.

"But granting it to be true, that if the claim of the tithe-owner ceased to exist, the amount would be added to the present demands of the landlord, does it not follow that the burden of our ecclesiastical establishment falls upon the *owner* of the soil? If it be admitted that the rent payable to the landowner is reduced by the exact amount now received by the ecclesiastical proprietor in lieu of tithes, is it not a necessary consequence that the *lay proprietor* of the land has to defray the whole expense of the ecclesiastical functions ordained by the state? By way of replying to these questions, it may be asked, Did not this proprietor or his ancestor purchase his land subject to the claim of the tithe-owner? And was not the price paid for it less by the exact amount of the fee simple value of the tithes, than it would inevitably have been if the estate had been purchased free from this burden? If these questions be answered, as they must be, in the affirmative, it will necessarily follow, that there is no reasonable ground for alleging, that the landowner in reality contributes towards the expense of an ecclesiastical establishment. *That portion of the produce of the soil which has been reserved and set apart in this country for ecclesiastical purposes, never was the property of the present lay owner of the estate on which it is levied, nor did it ever belong to any of his immediate predecessors.* Every acre of land contained within the limits of England and Wales, not exempt from tithes, has been sold and let subject to that burden, from a period long antecedent to any written record; and on every successive transfer of landed property, the estimated value of the tithes has been invariably deducted from the price paid for it by the purchaser. It is, therefore, a manifest perversion of language to affirm, that the established clergy are paid either by the *occupier* or the *owner* of the soil, except in the sense in which a landlord is said to be paid by his tenant. If the owner of an estate alienated it twenty years ago, reserving to himself, or his assigns, a perpetual rent charge upon it equal to a tenth part of the produce, could the individual receiving such an annuity be considered as paid or pensioned by the present owner of the freehold from which it accrues? It is presumed that the most violent impugnors of the rights of ecclesiastics would scarcely undertake to maintain the affirmative of such a proposition.

"There are others who maintain, that tithes constitute a burden which falls, not

upon the occupier or owner of the soil, but upon the *consumer* of titheable commodities: admitting that tithes neither diminish the net revenue or rent of the owner, nor the profits of the occupier of land, they allege that this burden makes an addition of one-tenth to the money price of the article on which it is levied. In order to place in a clear light the opinion entertained by this class of economists with respect to the practical effect of tithes, let it be assumed that an acre of land subject to this burden, and let for forty shillings, produces twenty bushels of wheat, which sell for one hundred shillings; the tithe of the produce of this acre would be two bushels of wheat, worth ten shillings. Adam Smith, and other eminent writers, who have been hitherto regarded as authorities in questions of political economy, admit that if the ten shillings levied as tithes in the case here stated ceased to be exacted, the amount would be added to the rent already received by the landlord, but that it would make no alteration in the money or selling price of the wheat which this land produces. But the persons who have recently set themselves up as oracles in matters of this kind, pronounce this to be an erroneous opinion; they contend, that if tithes were not levied on the acre in question, the result would be, not that the landlord would add ten shillings to the forty shillings now received by him as rent, but that the market price of wheat would fall one-tenth, and that the grower would sell the whole twenty bushels for ninety shillings,—the price which he now obtains for eighteen bushels.

“This singular theory of what its authors quaintly term the ‘incidence of tithes,’ is made to rest on a basis equally singular: it is assumed as a fact not to be controverted, that the least fertile soil brought in this country into a state of tillage pays no rent. The expense of raising wheat upon this ‘least fertile soil,’ is then assumed to be the ‘natural cost of production,’ which regulates the market value of wheat grown not only upon that ‘least fertile soil,’ but upon all other soils, however superior in quality. From these premises they deduce it as an inference, that tithes, adding one-tenth to the cost of producing wheat on the least fertile soil in a state of tillage, must at the same time make an addition of one-tenth to the money price of all the wheat offered for sale in the public market.

“But the very fact on which this delusive theory is constructed is utterly destitute of foundation. That the least fertile soil retained in a state of tillage pays no rent,—that the owner of the least productive spot in a state of cultivation will permit it to be occupied for any length of time without exacting some part of its produce, under the denomination of rent, is an assumption controverted by general expe-

rience. No spot of land can be found in England or Wales, permanently retained in a state of tillage, which yields the owner no surplus of its produce as rent. The very worst soil which can be tilled, with the reasonable prospect of a remunerating profit, possesses some natural powers and local advantages which are the property of the owner, and for the use of which he will exact some amount of compensation from the occupier.

“Suppose, however, it be conceded, in the teeth of all practical experience upon this subject, that the least fertile soil, in a state of tillage, *subject to tithes*, yields no surplus as rent, but barely makes the ordinary return of profits for the capital employed in its cultivation,—still this concession will not support the inference which is drawn from it: for it will by no means follow as a matter of course, that the abstraction of the tenth part of the produce of this ‘least fertile soil’ will affect the money price of the other nine parts when brought to market. For this ‘least fertile soil,’ even upon the supposition that it yields no surplus as *rent*, evidently yields a surplus beyond the cost of tillage, *as tithes*. If the demand for tithes ceased to exist, the consequence in this very case would be,—not that the market value of the whole produce would be diminished, but—that the landowner, who is now *said* to receive nothing, would then obtain as *rent* the portion which is at present the property of the tithe-owner.

“Granting, therefore, a fact which no man can credit,—that the least fertile soil permanently retained in a state of tillage yields no surplus to the landowner, still it appears clear that the amount now levied upon it as tithes would, if this claim were abolished, be exacted from the cultivator of the same soil, as rent, by the landlord. For even those who most strenuously contend that the burden of tithes falls ultimately upon the consumer of agricultural produce, will, it is presumed, admit that the produce of the least fertile soil permanently retained in a state of tillage, paying no rent, but subject to tithes, must yield a remunerating profit to the cultivator,—otherwise he would cease to till it. Were the charge for tithes to be abolished, it would evidently yield more than the average profit of capital by the amount of the tithes now levied upon it; and this *excess* of profit, arising from the abolition of tithes, would be instantly claimed by the landowner, who, as these persons assert, now receives no rent for his land. Let it be assumed that the produce of a given extent of fertile soil, which is said to pay no rent, sells for £40, and that the claim of the tithe-owner, now amounting to £4, were to cease; would the whole produce which now sells for £40, be in that case sold for no more than £36? ‘Yes,’ say

the theorists :—‘ No,’ says common sense ; ‘ if the £4 now paid in lieu of tithes ceased to be exacted, another claimant to an equal amount would instantly spring up in the person of the landlord.’ ”

It appears not a little singular, that the same authorities who are found to argue that tithes fall upon the consumers of agricultural produce—upon the poorest beggar, as well as the proudest peer, in the ratio of their respective consumptions, should at the same time maintain, that the payment of rent is not attended with any such consequences. This is a manifest inconsistency : for if it could be rendered apparent, that tithes increase the money price of the produce of land one-tenth, it would follow, as an inevitable consequence, that the payment of rent must raise this price still farther in the same ratio as its amount might be found to exceed that of the tithes.

There seems, therefore, no ground whatever for the assertion, that tithes make any addition to the exchangeable value of the articles of consumption on which they are levied, and upon the consumer of agricultural produce in the form of an increased price : on the contrary, it appears quite clear that a bushel of wheat sells for the same money-price in the market, whether the crop, of which it forms a part, has been tithed or not.

It is, we apprehend, a maxim which few political economists will venture to controvert, that the selling price of every commodity must be regulated by the relative proportion subsisting between the supply and the demand in the market—it can manifestly make no difference whether this supply be furnished by one or by fifty sellers. Whether one hundred bushels of wheat be brought to market by the grower alone, or ninety bushels by the grower, and ten bushels by the tithe-owner—the money price of the commodity must remain the same. Those who contend that tithes increase the selling price of agricultural produce, seem to argue upon the assumption, that, when taken in kind, the tenth is annihilated by the owner—that it is absolutely withdrawn from the aggregated supply of the country—and that the effect upon the exchangeable value of the remainder is the same as if this portion of the produce of land were annually destroyed.

But as this assumption is clearly erroneous—as the quantity of produce which passes into the stores of the tithe-owner is sent to market equally with that portion of it which remains in the granary of the grower, it clearly results, that the effect of tithes, even when levied in the most rigid manner—in kind—is not to render agricultural productions dearer to the consumer, but simply to diminish the amount of the surplus which, under the denomination of rent, would otherwise inevitably fall to the share of the landowner.

“Tithes, therefore,” concludes our author, “constitute merely a portion of the surplus produce of the soil, which the cultivator yields to an ecclesiastical, instead of a lay, owner. Their burden does not fall upon the consumer, because they do not affect the price of agricultural produce ; nor upon the occupier, because his rent is reduced in proportion to the average value of the tithes ; nor upon the owner, because this charge was taken into calculation when the property which he holds was purchased.”

We are aware of but one objection which can be made to the above conclusion. It is perfectly clear that, with respect to the quantity of agricultural produce actually raised, and also that portion of it which is sent to the public market, it cannot signify to the consumer whether it has been tithed or not ; as its selling price cannot be affected by that circumstance. It may, however, be urged, that tithes, as they are now levied in England, discourage, to a certain extent at least, the production of agricultural commodities, and by thus diminishing the quantity actually raised, increase the price of that portion which is sold to the consumer. We are free to admit that there is some weight in this objection. It appears, however, we apprehend, much stronger in theory than it turns out when put to the test of practical experience. If the exaction of tithes operated practically, in the way and to the extent which a theorist would lead us to expect, it would necessarily follow that land, free from tithes, should, at least in general, be found better cultivated than land which continues subject to that burden. Now, England furnishes ample means for making a comparison with regard to this very point : under the operation of modusses and

other legal exemptions, or under the provisions of the numerous enclosure bills, which, within the course of the last century, have been passed by the legislature, a very considerable portion of the surface of England has become exonerated from the payment of tithes. Now, we take the liberty of asking, are those parishes or farms, which are tithe-free, better cultivated and more productive than other parishes or farms, of equal quality, still subject to tithes? We are told that they are not. On the contrary, we are assured, that Kent, where tithes are more rigidly exacted than in any other district, is still the best cultivated of any county in England. If this be the fact, there is an end to the objection raised against tithes, on the ground that they operate as a general discouragement to tillage. That they do so act in particular instances, we can readily conceive; but these partial exceptions cannot go for much in the general argument. But to remove this objection altogether, the mode is both simple and obvious: Let a law be passed, enabling the owners of tithes, like the owners of land, to grant leases for a term of years certain, and this objection would instantly vanish. The only impediment which tithes can throw in the way of investing capital in the improvement of land, would be at once removed; and such an arrangement being effected, the community at large would not care one straw whether the land-owner should take the whole surplus produce to himself, or be compelled to share it with an ecclesiastical proprietor. We, therefore, confidently hope, that the judicious measure recently introduced by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and for the present withdrawn, will be resumed and completed in the ensuing session; we are convinced that, when carried into effect, it will do more to strengthen the Church than any law which has been passed since the Reformation.

Most of the persons who propose to alter the mode in which the clergy of the English establishment are now provided for, would have us believe, that tithes constitute a general tax, originally imposed upon the nation by Parliament. On this ground they contend, that this species of property still belongs to the public, and that

the legislature has a moral and constitutional right to deal with this property as it may think fit,—to withdraw any part, or even the whole of it, from the ecclesiastical benefices and dignities to which it is now attached, and appropriate it to any other purpose which may appear beneficial to the public. But such a representation of the origin of tithes is utterly irreconcilable with the fairest deduction from historical probabilities. A very brief summary of the steps by which ecclesiastical benefices originally acquired the endowments now attached to them will serve to dissipate many of the delusions which prevail with respect to the origin of church revenues.

We learn, from undoubted authority, that during the earlier ages of Christianity, a general fund was established in every congregation or church by the voluntary contribution of its members. "The Apostle of the Gentiles" advised that every man should lay up for this treasury a weekly "offering, more or less in its amount," as the Lord had prospered him. The custom or law by which the Jews devoted a tenth part of their earnings to religious purposes, was by degrees very generally adopted, of their own accord, by the converts to Christianity. The supplies thus voluntarily raised, formed, in fact, the only source from which the Christian commonwealth derived its revenues for a period of about two centuries after the death of its founder. But towards the close of the second century of the Christian era, the custom of bestowing permanent endowments of land upon particular churches began to be prevalent; for, by the middle of the succeeding century, the wealth of the church is said to have in many places become so considerable as to attract the cupidity of the Roman Emperors. Indeed, Faustus, in his treatise on benefices, states it to be his opinion, that the greedy wish of getting hold of these endowments formed the real, though concealed, cause of the persecutions which arose against the church after the death of Commodus. It is, however, wide of our purpose to trace the progress of endowments in foreign churches. We shall, therefore, pass on at once into our own country, and point out the manner in which those institutions,

which have been since moulded into one establishment were originally introduced into this island.

"We are informed," says our author, "that, towards the close of the sixth century, Austin the monk, accompanied by several associates, was dispatched to propagate the gospel among the Saxon inhabitants of Britain. Ethelbert, who at the time of their arrival was King of Kent, is said to have received these missionaries with considerable favour; he gave them an edifice at Canterbury to be used as a place of Christian worship, and conferred upon them a spacious residence in which they might dwell in common. Austin, under the title of Bishop, was appointed the superintendent of these ecclesiastics, who, acting under his orders, laboured to propagate the new faith in different parts of Ethelbert's kingdom.

"Thus, in fact, was laid the foundation of an ecclesiastical establishment in this country. At that period, the church which King Ethelbert had given to the monks on their arrival in the island, was the only consecrated place of Christian worship in the kingdom of Kent; it was the *axis*; or seat of the bishop, and the whole of what forms the modern county went under the denomination of *parochia*, parish, or district, appendant to the cathedral church. At that time, the population of Kent was scattered throughout detached hamlets, which had been cleared of wood, and brought under tillage; these villages, or little colonies of cultivators, were occasionally, or perhaps periodically, visited by itinerant missionaries, dispatched from their chief residence at Canterbury. At first, divine worship must have been performed in some private and unconsecrated dwelling situate in the village; here the inhabitants of the surrounding districts assembled, and here the travelling missionary expounded to the peasantry the doctrines of the true faith. That this mode of imparting religious instruction prevailed in the wildest and least populous parts of the country at a later period, is a fact, which we learn from the Venerable Bede. Describing the labours of Cuthbert, Bishop of Lindisfarne, he says, that 'leaving the monastery, sometimes on horseback, but more frequently on foot, he went to the surrounding villages, and preached the way of truth among their erring inhabitants; which Basil, in his time, was also accustomed to do. For at that time, it was the custom of the people of England that, whenever an ecclesiastic arrived in a village, all the inhabitants should, at his bidding, assemble together to hear the word of God.'

"In each village the converts to the new faith gradually multiplied, until they became too numerous to meet in a private dwelling for the celebration of divine worship; hence it was found expedient

that 'an oratory,' as it was then termed, or house of prayer, should be set apart for the accommodation of the increasing community of Christians.

"It was natural to expect, that the labours of these able and zealous teachers would finally succeed in making a deep and lasting impression upon the inhabitants of the island. In the course of time, the great landlord of each district, yielding to their exhortations, became a convert to the new religion. His own conversion to the Christian faith rendered him desirous to secure for his immediate domestics, as well as the villins and slaves who cultivated his estate, a more frequent and regular administration of religious ordinances, than could have been obtained from the casual visits of an itinerant missionary. To obviate the manifest inconveniences of this irregular system of religious instruction, he built, at his own cost and charges, a church in which the inhabitants of the district might assemble for public worship, and a house, with an attached glebe, which the minister might inhabit. Having thus created a parochial benefice, he voluntarily, and expressly endowed it with a certain portion of the gross produce of his estate as an independent and inalienable provision for each succeeding incumbent constantly resident upon his cure, and devoting his attention to the religious and moral improvement of the parishioners.

"In this manner it was that not only the county, of Kent, but the whole of this island, became originally divided into parishes; not all at once by a general regulation or legislative enactment, but gradually, according to the disposition and circumstances of the various owners of estates. It was the work not of one particular era, but of a long series of centuries: a parish was instituted whenever the landowner felt disposed to build a church and found a benefice for the religious instruction of his tenants.

"This furnishes a satisfactory reason for the singular forms and unequal extent of English parishes. Whenever a benefice was instituted by the owner of the soil, the limits of his private estate became the boundaries of the newly-created parish. Hence our manorial and parochial boundaries are in general found to be still coincident; and all exceptions to this rule are capable of being accounted for by a reference to the revolutions which have taken place in the state of landed property at various periods subsequently to the endowment of parish churches.

"This account of the origin of parishes is strongly corroborated by an anomaly familiar to all those who have devoted any attention to topographical researches. In every part of the kingdom, parcels of land, insulated and surrounded by other parishes, are to be met with situate at a considerable distance from the parish to which they be-

long. These anomalies appear to be quite inexplicable upon any other hypothesis than that which has been here put forward to account for the institution of benefices and the origin of tithes. In every reasonable mind they must succeed as effectually as the testimony of existing documents in establishing the conviction, that the endowments of English parish churches were originally derived from the free and spontaneous grants of the owners of estates. These owners endowed the benefices which they founded with the tenth of the produce, not only of their principal estates, but also of such detached parcels of land as happened to lie at a distance from the churches which they had built.

"The extent to which the institution of parishes had proceeded in the southern division of this island at the date of the Domesday survey, is a matter involved in considerable obscurity. The whole number of churches mentioned in that celebrated record amounts to about 1700. But as the precept issued for its execution did not expressly require a return of churches, it leaves room to suspect that, in many instances, these structures were omitted. Hence it has been inferred, that the churches actually inserted in the Norman survey fall considerably short of the number of such structures actually existing in this country at the close of the eleventh century.

"But whatever may have been the number of parish churches built before the conquest, little doubt can be entertained that the greater portion of our parochial benefices are of more recent institution, and owe their endowments to the politic munificence of the early Norman barons or their immediate successors.

"Secure in the possession of the manors which their leader had conferred upon them, and naturalized in their adopted country, the followers of the Conqueror turned their attention to the cultivation of their estates and the civilisation of their vassals. They vied with each other in the beauty and magnificence of the ecclesiastical edifices which, at their own expense, they constructed for the accommodation of their tenants and retainers. Hence parish churches and parsonage houses sprung up on every considerable estate, built and endowed by their owners. Another circumstance operated very powerfully in adding to the number of parish churches endowed during this period. The original grantees of the crown, in many instances, split their extensive manors into minor fragments, which they conferred upon subfeudatories. These subgrantees claimed and exercised, as of common right, the privilege of building churches on the fees which they thus acquired; and to avail themselves of this privilege they were impelled by two motives:—When the subfeudatory built a church upon his own estate, his tenants and domestics were relieved from the inconve-

nience of resorting for religious purposes to the mother church, lying generally at some distance from them. As long as no church existed in the underfee, the tithes of its produce were demandable by the incumbent of the mother church, who was appointed by the superior lord; but as soon as a church was built and consecrated upon the subfee, it became an independent parish, and the tithes vested in an incumbent nominated by the owner of the property, from the produce of which they accrued. The grantees of mesne manors were thus impelled to build churches on their estates, not only for the convenience and accommodation of their tenants, but frequently for the more interested purpose of securing to themselves the right of nominating the individual entitled to receive the tithes."

The writer introduces various specimens of ancient grants of unquestionable authenticity, which render it clear, that the above is a correct view of the origin of the endowments now attached to ecclesiastical benefices. The lord of a manor, or rather the owner of an estate acquired by a grant from the crown, by descent, or by purchase, erected a church for the accommodation of the inhabitants of the district, who were then his tenants at will, and endowed it with a tenth, or some other proportion, of the whole produce. Hence, the ancient limits of a private estate became the public boundaries of the subsisting parish. The emoluments set aside for the maintenance of an incumbent, made no addition to the burdens already pressing upon the occupiers, as they formed in fact a deduction from that portion of the surplus produce, which would otherwise have fallen to the share of the owner, under the denomination of rent.

"Assuming," he proceeds, "this representation of the origin of ecclesiastical endowments to be correct, it necessarily follows, that the advantages which the inhabitants of a parish derive in a religious, moral, social, or political view, from the discharge of the ecclesiastical functions ordained by the state, were originally a gratuitous boon conferred upon them by the proprietor of the estate who first built a church, and endowed it with tithes. The funds now expended in maintaining these institutions are the proceeds of his bounty. He might, had he thought proper, have devised to his heir the whole surplus produce received from his estate as rent, undiminished by a claim on account of tithes. But such was not his pleasure. On the contrary, he bequeathed his landed property to his eldest son, encumbered and charged

with a provision for securing, on a permanent foundation, the religious and moral instruction of its occupiers. It appears, from the language of one of the ancient grants already transcribed, that the heir at law was actually consulted as to the intended alienation: it is indeed reasonable to presume, that in this instance the grantor was only tenant for life, and that, therefore, the consent of his son and heir was necessary, in order to render the deed of endowment valid. It is surely both reasonable and lawful that every man should be at liberty to do what he likes with his own, provided 'what he likes' be not injurious to the rights and interests of others; and it will be difficult to point out a 'reason' which should debar the lay owner of an estate from setting aside any portion of its produce for the purpose of instructing its occupiers in the duties of religion and morality, until it can be proved that such an object is repugnant to the interest and welfare of society: and when an individual has actually, and for ever, thus alienated any portion of the produce of his estate, it is extremely difficult to comprehend on what grounds his descendants, much less those who have subsequently purchased his property, or their tenants, can represent themselves as bearing any part of this burden. The founder and endower of a rectory, reserving to himself and his representatives the privilege of presenting to the benefice when vacant, conferred upon the parishioners a right to require the appointment of an individual to the living properly qualified to discharge the ecclesiastical duties of the parish: but the emoluments derived from this endowment do not come from the pockets of the parishioners,—they are a portion of the surplus produce of the estate, which, before the endowment of the rectory, belonged to the owner, and were received by him as rent, and which, from the moment of their appropriation to ecclesiastical purpose, ceased to be his property.

"Those who maintain, that the whole of our ecclesiastical revenues are the property of the state, and may therefore be diminished, annihilated, or dealt with according to the pleasure of the legislature, ask us, 'What can be the meaning of the phrase, that tithes neither are, nor ever were, the property of the state? or that the right to these, especially clerical tithes, was probably, too, established on a basis of much greater antiquity than the property of any landed estate in the kingdom? Assuredly it is not meant to say that the state, that is, the community at large, or any individual under the protection of the legislature, never had a right to do with the land itself, or the whole produce of it, whatever they deemed proper.' It will not, surely, be maintained that there never was a time when Christian clergy were not known in this kingdom, and when, of

course, no title could have been appropriated for *their* support? If this position cannot be denied, what can be the meaning of saying, that the tithes did not belong to the state? What other power than the legislative authority could have appropriated tithes to the clergy? And if it was not under the power of the legislature, by what right could the clergy acquire it? If the *whole* of the property once belonged to the state, or to those to whom the state had assigned it, must not the tithes, which was only a part of the whole, have belonged to it?"

"It may be admitted that the premises put forward in the above extract are true; that at some remote period, all the land of this country 'may have once belonged to the state; or, in order to render the expression intelligible, may have been occupied in common by all the members of the community;—that, by division and allotment, this land gradually ceased to be common, and passed into the hands of individual owners as private property; and that these individuals had, under the protection of the legislature, a right to do with the land itself, with the whole produce of it, or with any part of this produce, whatever they deemed proper.' But granting these premises to be well founded, they will not bear out the inference which is drawn from them—that 'ecclesiastical revenues are the property of the state.' Indeed, they seem all to bear the contrary way. If the individuals into whose hands the land originally passed in a state of severality, had, under the protection of the legislature, a right to dispose of the *whole* of its surplus produce at their own discretion, I would beg leave to ask, whether the same individuals, the same assignees of the state, had no right to do with a *part* of this whole 'whatever they deemed proper?'—to confer a tenth, or any other proportion of it, as an endowment upon parish churches founded by them? That they possessed such a right cannot be questioned. Before the institution of each parish, the owner of the land now included within its limits had the whole of the soil vested in himself as private property. (On every principle of natural equity, he could, had he so thought proper, have conferred the whole surplus produce of his land, or, in other words, the fee-simple of his estate, upon the church as an endowment. Hence it appears, that the reasoning advanced to prove that tithes are public property, furnishes the very strongest ground upon which the holder of any species of property can rest his title: instead of invalidating the right to tithes, it establishes this right beyond all cavil and dispute. The opponents of tithes admit that the owners of the estates which now constitute parishes, had a legal as well as moral right to dispose of the *whole* net revenue of their land according to their own discretion: they

appear, therefore, singularly inconsistent when they deny these landowners the right of endowing the benefices which they founded with a *tenth* part of the produce."

It must, no doubt, be admitted, that in the greater number of cases, the original documents by which the lords of manors conferred upon the churches which they built the tithes of their estates, cannot now be actually produced; but the absence of this direct proof, rendered unavoidable by the lapse of nine or ten centuries, will by no means invalidate the reasonable presumption, that in most parishes the right to these endowments was originally acquired in the manner stated by this writer. It is a well-known maxim of law, suggested by common sense, and confirmed by every principle of equity, to infer that a civil right, which has been enjoyed without interruption for a long series of years, must have originated in some express agreement or grant, although the original conveyance be not now actually forthcoming. The law, in this case, creates what is called a title by prescription, and assumes that a right actually enjoyed was originally acquired under a legal instrument, which has disappeared in a manner of which no account can now be given.

"Every candid individual must acknowledge that the same equitable principle will establish, on the firmest grounds, the right of ecclesiastics to the incomes accruing from the endowments of the benefices which they hold. It is, beyond all comparison, the most ancient title to property which now exists: in many instances, its origin in particular parishes may be traced to ancient records, which, having escaped the ravages of time, still subsist; and in all other cases, the actual assertion of this right can be traced back to a period of antiquity so remote, that we are entitled to rest it upon the fair and equitable presumption, that it was originally derived from the voluntary act of the owners of the land which continues subject to the payment of tithes. From the language and tenor of the ancient records, which are to be met with in our public repositories, it seems extremely probable that, in the instance of all the parochial benefices founded subsequently to the Norman conquest, each church was, on its consecration by the bishop, formally and legally endowed with the tithes of the parish by a written deed, executed by the owner of the land; and it also appears that, where the estate was entailed, the heir was found to concur with the actual possessor in the execution of this conveyance. It is, no doubt, possible, that in some instances this

claim may have been originally introduced by the gradual influence of custom, acquiesced in by the piety, or, as the adversaries of the church would perhaps say, by the superstition, of our ancestors; but, although this should be conceded, still the right of a parochial incumbent to the income of his benefice will stand upon grounds equally firm in the eye of reason and law, as if it were derived from an express and voluntary grant; for, whatever may have been its origin, the exercise of such a right, acquiesced in for a number of centuries, commits no wrong whatever upon the individual now seised of property subject to this claim, but who has acquired it subsequently to the imposition of the burden with which it remains charged.

"In whatever manner we suppose the church to have become originally entitled to a tenth of the produce of the soil, it can make no difference with respect to the pressure of this charge at the present time; for it is indisputable that the whole real property of the country has frequently changed hands, since the payment of tithes was finally recognised by the laws as a burden upon land. If it be assumed that the tenth part of the produce of the soil became, in the first instance, appropriated to ecclesiastical purposes, not by an immediate and express grant from the owner of the freehold, but by the gradual operation of custom, which is the origin and substance of our common law, the effect is still the same. The owner of the land, at the period when this custom was in the first instance introduced, did, no doubt, find the value of his property affected by its operation—by the pressure of such a novel charge upon his land; but those who have succeeded him in his possessions, either by inheritance or by purchase, cannot properly be said to bear any part of this burden. The onus of tithes having been once permanently fixed, all the landed property of the country has descended to, or been purchased by, its present owners, subject to this charge; and on every transfer of this species of property, its selling price was reduced in proportion to the permanent charge to which it is subject.

"As soon as this arrangement was carried into effect, it is clear, that the rent which the owner of this property, unencumbered with a charge for tithes, previously received from its occupiers, must have sustained a diminution proportioned to the amount of the claim which the incumbent had acquired. The cultivator, yielding the tithe of his crops to the ecclesiastical proprietor, deducted this charge from the amount of the rent, which he would otherwise have been called upon to pay to the landowner. It becomes, therefore, manifest, that the endowment of a benefice with the tenth part of the produce of land made no addition whatever to the whole surplus or rent exacted from the occupier."

Whatever obscurity may therefore hang over the manner in which the practice of paying tithes was first introduced into this island—whether it originated in a voluntary grant from the owners of the soil, or in the gradual influence of custom acquiesced in by the proprietors of the land now subject to this payment—still there can be no difficulty in proving that the introduction of tithes cannot be ascribed to an act of the legislature. In the oldest parliamentary records which the industry of antiquarians has brought to light, no trace can be discovered of the origin of this charge upon land. The earliest acts of the legislature, which refer to tithes, do not treat them as a novel demand, but as an old and well-known burden already recognised by ancient and immemorial usage. It is no doubt true, that at various periods the legislature has interfered, either to regulate or enforce the payment of tithes, as already due of common right; but no instance can be adduced in which it has undertaken to create a right to this species of revenue, where it did not previously exist; which proves that this burden was not originally imposed upon land by the authority of Parliament.

Precisely on the same principle has the legislature dealt with rent; it has frequently come to the aid of the landlord, where the common law had been partially found deficient in the means of enforcing the payment of rent; but it has never interfered—nor can it, without an usurpation of power which does not belong to its constitutional functions, interfere—with the amount of rent which the proprietor may demand for his land. This is a point with which the legislature does not presume to meddle; it is left to be arranged between the owner and the occupier; but the amount having been fixed by the voluntary agreement of the parties interested, the legislature then steps in to ratify the contract, and enforce its due performance.

It would be evidently absurd to make this interference on the part of the legislature, the ground of contending that rent is a tax levied upon land by the authority of Parliament; or that acts of Parliament which give landowners the means of enforcing the payment of rent when withheld

by the occupiers, constitute the foundation of their right to that species of revenue.

“In like manner, there is no pretence for alleging that tithes originated in any act of the legislature. Parliament did not impose this burden upon land; but, finding it already subsisting as a charge laid upon real property by the voluntary act of the owners of the soil, it has in this, as in the instance of rent just mentioned, stepped forward to assist those who are entitled to tithes in the effectual enforcement of their lawful claim. There exists, therefore, no ground for maintaining, that tithes originated in the acts of Parliament which have from time to time been passed to enforce the due payment of this charge upon land.

“This view of the origin of ecclesiastical endowments will at once dispose of the opinion of those persons, who represent tithes as a charge upon the produce of land similar to a tax imposed by the legislature, and who assume that, as Parliament is acknowledged to be constitutionally invested with authority either to modify or remit a tax imposed upon articles of consumption, it possesses, on similar grounds, the power either of abolishing tithes altogether, or of limiting the extent to which they shall be levied. It must, however, be seen in an instant, that no analogy whatever exists between the authority of Parliament over a tax, and its power over that portion of the produce of land which was set aside for the support of an ecclesiastical establishment. Between tithes and a tax there are various and essential distinctions, which invest Parliament with authority over the latter, which it cannot constitutionally exercise over the former. A tax is imposed by the legislature in the first instance; what Parliament has the right to impose upon the nation, it has, therefore, the power to modify or remove. When a tax has been laid on by the legislature, the same body, as guardian of the public purse, is in effect the party which receives the impost; what it is entitled to receive, it must necessarily possess the power to remit at its pleasure. But it is far otherwise with respect to tithes; to the receipt of these the government of this country has not, nor ever had, the least claim. They still are, as they ever were, the inalienable property of a third party. No power, therefore, without an absolute subversion of the most sacred principle of equity as well as of a fundamental article of the British constitution—an uniform and inflexible maintenance of the private rights of individuals—can surrender the minutest portion of that property which is not its own.

“If the opponents of ecclesiastical endowments should be able even to prove that tithes constitute a tax originally imposed upon land by the authority of the

legislature, they will be as far as ever from the object which they wish to accomplish. If this charge must be termed a tax, it falls, like the land tax, upon the net revenue derived from land, and not upon the commodities which the land produces—that is to say, its effect is to diminish rent, and not to enhance the price of provisions. No man will argue, that the abolition of the land tax would yield a benefit to any member of the community except the owner of the land; or that the repeal of that impost would have the slightest effect upon the selling price of the produce grown upon the land which is now subject to this charge; its extinction would merely enable the landed proprietor to put into his own pocket the amount which he now pays to the exchequer in the form of a land tax. To the extinction of this burden upon his estate the present owner can prefer no claim; it was imposed before the land came into his possession; and the price paid for it by the first purchaser, after the imposition of the tax, was diminished in proportion to the amount of this charge.

“Between tithes and a tax imposed upon articles of consumption there is also the following broad and palpable distinction: A tax is levied upon every member of the community in proportion to the quantity of the taxed commodity which he consumes. Hence the relief derivable from the abolition of a tax would fall to the share of each individual in proportion to his expenditure. But as tithes fall solely upon the net revenue accruing from land, the abolition of this impost, tax, or rent charge, (call it what you please, for the term applied to it will not affect its nature,) would merely serve to augment the rent of land from which it now forms a deduction; and in no respect diminish the price of agricultural produce to the general consumer. If there be, therefore, any persons who insist upon being allowed to call tithes a tax, let them at the same time remember, that they fall exclusively upon the net revenue or rent of land; and that from the abolition of this burden and the consequent annihilation of the advantages which the public is acknowledged to derive from an ecclesiastical establishment, the only class who could expect to reap the smallest profit, even in a pecuniary sense, are the owners of landed property.

“But it matters little in what manner tithes were originally introduced into this country. Whether they were, in the first instance, conferred upon parochial benefices by the spontaneous liberality of individual landowners who built churches upon their estates, and endowed them with a tenth of the produce of their land; or gradually acquired by the force of a custom tacitly acquiesced in by the public, and solemnly recognised by repeated acts of those autho-

rities in which is constitutionally vested the power of legislating for the nation;—these are points which it does not appear of vital importance to ascertain. The right to tithes may very safely be made to rest upon one broad fact, which cannot be controverted; no man will dispute that the right of the incumbents of ecclesiastical benefices to exact the tenth of the produce of land protected by no special exemption, has been uninterruptedly recognised by the law and customs of this country. It is not a dormant right, to be found only in books and records, but a right which has been acted on for ages, and which continues to be daily enforced in practice. Whatever theory may be adopted with respect to the origin of this charge upon the net revenue of land, it is indisputable that it had been universally recognised in practice, and expressly sanctioned by law, at a period of far greater antiquity than the oldest titles which the owners of any lay property can produce. It may therefore be assumed as a conclusion, which no reasoning or historical investigation can shake, that, for five centuries at the least, every acre of land which remains titheable in this kingdom has been inherited, purchased, or let, subject to this charge.”

But admitting that tithes were originally derived, as we have represented, from the voluntary liberality of the owners of land, it is sometimes contended, that under the peculiar circumstances attached to the present mode of cultivating farms in England, the exaction of the full tenth of the whole gross produce of land subject to tithes, is an unfair and unwarrantable extension of the claim which the founder of the benefice conferred upon its incumbent; it is argued, that on equitable grounds the tithe-owner is entitled to exact the tenth part of the *natural* produce of the soil only, and not a tenth part of the artificial produce of land, in the cultivation of which the occupier has expended a large capital. Some persons who concede that the tithe-proprietor is fairly entitled to a tenth of the produce yielded by land in an unimproved state, still deny that he can justly claim an equal proportion of the produce of land which has been improved by an expensive process of tillage. Let it be supposed that a farmer expends £20 in preparing an acre of land for the growth of hops, and that the produce of this acre, which as grass land would not in the whole be worth

more than L.5, should sell for L.30 :—is it, ask these reasoners, fair and equitable, that in the case hypothetically put, the tithe-owner should claim the tenth of L.30, the value of the improved produce, instead of being satisfied with the tenth of L.5, the value of the ordinary produce ?

“ In considering this question,” says this writer, whose words we shall again take the liberty of borrowing, “ it must be remembered, that the point to be decided is, not whether the landlord would obtain a larger revenue—of this there can be no doubt—but whether the profits of the capital employed in tillage would be increased by reducing the claims of the tithe-owner. It is indeed certain, that, as to the amount of rent, the reduction of the claim for tithes would prove an advantage to the landlord : but it appears almost equally certain, that, so far as regards the profits of the occupier, no permanent effect would be produced by this restriction. The net profits of the capital employed by the occupier of land in the production of the most expensive and valuable crops that are ever grown, would not be increased permanently, even by a total abolition of tithes, much less would they be affected by a partial reduction of their amount. The reasons upon which this opinion is grounded may be shortly stated ; and if they be admitted to hold good with respect to the most expensive crops—to hops, for instance—they must be equally conclusive with regard to all capital laid out in preparing land for the growth of any other species of agricultural production. It is an acknowledged axiom in political economy, and sanctioned by common sense, that, in every country where capital has a free circulation, the profits accruing from different branches of industry cannot, for a period of any duration, vary in amount. If capital, in a given average of years, should make a larger return of profits in one branch of agriculture or commerce than in another, a portion of it will naturally and unavoidably flow from the less lucrative channel into that which is more profitable, until the rate of profits, in every branch of public industry, become at length equalized. Applying this axiom to the produce of a hop-ground, let us consider whether the partial reduction, or even the abolition, of tithes would augment the profits of the capital employed in producing hops. Assume that the produce of an acre of hops sells for L.30.—in this case the tithe-owner’s claim would amount to L.3 ; it is, however, clear, that, notwithstanding this charge, the crop must return a fair average of profits for the capital expended in its production ; otherwise the farmer would discontinue the cultivation of

hops, and transfer his capital to some other undertaking where his profits would be higher ; for it is hardly conceivable that any man would persevere in cultivating hops if he could derive better returns from his capital by growing wheat. On the contrary, if the L.3, paid as tithes for an acre of hops, ceased to be exacted by the tithe-owner, the profits accruing from the produce would exceed the average rate of profits in other branches of industry—more capital would be attracted to the cultivation of hops, or a higher rent would be exacted by the landlord, and the profits of the grower would, in consequence, fall to the level of the general average of the rate of profits.

“ It may perhaps be objected to this representation of the effect which tithes have upon the profits of capital embarked in agriculture, that when a farmer rents land in a bad state of cultivation, with the intention of incurring an extraordinary expense in improving it, he obtains a lease from the landowner, which secures to him exclusively, for a definite and certain time, the whole profits of the capital expended on the land ; but that the claims of the tithe-owner, being put in force from year to year, absorb a portion of the produce which the landlord could not reach, and which would, therefore, fall to the share of the occupier in the form of augmented profits on the capital which he had embarked in agriculture. But when the occupier is said to reap exclusively the returns of the capital expended by him in the improvement of land held under lease, his real advantages are considerably overstated. When a landowner proposes to let a farm on lease, the basis on which the rent is calculated is not the produce of the land in its natural or untilled state, but the produce which it will, on the average, yield when a given amount of capital or labour has been laid out in its improvement. The landlord in effect addresses his tenant thus :—‘ I have one hundred acres of land which I propose to let for a term of twenty-one years—in its present unimproved state it cannot yield, as a net revenue or rent, more than 10s. per acre ; but if a capital of L.1000 be laid out in improving it, the augmented produce will return to the occupier a fair profit on the amount of his outlay ; and at the same time enable him to pay 20s. per acre as rent ; if you, therefore, are not both able and willing to lay out such amount of capital in the improvement of my farm, I must look out for another tenant possessing the means requisite for its cultivation, and who will, in consequence, be able to pay me the rent which I am fairly entitled to expect from my land.’

“ Indeed, every discreet landlord takes care to ascertain that the tenant who hires

his land is able to advance the capital required for its proper tillage; nor is it by any means unusual that where a lease is granted, the amount of this capital should be expressly specified, and the manner of expending it particularly defined.

"Let the subject be twisted how it may—place it in whatever view or light the reader pleases, the conviction will still force itself upon every candid and reflecting mind, that neither the partial reduction nor the total abolition of tithes would, under any conceivable circumstances, augment permanently the average profits of capital embarked in agriculture. If a claim for tithes ceased to exist, to the rent previously paid to the landlord would be added unavoidably and universally the full money value of the tenth portion of the average crop, which the land, when improved by the outlay of the necessary capital, would produce."

This is a point in the discussion respecting the true pressure of tithes, which particularly deserves the attention of the actual cultivators of the soil: who are too frequently taught to believe that they are the parties principally if not exclusively aggrieved by this exaction. If, however, they reflect upon this matter calmly and dispassionately, they will, we are convinced, perceive, that to them no real advantage could accrue from the extinction of the claims of the tithe-owner. The profit derivable from such a change would (at least at the expiration of the subsisting leases) fall entirely to the share of the landlords. The occupying farmers possess ample means of judging whether this opinion be well founded. In this part of the island tithes have been for a long time virtually abolished: that is to say, a limit has been permanently fixed beyond which this claim upon the produce of land cannot be pushed. In England, also, a very considerable extent of land (under the operation of modusses or other legal exemption, or under exclusive acts assigning land in lieu of tithes) is, in effect, tithe-free. We would, therefore, request the occupiers of land to enquire into the practical effect of this exemption: we shall acknowledge ourselves greatly in error if they make it clear to us that persons who as tenants cultivate land thus freed from tithes, derive from their capital a larger return of profit than their neighbours who hold farms which

are subject to this burden. As far as the interests of the occupying farmer are concerned, we are convinced that the whole enquiry resolves itself into the simple question of paying the same amount to two instead of one landlord. The actual farmer would, we dare say, prefer keeping in his own pocket the annual amount which he now pays the tithe-owner; but this he never can accomplish: this portion of the produce, or an equivalent for it in money, must and will be exacted from him by somebody: by the tithe-owner, under the present system—by the landowner, if this system were to cease. As far, therefore, as the interests of the class of persons who hire land are implicated, the sole question is, whether, even in a mere temporal view, it would be more accordant with public policy, that the emoluments attached to a parochial benefice should be received by an individual residing in or near the spot from which they accrue, or that they should be added to the already ample revenues of the landowners.

With the view of counteracting the exaggerated statements of those who labour to undermine the Church of England, various statistical details are given in this publication, shewing in a manner which cannot be controverted, that even admitting the clergy to be as they are sometimes represented, a body of functionaries, paid by the public, still the average amount of their incomes can scarcely be said to exceed the scantiest remuneration with which the most penurious financier might be willing to reward them for their services. The author then presents an estimate of the professional incomes of the English clergy: it appears to us to come as near the truth as the nature of such an attempt will permit. Together with the summary result of his calculations and enquiries, he has given the data on which his estimate has been formed. The reader is furnished with the ready means of detecting and correcting any mistakes into which he may have fallen.

From his calculation, it appears that the aggregate revenues of the English parochial clergy amount to £3,447,138: which being divided by 11,342, (the actual number of benefices in England and Wales,) gives

in the average about L.300 as the annual income of each incumbent.

The estimate of the average income annually accruing from an English benefice, is followed by a calculation of the expenditure usually incurred in acquiring the qualifications required in an ecclesiastical for the due discharge of his professional functions. It is assumed that a sum, which seldom falls short of L.800, has been expended upon the education of every candidate for orders by the time he has completed his twenty-third year: and further, that taking the average of ecclesiastical promotions, he cannot expect preferment until he has been at least seven years in orders.

"If to the principal thus expended in educating a young person for the ministry, its interest for seven years be added, the total will amount to about L.1100. Hence it appears clear, that at the earliest moment in which an ecclesiastical stands an average chance of obtaining preferment worth L.300 per annum, a capital amounting to no less than L.1100 has been laid out in preparing him for the discharge of his official functions. If a man at the age of 30 laid out L.1100 in the purchase of a life annuity, it would buy him an income of about L.90 per annum; which being deducted from L.300, leaves a balance of

L.210 as the pecuniary compensation which clergymen, on the average, receive for their professional services. The state thus enjoys the labour of between eleven and twelve thousand well-educated individuals, whose province it is to instruct the population of this country in the duties which they owe to God and to society; and as a recompense for the devotion of their time and talents exclusively to this object, they do not, on the average, receive more than L.210 per annum! This is, in truth, the revenue which excites the spleen of those who are inimical to our ecclesiastical establishment; and who exaggerate beyond all bounds the amount of the revenues set apart for the maintenance of the clergy, with the secret or avowed design of weakening the attachment which the people of this realm have hitherto cherished towards the ecclesiastical institutions ordained by the state."

Neither should it be forgotten, that the most numerous, and (what is still of more importance, with a reference to any proposed scheme of altering the church establishment) by far the most valuable portion of the ecclesiastical preferments of England, are the private property of lay patrons, in whom these advowsons have become vested either by descent or purchase. There are in the patronage of the Crown, bishops, capitular, and other public bodies,

1723 rectories, containing 4,637,508 acres;		
tithes at 3s. 6d. per acre,	.	L.811,563
2341 vicarages, containing 6,264,516 acres;	.	
tithes at 1s. 3d. per acre,	.	391,532
Total annual value of public endowments,	.	<u>L.1,203,095</u>

In the gift of private patrons there are:—

3444 rectories, containing 9,216,144 acres;		
tithes at 3s. 6d. per acre,	.	L.1,612,825
2175 vicarages, containing 5,820,300 acres;	.	
tithes at 1s. 3d. per acre,	.	363,768
1000 perpetual curacies, averaging L.75 each,	.	75,000
649 benefices not parochial, averaging L.50 each,	.	<u>32,450</u>

Total annual value of private benefices	.	<u>L.2,084,043</u>
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It thus appears, that the revenues of private benefices very nearly double the amount of the income annually derived from public endowments. It is perfectly well known, that this is a species of property which sells for nearly as much as a freehold yielding an income of equal amount: a benefice of a thousand per annum realizing to the seller nearly as much as an estate of the like value.

"Hence it may very truly be asserted, with reference to at least a very large proportion of the whole body of English ecclesiastics, that, combining the expense of their education with the capital sunk in purchasing the livings which they hold, they make a sacrifice of time, labour, and talents, in promoting the good of the public, for which, in a pecuniary view, they receive little or no compensation. Let us suppose that a gentleman has two sons, to each of whom he intends giving twenty

thousand pounds; one he educates for the bar, and the other for the church. The portion of the ecclesiastic is vested in the purchase of an advowson, which yields him an income of one thousand pounds per annum; with his patrimony the lawyer purchases an estate, from which he derives an annual return of nearly equal amount. In this case a thousand pounds is the whole annual income of the ecclesiastic; and it is an income accruing principally from the capital which he has advanced; and but in a very trifling, if in any, degree as a reward or compensation for his professional services. His lay-brother derives an equal, or very nearly an equal, income from the estate which he has purchased; and to this he may add as much as his talents and industry in his own profession may enable him to acquire. It is difficult, therefore, to point out an individual who makes a greater sacrifice than an ecclesiastic who purchases an advowson, and conscientiously devotes his time and talents to the due discharge of his professional functions. If he laid out his money in the acquisition of any other species of property, he could hardly fail to derive from it an income of equal amount; and to this might be added the emoluments arising from any other pursuit to which he might choose to devote himself. The time, the industry, and talents of the lawyer or physician are rewarded with a pecuniary compensation proportionate to the reputation and practice which each respectively enjoys; but the time, the talents, and exertions of an ecclesiastic, who holds a purchased living, are conferred, in most cases, gratuitously upon the public. From his professional services he derives but the most trifling, if indeed he derive any, pecuniary advantage; the income of his benefice being seldom more than a fair return of interest for the capital expended in the purchase of the advowson.

“Those who labour to generate and foster feelings of hostility towards the civil as well as ecclesiastical institutions of the country, are found on all occasions to hold up the clergy of the established church—not as in truth they are—men faithfully discharging important duties, attached to the property which they enjoy in their respective parishes, and which, subject to the conditions on which it is held, is as much their own as a private estate is the property of its lay owner—but as men who consume an inordinate proportion of wealth which belongs to the public, and which it is therefore inferred the public has a right to resume at its pleasure. But I appeal to every honest and honourable Englishman, and fearlessly ask, whether such a representation be just—whether ecclesiastics, who enjoy incomes derived from a portion of the net revenue of land, set aside for specific purposes by its original owners, can be described as the consumers

of public property in any other sense than the opulent proprietor of Holkham may be said to consume national wealth?”

Largely as we have already transcribed from the contents of this clear and seasonable publication, we shall venture to conclude with another extract, which we recommend to the candid perusal of all those classes who, being neither proprietors nor occupiers of land, may have been deluded into the belief that any profit or advantage would accrue to them from the confiscation and secularization of ecclesiastical revenues.

“It cannot surely, with any appearance of justice, be represented as inimical to the interests of the public, that a moderate portion of the net revenue accruing from land should pass from hand to hand, and be enjoyed, subject to the discharge of specified ecclesiastical services. If the incumbent of a parish performed no duty, never resided upon his benefice, never appeared among his parishioners—even under these circumstances, he would not stand in a more injurious position, either with respect to his parishioners or the community at large, than the lay landlord into whose pockets this ecclesiastical income would fall on the abolition of tithes. But if, as is generally, and always ought to be, the case, (for the question must not be argued on the abuse, but the proper use, of ecclesiastical endowments,) the incumbent should reside upon his benefice, should expend his income among his parishioners, and devote his time and talents to their instruction and improvement, it must be more advantageous, not only to the inhabitants of each parish, but also to the public, that an ecclesiastic so discharging the functions of his office, should receive the value of the tithes, than that it should be added to the rental of the landowners.

“In all the views of receipt, expenditure, and personal employment,” says Burke, “a sober legislator would carefully compare the possessor whom he was recommended to strip of his property, with the stranger who was proposed to fill his place. Before the inconveniencies are incurred which must attend all violent revolutions in property, through extensive confiscation, we ought to have some rational assurance, that the purchasers of the confiscated property will be in a considerable degree more laborious, more virtuous, more sober, less disposed to extort an unreasonable proportion of the gains of the labourer, or to consume on themselves a larger share than is fit for the measure of an individual, or that they should be qualified to dispense the surplus in a more steady and equal mode, so as to answer

the purposes of a politic expenditure, than the old possessors, call those possessors bishops, deans, canons, prebendaries, rectors, vicars, or what you please.’

“It seems, indeed, by no means easy to comprehend what motives can actuate some of those persons who are found to join in the clamour raised by interested malevolence, upon the subject of ecclesiastical endowments. That among the owners of the soil, some individuals should receive, without disapprobation, a proposal for curtailing, or perhaps for abolishing, ecclesiastical revenues, is a circumstance calculated to excite regret rather than surprise; for in every numerous body of men, however respectable, honourable, and upright as a whole, individuals will be found in whom a feeling of immediate interest is able to stifle the sense of honesty or public policy; but why persons, who, under no possible combination of circumstances, could derive the slightest advantage, either pecuniary or political, from such an act of spoliation,—why English citizens who are interested neither in the property nor in the cultivation of the soil,—why the commercial, the manufacturing, and operative classes should join in the clamour against ecclesiastical endowments, whenever it may suit the views of selfish or unprincipled demagogues to raise it, cannot be explained on the ordinary principles which regulate human conduct. If the sequestration and secularization of these endowments could indeed yield the most trifling advantage to any one of the individuals composing

these several classes,—if such a measure held out the prospect of increasing the wages of the labourer, or the profits of his employer, or adding to the weight of bread which either of them could purchase for sixpence,—their motives would appear at least intelligible; but as they could derive no such benefit from the measure here contemplated, it seems somewhat difficult to account for the eagerness which some of them occasionally evince, when it is proposed to wrest from a man who wears a black coat property which he holds under a grant from some previous owner of the soil, and transfer it, not into their own possession, but into that of another man whose coat happens to be brown or blue.

“Whatever appetite the weavers of Manchester, the cutlers of Birmingham, or the miners of Newcastle, may have for the endowments of the English establishment, they should be reminded that this property is placed at least beyond their reach. They may concur and assist in perpetrating this act of spoliation,—they may allow themselves to become active tools in the hands of designing persons, eager to deprive the church of the endowments conferred upon parochial benefices by their munificent founders. But from this act of plunder, no pecuniary benefit could accrue to them; the whole profit would pass by them, and fall exclusively to the share of the landowner, whom it would enable to add the amount, now paid as a composition for the tithes of an acre of land, to the sum which he receives already as a rent.”

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EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, NO. 45, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH;

AND T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

To whom Communications (post paid) may be addressed.

SOLD ALSO BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND CO. EDINBURGH.

Also just published,

No. CLXIX.

BEING PART I. FOR AUGUST, 1830.

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nucs of the Church of England.**

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No. CLXX.

AUGUST, 1830.

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PART II.

A GENERAL ELECTION.

WE find it impossible to resist the influence which the approach of a General Election exercises over public attention, and we must therefore endeavour to make the best use of our submission to it. Nothing could be conceived more momentous than the objects and consequences of such an election, or more curious than its process; and a glance at them may be made, by the simple exercise of reason and honesty, to yield a most salutary lesson. We confess we are not over sanguine on this point, because we are not sure that reason and honesty have any existence during an election; but we will write, as we have too often done already, against hope.

The electors, in forming a new House of Commons, select a body of men, who, for seven years, are to hold boundless authority over the greatest empire in the universe,—an empire not more distinguished by its magnitude, than by its peculiarities of situation and population, and the multiplicity, complexity, and discordance of its interests. These men are in real power above both the Crown and the Cabinet; they can practically govern the King in the choice of the Ministry, and the Ministry in the choice of its policy and measures. They are equally above the community; they can protect the Executive from its influence, and render it powerless in every thing save open rebellion. All laws and institutions, all collective and individual possessions, are at their mercy.

If they make themselves the tools of the Government, they invest it with actual despotism, more unlimited than that of any absolute monarch; if they become the followers of innovators and demagogues, they can by law fill the empire with the evils of revolution. By one act they can smite the Constitution or public freedom; and by another, they can create war, or subject property and bread to virtual confiscation.

In the regular and necessary discharge of their duties, these men, by their opposition or subserviency, regulate the Government in its general conduct. They sit in judgment on its policy and measures,—on all its acts; therefore it shapes the latter accordingly. From them it takes its character. The public purse is under their management. It is to them that the community and individual must look for the removal of evils, and the redress of wrongs. They are continually employed in making and abolishing laws which bear vitally on right, privilege, and liberty, on institutions—on the rich man's wealth, and the poor man's necessities; in this the largest share of knowledge and wisdom will barely suffice for enabling them to act correctly. By honest indolence, or well-intentioned toil, they may easily plunge the empire into calamity and misery. They are not only declared to be omnipotent, but their omnipotence is constantly occupied in placing national and individual interests under regulation, experiment, and hazard.

These men, as a body, enjoy privileges for their protection, which amount to the most odious tyranny. Their privileges not only make them the accusers, witnesses, and judges, in their own cause, but empower them to extort from the accused party evidence of his own criminality. Thus, in what they may assert to be offences against themselves, they can set aside law, trial by jury, and evidence, and punish at pleasure. Of course, however unjust and destructive their general conduct may be, they can easily, so far as concerns it, extinguish the press and public opinion, and place it above animadversion and moral control.

In general, men who exercise delegated power in a body, have a deep personal interest in labouring to act wisely and uprightly; they are, in loss and profit, fame and disgrace, circumstanced much like an individual. But the case is the reverse with those who form the House of Commons. The heads of this House make the public interest subservient to their own; they are continually impelled, by passion, prejudice, and private gain, to attempt inroads on the weal of the empire; and they carry the rest with them not only as disciples, but as mercenaries. While the mass of the members have, on the one hand, little to incite them to the conscientious discharge of duty, they have, on the other, the most potent temptations to its neglect and violation. The influence, and even direct authority, of patrons, party feelings, and bonds, bribes, and the fear of loss, operate on the side of wrong almost without counterpoise. With regard to reputation, it is to the House, both collectively and individually, a matter of trivial moment. Responsibility for its conduct falls on the House in its abstract corporate character, but extends not to the men who compose it; and it is not of sufficient magnitude to have any influence. Houses of Commons are held to be about equally wise and pure; the proper distinction is not drawn between the good and the bad ones; and they are looked at as something rather combined with, and subordinate to, the Ministry, than separate and independent. The members severally are not made accountable for the acts of the House; the men whose

profligacy constitutes its own, know that it will bear the blame, and they will be held guiltless. Its deeds are like those of the populace; no one commits them, or feels that he is affected by their character. Thus, in the aggregate, and individually, the House of Commons is scarcely reached by the salutary influence of the world's opinion.

Such is the case, speaking generally; but the electors at this moment have not only the nature of things, and history, but the most grievous wrongs and sufferings, to deter them from an improper choice. The House of Commons now happily passing to the tomb, took a course which placed it in revolting contrast to former ones, and rendered its misdeeds as incapable of being overlooked as of being palliated, or ascribed to any parent but itself. When it passed the Catholic Bill, it made a vital change in the constitution; and in doing this, it audaciously trampled on national feeling and constitutional principle: it not only disobeyed the voice of the community, but cast on it every insult. A large part of its members, in profligate defiance of the sentiments of their constituents, violated the most solemn pledges that man could give, to commit a most perilous breach of trust: they wantonly made themselves both apostates and traitors, to deprive, in the hour of danger and necessity, those they represented of both freedom and right; and it was abundantly obvious that many of them acted from motives equally corrupt and despicable. Whatever might be the character of the measure, the House, in passing it, displayed every thing which patriotism and virtue denounce and abhor.

This House at its birth found the community involved in intolerable suffering, and while it, on the one hand, refused enquiry and remedy, it, on the other, zealously protected and enlarged the sources of the suffering. It religiously adhered to the conduct it commenced with to the last. The term of its existence formed one of loss, bankruptcy, want, and misery, without example in English history; yet not a solitary instance can be found in it in which the House listened to the prayers of the nation, investigated, or attempted to restore prosperity. It stands an appalling

narrative of fearful decline and wretchedness in regard to the empire; and of flinty disdain of humble petitions, obstinate defiance of public feelings, and attacks on the constitution, pillars of the monarchy, revenue, property, and bread, in respect of the House of Commons.

Amidst public men, fidelity and consistency have been made matters of reproach, and the corrupt abandonment of pledge and faith has been exalted into a cardinal virtue. Thus, the leading restrictions to the discharge of obligation and duty have been replaced with potent temptations to violate them; the elector has lost his securities.

To give to this the utmost capacity for the production of evil, a Ministry is in existence which has exhibited a faithlessness to principle, cause, and party, wholly without parallel, and which employs its gigantic power to aid its example in making such faithlessness general. Instead of maintaining itself, according to honourable precedent, by its own principles and legitimate strength, it does it by adopting any principles which are the prevailing ones, and weakening its opponents through treachery and desertion. Its creed is avowedly a neutral compound, destitute of definition, and capable of bearing any meaning; it dooms the consistent Tory, and the consistent Whig, alike to exclusion; and its favour is only to be gained by the betrayal of either Toryism or Whiggism. The proper division of the two great parties, in regard to both principle and person, enters into the essence, and governs the working, of the Constitution; yet it labours to destroy this division, to make itself lawless. In addition, public men have made it a fashion to disregard the public weal, and look on its sacrifice as a proof of wisdom and desert. From their wretched contests for private gain, it is now, even as a secondary object, excluded; if its promotion on leading points touch their contests, they become unanimous against it. Is some fiction to be acted on, which confessedly will plunge this or that great interest into distress, and take away the bread of hundreds of thousands—where is the public man who will not win fame by supporting it, or at any rate avoid disgrace by neutral-

ty? Are these great interests, are millions of souls, is the whole empire struggling with bitter suffering—where is the public man who will commit his reputation by detailing the causes and insisting on remedies? On such petty matters as free beer-shops, change in the sugar-duties, and the abolition of trifling sinecures, public men may venture into disunion and battle, Ministers may be overthrown, and the government may be broken up; but these men must harmoniously shun the infamy of preventing the creation of loss and want, giving food to the starving, extricating vast bodies from bankruptcy, and relieving the whole empire from wretchedness.

A new reign is commencing; the Sovereign, although ripe in years, has yet a public character to form; and thus far, he has given no proof that he sees error in the policy of his servants, or suffering in the condition of his subjects. Amidst his plans of governing, those for calling into action right principles do not appear; amidst his devices for gaining popularity, those for banishing hunger and restoring prosperity cannot be discovered. The House of Commons, about to be chosen, must decide his policy and the character of his reign. It is not impossible that this House will spend part of its existence under a regency of the most unpromising character. The prospect at present is, that the Regent will be weak, ignorant, and capricious from birth and sex—will be from nature and necessity the instrument of faction; and that such a Regent will rule amidst circumstances which will plunge the Royal Family into contention, make even the succession a matter of intrigue and dispute, cause party contests to turn on the most injurious questions, and give power to the most unprincipled of the candidates for it. In such a state of things, the salvation of the empire must rest chiefly on the House of Commons.

From these considerations, and especially the facts, that all interests and classes are enduring great suffering—that the latter has been mainly produced by incapacity in Houses of Commons—that the mass of the population cannot procure a sufficiency of the necessities of life—

that the state of this mass is suffering constant declension—and that the hope, not only of present relief, but also of protection from still more fearful distress and calamity, must depend principally on a proper choice; it might naturally be expected that the community would, as one man, see in the Election a thing of the very highest solemnity and moment. It might be regarded as certain, that candidates would only stand on the most exalted qualifications, and electors would only act on the purest motives,—that rich and poor would zealously combine in preventing improper candidates and votes from profaning the sanctity of the hustings.

Alas! reasoning from what ought to be, is just as fallacious here as it is in most of the cases in which it is held to be unerring. Let us now sketch, according to past facts, and present appearances, the reality of a General Election.

Parliament is dissolved, and the community, speaking of it in the aggregate, is in raptures—why?—because an hour of amusement, party conflicts, rioting, lawlessness, and profit, is at hand. One set of people rejoice because there will be a gaudy show,—a stirring spectacle; because there will be ribbons and colours, music and processions, broken windows and the battles of mobs, to delight them. These people have no vote, and they have no business which the election can benefit; nevertheless, they have as deep a stake in the matter as those who have; therefore are they not anxious that the most fitting men may be elected? Absurd! such anxiety could not perhaps be gratified, unless the exhibition were stripped of its leading beauties, if not wholly prevented: they are so far from entertaining it, that if they were called on to choose between the loss of the sights, and the expulsion of the very best members, by the election of the very worst; they would prefer the latter. They have their partialities and antipathies, but these are minor matters which must bow to the wish for a contest.

Another set of people, who are in trade, and whose sight never wanders from the shrine of profit and loss, rejoice because their business is on the point of receiving “a fil-

lip.” The mercer sees before him an animated demand for ribbons and handkerchiefs at his own prices—the glazier beholds a brilliant harvest of broken windows—overwhelming calls for ale, spirits, wine, and post-horses bewitch the eyes of the publican and innkeeper—and silk manufacturers, glass-makers, brewers, spirit-merchants, &c. &c., are duly sensible of the approach of an influx of orders. These people have votes, but they place them at the disposal of their customers in return for purchases: one votes for this candidate, because Mrs So-and-so will never enter his shop, if he do not; another because Mr So-and-so promises him his business for so doing; and a third will not vote, because he cannot without losing his sales to certain families. With them the issue of the election in regard to the public weal, is a matter not to be thought of; for a few extra orders, they would do their utmost to fill the House of Commons with lunatics and pick pockets.

A third description comprehends people, who, although not in business, still rejoice from motives of personal gain. They have votes to sell, and the tardy market once more irradiates the perspective; they seek dignities and emoluments for their children; and the patrons smile upon them in the distance whose favour can be melted by plumpers into the creation of clerks, excisemen, and butlers, milliners, ladies-maids, and cooks. If their hopes of profit rise no higher, they see before them a number of delectable days, on which they can get drunk without cost; keep up rows for public good, and break the peace under shelter of law. With these people, an Election is only desired for the sake of such advantages, and it is used only to gain them: the highest bidder and most bountiful giver is the man to be elected; and the new House of Commons may do what it pleases with the empire.

A fourth description consists of people whose joy flows in but a secondary degree, from the hope of individual benefits. They form the grand parties, the Pinks and the Blues, the Purples and the Yellows; and the glorious moment for measuring their strength, recovering past losses, gaining new victories, grati-

fyng revenge, and giving boundless scope to party madness, is arriving. It is but doing them justice to say, that they not only make individual gain subservient to that of party, but they frequently make enormous sacrifices for the sake of the latter. Wofully mistaken is he who imagines that their animosities and warfare flow from the wish to elect the most deserving candidates. At the best, the rival parties only seek to elect slaves to the Ministry and Opposition, whatever may be their principles and measures; if an accomplished candidate, who in Parliament would study the public good alone, in contempt of party, should offer himself along with their slaves, they would oppose him with all their might; even here, they in reality are more anxious to serve their own party feelings and interests, than to strengthen the Ministry and Opposition. But in general, they are actuated by motives still more objectionable. The candidate of the Pinks is supported by some individual of great influence; and through hostility to this individual, the Blues must oppose him, whatever may be his merit, and however worthless their own candidate may be. Or the Pinks must oppose the candidate of the Blues, without any reference to his character, solely because they constitute a hostile party.

The Purples have the interest of the Corporation, and from this reason alone, the Yellows must endeavour, in opposing them, to change the best representative for the worst. Or the candidate of the Purples is the "Third Man,"—the one who creates a contest; therefore, he must be supported against the Yellows, in contempt of all other considerations. They are so far from looking at public good, that they place the merits of the candidates out of the question, and knowingly labour to substitute the dunce and profligate for the man of tried ability and virtue. The tradesman loses his business, the tenant his dwelling and land, the labourer his employment, and the family its bread; the man of wealth squanders away his money, the bonds of natural affection are severed, friendship is converted into enmity, inextinguishable feuds are created, and the House of Commons is filled with incapacity

and vice;—all this is done to gratify the animosities of those parties, and enable them to injure each other.

And now, where are the people who regard the Election as a matter of the highest national importance,—who are labouring to bring forward candidates of the best description, are determined to use their votes and influence in favour of worth alone, and are willing to make any sacrifice to form such a House of Commons as the interests of the empire require? Putting out of sight a few scattered individuals, they cannot be discovered: there are no such people.

Let us now look at the candidates.

Here is one whose genius is not equal to the composition of his advertisements, and to whom the making of a speech is an impossibility; he knows nothing of public interests, he is incapable of understanding them, and he will not even attempt it. Amidst his vague boasts of patriotism, independence, and all the virtues, he declares himself a friend to the institutions of the empire, in "Church and State." These are the cant words of his party, and their meaning in plain English is, that he will be a servile follower of Ministers,—that at the nod of the latter, he will divest himself of deliberation, and will oppose his constituents, attack any institutions, forfeit any pledges, renounce any principles, and do any thing. This individual may mean well, and may be above bribe, but nevertheless, he differs not practically from the most corrupt of the Ministry's hirelings.

Here is another, who in ability and knowledge barely equals the first. He, however, far surpasses him in boasting, his professions are perfectly ravishing. He is the champion of "civil and religious liberty," the foe of "tyranny in all its forms," an especial hater of "corruption," and a friend of "the people." These cant words of his party reveal that he is the slave of the Whig opposition,—that at its command he will join in any violation of liberty, any tyranny and corruption, and any outrage on the people's feelings and privileges. This man may also possess good intentions and clean hands, but in effect he differs not from the deliberate traitor.

A third appears, who is equally destitute of understanding, but who possesses a trifle more of intelligence. In dilating on his perfections, he raves furiously against "sin-ecures," "taxes," and the "corruption of Parliament;" and in favour of "universal suffrage and annual elections." His cant proclaims him a Radical. This man is, in speech, a wholesale innovator; every thing in the State is wrong, and nothing will operate as a remedy save general demolition and anarchy; he would sweep away the aristocracy, the church, and even religion itself. The merit of honest madness cannot be conceded him; for he knows his assertions are false, and his nostrums would produce ruin. He is a lying mountebank, because he can be nothing else; he must differ from the Ministerialist and Whig, or all will oppose him; he cannot gain support by addressing truth and reason to the intelligent, therefore he enables himself to appear on the hustings by speaking falsehood and folly to the ignorant. The Ministerialist and Whig will, in obedience to their leaders, labour at times to promote the public weal; but he must constantly attack it to retain the favour of his patron the multitude.

We have next a man of great talent and political acquirements. Because he is so, he is a party leader; and because he is this, he has personal interests which compete and clash with those of the community. To him the public good is a thing, not to be studied and promoted without regard to other considerations, but to be made use of, trifled with, postponed, and sacrificed, for the private benefit of himself and his party. It is his great object to make the House of Commons the reverse of what it ought to be. Is he a Minister—he labours, by the most impure as well as other means, to change it from a deliberative body, charged with the duty of watching vigilantly the conduct of Ministers, and sitting in impartial justice on their measures, into their unprincipled instrument—into a thing for giving them despotic power. Does he belong to the Opposition—he endeavours, without regard to means, to change this House into an engine for oppo-

sing and harassing the government in the fulfilment of its duty; creating discontent, misleading public opinion, deluding the lower orders, stifling the legitimate voice of the country, and trampling on public interests, merely to give power to him and his confederates. His efforts are not fruitless; in Parliament, he causes many well-meaning men, as well as different ones, to act the part of public enemies.

A bankrupt and swindler now stands before us. The fellow has ruined himself by gaming and debauchery; he is overwhelmed with debts, and he lives by robbing every tradesman who will trust him; his knavery spares nothing; it wars as much against female innocence and family peace as against goods and money. He wants a seat in Parliament, partly that he may be enabled by privilege to cheat and defraud in defiance of law, and partly that he may sell his constituents and country for the polluted means of indulging his depravity.

Here is a young lordling, who has just escaped from his teens into an age which is ashamed of him; his disqualifications are not confined to incapacity, ignorance, and inexperience. He is the tool of his father, and his vote will be sold by this father to the Ministry or Opposition for valuable family benefits. It is from this alone that he seeks a seat.

The next is an opulent capitalist. He seeks a seat merely as the agent of the Bank, the East India Company, or some similar corporation; and, of course, his employers are the only constituents and country he knows and cares for; to their interests he must regularly sacrifice those of the empire.

Here is a double-faced heartless wretch, who has made a secret bargain with the Ministry or Whig club, in virtue of which it is to supply him with money and interest, and he is to be its menial if elected. The man actually boasts of his independence and patriotism, when he is under bond to be a slave, deceiver, and betrayer.

A sober, long-headed person now exhibits himself; he is a city haberdasher, or a stock-jobber, or a merchant. Is he an orator? No; he cannot make a speech. Does he under-

stand public affairs? No. Does he wish to serve his country? No. Is he an instrument of party? No; he is wholly unknown to it. Why, then, does he desire a seat? He is an expert calculator, and he has discovered that, by vesting a certain sum in one, he can make it yield him enormous pecuniary profits; he proceeds on no vague suppositions; he has the whole matter traced on a balance-sheet, in proper counting-house form, and the mighty gain shines in arithmetical proof. By standing aloof from party, observing severe impartiality concerning creed to all customers, and carrying his vote to the best market on all trying questions, he sees that he can obtain lucrative contracts, agencies, &c. for himself and his connexions. Self, self,—money, money, are his idols; they are reflected in every object that meets his eyes; they are interwoven with everything which enters his thoughts; to make them secondary to public good would be, with him, downright idiocy. On matters from which he can extract no direct benefit, the same spirit still guides him; he will vote on a certain side, because it will “do good to trade;” morals, religion, laws, and institutions, must all be made subservient to the “good of trade.”

A lawyer follows him, who is actuated by similar motives. A seat may be made prolific of briefs; a vote may extort golden favour from Ministers. When parties seek recruits amidst lawyers, what may not pliability, sycophancy, declamation, and a forehead bearing the notice, “Any side for fee,” be made productive of? On the hustings, he will pledge himself, by every thing sacred, to oppose some measure which vitally affects the Church and Constitution; in Parliament, he will, at the nod of the Minister, audaciously advocate it. Deny him a silk gown, and he will be as furious a patriot as ever scattered flame amidst the rabble; but give him one, and it will convert him into the most supple worshipper of the powers that be. He will rail with republican indignation against the corruption of the Court, and then a retainer will make him a Court parasite; he will attack this mighty abuse and that destructive system, and then the smile and substantial fee of government will make him the impu-

dent defender of both. The wretched creature, who disgraces the form of man, regards constituents and country as things only to be given in barter for the means of gratifying his avarice and ambition.

Passing by a host of similar candidates, we search almost in vain for men who possess the requisite qualifications in regard to ability and intelligence, who are really independent, and who are determined to look at duty alone, if they be elected. A few such men may be perceived, but in numbers they only form the exception to the rule. The mass of the candidates are incompetent, and, in addition, they seek seats on party and personal interests, which are at variance with those of the empire.

What is the source of this lamentable state of things? Is it to be found in the non-existence of men properly qualified? No, there is no lack of such men; but they do not offer themselves, because they are prohibited from so doing. What forms the prohibition? It is formed, saying nothing of other matters, by the electors. Throwing the expense and aristocratic authority out of the question, they would, in offering, be opposed by the Ministerialist, Whig, and Radical,—by the various parties and the multitude,—in a word, by the body of the electors. The dunce, the slave, the profligate, the knave, and the traitor, may enter the field with hope of success, but not the wise and upright patriot.

We will now place before us the Election. The manner in which the “boroughmongers” elect their members is too well known, and too generally declaimed against, to require notice, a description would supply neither novelty nor lesson. We will, therefore, go at once to the “open” places, and commence, as dignity prescribes, with a County.

Here, then, is a county, the members of which, in the last Parliament, gave great dissatisfaction; they proved themselves to be destitute of capacity, and voted on important questions in opposition to the sentiments of their constituents. Surely these men will be dismissed by the “free and independent freeholders.” No. The one is a Ministerialist, connected with the great Ministerialist families of the county; and the other is a

Whig, connected with the Whig ones. Some half-dozen of the Ministerialist families decide that their member has been to them excessively docile, and shall not be removed; an equal number of the Whig ones form the same decision touching theirs, and then both decide in confederacy that "the peace of the county shall not be disturbed." To the latter decision the smaller families on both sides humbly bow, and the mass of the "independent freeholders" have no resource but submission.

Why is this county thus practically converted into something worse than a close borough? The blame rests not on the more humble, but on the wealthy electors. The fetters of the great families could be at once broken by the body of the gentry, but it must not be done, because it would hazard favours and friendships, or at the least, it would beget strife, and call for exertion. The landowners know that the old members support a system which is taking from them their estates, ruining their tenants, and starving the husbandry labourers; but they must submit to all this rather than give offence to their heads, by calling for new ones. The election in this case is a mockery; it takes place that the county may send men to Parliament to oppose, insult, and scourge it.*

Here is another county, which has had a Ministerial member and a Whig one. The former's incapacity is declaimed against by the whole county, and the great families, which have supported him, are so well convinced of it, that they wish to change him. After due deliberation, these families discover, that if they cause him to resign, and start a new candidate, another Whig will oppose the latter with great prospect of success; they of course determine there shall be no change. The determination binds the body of the electors, and virtually deprives them of the franchise.

The Whig member of a third county resigns, and there must necessarily be a new one. Two-thirds of the electors are Ministerialists, but it is not for them to decide who their representatives shall be. A few of the families of both persuasions discuss the matter privately. The Whigs protest that if another Ministerialist offer himself, they will oppose him to

the last; the Ministerialists submit for the sake of peace; and, in consequence, the sense of the "independent electors" is disregarded, and a man is elected, who, in their judgment, is unworthy of the trust.

We have now a fourth county, for which, from the resignation of the old Members, there must be new ones. Two-thirds of the electors are Whigs. The leading Ministerialists and Whigs agree in solemn conclave, that each side shall have a member, and there shall be no contest. From this, the electors, as a whole, are not suffered to exercise their right of choice, and they are decidedly opposed to one of the men returned in their name. This is not all; the two members, being Ministerialist and Whig, will take opposite sides on all important questions, and thereby neutralize each other's vote; the county, therefore, will not, in effect, be represented in Parliament.

The next county is to be contested. Why? Perhaps there is a vacancy? No. Probably the incompetency of one, or both, of the old members is the cause? No. The only thing which can be fairly alleged against the latter is, they are both Ministerialists, and the contest is to be raised solely to oust one of them in favour of a Whig. The Whig candidate is, in qualification, far inferior to his opponents.

And now we have a county which is deserted by its old members. A man, in every respect properly qualified, is anxious to offer himself, and as a necessary preliminary, he sounds a few of the leading men. They give him no encouragement, because he is neither Ministerialist nor Whig, but a compound of both: to stand in opposition to them would be a hopeless matter, therefore he is compelled to abandon his wish. Another well-qualified individual is accepted by them, because he is strongly Ministerial, and he offers himself to the county at large in due form; but retracts his offer on the appearance of two other candidates. Does he do this for fear of being at the bottom of the poll? No; he is certain of being placed at the top by a triumphant majority: the sole reason of his retreat is this—a contest would cost him fifty thousand pounds, and he cannot afford to waste the money.

His opponents are ignorant and imbecile, but they are rich; weight of purse is to them a majority of votes, it practically strips the electors of the franchise, and the county of representatives.

We will not describe a county contest, because it does not differ materially from a borough one, of which we shall soon speak. Of county elections, we will observe generally:—

1. To a great extent, there is an understanding among the leading men of each county, that its members shall be a Ministerialist and a Whig. There may be a strong probability, and even a certainty, that two candidates of the same creed would be returned by the great majority of the county; but, nevertheless, the minority must be permitted to return one without a contest. In cases where this understanding does not prevail, the minority regularly puts forward its candidate, and his expenses are paid by clubs, subscriptions, &c; he thus stands a contest comparatively free from cost, while his opponents have to bear their own expenses; the supporters of the latter, secure of returning one member, will contribute no money towards the return of two. The minority must, therefore, have its seat, or opposing candidates must have the cost of a contest, and by this it scares away opposition. The effect is, that county representation is degraded into a nominal matter. To render it effective, the majority in each county ought to return both the members; it is by this alone that the sentiments of the county can find their way into Parliament, and the parliamentary majority can be made to represent the national one. But from what we have stated, the members, on important questions, nullify each other's votes: so far as they are concerned they virtually destroy the House of Commons, or at the best compress it into the casting vote of Mr Speaker.

Three-fourths of the Yorkshire electors are strongly opposed to this ministry, or that system of policy; but in all divisions in the House respecting either, two of the Yorkshire members vote on one side and two on the other. It follows that in effect this county has no representatives, save on minor matters. Many of the counties thus in essentials are placed in a worse condition than even the close boroughs; they are practically deprived of members.

2. None but the very rich, and the instruments which party puts forward and supports with its purse, can maintain a contest for a county; the qualifications, in consequence, are confined to great wealth and party servility. It, therefore, naturally happens, that county members, as a whole, cannot be other than men deplorably inefficient in ability and intelligence. Agriculture embraces the especial interests of their constituents, yet on matters connected with it, scarcely an individual can be found among them capable of making an able, argumentative speech; they can neither confute their opponents, nor support their friends; and they display so much ignorance and folly in what they utter, that they are about the worst enemies of their own cause. In respect of its own representatives, agriculture is the interest which is destitute above all others of capable advocates and defenders. We need not speak of their capacity for managing the general affairs of the empire. If they make a display of independence, their want of talent and knowledge too often causes them to do it to the injury of the State; they oppose or support the Ministry when they ought to do the contrary. We speak of the body, and admit a few exceptions. Counties, therefore, are not only to a great extent virtually without representatives, but those they possess are of the least value possible.*

* So long as the Country Gentlemen formed a kind of independent party, it operated to bring forward independent men as candidates, and to counterpoise the divisions of Whig and Tory. However party might divide them on secondary questions, they acted together on leading ones; this raised the counties to be represented, in regard to sentiment, with reasonable efficiency, and the influence of public sentiment supplied in a great degree any lack of ability. The party was guided by the legitimate voice of the county, and it seldom erred; it held the balance of the House of Commons, and thereby placed the corrupt boroughs under the regulation of the counties.

We turn to the boroughs.

Here is one which contains some fifty or one hundred "free and independent burgesses;" no "borough-monger" waves his iron sceptre over them, and compels them to elect his menial; but they are free as air to choose their own representatives. They wish to dismiss their old Members. Doubtlessly it is for incapacity or breach of trust? No. The reason is, these members cannot be depended on for a good price, or early payment in the purchase of votes. The worthy burgesses do not trust to chance, or wait, with their fingers in their mouths, for a godsend, but, like men of business, they apply to some wholesale broker in boroughs. This man's trade is so extensive, that the price of every rotten borough and every borough-buyer in the kingdom are known to him. They leave their votes with him for sale, and restrict him to nothing save price and solvency of purchaser, precisely as cotton and sugar are confided to a broker for sale; the buyer may be Christian or infidel, honest man or rogue, patriot or traitor, Ministerialist, Whig, or Radical; it is the same to them, provided he makes the due bidding and produces the necessary cash. Or, to the extent permitted by law, they advertise themselves to be sold as cattle are.

A customer exhibits himself, and the bargain is concluded. The man buys his constituents like swine, and he afterwards treats them as such animals. He knows it is useless to consult their sentiments, and he does any thing with his vote which best comports with his own interest. The member for an aristocratic borough is influenced by the owner of it, if not by his nominal constituents; he is generally bound to certain principles, and restricted from voting corruptly. But a man like this is free from all influence whatever; no restriction of any kind exists to prevent him from making the most corrupt use of his vote on all occasions.

Here is another borough; the old members are men of high character, and they have discharged their duty in the most meritorious manner, but notwithstanding this, a considerable part of the burgesses wish for new ones. Why? Because these members were returned principally through

the interest of the corporation or some wealthy individual; and the burgesses in question, who are called the Pinks or Independents, always oppose such interest, without reference to merit in the candidates. But they do this for the holy purpose of preserving the independence of their borough! Hold, and let us have the basis of this wish for independence. If there be no independence, there is no contest; and in consequence there is no liquor to drink without price, no money or patronage to be obtained for votes—no benefit to be extracted from the franchise. Make it the same to the upright Pinks in these matters, whether there be a contest or none, and they will resign independence without a sigh.

These Pinks are so violently anxious for change, that they advertise for at least one new candidate, and they are gratified. Some trading lawyer, gamester, or other worthless person, makes his appearance, and is received with rapture. In the furious contest which follows, character and principles are scornfully disregarded: granted that the stranger is a profligate—that his creed is of the most pernicious kind—that, if elected, he will violate his duty and support the most destructive measures, still he must be worshipped by the Pinks. What he is, and what he will do in Parliament, are with them out of the question; they only want him to oppose the other candidates for the sake of a contest; and for this purpose he is as deserving as the best man living could be. He is elected.

What are the fruits? The borough intentionally deprives itself of a valuable representative, and replaces him with one who is a disgrace to it, and who will violate his duty to it in every way.

The House of Commons receives in exchange for an intelligent, upright, patriotic member, a vicious traitor.

Members of Parliament in general receive the lesson, that the most conscientious discharge of duty will avail them no more with their constituents than the most criminal neglect of it; and they have a living example placed amidst them to lead them to such neglect.

But the "free and independent burgesses" secure their independ-

ence. They take from the obnoxious interest the means of returning a worthy representative, and invest themselves with the power of returning one destitute of character and principle; they secure to themselves at every dissolution of Parliament, a contest, and the bribes and other iniquitous benefits which a contest produces.

These Pinks are, to a man, staunch Reformers; they annually hold public meetings, at which they put forth the most indignant diatribes against the corruption and profligacy of the House of Commons, and prepare the most moving petitions in favour of Radical reform.

We have next a borough, or city, in which there is no powerful interest, and the members are chosen by scot-and-lot voters. The election, of course, is in the hands of the labouring orders. It might naturally be presumed, that at this place no man would be permitted to shew himself as candidate, who was not the champion of good wages, the sources of employment, the poor laws, proper instruction, and other matters possessed by the labouring classes, or required for their weal.

Alas—alas! that the things which ought to be, are not!

If any such champion should venture to solicit the votes of the electors, well would it be for him if it should not put his person in jeopardy. This is so well known, that all such scrupulously avoid the place. The enlightened electors are vehement reformers, and their ardour in favour of freedom of election is so great, that they seek the lives of both voters and candidates whom they oppose. Impatient of the tedious process of ejecting the opponent of their favourites by polling, they put him down at once with stones and Irish bludgeons. No one can hope for their votes, who is not the determined enemy of their interests.

This place is contested. The three candidates necessarily agree in essentials; they are all enthusiastic advocates for the things which will reduce wages to the famine ones, contract to the utmost the sources of employment, and produce amidst the low orders the greatest portion of want and misery. They wish to sweep away the poor laws, and make the la-

bourer, in his intervals of idleness, a beggar and vagabond; and, to give this the greatest effect, they denounce charity as a pernicious vice: They fiercely withstand all attempts to give to the poor greater means of religious instruction; they are decidedly hostile to all efforts for shortening the hours of labour, and securing to the labourer honest payment in money: With them, it is a political crime to protect and encourage industry by law. In a word, they eagerly seek on principle to reduce the labouring classes to the lowest point of penury, degradation, and wretchedness. On these matters they agree, and therefore are received with about equal enthusiasm by the electors; but on some less important ones they differ. One of them cannot wholly divest his lips of truth and common sense; in throwing the hatchet, he places himself under limitations; he exaggerates and caricatures unmercifully, but still he avoids pure fiction. His incapacity here ruins him. Those alone can gain the highest point in the favour of the electors, who do the most not only to injure their interests, but to impose on, and delude them.

On the hustings the more honest candidate bridle himself to the extent we have stated, while his two opponents riot in all the superlatives of slander and falsehood. They solemnly assure the worthy electors that Ministers are not only dolts, but the greatest knaves and tyrants in being—that the Aristocracy exists only to oppress and plunder them—that the Clergy are drones, tools of despotism, and public robbers—that the House of Commons is a sink of corruption, a den of swindlers—that the taxes are levied only to feed the rapacity of the “borough-mongers,” and other sinecurists—and that the people are enduring the extreme of injustice and tyranny. They maintain that Radical reform, and like nostrums, would remove all the evils which flow from the ruinous influx of foreign goods, bad harvests, and other causes of the same kind. And they vehemently protest that the electors are the most knowing, wise, and pure of their species; and that all who differ from them are imbecile and dishonest in the last degree.

We are tracing no libel on human nature; incredible as it may seem, there are men—men of education and fortune, men who are tolerated in decent society, and even admitted into the legislature—who exhibit such despicable and damning iniquity.

This is received with uproarious acclamations by the enlightened electors; "It is all true!" bursts in thunder from ten thousand voices. The moderate candidate imitates his opponents, but he throws out the spice and seasoning, and delicious morsels; his orations, therefore, taste too much of truth, reason, and probability, to be relished. He is listened to, but the cheers are cold, few, and feeble. For the first day or two of the poll, matters go on peaceably, and this candidate, from being supported by the more respectable of the voters, receives about as many votes as the others. The latter take alarm, for his triumph must necessarily be the defeat of one of them; they privately coalesce, and then denounce him as a hypocrite, tool of power, and connexion of the borough-mongers. The electors, weary of peace, and anxious for pretexts of battle and vengeance, hear the denunciation with boundless joy; and they salute him with horrible yells and execrations. In vain he attempts to justify himself, for not a word will they listen to; his opponents having him thus gagged, nurse the fury against him in every speech, by heaping on him calumny and sarcasm. The electors next assail the heads and limbs of his supporters, and deprive him of votes, by making it a matter of life and death to give him one; then they assail himself in the same manner, maim him, and expel him from the hustings; and finally, by a majority of bludgeons and brickbats—by prohibiting him from soliciting and receiving votes, from acting and appearing as a candidate, they close the poll against him.

The candidates who triumph through such means, and their electors who use such means, take precedence of all radical reformers; they surpass all others in passionate devotion to freedom and purity of election; they carry their holy abhorrence, not of intimidation only, but also of influence, so far, that they advocate election by ballot.

What is the conduct in Parliament of the men who are thus elected by, and who are the especial representatives of, the labouring classes? They constantly support every measure which is calculated to lower wages, and destroy employment—to take away the comforts and bread of these classes—to demoralize, barbarize, degrade, and starve the labourer. Never are they the parents and friends, or other than the opponents, of any rational plan for bettering the condition of the poor. If the working orders be in severe distress, they never propose any measure of relief; and all petitions for it meet their hostility: their speeches on all questions have for their object to delude and inflame these orders to their own injury. With regard to public interests generally, they never discuss them honestly, with a view to their promotion; but, on the contrary, they intentionally carry on eternal war against them, merely to gratify the passions and prejudices of their misguided constituents.

Will such conduct injure them at the next election? No, it will secure their return in defiance of all competitors. Let them act in an opposite manner—let them endeavour to protect the labourer, benefit the poor man, inculcate truth amidst "the people," and serve the public weal; and they scarcely obtain a vote—they will be spurned from the electors as enemies and traitors.

The electors who so act, stand almost alone in the country in being free from the influence of superiors, and the desire for personal profit. No landlord, master, or customer, commands their votes, and no sordid bribe stains their fingers. Yet they stand almost alone in electing the very worst enemies of both themselves and the empire: the most servile and corrupt electors in other places return better members in regard to the labouring classes, and the community at large, than they do.

The honest reformer may here find instruction.

And now we have a large borough, in which there is no preponderating interest, and a considerable admixture of wealth and intelligence is found amidst the burghesses. It is in all respects one of the best in the country,

The old members have given great and general dissatisfaction by their ignorance and incapacity. The borough is a seaport, and depends largely on shipping; or its dependence is on the silk manufacture, and these members have been not only incapable of promoting its interests, but regularly opposed to them; they have constantly dissented from, and voted against, its petitions. In addition, they are strangers to the place, and have no interest in serving it. They offer again, and no new candidate appears to oppose them.

What is done by the burgesses— we mean by the rich and knowing part of them—by those whose property has been largely diminished, and is suffering daily waste through the principles of the old members; and whose only hope of escaping further losses and ultimate ruin, rests on the return to Parliament of men of opposite principles? Do they bestir themselves like men in labouring to procure suitable candidates? Do they meet, unite, and solicit some opulent townsman to offer, whose intelligence, integrity, and independence, are known to them, and whose interests and creed are identified with their own? They do nothing; they even manifest no anxiety for change; if any stripling stranger, any officer, lawyer, or adventurer, will voluntarily shew himself, they will support him—if not, they will return the old members to ensure their own ruin.

This disgraceful apathy, and criminal neglect of duty, must be ascribed to the following cause:—These burgesses are divided into Ministerialists and Whigs, and each division has its representative in the old members. They cannot act in concert, because the one party must oppose the candidate of the other; their representatives must, if possible, be a Ministerialist and a Whig, however destructive it may be to themselves.

The case is different with the less exalted burgesses. Their longings for at least, one new candidate are intense. The fear that there will be no contest—no gratuitous liquor to drink—no money and other benefits to be had for the vote, distresses them even to agony. The grief of the women equals that of the men; it wrings the hearts of children, and it is fully

participated in by the “unrepresented.” The borough is filled with lamentations. A report spreads with the swiftness of lightning, that a “Third Man” is coming—that the Telegraph coach actually passed him on the road; and there is a general burst of exultation. An immense throng, of all sexes and ages, instantaneously start to welcome the stranger; and they trudge some five weary miles only to discover that malicious invention has made them its victims. The misery which follows is relieved for a moment by another fable of treacherous rumour, only to be rendered more intolerable. Hope finally vanishes.

The worthy burgesses now resolve on proper exertion. They transmit instructions to the outvoters to send them a candidate with all imaginable speed; and then a deputation of them waits on a wealthy Ministerialist to solicit him to offer himself. He receives them with all possible courtesy—is deeply sensible of the honour they do him, but declines. Creed is nothing to them, and they next press a seat on a Whig. He cannot express his gratitude—he intimates that it will survive his existence—but still family reasons extort from him a refusal. The unhappy burgesses, wholly foot-sore, and almost heart-broke, now betake themselves to a rich individual, who has too little intellect, and too much eccentricity, to know any thing of principle and party—but they care as little for sense as for creed; unfortunately, they find him in a lucid interval, and he rudely resists their blandishments. Who may describe their march home? The measured step, the solemn silence, not broken by a whisper, the woful visage, which, in the extreme of longitude, shews a perfect abstraction from every thing save one overpowering cause of sorrow, render a funeral procession a matter of merriment in comparison.

The dismal tidings are quickly communicated to the body of the electors and “unrepresented,” and for a moment wrath mingles itself with despair; a disposition is partially felt to break a few windows, and perform other exploits of a similar kind, from sheer anger; but it is subdued.

The night passes, and then the bells

suddenly break out in sounds of joy; their repeated volleys prove that their rejoicing is of no ordinary character. Enquiry is told that a "Third Man" is certainly coming; but all is incredulity. Next, placards proclaim the fact in every quarter; but even the old women are so swollen with unbelief, that they are provoked to tear them down. At length, a letter from the "Third Man" himself, and the assurances of certain of the leading burgesses, place the matter above question; and it is announced that the stranger will make his entry at four o'clock on the following day.

We speak not of the sleepless eyes and delicious dreams of the intervening night, or of the brilliance of countenance which irradiates the smoky atmosphere of the borough in the morning. At ten, impatience ceases to be endurable; and waiting for six hours in idle expectation becomes impossible. Men, women, and children, old and young, troop forth to meet their favourite, and line the road for sundry miles in all imaginable groups and postures. At the appointed time he appears.

An enormous multitude, headed by music and flags, now enters the street, and fills it to suffocation. In the centre there is seen an open carriage, drawn by men, which, with its occupants, is thickly covered with dust; heads are so closely wedged all round it, that it is barely perceptible. All in it are seated, save one tall, slim, dust-covered person, who stands with his hat in his hand, and bows incessantly to every house he passes. He is the "Third Man." The mighty mass moves slowly along, while every window is filled, throws on it the smiles of beautiful women, and streams with ribbons and handkerchiefs: shouts continually rend the air, the procession frequently pauses before the door of some favourite, and then the hurrahs rise to sublimity. It is a spectacle not to be enjoyed by the eyes alone; it reaches the heart of the stork, and makes it throb to share in the approaching struggle. The borough is filled with tumultuous exultation. If the empire had been saved from fall, would the joy have been greater? No. If national prosperity had been substituted for suffering, and the millions of the hungry and naked had

been supplied with food and raiment, would it have been so great? Alas! far from it.

A contest is now inevitable. On the following morning, one of the old Members is to enter the borough; and, as devotion to the Third Man is naturally hatred of his opponents, the multitude sallies forth to encounter him, breaks his carriage to pieces, or throws it into some river, and he narrowly escapes with his life.

The Committees are duly formed, and the Candidates give pledges that they will not petition Parliament against the proceedings of each other; this is done that the greatest scope may be given to bribery, intimidation, &c.

After the "Third Man" has been received with such boundless enthusiasm, the question flies round the borough—Who is he? The true answer probably is this. He is a gay, untaught cousin of some noble family; or he is a dependent of some Government-supporter, sent by the menial of the Treasury; or he is some hanger-on of the Whigs, sent at the cost of the Whig Club; or he is a London confectioner. But at any rate he is an utter stranger to the place and its interests; a man destitute of talent, knowledge of shipping, or the silk trade, and all leading qualifications; he is, moreover, in creed a blind supporter of the system which is ruining the borough.

The lower classes necessarily have another answer. With them he is a man of high family and boundless riches: he will pour money about like water, and pay profusely on the first moment allowed by evasion of law; he has lodged thirty thousand pounds at a certain bank, and is determined to spend every penny of it, or double the sum, if necessary. Probably, in the exercise of Roman virtue, he has quarrelled on politics with his father, and is, therefore, compelled to seek a seat at his own cost. When at the University, he astonished it with his genius. He has posed the Duke of Wellington, and actually floored Sir R. Peel, on the most intricate public questions; and both have made him the most magnificent offers to gain him, which his patriotism has scornfully rejected. As a friend of the poor he has no equal. In short, he is a man in which per-

fection of every kind delights to shew itself.

We have now the canvassing. The free part of the poorer burgesses at once pledge a large number of plumpers to the "Third Man;" and the other part makes a reserve of one vote for him. Canvassing is to him an unnecessary formality; it is supreme happiness to receive his acceptance of votes. The case is different with the other candidates. They proceed from house to house, wheedling the husband, kissing the wife, fondling the children, and hinting an anxiety to bestow all manner of favours; but all is coldness and distance. The man means to divide his vote, but he will make no promise at present; the woman bristles up, and haughtily utters insinuations against the hearts and memories of great people; and the urchins look fierce, as though they wished to kick the suppliants out of doors. Flattery, falsehood, promises, and delusion, are used in vain, and then recourse is had to intimidation and compulsion. The landlords and masters insist on the votes of the tenants and workmen, under the penalty of loss of occupancy and employment.

The polling begins, and, in the first place, we have the speeches of the candidates. The Ministerialist labours under the immense disadvantage of being restricted in topics and assertions by the conduct of the Ministry. The contest lies between him and the Whig, and he cannot wander from the doctrines of Ministers, without floundering into those of his opponent, to his ruin with his supporters. He has no party to abuse, and no public grievances to dilate on; he cannot promise, lie, and slander with effect; and, moreover, he is wholly ungifted as an orator. He makes no impression.

The Whig is in far better circumstances. He boasts of his independence, and yet the man, for his whole life, has been the miserable slave of a party; his conduct in Parliament has differed in no respect from that of the meanest of the Whig borough mercenaries. He boasts of his "liberal opinions," and in proof, he claims infallibility, and labours to excommunicate all who differ from him as bigots. He boasts of his devotion to civil and religious liberty; his object here is to gain the Dissenters,

therefore he adds the most intolerant and despotic diatribes against the Church and its friends. He boasts of his love of the "people;" and yet, in Parliament, he has always treated their petitions with insult, refused to relieve their distress, and sanctioned all invasions of popular rights and privileges. He boasts of his affection for the "liberal system of trade,"—does he understand it? He is as free from such understanding as an infant; he does so from blind party fanaticism. He boasts of his hatred of taxes, and passion for economy; the truth here is, he labours to cause embarrassment to the revenue, and loss to the public creditor, from party motives. Then he utters savage, incoherent words on reform, and other topics dear to the populace; and scatters vituperation on his opponents, and all who do not support him. Finally, he lavishly lauds the perfection of the electors. The savoury parts of his orations obtain a few shouts, but no feeling in his favour displays itself.

The "Third Man," happily for his powers, has not to enter into particulars touching creed. He stammers and coughs, and the half-finished sentence, the meaning of which cannot be guessed at, is huzzaed as a specimen of matchless wisdom. He deals only in magnificent generalities and impossibilities—he will banish this grievance, and produce that blessing—he will alone do more than satisfy the most extravagant desires of the burgesses. All is greedily swallowed—the more impossible, the more true and certain. The cheering is tremendous, and the women are actually electrified. An aged matron totters on her crutch, and screeches in tears of ecstasy—"God bless him, what a dear creature!" A more youthful one responds—"Yes, he will give us wheat at a shilling a-bushel!" His male worshippers exclaim—"He will take off every tax!" and dart round them looks of indescribable importance, as though they were gaining immortality by supporting such a prodigy.

In the midst of all this, do the candidates discuss in a sober, rational manner, the great questions which bear vitally on the interests of the empire? Do they prescribe statesmanlike remedies for public loss and distress, and give pledges to advo-

cate them? No, they would not be listened to. Do they prove themselves to be acquainted with shipping, or the silk trade, or whatever else the prosperity of the borough depends on? They prove the contrary. Do they point out the proper means for removing the suffering of the borough, and promise to call for their adoption in the Legislature? They avoid themselves the friends of the system from which the suffering flows. Can any one refrain from exclaiming—"Oh, sage and patriotic bourgeois!"

Squibs now circulate in profusion. Every speech on private character is blazoned forth—every dastardly wound which the assassin of reputation can give, is given—credit in business is smote with fame in society—the tender female is treated as mercilessly as the man—and slander ransacks the tomb for materials, even to the third generation of its inmates.

Each candidate has his drums and fifes, colours, and band of men decorated with ribbons, to fetch his voters in bodies to the hustings; and they continually traverse the streets. For the first day, peace and good humour prevail, but the second presents causes of discord and battle. One candidate must necessarily be thrown out; and, of course, there must be animosity between the two who are the most in danger of the calamity. The success of the "Third Man" is certain; therefore, the ousting must fall on the Ministerialist or Whig. The lower classes of bourgeois begin to weigh the merits of the latter, in order to determine which of them they shall split in favour of. Principles and character are out of the question with them; and they call to mind that the Whig paid his men late,* and it was thought would never pay—that he is afraid of his money—that he ma-

nifests much jealousy and spleen towards the "Third Man," and that he is the lowest on the poll. From all this they determine to treat him as an enemy, and the determination is embraced by the whole populace.

At the close of the poll on the second day, the Whig, when he appears to address the multitude, is received with groans and hisses; the wrath of his supporters is excited, and it nurtures the ire of his opponents. Immense squabbling takes place in the streets between individuals and groups; towards midnight, a huge congregation of his foes, which comprehends numerous women and other members of the "unrepresented," marches to his committee-room, and demolishes every window; it then swiftly proceeds to the house where he is quartered, and shivers its windows in the same manner; next it subjects the dwellings of several of his principal friends to the same work of destruction; and then, grown wanton with success, it pours volleys of stones into every window, indiscriminately, treating friend the same as enemy, for the mere fun of the matter.

In the early part of the third day, the parties of the Whig and Ministerialist exchange much abuse, and not a few blows, as they pass each other; they gradually arm themselves with bludgeons, but no serious conflict takes place before the close of the poll. As the various detachments of the Whig voters are brought up, they are received with execrations: those of the "Third Man" are welcomed with boundless rapture; the women round the hustings and in every street look valorous, shake their hands at the voters, and cry, "Bring in the 'Third Man!'—If you do not, you will never have another!"

The poll closes for the day, and it exhibits a doubtful aspect to both the Ministerialist and the Whig; the

* To evade the law, candidates do not pay their voters and hired partisans until after the last day allowed by the House of Commons for receiving petitions against elections on the score of bribery. They too often make use of this to take intolerable credit. A member will often forget to pay for years, nay, until the end of the Parliament; and it is to be suspected, that the man pays rather to secure his re-election than to discharge the obligations of honesty. Instances are numerous enough in which he never pays, to the fearful loss of the pure electors. The laws against bribery, then, merely have the effect of enabling the candidate to make himself a rogue, and cheat the voter.

latter stands on it the lowest, but there is a sufficient number of unpollled votes to give him the victory, if they can be obtained; these votes must decide the matter, therefore a tremendous struggle must be made by both to obtain them. In the evening, the heads of both parties, some of them on horseback, attended with vast mobs armed with staves and other weapons, parade the different streets in quest of the unpollled. In a leading street, well calculated for a field of battle, the two hostile bodies meet; and they cannot pass each other without a grand conflict. The pedestrians first involve themselves in murderous combat, and then the cavalry on each side furiously charges to aid them. A doughty merchant is knocked off his horse, and carried home insensible—the steed of a rich grocer, who is unskilled in the management of such cattle, rears, and he drops to the dust to be trampled into a mass of bruises—the favourite mare of an alderman, not having been taught the art of war, fairly turns her tail on the business, gallops home with her hatless, wigless rider, and covers his reputation for prowess with grievous suspicion; amidst the pedestrians, heads are broken here, and legs there, and some two or three are slain outright. At length the Whigs fly in all directions, the combatants vanish, and the wounded and dead are removed.

Would these men have fought with equal hatred and desperation against a foreign enemy of their country? No. Would they have so fought for any real benefit to their country or themselves? No. Would they have fought thus to return the most suitable representative? Impossible.

On the next morning, the most strenuous exertions are used to gain the sagacious bourgeois who have reserved their votes for the top of the market. The committee-men of the Whig ferret out one, but he is obstinate; a kitten frisks around them, and they offer L.10 for it; they are understood, but the sum is too small,—they rise to L.15, and in consideration of their giving this money for his kitten, the immaculate bourgeois gives them his vote gratuitously. They discover another, but he cannot bear the Whig; he has a battered plaster bust of Bonaparte on

his chimney-piece, which his wife bought when new for ninepence; they assail the woman, but she is at the first excessively unmanageable; after prodigious entreaty, she consents to sell them the bust for L.20, and to prevail on her husband to give them his unbought vote. They ply other bourgeois in a similar manner.

Yet this Whig is an outrageous champion of purity of election; his flags attest it in letters of gold. He owed his last election to such means; nevertheless, in Parliament, on such questions as the East Retford one, his virtuous indignation against corrupt electors knew no limits. He and his Whig brethren knew they were indebted for their seats to the basest corruption; still they laboured to strip ignorant bourgeois of the franchise by wholesale, who would never have been bribed had it not been from their own seductions and temptations.

In passing from voter to voter, gained in this manner, the party of the Whig raises the shout—"Hurrah for Purity of Election!"

Then the Whig committee-men resort to compulsion. They terrify tradesmen, tenants, and servants into the surrender of their votes by threats of the loss of business, discharge, and dismissal.

After gaining votes in this manner, they triumphantly cry—"Hurrah for Independence and Freedom of Election!"

The committee-men of the Ministerialist vie with them in the use of similar means.

While this is in execution, the ladies are not idle. Lovely women, the members of haughty and opulent families, are seen humbly soliciting petty tradesmen and labourers. One beautiful creature, whose charms might subdue the most stubborn resolution, and who might be thought incapable of offering homage to man, is seen squeezing the greasy hand of a butcher. Another employs the witcheries of a tongue, which might be imagined unapt to articulate other sounds than those of purity and timidity, in uttering the filthy and insincere slang of party to a dustman.

We pause from disgust, only adding, that the Whig, after keeping the poll open to the last, and buying up

the out-voters at enormous cost, is thrown out.

The members here are elected on no principle of public or local good. At the best, the one is sent to support the Ministry, and the other the Opposition, in any thing however injurious, merely because it is the Ministry or Opposition. To this, the interests of both the empire and the borough are made subservient. But with regard to one of them, he is really elected in utter contempt of what he may do as a legislator, solely that the burgesses may extract corrupt private gain from the exercise of the franchise. Both the members are grossly incompetent in talent and knowledge; and both are opposed to the mass of the burgesses in essential principle, and supporters of the policy which is scourging the borough as severely as the empire. Pledged to nothing save bondage to party and faction; openly exempted from obedience to the sentiments of their constituents; and convinced that such obedience will rather injure than benefit them at a future election, they act in Parliament as though they had no constituents.

This is a specimen of the best of the open boroughs. Of all free ones we will say generally,

1. The more independent and intelligent burgesses make no effort to obtain proper representatives. They leave all to chance; if their old members be in the highest degree incompetent, they return them again, unless strangers make a voluntary offer; if these members resign, they remain passive, and retain any strangers who may spontaneously come in their way. They have it in their power to elect at least one townsman of excellent character and qualifications, but they will not attempt it.

2. If the other burgesses endeavour to prevail on an individual to offer himself, they make character and qualifications secondary matters. Their object is to serve their party animosity and personal cupidity, regardless of what he may be, and do, in Parliament.

3. Almost half their members must of necessity be incompetent, profligate men, from the system on which the lower classes of the electors vote.

4. In so far as they each return a Ministerialist and a Whig, they practi-

cally, in respect of leading state questions, deprive themselves of representatives, by causing them to neutralize each other. In so far as they return members of the same creed, they do it by accident, or on vicious grounds, consequently the members give no correct representation of their sentiments. Such members, to a large extent, hold the majority in the House of Commons; and from the reprehensible manner in which so many of them are chosen, they make this majority—that is, practically make the House itself—incompetent and profligate; instead of identifying this majority, and thereby Parliament, with the national majority, they place them in opposition.

But are there no pledges exacted and given on great state questions? There are such, but in general, they are exacted and given, solely for the benefit of party and faction; if they can be used to inflame and delude the electors to the guilty profit of the faction and the candidate, they are pompously put forward; if not, they are not mentioned. It is perceived that a certain set of candidates and their supporters may be served by the cry of "Cheap bread!" And it is therefore raised; a pledge is demanded from the candidates that they will vote for the abolition of the corn law. What is the real character of this pledge? Is it to bind them to act on the question according to fact and argument, the rights of one part of the community, and the weal of the whole? No. It is to bind them to do, in utter contempt of these things, what will rob, ruin, and starve half the population, to the unspeakable injury of the remainder.

Another pledge is for the abolition of Slavery in the West India Colonies. Do those who call for it understand the question? They are ignorant of it in the last degree. Is it that the abolition may be accomplished in the cautious, gradual manner called for even more by the interests of the slaves than by those of their proprietors? No; it is, that the abolition may be made in mad disregard of fact and circumstance to the ruin of both slaves and colonies, and the grievous loss of the empire.

A third pledge is for the reduction of taxes. Does it mean that such reduction shall proceed on dispa-

sionate investigation, and be kept in harmony with public honesty and good? No; its meaning is, that the candidates shall do, what can only be done through the robbery of the public creditor, and the sacrifice of public interest.

These pledges, we say, are called for solely to inflame and delude the ignorant for the benefit of party and faction; and each involves the plunder, ruin, and misery of a large part of the population, and the infliction of vast loss and evil on the empire in the aggregate; each is calculated to swell the mass of bankruptcy and hunger, and destroy still farther the sources of national existence. Are they counterpoised by none of an opposite character? Do not independence and patriotism meet them with others, addressed to reason and integrity, and calculated to remove suffering, and restore prosperity?

Agriculture, the Shipping, and other Interests, are enduring great loss and distress—Is no pledge demanded on their behalf, of impartial enquiry touching cause and remedy?

The West India Colonies are in extreme suffering, which injures greatly the community at home—Is no pledge coupled with the slavery one, that their condition shall be dispassionately examined in order to administer relief?

The revenue is sinking—Is no pledge called for of full enquiry into the causes?

A vast portion of the working classes are enduring bitter want and wretchedness, from inability to procure a sufficiency of employment—Is no pledge here insisted on of honest enquiry and remedy?

Another vast portion of these classes are enduring such want and wretchedness, because the extreme of toil will not enable them to earn a sufficiency of necessaries—Is no pledge of enquiry and remedy here demanded?

The community generally is overwhelmed with grievous loss and distress—Is no pledge rigorously exacted here of searching investigation and adequate remedy?

These questions must be answered in the negative; party and faction have their pledge-grinders, but not the empire. Pledges abound to delude, but not to instruct—to destroy,

but not to save—to take away bread, but not to bestow it—to overthrow the empire, but not to give it prosperity and happiness. The pledges imposed on the members are confined to the production of confiscation, beggary, hunger, nakedness, ignorance, barbarism, misery, crime, and public ruin. Were the counter ones we have named proposed, all sides, and especially those the most likely to benefit from them, would hoot and mob the proposers from the hustings.

Shall we be silent touching the elections of Scotland, which are fashioned and restricted in so exquisite a manner, that even party can raise no promising contest in them, fitness of candidate cannot force itself into their notice, and almost every elector can, directly or indirectly, find a market for his vote with the Ministry? Shame on the rulers who buy Scotch burghs by wholesale, and then disfranchise and inflict corporal punishment on the poor English burgess for receiving a few pounds for his plumper! If Mr Hume may be believed, independence and patriotism can only reach the odd five of the forty-five members; and if history may be looked at, talent and eloquence are kept in hopeless exclusion from the whole forty-five. On any question which is purely Scottish, and which frets the spirit of nationality in Scotland, they may shew tongue and mettle; but in regard to English questions, or those which belong to the empire generally, eight-ninths of them are the menials of government, and are separated from public feeling and interest.

And must we not speak of the Irish elections? Here we have, in proud contrast, sturdy freedom and independence in the elector; so fiercely independent is the latter, that he even spurns from him the fetters of his landlord. What are the fruits? In Ireland, above all other parts of the United Kingdom, the elector needs wise legislation to improve his condition; here we have want, wretchedness, barbarism, and evil habits almost without parallel, and which wholesome laws alone can remove; to the gifted legislator, here is the field which abounds beyond all others in legitimate employment for talent and eloquence. Surely, then, the electors can only be appealed to on

grounds purely national—can only be won by professions to labour rationally and zealously for the bettering of their circumstances. Alas! woe to the candidate who may try to gain a seat from them on such grounds and professions! Here are the grand parties of Protestant and Catholic; to gather what may escape them, we have the grand ones of the Aristocracy and the Independents; and to prevent any gleanings, we have the grand ones of the landlords, and the combined demagogues and Catholic Priesthood. Of course, we have no real Irish party—no party for giving food and raiment, competence and prosperity, to the electors; there is not refuse left to form even the semblance of such a party.

The elections are naturally furiously contested; the "mad blood," as O'Connell calls it, of the electors, makes them a matter of bludgeon-work,—a war of physical strength, which must be decided by wounds and slaughter, as well as votes. The contests turn on the efforts of the Protestants and Catholics, the landlords and tenants, the general aristocracy, and the combined demagogues and priests, to triumph over each other, merely to return members of the same general creed, and equally regardless of Ireland's weal. The candidate of the Protestants, or the landlords, differs not in general from the one of the Catholics, or the peasantry; both will act alike in Parliament. To elect practically the same men—the same foes and betrayers—Protestants and Catholics tear each other to pieces; tenants provoke the iron grasp of the law, expulsion from home, and the most hopeless ruin, and the people maim and murder each other. On the hustings, the candidates scarcely profess to differ beyond the senseless animosities of their parties; and in Parliament, they form one harmonious whole, bartering Ireland, and every thing else, to the Ministry, for the means of gorging their extravagance and licentiousness.

The doctrine is threadbare enough that extremes meet. The extreme of restriction in Scotland, and that of freedom in Ireland, return members of the same character. The members here do not neutralize each other—almost all stand on one side to bear down the few exceptions on

the other: But what are those who thus contribute so powerfully to form the majority of the House of Commons? They are menials of the Ministry—men who in general never look at public interest, national sentiment, or any thing save the Minister's will, from sordid selfishness.

Let us now look at the composition of the New House of Commons. In the first place, we have the two grand parties of the Ministerialists and the Whigs: the representatives who form them are elected on the principle of obeying their leaders only, in utter contempt of the weal and voice of the community; the personal interests of these leaders perpetually clash with those of the empire. The parties, to a great extent, neutralize each other; therefore, when they do not act to produce evil, the representatives they consist of are virtually nominal ones, who deprive their constituents of the elective franchise.

Next, we have the members returned by the East and West India bodies, and similar corporations; they, of course, are the instruments of these bodies, and have nothing to do with public interests and feelings.

Then we have the independent members. The system on which they are elected prohibits them, in a large degree, from being other than imbecile and ignorant, profligate and regardless of the country. Some of them buy their seats for corrupt purposes, and others are returned by the most corrupt means.

Looking at the balance between the two grand parties which practically forms the House of Commons, we find that it is composed, 1. Of English members who have been elected without regard to fitness, who are above the influence of their constituents, who are incapable and without principle, and who, if they have any bonds imposed on them in the shape of creed and pledge, have only such as will bind them to the production of evil. 2. Of Scotch members who cannot be reached by public feeling, and who have been elected to be the Ministry's mercenaries. And 3. Of Irish members who are regardless of constituents, and make themselves such mercenaries from corrupt motives. This balance comprehends a sprinkling

of able, patriotic men; but they are in a minority, and powerless. It consists principally of such Scotch and Irish members as we have described, and, of course, they really form the House of Commons. For some time, the English members, as a whole, have been in the minority; and these Scotch and Irish ones have held the majority and ruled the empire.

No one can feel surprised if such a House of Commons do not work well; on the contrary, sensible people may exclaim—How can it be prevented from destroying the empire? We can only return this answer—It is so prevented by the tender mercies of the Ministerial and Whig leaders. If they become savage, they can cause it to devour the community; if they in late years had wished it to sweep away laws and institutions, prosperity and happiness, property, bread, clothes, and shelter, with infinitely more rapidity than it did, it would have been their instrument.

Now comes an admirable part of the matter. The new House of Commons assembles, and lo! the worthy electors are horror-struck at its conduct; they cannot sufficiently marvel at its ignorance and incapacity, its corruption and profligacy, its destitution of sympathy with public feeling, and its abandoned scorn of the public voice. They complain, and it laughs at them; they petition, and it covers them with insult. They get mightily angered, and make a display of virtuous, patriotic words, quite enchanting. The men who will not make the smallest effort to obtain proper representatives—those who will support none but servile tools of party—those who compel their dependents to vote for such tools—those who support the brainless, profligate candidate against the wise and virtuous one—those who bind their

candidates to strip them of their possessions—the dolt who votes for the “Third Man,” no matter what he may be—the knave who uses the franchise only to extract the greatest portion of criminal gain from it—and the traitors who sell themselves in the lump, like a drove of cattle, to the highest bidder—all harmoniously join in vituperating the House, and calling for its Radical Reform.

Let Parliament be dissolved, and these fine, free, independent, and patriotic electors will all act precisely in the same manner at the election.

Remedy!—yes, for the sake of human nature, let it be granted! Reform—Radical Reform!—yes, for the salvation of our beloved country, let it be no longer delayed. But what Radical Reform? That of the electors—the Radical Reformers. Without this, the House of Commons, however it may be changed, will not be reformed. What—smite the corrupt boroughmonger, and spare the more corrupt supporter of the “Third Man?”—remove the impurities and criminalities of the close borough, and preserve the greater impurities and criminalities of the open one? Away with the folly! and let us hear something befitting statesmen to utter. Give us intelligent, virtuous, independent, patriotic electors; and we shall find in them a House of Commons of similar character. They will reform the House, not only in effect, but in construction; they will work the miracle of compelling it to reform itself. If this be denied us, we must make the best of a bad matter, and exclaim in the delirious merriment of a General Election—*Hurrah! for a House of Commons incapable and corrupt; severed from the feelings of the community, and contemptuously hostile to its prayers!*—**HURRAH! FOR THE FALL OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE!**

THE REGATTA.

I.

Ho ! hearty Steeple-chasers,
 Ho ! gallants of the Turf ;
 Come, see our Ocean-racers,
 Our leapers of the surf !—
 See the foil'd waves split and blazing,
 Round our bows untired and free,—
 Leave your wearied steeds a-grazing,
 And come with us to Sea.

II.

Ho ! Sporters of the Fancy,
 Leave—leave your bloody cheer,
 Your ring's compass unchancy,
 For that we're boxing here :
 Our Sea-champion, you'll find her
 Crossbuttocking the wave ;
 The wave will rise behind her,
 Nor feel the fall she gave.

III.

Blythe Brethren of the Angle,
 Leave trouting-pools, and come
 Where shoals, like rainbows, spangle
 The whale's and craken's home.
 Leave silken tackle tender,
 And rushlike rod, so fine,—
 Come feel a shoulder-bender,
 Tug at a ten-hook line !

IV.

Leave, Bucks, your dainty dresses,
 Uncurl your hair again ;
 Or bring your woman's tresses—
 Our spray will make you men !
 Come—leave that trick of toilet,
 The glove, upon the strand,
 Our tarr'd tackle would soil it—
 Come—men in heart and hand !

V.

Leave, Scholar, in thy study,
 The Ithacan to sail,
 The type-storm ne'er will ruddy,
 Like our breeze, thy cheek so pale.
 Leave—Doctors of Divinity,
 Leave—Doctors of the Law—
 The land a day in unity—
 Split seas instead of straws !

VI.

But whether Scholars zealous,
 Or Bucks, or Bloods, ye be,
 Leave—all who are Good Fellows—
 No jot of jollity !
 For wit, like wine-cups flowing,
 And manly mirth and glee,
 Set life at ten knots going—
 Then come with us to Sea !

WILD-FOWL SHOOTING.

PLEASURE in the way we like it—is a toast or prayer of an ancient date. Now, what think ye, most comfortable of subscribers, of being posted, for hours, by the side of a river, or anchored, half a night, among the chilling winds in a creek, watching for wild-fowl, perhaps up to the knees, or even elbows, in sludge, mud, and mire, or lying diffused thereon, motionless as a dead body left by the ebbing tide? The bare idea makes you shiver as you are voluptuously lolling all your lazy length on a sofa, imbedded in cushions, with Maga on your bosom. Yet such spirits as Colonel Hawker and Christopher North pursue such pastime with a passion that transcends that of the honeymoon. Cold! What the deuce can make a man cold who is in momentary expectation of a flight of wild-geese or swans wheeling over his head in the darkness, and then settling on a shoal within shot, some thousand strong? Not all the sleet that ever storm-driven bashed into a human face; not all the frost that ever transformed human whiskers into icicles; not all the winds that ever searched, not all the rains that ever soaked, can, in such a condition, chill a true sportsman's blood! There is a fire in his heart, and a fire in his brain—the two principal rooms in the Palace of the Soul. Hope, the instant the flame flags, flings in fresh fuel, and Desire sweeps away the ashes.

But think not from this, that when shooting wild-fowl by night, either Colonel Hawker or We are stark-naked, or even thinly clad. The reverse is the truth. It would do your heart good to see our water-boots. Placed beside them, the jack-boots of a French postilion would seem mere shadows—absolute spectres—wraiths. The Colonel purchases his—so do we after his example—ready made from Mr Cox in Poole, whose principal business is exportation of them to Newfoundland. Not that Mr Short of East Yarmouth is not also a miraculous water-bootmaker. Some of the fen sportsmen indeed call him the “Emperor of the bootmakers.” But we glory in Cox. So far from being hard to the feet—or heavy—why,

they are the softest possible wear, and are very light. They come almost as far above our knees as our fork will admit; and ~~we~~ may well wonder, with Colonel Hawker, at the ignorance or infatuation of crack coachmen and guards, who in rain and snow are never seen in Coxes or Shorts, and consequently are all cut off in the prime of life, .

“Some sleeping kill’d—
All murder’d!”

For these life-preservers various dressings are recommended, though perhaps, as the Colonel says, any grease may answer. But the first and most effectual application should be tar, tallow, and bees’ wax melted, (not too warm—not too warm, mind ye,) and then poured into the boots, which, after having had this composition shaken into every part of them, should be hung up to let it run out. By this dressing, and the sacrifice (not ruinous to a man of moderate means) of the first pair of stockings that follows it, you, at least we, may walk in any river or sea with more comfort than a Bond Street lounge—in the articles he supposes and calls boots—could cross the street after a shower sufficient to lay the dust. But suppose your heel should get galled? Then, beware of the surgeon’s diachylon-plaster. In cold weather it curls up, and torments you so much in walking, that you soon become lame again, and then wish the doctor at Jericho. Go, then—we beseech you with Colonel Hawker—to Godfrey’s, or some other first-rate chemist, in order to get the sticking-plaster in perfection, as many a one, besides Editors, has poisoned his heels from want of a genuine article, and been forced to give up his work. Mind—let the plaster—before application—for a moment be heated by the fire as well as wetted—and then—provided it has been stamped by a wadding-punch—and that, when on and dry, you put over it a little cold cream, or any kind of grease—it will stick as fast, or faster than your own skin, and adhere to your heels when perhaps they have been deserted by all the whole world. Water-boots must always be worn—mind that—with an

extra pair of coarse yarn stockings—and in very cold nights—instead of them, with thickest wads—over understockings of the warmest quality—such as Sanguhar hose—which the Colonel purchases from Mr Otley in Sidney's Alley. Over our boots we draw a pair of short, loose sailcloth trowsers—or if the thermometer be about Zero—of Flushing coating. We judge it needless to hint that we had previously cased our thighs in stout flannel-drawers, and that never but once in our lives—and the effect had nearly been fatal—did we omit the more than ceremony of pulling on a pair of the strongest breeches. With regard to farther covering for the body, over flannel and linen shirts—could he ensure not getting wet—the Colonel would prefer leather. But taking all weathers, a shag waistcoat—shag both before and behind—is best. Under this waistcoat should be worn a Flushing-frock, and over it a short jacket, of either drab-cloth or swanskin. Mr Lloyd, 13, Old Bond street, has invented an excellent, though simple, defender for the chest, which he calls an *Anglesey*; and a large shawl handkerchief should be worn over the collar. A pair of worsted wristbands, sold by the name of muffatics, should be worn with cloth gloves; and over gloves and all, a large and long pair of double swanskin cuffs, which are as warm as any muff, and may be drawn or shook off in an instant, when you want your right hand for the trigger. Now for our Surtout, by way of Dreadnought. It is made from a recipe given us by the Colonel, who rightly conceives it may be of great service to every class of the community, except tailors who might lose business by it, and their satellites the dandies, who would faint at the sight of it. Colonel Hawker nobly acknowledges that he was not the inventor of this Dreadnought. He got the recipe at Waterton, in Norfolk, from the factotum of all the wet-work, one Larry Rogers, who calls it his "*Sou'-wester*." In this dress—with water-boots and over-alls, every thing but a man's eyes, which t marks he may and his mouth

may fortify at Messrs Friburg's, is as independent of rain as a Charley in his watch-box. Only think of it—it is so light and convenient for the arms, that you may walk, ride, run, or take any exercise whatever, without being heated as with other surtouts. But you will say—Pray describe this "*Larry Rogers' Sou'-wester*!" Be patient. Well, then, it is a loose over-all frock-coat of Russia-duck—with a hood or cap with a flap behind, like that of a coalheaver. Into the *outside* of the whole apparel is well worked with a clean paint-brush, the first coating of two quarts and a half of linseed oil, boiled down from three quarts in about three hours. Having dried the dreadnought in the air every dry day for a fortnight, John gives it a second coating; so that now, if held up, it would hold gallons of water, like a pail without a flaw. This garment, Colonel Hawker says—for we never used ours in that capacity—if made double-breasted, with buttons only on the *right* side, and none on the sleeves, which should be sewn close, is, without exception, the best he ever used for throwing a casting-net. The man—Lord Wellington excepted—who walks with an umbrella under his arm, or over his head, through the streets of a populous city, is a monster not fit to live; but a large old umbrella, fitted up with brown oiled holland, is the greatest possible comfort and shelter to men in a punt. Moreover, it makes a capital mizen-sail when going before the wind, and is a complete shield to you and your man from the shaking of a wet dog. The man, therefore, who, in such circumstances, does not use one, is not fit to die.—We had almost forgot our cap. It is of the same swanskin as our jacket, and under it we wear a Welsh wig. There we are in your mind's eye—and do not you think Christopher North must stand in this rig, to John Watson Gordon, for the next Exhibition of the Scottish Academy?

Colonel Hawker is one of the best shots in England, and his Instructions to Sportsmen,* the very best have on the subject. It has ugh many editions, and will gh many more; nor can we

* *London: Longman and Co., 1870. Fifth Edition.*

suppose the time when it shall be superseded by a superior work. It is rich in the fruits of long experience; and the Colonel perspicuously expresses his practice, with a disdain of all parade, rigmarole, quackery, or exaggeration. It would be impossible regularly to review a volume so full of minute details; but we shall select a few sections which may be made not a little interesting, we think, even to such of our readers as never let off a gun in their lives—even to our fair readers, who are prohibited by their sex from a knowledge of the difference between powder and shot. We have often observed that females are as much alarmed at the sight of a shot-belt as at that of a powder-flask. A musket ball lying far from the fire, some few of them can regard with tolerable composure; but No. 7 they expect to explode like nitre if they but touch it with the lustre of their eyes. Yet even they may read with interest a description of "Wild-Fowl Shooting," abridged by Kit from the Colonel. Formal extracts in small type are cumbrous in a composition of moderate length, and break the charm of continuity; so, as is our use and wont with able writers, like Lloyd and Hawker, we shall help ourselves to all the best things, and by breathing through the whole something of our own spirit and speech, probably produce a very superior article.

The Colonel laughs, like an old soldier, at the want of gumption exhibited by most persons who are desirous of slap-banging at wild-fowl. They usually drive to an inn on the coast, and call the waiter, who recommends an honest boatman, for whom Boots is instantly dispatched. On his arrival, being as much distinguished for sharp-sightedness as for integrity, he sees your feverish anxiety to be off, and screws you up to the highest sticking-place of price. He shews you thousands of birds, all jabbling, and dabbling, and paddling away in places where he well knows no boat built by man, or devil either, can ever get at them; that your reputation as a fowler may, on your return to Boniface's, burn bright, he accommodates you with a few of his own killing, the day, or perhaps the week before, charging a

teal at a goose, a goose at a swan, and a swan at a respectable deposit in the bank—and to-day ends with your having bagged perhaps a couple of gulls, each nearly as large as yourself, and to-morrow begins with your somewhat sulkily discharging a ten-pound bill. Gentlemen-shooters, too, are generally averse to get covered all over with mud and mire—nay often will not go low enough for fear of dirtying their knees, and trust too much to their crack shooting at long distances—while your rustic red-reaver, whose knees are barked with sludge from January to December, crawls close upon the birds like a serpent.

The least scientific sort of wild-fowl shooting is called "FLIGHT-SHOOTING." Most wild-fowl keep constantly passing in small "*trips*" about the dusk of the evening; and after having collected in the night, they return in a few large flocks at or before the dawn of morning. Wait for them, then, judiciously, and even with a small gun you may sometimes commit great slaughter. Be motionless as a mummy, and in dress a Quaker, and stand in ambush, by bank or tree. Thus situated, you will be able, says the Colonel,—(ah! how often have we done so, half a century ago)—to distinguish the different sorts, long before they come within shot, and be struck with the wild retirement of the scene. You will note the whistle which announces the approach of the widgeon—the similitude to a storm of the rapid-flying dun-birds—the shrill-sounding pinions of the wild-ducks—and the mournful notes of the plover, with the roar of a bursting surge, and discordant screams of sea-fowl. If you have any imagination in you at all, you cannot but be affected, even poetically, in such an ambush; but poetry changes into fine, free, bold, and sonorous prose, when, on some boisterous night, beating up against the wind, and thereby obliged to keep in a crowd, a flight comes low on, right over your ambush! You may then keep two guns going faster than yourself and servant can load them, and, while loading, never look up, for the birds are there, and looking up can only serve to put your honour into a flurry. But, should the weather be clear, and the birds come in high, then conceal yourself

in a canoe between the banks of some small creek, for they will lower their flight on reaching the mud, and probably give you as many fair shots as you can fire during the arrival, which may continue about half an hour. The flight proceeds over the fire, for on such occasions wild-fowl do not understand the manœuvre of a retreat. We daresay this mistaken advance is generally as conducive to safety as a retrograde movement could be under a very Massena.

Wild-fowl shooting is no joke, let us tell you, in a "HAMPSHIRE LAUNCHING-PUNT." Though very long, that punt is so light and narrow as just to hold one person, with a gun of about seventy pounds weight, six feet long in the barrel, fixed on a swivel, and resting in the prow. You row with your back to the gun till you see the fowl, then turn round on your face, and work along either with a loaded stick or with two paddles. For this sport, the prime place perhaps in all the world, is the vast tract of Ooze, near Lymington. As soon as the widgeons are pitched, or settled, then off the regular fowlers set, in tarpaulin dresses, black as so many chimney-sweeps, crawling on their knees, and shoving their punt before them along the mud. No matter whether light or dark—birds few or many—bang goes the gun—they pick up the dead—and off again, travelling in this way all night along the mud, and rowing across the creeks, similar to the march of an army of coots. This is the most laborious and the most filthy work in all the department of wild-fowl shooting; and breaks the haunt of the birds, without yielding suitable returns. A family, who are by far the best launchers in Hampshire, have been reduced, the Colonel tells us, to absolute distress for a livelihood. It is also pursued in perpetual peril. Even when firing from the dry mud, it is dangerous to the men, whose bad big guns often burst; and their punts are so crank, that they not unfrequently upset. Sometimes, too, the men are overtaken by a quick flood-tide, and drowned. There is another contrivance for traversing the oozes—simply a slight board with sides, somewhat in shape like the fore-end of a Hampshire punt sawed off, and a tail-board or bench put across it. The gunner first lays his hand-gun

into this "mud-boat," and then kneeling on the bench with one knee, he kicks along with the other leg, and advances with a rapidity incredible; and when that leg is tired, he changes it, and away as before. Having got pretty near his birds, he lies down in his mud-boat, in which, if the mud be soft, he can work along with his feet; but if it be hard, he must "hold on," and shove this kind of sledge before him with severest toil. He lies close on his chest to fire, and has a stock cut away at the butt, which is filled with horse hair. This so much eases the recoil from his collar-bone, that unless in a short punt, where guns are apt to strike harder, he can fire half-a-pound of shot at a time. "Although," says Colonel Hawker, "I cannot suppose that the generality of sportsmen would ever think of adopting *this* method, yet I have given directions for it, because I am fond of any thing original." He illustrates it by a striking plate—for the Colonel draws spiritedly, and his sketches are well engraved on steel by H. Adlard.

The POOLE CANOE, again, is quite a different sort of concern, being sharp at both ends like a Greenland whale-boat, and drawing only two or three inches of water, and so light as sometimes to weigh only about 60 pounds. In this shallow you sit down on some straw or rushes, with your gun by your side, and a small Newfoundland dog in the stern. You keep rowing about till you see or hear a flock of wild-fowl on the mud; then in with oars, out with your stick or *gunning-spread*, with which you push along, completely hid by the mud-banks which stand above the little channels. Having come within reach, you either get aground at the side of the creek, or you steady your canoe by forcing each oar from between the throwls into the mud, otherwise the recoil of the gun will set her rocking, and you may be tilted out. Having made all fast—up and fire; if by day or moonlight, and the birds close, then directly at them; and if beyond forty yards, at their heads; in starlight, take your aim just on the top of the narrow black line, in which birds always appear to one who is low down; and should it be so dark that you cannot see your gun, present, as you think, about a foot over them, or you

will most likely shoot a foot under them, and wound the mud. If successful, your ears will be regaled with the music of your cripples beating on the mud, before your dazzled eyes can perceive their gambols. Your man then puts on his mud-boards, taking the setting pole to support him, and assists the dog in collecting the killed and wounded. The gunner generally calculates on bringing home the half only of what he shoots—his winged birds, called cripples, often escaping, and those which fall out of boards, called droppers, being all lost. Within these very few years, however, Poole Harbour, as well as almost every other part of the English coast, has been ruined for all the poor hand-gunners, by the introduction of punt-guns, that carry from one to nearly two pounds of shot. The gunner's principal enemy is the curlew, which watchful sentinel often springs up from the edges of the creeks, and alarms a bank of birds.

The Colonel enters with great zest into his chapter of "General instructions for sea-coast wild-fowl shooting WHEN AFLOAT." For it is extremely rare, he observes, that one meets a gentleman who can, or a professional gunner who will, give any information on the subject. The art is therefore the least understood of any sport in existence. No man who had a large gun, and could earn five pounds in a day or night, would be bored with a gentleman for the sake of his five shillings, and, therefore, the only man likely to be hired at a good time for this sport, is some boatman who has little to recommend him beyond a local knowledge of the harbour, and who therefore requires some one to direct him how to manœuvre the birds.

The best time for this sport with a canoe and shoulder gun, provided it be low water or half ebb, while you are hid in the creeks, is a clear, frosty, moonlight night, when the wind happens to blow towards you as you face the moon. For the sense of smelling in wild-fowl is most acute, and they have also a good eye in their heads. At such times, being on the shining mud-banks, they appear quite black, all but the old cock widgeons, on the wings of which you may often see the white, as they all walk about beyond gun range. Much, however, may be

done without a bright moon, nay, the old Poole men, among whom there were formerly some of the best shoulder gunners in the kingdom, prefer but little moon even for the mud. By constant habit, they can easily distinguish the black phalanx of widgeons from the shades on the places they frequent, and particularly if feeding among puddles which have been left by the tide. Your first concern is to ascertain that the black patch seen is a flock of birds, and that you will do by observing the occasional change of feature in the outside of it. This requires a practised eye, for the fluctuations in the form of the feeding mass, though frequent, indeed almost constant, is gradual and slight, and it was long before we could so depend upon our eyes as to feel justified in letting fly. The next lesson to learn is, not to be deceived as you approach, by their enormous masses and tremendous noise, into a belief that they are nearer than they really are, and thus be tempted to fire out of shot. Thirdly, be not too eager in collecting your dead birds; for often, in hard weather, the flock will again pitch down among the killed and wounded, particularly if some of the younger birds have been winged, which have not the cunning, like the old ones, to make off for a creek.

Night shooting, of late years, has chiefly been among the widgeon; for the geese seldom venture much in harbour by night, while the greater part of the ducks, teal, dun-birds, and "the rest," repair inland to the ponds and fresh springs, unless driven to the salt feeding ground by severe frost. A company of widgeons, when first collecting, may be heard at an immense distance, by the whistling of the cocks and the purring of the hens; but when they are quietly settled, and busy at feed, you sometimes can hear only the motion of their bills, which is similar to that of tame ducks. As they feed in thousands, the squatter-squatter makes mud-music delightful to the sportsman's ear. There, unless disturbed, they will remain as long as the tide allows them a place to stand on; and, as the mud begins to disappear, they will concentrate themselves on the last uncovered spot, where, as soon as the water begins, in gunner's phrase, to *whiten the mud*, vast multitudes are seen lite-

rally wedged together, and then so loath are they to fly, their greed and gluttony being at the height of their enjoyment, that they will seldom stir till the water actually sets them afloat. Now is your time! The unsuspecting mass of fowl appears, as you approach, like the indistinct view of an island. It grows blacker and blacker, till you see it is made of birds. Now comes the critical moment! Perhaps, unless you have "a good loom," that is, high black land to advance from, the moon suddenly comes forth too bright, and must give you pause. Perhaps some straggling bird gives the alarm, or some senseless goose of a man ruins all by firing a shot. Then, like a roar of thunder, uprises the close congregation of wings, and off to the open sea. How the human soul can outlive such an agony we know not; but in one case we believe we were finally restored to our senses, from a state of distraction bordering on insanity, partly by the influence of religion, and partly by a determination to shoot the fool, knave, thief, robber, villain, whose fire, like a spark falling on a barrel of gunpowder, set the living lump into explosion, while, at that moment, the whole earth seemed to us overwhelmed with disappointment and despair, deprived of all that made this life worth the love and longing of an immortal spirit. But the darkness of the night, and the sinner's conscious guilt, that kept his canoe motionless in the mud, unfortunately interposed between us and the performance of justifiable homicide. But if all go well,—ye gods, what joy! You and your boatman open your masked battery upon their black columns, and by first cutting a lane through them with a pound of the smallest duck shot, and then each of you discharging a large duck-gun, you may possibly secure a *hundred widgeon*, as fast as yourselves and dog can collect them on flood or mud. Colonel Hawker's man, James Read, on one occasion, with a common shoulder gun that carried only five ounces of shot, getting almost aboard of them before he let drive, out of thirty birds closely wedged together, killed and fairly bagged twenty. But now comes, if you be not cool, a chance of your being drowned, or at least suffocated. Many lives have

been lost by *both* persons in the boat having quitted it at the same time to take prisoners. It may drift away, and leave you in the hands of that ugly customer the tide. Let one go out for the birds, with the setting-pole to support him, on his mud pattens, and with the fork at the end to pin down the wounded birds in the mud, and the other keep close to him in the boat, rowing or pushing with an oar, and killing all birds that are afloat. 'Tis hot work, we assure you; and you begin to sweat like devils at the coal-skuttle.

Bright star-light is the very best of all times for getting at birds, as the tide flows over the mud—especially if there be a cold black frost; fog, snow, or any other lazy weather, the worst. For then every thing on the water appears large and black, and all birds soon take alarm. The novice, he fancies just the reverse, and hazy himself perhaps, goes out in a haze. He does not know that a marsh or fen is one thing, and the sea another; for in the fens and marshes fog is often the best weather; on the sea never, but always the reverse. In white frosts widgeons are generally restless, and in very dark weather, they are suspicious, and more on the watch than in star-light. But if the wind blows fresh enough to drown the noise of a launching-punt, some heavy shots may now and then be made at that season, by sweeping the surface of the mud to the sound of the flock walking and feeding. In mild weather, again, widgeon are generally scattered about, like rooks, till after midnight, unless they become concentrated by the flow of the surrounding tide—whereas in cold weather, they always sit close together. But perhaps the first night or two of thaw, after a sharp frost, is the most blessed and bloodiest time for this sport. Then the passion of hunger makes them heedless as that of love, and 'tis glorious to send murder in among the millions of gluttons exposing themselves without fear and without shame on the mud-banks. The nick of time is when the birds are "*on their last legs*," just before the tide sets them afloat. The thicker the weather, the more silent is the widgeon when pitched. A shrill clear pipe denotes a single cock widgeon, a long loud "*purre*," a hen; but

when the call of the cock is one short soft note, and not so often repeated, then you may expect to find a company, the gunner's phrase for a large flock. Then you will probably soon hear the birds, "all in a charm," that is in full concert (*we* should say in a *charm*.) When widgeon are in a charm, they are not minding you; but when they are quite silent, they are as likely as not suspecting an enemy. At the moment, you must keep still, till they open again, and so on till you see them; and then, in starlight, you are generally near enough, at all events for a large gun, to give them your royal salute. 'Tis a bad omen to hear, before the mud is covered, birds walking away, and neither feeding nor "speaking;" for it shews they have some suspicion of your "whereabouts," and are half inclined to be off to sea. When birds are about 100 yards off, you may hear them feeding; and at that distance, the noise at supper is like the gentle falling of water, and is often mistaken for it at ebb of tide. The Colonel, at the close of his enumeration of all the necessary requisites for night-shooting, declares that if well understood, and well managed, you are just about as sure of getting a fair shot, in a favourable time, at wildfowl, as you would be with a young partridge to a dead point in standing clover—and that is as sure as that Mr Goulburn is the poorest Chancellor of the Exchequer that ever opened a budget.

The Colonel is strong on "STANCHION OR PUNT-GUNS." He has found by practical experiment, that gunmakers have yet much to learn. In order to go in shallow water, the punt must be as light as possible; but if it be as light as possible, then he holds that the universal system of *entirely confining* the gun under the barrel, so that it cannot be relieved even one inch in the recoil, is very bad—for the sudden check, besides throwing the muzzle out of the proper direction, might occasion an upset. But the check at the moment of ignition injures the shooting of the gun in every respect. The Colonel gives us the result of an experiment made by himself and Elijah Buckle, one of the best stanchion-gunners in England. The gun was loaded with a pound of shot, and two

ounces of Messrs Curtis and Harvey's best "gunning powder." The Colonel fired from the confined swivel, the fancy of the London gunmakers; in doing which, he levelled at least a foot over the object, and by this means, as the water and paper proved, shot perfectly accurate. Elijah then fired, having taken level at the centre of the object, from the swivel; and the whole charge went into the water, before it had gone ninety yards where the target was placed. The Colonel began forthwith to abuse Mr D'Ess, the maker, and said that he hoped that Buckle, an experienced gunner and engineer, (Elijah had been a long time in his Majesty's service,) was convinced of the badness of the gun. But the old tar said, that both the London gentleman and the Colonel had a little to learn yet, and saying, "Heave away that humbugging swivel," by means of a large bolster of sheep-wool, fired the gun from his shoulder, with the same charge as before, put in by the Colonel. He presented as usual, directing at the object, and made such a shot as the barrel had never before been known to make, both for strength and closeness. The Colonel then tried the same method, with about ten ounces of shot, levelling at instead of over the mark, and the shot were delivered with the greatest accuracy—the gun going with this charge from the recoil five inches under his arm. He then tried it with an equal charge from the swivel—aiming at the mark, and though the recoil was hardly perceptible, still the shot fell entirely under it. On the other extreme, the Colonel saw a gun fired by the owner of it, one Samuel Singer, at Poole, which weighs 141 pounds, on a swivel, and mounted very light forward; and he was obliged to present very far *under* the object, as his whole charge went *over* every thing. Sam, therefore, doused the swivel, and substituted a rope breeching. But a rope breeching is apt to break, and has often proved dangerous; for the gun, with a breeching, goes nearly as far back as the rope will stretch, say an inch or two, and then springs forward again for about a foot. Therefore the grand object is—*how to take off the recoil?* This object none of the London gunmakers have

attained; but Colonel Hawker thinks he has; and as the Colonel, though enthusiastic, is the very reverse of a quack, we are willing to believe he has, although it is entirely out of our power to describe here the properties of his invention. The Colonel now has a GUN which he considers perfect. Before it was brought to that state, it went through the hands of Mr D'Ess, Mr Fullard, Mr Joseph Manton, Mr Westley Richards, Mr Parsons of Salisbury, Mr Long of Andover,—all Illustrissimi, besides journeymen in the Colonel's own employ; and as so many artificers have been separately occupied in completing it, he thinks he may safely defy any one of them to turn out such an article, until they have seen and had explained to them, in its finished state, the EDWARD IRVING, or, *par excellence*, THE GUN. It was the opinion of a distinguished officer in the navy, before whom the Colonel several times fired the Edward Irving, that his plan for easing the recoil would answer extremely well for the caronades in his Majesty's service. Should the Lords of the Admiralty honour Colonel Hawker so far as to make use of the principle on which Edward Irving is superior to all other great guns, in the navy, he recommends them to Mr Westley Richards of Birmingham, the mechanic who so ably manufactured Long Ned, as he is called familiarly, after the model and constructions sent by our author for the finishing of the phenomenon.

But the ingenious Colonel has not confined himself to the improvements of great guns alone, but likewise of punts themselves, and has had one constructed on his own scheme, which may be safely used with a sail in going over the flooded mud at spring-tides, and will set and row as well as any boat that can possibly be made to carry two hands with ease, comfort, and safety. In such a punt, wild-fowl shooting is peculiarly calculated for the amusement of a gentleman, as he may go out between breakfast and dinner; and in frosty weather, perhaps kill his twenty or thirty couple, followed by his companions, who may keep at a distance to enjoy the effect of the shot, and afterwards join in the "cripple chase." As to the ninnies

who fancy punt-shooting such a very dangerous amusement, let them, if they can—but they are too ignorant on that and all other subjects to institute comparisons—let them, says the Colonel, compare the accidents that happen in it with those in fox-hunting, battu shooting, or any other sport, and see in which they most frequently occur, though this pursuit is generally followed by poor men who have the worst, the other by gentlemen who are provided with the best, of every thing. In Poole harbour, for example, where the channels at times are far more dangerous than in most other places, and where, at a rough guess, he says there may be a hundred canoes, yet for these last fifteen years, which is as long as he has known the place, he never heard but of one man being drowned, and he was not only subject to fits, but had left the shore when in liquor.

The Colonel having now got the gun and punt together perfectly to his mind, cannot help, in the joy of his heart, giving his fellow-creatures some farther instructions on wild-fowl shooting, essential to the comfort both of their bodies and their souls. For no man can keep his temper either in a professional business, or an unprofessional amusement, who feels that he knows nothing about the matter in hand; and when you lose your temper, you lose your happiness, and that is equivalent to the loss of your soul. The truth is, and must be let out, that there is more difficulty than people imagine, in shooting well into a large flock of wild-fowl. To kill partridges, at twenty, or even forty yards, right and left, fifty brace, without missing, is easy, and cannot be difficult, for it requires nothing else in all the wide world but a quick eye. In wild-fowl shooting, you have to make calculations without end, and to carry them into effect too, under the most difficult circumstances—from a boat, perhaps, rolling and pitching in a sea, and where one inch in aim, might make, in result, the difference between a great weight of widgeon, and not a single feather. We speak of partridges being wild. But what is their wildness to that of currees, or, in less provincial terms, all the various tribes of diving ducks?—Wildness is indeed but another name

for sagacity, prudence, wisdom, and genius; for all of which currees are eminently distinguished, except at those times when they are reduced by hunger to the level of the rational creation. Then, one instinct overpowers all others, and they are circumvented as easily as if they were endowed with reason. But when each is in his usual way, a dunce must not dream of a diver. A duck is too much for him—far more than his match; and it requires a man who might write in Blackwood, successfully to paddle after currees in creeks, and suddenly popping on them in turning a corner, to scatter death through the air, and torment the mud with mortal flappings. True, that when currees are frost-driven from the ponds of gawky bird-fanciers, they fall an easy prey to the swivel. What glorious fun! By the discharge of your artillery, you stock the water with cripples, and then's the time for the percussion system! Well armed with little double detonators, you give scores the *coup-de-grace*, as they shrug themselves up into the size, apparently, of your hand, when wounded, to escape the final shot. One half of the currees will be off while you are killing the others, if you lose a moment; and therefore cartridges, and all other expeditious modes, are desirable, till after spouting fire, sans intermission, for an hour, and not a live curre remaining afloat or on the mud, you exchange your gun for a pocket-pistol, and take such a swig of Glenlivet, that Elijah lifts his wondering eyes to heaven, and laments that his master has drawn the charge to the last drop.

So much for currees—now for BRENT GESE, which, unless in very hard weather, are wild as zebras. In severe weather, as soon as the tide flows high enough to bear an enemy, they have the sense to leave the mud, and go off to sea. If it blow hard, so that they cannot weather it long enough outside harbour to feed, they then continue within it all day, but they will weather any thing, rather than trust themselves there at night. In mild weather you should follow a small flock in preference to a large one, for, as the Colonel observes, “recollect the more pairs of eyes the wilder the birds.” They feed greedily previous to leaving the harbour for the night, and therefore sunset is your

time to sail round them, if possible, when they are all a-guzzle, as if supping at Ambrose's. Don't think, my good fellow, when you have hit a goose, that you have got him; for by far the greater part of those that are stopped by the shot, are well enough to swim and dive with the greatest agility, and they will all invariably make for the heaviest sea that is near. The boat which follows, therefore, should keep outside, armed with “cripple stoppers;” and turn the shattered ships, or geese, from going to sea. And attend to the Colonel—when you reach a wounded bird without a gun, take him horizontally across the neck with the edge of an oar, and don't keep thrashing away to no effect on his upper coverts of feathers as hard as nails, like a Johnny Raw at a thrashing floor, till you have splashed yourself from head to feet, and made yourselves ridiculous to the sea. In deep water, a dog can make no head against the divers; but in shallow water, a good one will do more in five minutes than a party of men could do in an hour.

So much for Brent Geese—now for HOOPERS or WILD-SWANS. About no other bird does the Colonel write so eloquently; for he always rises and falls with his subject—the golden rule. He observes, that when the winter advances, and the birds are driven from Holland and the Baltic to the more genial climate of the South, and then followed by severer weather to the refuge they have chosen, their last alternative is to leave the fens, ponds, and decoys, and take themselves to the sea-coast to shun starvation. Then, and then only it is, that all this diversion may be enjoyed in perfection, and without much trouble or difficulty. Then there is a variety of all kinds of wild-fowl, and sport for every shooter. Then only, continues the Colonel, can we expect to see the monarch of the tribe, the Hooper or Wild-Swan. In the year 1823, there was, he tells us, a fine specimen of all this on the Hampshire coast, the flats of which off Keyhaven and Pennington were, for some weeks, covered with ice and snow. Nothing could be more novel and beautiful than the appearance of the harbour, which was one solid region of ice, crowned with pyramids that had formed themselves on the drifted snow, and frozen like crystal

—while, on the thaw, the harbour appeared like one huge floating island, as the ice which covered it was carried off by the fall of a high spring-tide. To see this huge body, says the Colonel, with the wild swans sitting upon it while it receded, and looking as if formed by nature for them, the only inhabitants of such a dreary region, gave the spectator more the idea of a voyage to the arctic circle, than the shore of a habitable country. The following morning, though it blew very hard, and poured with rain, every one was in arms for Seven Swans that again appeared, all anxiously hoping that they might swim or fly near enough for a shot. Having a punt that drew less water than those of the professional punters, the Colonel set off towards the Seven Swans. Covering himself and man with clean white linen, and white nightcaps, to seem snow, they floated down among the small flaws of white ice that were constantly drifting to seaward, and thus had a couple of hoopers in the boat, and another that afterwards dropped dead, on the arrival of the other punts.

Should you ever have the good fortune to come upon a wild-swan sitting, do not be flurried, for he will be obliged to keep beating the water for a good many yards and moments, in order to set his huge body on the wing, before he can rise above the level of your swivel. Take your time then, and he is slain. Wild-swans fly low, at least in harbour, or not far out at sea. Over mountains they soar a speck-like flight. Never shoot at a flying wild-swan till he has passed you, so as to shoot under his feathers, for otherwise you may as well shoot at a woolpack, or the woolsock. If a wild-swan rises out of shot, where he is likely to go entirely away, the Colonel tells us to present our small gun very far before and over him, as by firing so, we may sometimes make him "haul his wind," as the sailors call it, and come across, a fair shot for our large gun.

It is a pleasant mistake to make with one's eyes open—a tame for a wild swan. In hard weather, the common swans are sometimes driven from the ponds in gentlemen's "policies," or from the large swanneries, such as that at Abbotsbury in Dorsetshire. Congregating in flocks on

the sea-shore, they get so shot at and driven about by all manner of poaching-punters, that they get as wild as any hoopers. The Colonel says, it is difficult to distinguish the one from the other till you hear the bird hoop; but, begging his pardon, surely the tame swan is in general far larger than the wild one; and likewise, in general, or rather always, of a purer white. True, that under two years of age, the hoopers, like other cygnets, are not white, but more or less of a dull fawn-colour; and then it is difficult to distinguish the two tribes. But not so with full-grown swans. But it is still easy to mistake them, even after inspecting their heads, and seeing that the naked skin above the bill on the tame swan is as black as my hat,—indeed much blacker, for my hat at present is brown; and in the wild swan a bright yellow, like Leigh Hunt's breeches.

We should love of all things in the sporting world to sail in the same boat with Colonel Hawker a-wild-fowl-shooting, "OUTSIDE HARBOUR." To venture after fowl at sea, you must have a large boat, with good bearings, and that will carry plenty of canvass. When it blows fresh, a fast-sailing boat may often run in upon geese, and sometimes other birds, before they can take wing; and after a coast has been for some time harassed by the gunning punts, the Colonel has seen more birds killed under sail from a common boat, than by any other manner of day-shooting. But to do the business well, you must have a stanchion-gun fixed in the boat, contrived so as to go back with the recoil, or you run the risk of staving your boat, and of forthwith finding yourself in the arms of Davy Jones, the devil. Always set sail for this sport with the wind off the land, and the tide flowing; for your boat, though full of bearings as possible, must have little keel, that she may take you at times within shot of the mud and sands, and also run through the shallows at spring tides without getting aground; and you have then no danger of filling your boat with the hollow sea off a lee-shore, or running her aground where you may stick till the death of your grandmother. Keep, if you can, always to windward of geese, that you may hear down on them at pleasure; and whenever they rise out of shot

against the wind, then luff up directly, and try to head them for a cross shot. As the stanchion-gun, when on one tack, is in the way of the jib, the man who works the jib-sheets must look sharp to haul the weather one to windward, but not till the very moment you are going to fire, else you deaden the boat's way. You don't wish, my dear Cockney, (be not offended, for affection, you know, whimsically chooses, for terms of endearment, names, in their common sense, most odious,) to be drowned? Then, since for wild-fowl shooting in a boat outside of harbour, the more wind sometimes the more sport, never go with less than three good hands over and above yourself; and if you make fast the mainsheet, (*if* you do so in squally weather, says the Colonel, but *if* you do so in any weather say we,) then you deserve to be damned—that is all—and in all human probability will be so, after having been suffocated before you die with mouthful after mouthful of salt-water. Colliers will not use safety-lamps, and sailors will belay the mainsheet; and the consequence is, that, one day or other, the dare-devils are choked below with foul air, and sometimes, on inland lakes, such as Loch Lomond and Windermere, with fresh water.

The frontispiece to the Colonel's volume represents the sport we have now, chiefly in his own words, been describing—and it shews a scene in which we have often been partakers. There is the seaport, and inner harbour, with ships at anchor; we are in the offing, in a cutter bearing the Colonel's flag—there go the punters slap bang—the air is darkened with fowl-flights—the wounded and dying are tumbling down in all directions, or wading, plowtering, or diving,—curses, curlews, geese, and swans—"altogether just perfectly glorious." The plate is entitled—"Commencement of a Cripple-Chase, after firing 2 lbs. of shot into a skein of brent geese and two wild swans." The Colonel imagines some critical ninny finding fault with it interrogatively, and sets him right, by shewing, as is usual in all such cases, that his objections are founded in utter ignorance. "Why put all your wounded geese swimming one way?"—"Because geese

(and one would think *you* might have known *that*) when wounded, always make for the heaviest sea."—"Oh! but, why have you made birds falling when no gun is fired?"—"Because in wild-fowl shooting, one-third of the birds that are mortally wounded fly off apparently unhurt, and drop suddenly from the flock, perhaps stone-dead."—"Hem! But why is your wounded curlew on his legs, and the goose unable to dive, while the winged hoopoe is able to swim?"—"Give me your ear (*aside*—Heaven, what a length!) because the mud being convex in some places, the water that flows over it is only about three inches deep there, while it may be nearly a foot deep a few yards farther; and the web-footed bird always makes for the deep, while the wader seeks the shallow water. Pray, are you satisfied?"—"No; not quite. Who is the man taking the passing shot?"—"Why, Buckle with his punt, to be sure—Who else might it be, but the incomparable Buckle?"—"But what are they about in that yawl?"—"Why, that is the shooting-party, Christopher North, Tickler, and your humble servant Colonel Hawker—bearing down with our swivel in obedience to the punter's signal."—"Who is he—the fellow bellowing yonder?"—"The other man, to be sure, the other man, I say, standing on his mudboards, hallooing and swearing because he also cannot obey the signal to walk across and intercept the cripples."—"And why not?"—"Through fear of leaving two city gentlemen aground."—"What city-gentlemen?"—"Why, Tims and Stokes."—"Poor fellows, how frightened they look in their punt, with the waves dashing against its sides some inches high above the mud!"—"But see, their poodle-dog can contain himself no longer, and on hearing another shot, jumps overboard."—"That is a fine Newfoundland in the foreground! How he mouths!"—"Yes—he's sketched from a bitch of mine, imported from St John's—and I purpose sending the original down to Scotland to Christopher North, that she may bear a family of sons and daughters to O'Bronte, each of which will be a present fit for a prince—and the brightest black of the star-breasted shall be set aside for William the Fourth, our most gracious King!"

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A LATE PHYSICIAN.

[It is somewhat strange that a class of men who can command such interesting, extensive, and instructive materials, as the experience of most members of the medical profession teems with, should have hitherto made so few contributions to the stock of polite and popular literature. The bar, the church, the army, the navy, and the stage, have all of them spread the volumes of their secret history to the prying gaze of the public; while that of the medical profession has remained hitherto—with scarcely an exception—a sealed book. And yet there are no members of society whose pursuits lead them to listen more frequently to what has been exquisitely termed the “still sad music of humanity.” What instances of noble, though unostentatious heroism—of calm and patient fortitude under the most intolerable anguish which can wring and torture these poor bodies of ours—what appalling combinations of moral and physical wretchedness, laying prostrate the proudest energies of humanity—what diversified manifestations of character—what singular and touching passages of domestic history—must have come under the notice of the intelligent practitioner of physic? And are none of these calculated to furnish both instruction and amusement to the public? With the exception of one solitary paper, which appeared in a contemporaneous Magazine* some months ago, and which professed to be the first of a series—what periodical has sunk a shaft into this rich mine of incident and sentiment?

Considerations such as these have led to the publication of the present series of extracts from a late physician's diary—and in a Magazine, which was the first to present papers of this class to the public. Whether the subject and writer of the ensuing pages is dead or alive, can be a matter of very little consequence, it is apprehended, to the reader; and, therefore, no information on that point, for obvious reasons, will be communicated. In selecting from a very copious store of sketches, in every instance drawn from nature, warm and vivid with the colouring of reality, all possible care will be taken to avoid undue disclosures. Names, dates, and places, therefore, will be generally omitted—except when they can be inserted with perfect safety. It was thought that the modest and simple account of the commencement of his professional career, which immediately follows, would form a suitable introduction; and for the few remaining numbers—such “passages”—only, will be culled, as will appear likely to interest the readers of this Magazine, and the public generally.]

CHAP. I.

EARLY STRUGGLES.

* * * Can any thing be conceived more dreary and disheartening, than the prospect before a young London physician, who, without friends or fortune, yet with high aspirations after professional eminence, is striving to weave around him what is technically called—“a connexion?” Such was my case. After having exhausted the slender finances allotted me from the funds of a poor but somewhat ambitious family, in passing through the usual routine of a college and medical education, I

found myself, about my twenty-sixth year, in London—possessed of about L.100 in cash, a few books, a tolerable wardrobe, an inexhaustible fund of animal spirits, and a wife—a lovely young creature whom I had been absurd enough, some few weeks before, to marry, merely because we loved each other. She was the only daughter of a very worthy fellow-townsmen of mine, a widower; whose fortunes, alas, had decayed long before their possessor. Emily was the glory of his age, and, need I

* The New Monthly.

add, the pride of my youth; and after having assiduously attended her father through his last illness, the sole and rich return was his daughter's heart.

I must own, that when we found ourselves fairly housed in the mighty metropolis of England, with so poor an exchequer, and the means of replenishing it so remote and contingent, we were somewhat startled at the boldness of the step we had taken. "Nothing venture, nothing have," however, was my maxim; and I felt supported by that unaccountable conviction which clings to all in such circumstances as mine, up to the very pinching moment, but no longer—that there *must* be thousands of ways of getting a livelihood, to which we can turn at a moment's warning. And then the swelling thought of being the architect of one's own fortune!—As, however, daily drafts began to diminish my L.100, my spirits faltered a little. I discovered that I might indeed as well

—"lie pack'd in mine own grave,"

as continue in London without money, or the means of getting it; and after resolving endless schemes, the only conceivable mode of doing so seemed by calling in the *generous* assistance of the Jews. My father had fortunately effected a policy on my life for L.2000, at an early period, on which some fourteen premiums had been paid; and this available security, added to the powerful influence of a young nobleman to whom I had rendered some service at college, enabled me to succeed in wringing a loan from old Amos L—, of L.3000, at the trifling interest of fifteen per cent, payable by way of redeemable annuity. It was with fear and trembling that I called myself master of this large sum, and with the utmost diffidence that I could bring myself to exercise what the lawyers would call *acts of ownership* on it. As, however, there was no time to lose, I took a respectable house in C— Street, West—furnished it neatly and respectably—fortunately enough let the first floor to a rich old East India bachelor—beheld—"Dr —" glisten conspicuously on my door—and then dropped my little line into the great wa-

ters of London, resolved to abide the issue with patience.

Blessed with buoyant and sanguine spirits, I did not lay it much to heart, that my only occupation during the first six months, was—abroad, to practise the pardonable solecism of hurrying *haud passibus æquis* through the streets, as if in attendance on numerous patients; and at home, to ponder pleasantly over my books, and enjoy the company of my cheerful and affectionate wife. But when I had numbered twelve months, almost without feeling a pulse or receiving a fee, and was reminded by old L—, that the second half-yearly instalment of L.225 was due, I began to look forward with some apprehension to the overcast future. Of the L.3000, for the use of which I was paying so cruel and exorbitant a premium, little more than half remained—and this, notwithstanding we had practised the most rigid economy in our household expenditure, and devoted as little to dress as was compatible with maintaining a respectable exterior. To my sorrow, I found myself unavoidably contracting debts, which, with the interest due to old L—, I found it would be impossible to discharge. If matters went on as they seemed to threaten, what was to become of me in a year or two? Putting every thing else out of the question, where was I to find funds to meet old L—'s annual demand of L.450? Relying on my prospects of professional success, I had bound myself to return the L.3000 within five years of the time of borrowing it; and now, I thought I must have been mad to do so. If my profession failed me, I had nothing else to look to. I had no family resources—for my father had died since I came to London, very much embarrassed in his circumstances; and my mother, who was aged and infirm, had gone to reside with some relatives, who were few and poor. My wife, as I have stated, was in like plight. I do not think she had a relative in England (for her father and all his family were Germans,) except

—"him, whose brightest joy,
Was that he call'd her—wife."

Lord —, the nobleman 'before mentioned, who I am sure would have

rejoiced in assisting me, either by pecuniary advances or professional introductions, had been on the continent ever since I commenced practice. Being of studious habits, and a very bashful and reserved disposition while at Cambridge, I could number but few college friends—none of whom I knew where to find in London. Neither my wife nor I knew more than five people, besides our India lodger; for, to tell the truth, we were, like many a fond and foolish couple before us, all the world to one another, and cared little for scraping together promiscuous acquaintances. If we had even been inclined to visiting, our straitened circumstances would have forbid our incurring the expenses attached to it. What then was to be done?—My wife would say, “Pho, love, we shall contrive to get on as well as our neighbours;” but the simple fact was, we were *not* getting on like our neighbours—nor did I see any prospect of our ever doing so. I began, therefore, to pass sleepless nights and days of despondency—casting about in every direction for any employment consistent with my profession, and redoubling my fruitless efforts to obtain practice.

It is almost laughable to say that our only receipts were a few paltry guineas sent at long intervals from old Asperne, the proprietor of the *European Magazine*, as remuneration for a sort of monthly medical summary—and a trifle or two from Mr Nicholls of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, as an acknowledgment for several sweet sonnets sent by my wife. Knowing the success which often attended professional authorship, as tending to acquire for the writer a reputation for skill in the subject of which he treated, and introduce him to the notice of the higher members of his own profession, I determined to turn my attention that way. For several months I was up early and late, at a work on *Diseases of the Lungs*. I bestowed incredible pains on it; and my toil was sweetened by my wife, who would sit by me in the long summer evenings like an angel, consoling and encouraging me with predictions of success. She lightened my labour by undertaking the transcription of the manuscript; and I thought that two

or three hundred sheets of fair and regular handwriting were heavily purchased by the impaired eyesight of the beloved amanuensis. When at length it was completed, having been read and revised twenty times, so that there was not a comma wanted, I hurried, full of fluttering hopes and fears, to a well-known medical bookseller, expecting he would at once purchase the copyright. Fifty pounds I had fixed in my own mind as the minimum of what I would accept; and I had already appropriated part of it towards buying a handsome silk dress for my wife. Alas! even in this branch of my profession, my hopes were doomed to meet with disappointment. The bookseller received me with great civility; listened to every word I had to say, seemed to take some interest in the new views of the disease treated of, which I explained to him, and repeated, and ventured to assure him that they would certainly attract public attention. My heart leaped for joy as I saw his business-like eye settled upon me with an expression of attentive interest. After having almost talked myself hoarse, and flushed myself all over with excitement, he removed his spectacles, and politely assured me of his approbation of the work; but that he had determined never to publish any more medical works on his own account. I have the most vivid recollection of my almost turning sick with chagrin. With a faltering voice I asked him if that was his unalterable determination? He replied, it was; for he had “lost too much by speculations of that sort.” I tied up the manuscript, and withdrew. As soon as I left his shop, I let fall a scorching tear of mingled sorrow and mortification. I could almost have wept aloud. At that moment, whom should I meet but my dear wife; for we had both been talking all night long, and all breakfast time, about the probable result of my interview with the bookseller; and her anxious affection would not permit her to wait my return. She had been pacing to and fro on the other side of the street—and flew to me on my leaving the shop. I could not speak to her; I felt almost choked. At last her continued expressions of tenderness and sympathy soothed me into a more

equable frame of mind, and we returned to dinner. In the afternoon I offered it to another bookseller, who, John Trot like, told me at once he never did that sort of thing. I offered it subsequently to every medical bookseller I could find—with like success. One fat fellow actually whiffled out, “if he might make so bold,” he would advise me to leave off book-making, and stick to my practice. Another assured me he had got two similar works then in the press; and the last I consulted, told me I was too young, he thought, to have seen enough of practice for writing “a book of that nature,” as his words were. “Publish it on your own account, love,” said my wife. That, however, was out of the question, whatever might be the merits of the work—for I had no friends; and a kind-hearted bookseller, to whom I mentioned the project, assured me that if I went to press, my work would fall from it still-born. When I returned home from making this last attempt, I flung myself into a chair by the fireside, opposite my wife, without speaking. There was an anxious smile of sweet solicitude in her face. My agitated and mortified air convinced her that I was finally disappointed, and that six months’ hard labour were thrown away. In a fit of uncontrollable pique and passion, I flung the manuscript on the fire, but Emily suddenly snatched it from the flames, gazed at me with a look such as none but a fond and devoted wife could give—threw her arms round my neck, and kissed me back to calmness, if not happiness. I laid the MSS. in question on a shelf in my study; and it was my first and last attempt at medical book-making.

From ~~what~~ cause, or combination of causes, I know not, but I seemed marked out for failure in my profession. Though my name shone on my door, and the respectable neighbourhood could not but have noticed the regularity and decorum of my habits and manners, yet none ever thought of calling me in! Had I been able to exhibit a line of carriages at my door—or to open my house for the reception of company—or to dash about town in an elegant equipage—or be seen at the opera and theatres—had I been able to do this, the case might

have been different. In candour I must acknowledge, that another probable cause of my ill-success was a somewhat insignificant person, and unprepossessing countenance. I could not wear such an eternal smirk of conceited complacency, or keep my head perpetually bowing mandarin-like, as many of my professional brothers; still there were thousands to whom these deficiencies proved no serious obstacles. The great misfortune in my case was, undoubtedly, the want of introductions. There was a man of considerable rank and great wealth, who was a sort of fiftieth cousin of mine, resided in one of the fashionable squares not far from me, and on whom I had called to claim kindred, and solicit his patronage; but after having sent up my name and address, I was suffered to wait so long in an anteroom, that, what with the noise of servants bustling past with insolent familiarity, I quite forgot the relationship, and left the house, wondering what had brought me there. I never felt inclined to go near it again; so there was an end of all prospects of introduction from that quarter. I was left, therefore, to rely exclusively on my own efforts, and trust to chance for patients. It is true, that in the time I have mentioned, I was twice called in at an instant’s warning; but in both cases, the objects of my visits had expired before my arrival, probably before a messenger could be dispatched for me; and the manner in which my fees were proffered, convinced me that I should be cursed for a mercenary wretch if I accepted them. I was, therefore, induced in each case to decline the guinea, though it would have purchased me a week’s happiness! I was, also, on several occasions called in to visit the inferior members of families in the neighbourhood—servants, housekeepers, porters, &c.; and of all the trying, the mortifying occurrences in the life of a young physician, such occasions as these are the most irritating. You go to the house—a large one probably—and are instructed not to knock at the front door, but to go down by the area to your patient! I think it was about this time that I was summoned in haste to young Sir Charles F—, who resided near Mayfair. Delighted at the prospect of securing so dis-

tingulated a patient, I hurried to his house, resolved to do my utmost to give satisfaction. When I entered the room, I found the sprig of fashion enveloped in a crimson silk dressing-gown, sitting conceitedly on the sofa, and sipping a cup of coffee, from which he desisted a moment to examine me through his eyeglass, and then direct me to inspect the swelled foot of a favourite pointer! Darting a look of anger at the insulting coxcomb, I instantly withdrew without uttering a word. *Five years afterwards*, did that young man make use of the most strenuous efforts to oust me from the confidence of a family of distinction, to which he was distantly related.*

A more mortifying incident occurred shortly afterwards. I had the misfortune to be called on a sudden emergency into consultation with the late celebrated Dr ——. It was the first consultational visit that I had ever paid; and I was, of course, very anxious to acquit myself creditably. Shall I ever forget or forgive the air of insolent condescension with which he received me, or the remark he made in the presence of several individuals, professional as well as unprofessional—"I assure you, Dr —, there is *really* some difference between apoplexy and epilepsy, at least there was when I was a young man!" He accompanied these words with a look of supercilious commiseration, directed to the lady, whose husband was our patient; and I need not add, that my future services were dispensed with. My heart ached to think that such a fellow as this should have it in his power, as it were, to take the bread out of the mouth of an unpretending, and almost spirit-broken, professional brother; but I had no remedy. I am happy to have it in my power to say how much the tone of consulting physicians is now (1824) lowered towards their brethren who may happen to be of a few years' less standing, and, consequently, less firmly fixed in the confidence of their

patients. It was by a few similar incidents to those above related, that my spirit began to be soured; and had it not been for the unvarying sweetness and cheerfulness of my incomparable wife, existence would not have been tolerable. My professional efforts were paralyzed; failure attended every attempt; my ruin seemed sealed. My resources were rapidly melting away—my expenditure, moderate as it was, was counterbalanced by no incomes. A prison and starvation scowled before me.

Despairing of finding any better source of emolument, I was induced to send an advertisement to one of the daily papers, stating, that "a graduate of Cambridge University, having a little spare time at his disposal, was willing to give private instructions in the classics, in the evenings, to gentlemen preparing for college—or to others!" After about a week's interval, I received one solitary communication. It was from a young man holding some subordinate situation under Government, and residing at Pimlico. This person offered me two guineas a-month, if I would attend him *at his own house*, for two hours on the evenings of Monday, Wednesday, and Friday! With these hard terms was I obliged to comply—yes, a gentleman, and a member of an English University, was driven so low as to attend, for these terms, an ignorant underling, and endeavour to instil a few drops of classic lore into the turbid and shallow waters of his understanding. I had hardly given him a month's attendance, before this fellow assured me, with a flippant air, that as he had now acquired "a practical knowledge of the classics," he would dispense with my further services! Dull dunce—he could not, in Latin, be brought to comprehend the difference between a neuter and an active verb: while, as for Greek, it was an absolute choke-pear; so he nibbled on to τμή—and then gave it

* This anecdote calls to my mind one told me by the late Dr Hamilton. He was sent for once in great haste by Lady P——, to see—absolutely a little favourite monkey, which was almost suffocated with its morning feed. When the doctor entered the room, he saw only her ladyship, her young son, (a lad of ten years old, who was most absurdly dressed,) and his patient. Looking at each of the two latter, he said coolly to Lady P——, "My Lady, which is the monkey?"

up. Bitter but unavailing were my regrets, as I returned from paying my last visit to this promising scholar, that I had not entered the army, and gone to America, or even betaken myself to some subordinate commercial situation. A thousand and a thousand times did I curse the ambition which brought me up to London, and the egregious vanity which led me to rely so implicitly on my talents for success. Had I but been content with the humbler sphere of a general practitioner, I might have laid out my dearly bought L.3000 with a reasonable prospect of soon repaying it, and acquiring a respectable livelihood. But all these soberer thoughts, as is usual, came only time enough to enhance the mortification of failure.

* * * * *

About L.300 was now the miserable remnant of the money borrowed from the Jew; and half a year's interest, (L.225,) together with my rent, was due in about a fortnight's time. I was, besides, indebted to many tradesmen—who were becoming every day more querulous—for articles of food, clothing, and furniture. My poor Emily was in daily expectation of her accouchement; and my own health was sensibly sinking under the combined pressure of anxiety and excessive parsimony. What was to be done? Despair was clinging to me, and shedding blight and mildew over all my faculties. Every avenue was closed against me. I never knew what it was to have more than one or two hours' sleep at night, and that so heavy, so troubled, and interrupted, that I woke each morning more dead than alive. I lay tossing in bed, revolving all conceivable schemes and fancies in my tortured brain, till at length, from mere iteration, they began to assume a feasible aspect; but, alas! they would none of them bear the blush of daylight—but faded away as extravagant and absurd. I would endeavour to set afloat a popular Medical Journal—to give lectures on diseases of the lungs—(a department with which I was familiar)—I would advertise for a small medical partnership as a general practitioner—I would do a thousand things of the sort; but where was my capital to set out with? I had L.300 in the world, and L.450 yearly

to pay to an extortionating old miser; that was the simple fact; and it almost drove me to despair to advert to it for one instant. Wretched, however, as I was, and almost every instant loathing my existence, the idea of suicide was never entertained for a moment. If the fiend would occasionally flit across the dreary chamber of my heart—a strong, an unceasing confidence in the goodness and power of my Maker always repelled the fearful visitant. Even yet, rapidly as I seemed approaching the precipice of ruin, I could not avoid cherishing a feeble hope that some unexpected avenue would open to better fortune; and the thought of it would for a time soothe my troubled breast, and nerve it to bear up against the inroads of my present misfortunes.

I recollect sitting down one day in St James's Park on one of the benches, weary with wandering the whole morning I knew not whither. I felt faint and ill, and more than usually depressed in mind. I had that morning paid one of my tradesmen's bills, amounting to L.10; and the fellow told my servant, that as he had so much trouble in getting his money, he did not want the honour of my custom any longer. The thought that my credit was failing in the neighbourhood, was insupportable. Ruin and disgrace would then be accelerated; and being unable to meet my creditors, I should be proclaimed little less than a swindler, and shaken like a viper from the lap of society. Fearful as were such thoughts, I had not enough of energy of feeling left to suffer much agitation from them. I folded my arms on my breast in sullen apathy, and wished only that, whatever might be my fate, certainty might be substituted for suspense.

While indulging in thoughts like these, a glittering troop of soldiers passed by me, preceded by their band, playing a merry air. How the sounds jarred on the broken strings of my heart! And many a bright face, dressed in smiles of gaiety and happiness, thronged past, attracted by the music—little thinking of the wretchedness of him who was sitting by. I could not prevent the tears of anguish from gushing forth. I thought of Emily—of her delicate

and interesting, but to me, melancholy situation. I could not bear the thought of returning home to encounter her affectionate looks,—her meek and gentle resignation to her bitter fortunes. Why had I married her, without first having considered whether I could support her? Passionately fond of me as I well knew she was, could she avoid frequently recurring to the days of our courtship, when I reiteratedly assured her of my certainty of professional success as soon as I could get settled in London? Where now were all the fair and flourishing scenes to which my childish enthusiasm had taught me to look forward? Would not the bitter contrast she was now experiencing, and seemed doomed long yet to experience, alienate from me a portion of her affections, and induce feelings of anger and contempt? Could I blame her for all this? If the goodly superstructure of my fortunes fell, was it not I that had loosened and destroyed the foundation?—Reflections like these were harassing and scourging me, when an elderly gentleman, evidently an invalid, tottered slowly to the bench where I was sitting, and sat down beside me. He seemed a man of wealth and consideration; for his servant, on whose arm he had been leaning, stood behind the bench on which he was sitting. He was almost shaken to pieces by an asthmatic cough, and was besides suffering from another severe disorder, which need not be more particularly named. He looked at me once or twice, in a manner which seemed to say that he would not take it rudely if I addressed him. I did so. I said, "I am afraid you are in great pain from that cough, sir?"—"Yes," he gasped faintly; "and I don't know how to get rid of it. I am an old man, you see, sir; and methinks my summons to the grave might have been less loud and painful." After a little pause, I ventured to ask him how long he had been subject to the cough which now harassed him? He said, more or less, for the last ten years; but that latterly it had increased so much upon him, that he could not derive any benefit from medical advice. "I should think, sir, the more violent symptoms of your disorder might be mitigated," said I; and proceeded to

question him minutely as to the origin and progress of the complaints which now afflicted him. He answered all my questions with civility; and as I went on, seemed to be roused into something like curiosity and interest. I need not say more, than that I discovered he had not been in the hands of a skilful practitioner; and that I assured him very few and simple means would give him great relief from at least the more violent symptoms. He, of course, perceived I was in the medical profession; and after some apparent hesitation, evidently as to whether or not I should feel hurt, tendered me a guinea. I refused it promptly and decidedly, and assured him that he was quite welcome to the very trifling advice I had rendered him. At that moment, a young man of fashionable appearance walked up, and told him their carriage was waiting at the corner of the Stable-yard. This last gentleman, who seemed to be either the son or nephew of the old gentleman, eyed me, I thought, with a certain superciliousness, which was not lessened when the invalid told him I had given him some excellent advice, for which he could not prevail on me to receive a fee. "We are vastly obliged to you, sir; but are going home to the family physician," said the young man, haughtily; and placing the invalid's arm in his, led him slowly away. He was addressed several times by the servant as "*Sir*," something, *Wilton* or *William*, I think; but I could not distinctly catch it, so that it was evidently a person of some rank that I had been addressing. How many there are, thought I, that, with a more plausible and insinuating address than mine is, would have contrived to have got into the confidence of this gentleman, and become his medical attendant! How foolish was I not to give him my card when he proffered me a fee, and thus, in all probability, be sent for the next morning to pay a regular professional visit! and to what lucrative introductions might not that have led! A thousand times I cursed my absurd diffidence—my sensitiveness as to professional etiquette—and my inability to seize the advantages occasionally offered by a fortunate conjuncture of circumstances.

I was fitter, I thought, for La Trappe than the bustling world of business. I deserved my ill fortune; and professional failure was the natural consequence of the *mauvaise honte* which has injured so many. As the day, however, was far advancing, I left the seat, and turned my steps towards my cheerless home.

As was generally the case, I found Emily busily engaged in painting little fire-screens and other ornamental toys, which, when completed, I was in the habit of carrying to a kind of private bazaar in Oxford-street, where I was not known, and where, with an aching heart, I disposed of the delicate and beautiful productions of my poor wife, for a trifle hardly worth taking home. Could any man, pretending to the slightest feeling, contemplate his young wife—far advanced in pregnancy, in a critical state of health, and requiring air, exercise, and cheerful company—tolling, in the manner I have related, from morning to night, and for a miserably inadequate remuneration? She submitted, however, to our misfortunes with infinitely more firmness and equanimity than I could pretend to; and her uniform cheerfulness of demeanour, together with the passionate fervour of her fondness for me, contributed to fling a few rays of trembling and evanescent lustre over the gloomy prospects of the future. Still, however, the dreadful question incessantly presented itself—What, in God's name, is to become of us? I cannot say that we were at this time in absolute literal want; though our parsimonious fare hardly deserved the name of food, especially such as my wife's delicate situation required. It was the hopelessness of all *prospective* resources that kept us in perpetual thralldom. With infinite effort, we might contrive to hold on to a given period—say till the next half-yearly demand of old L——; and then we must sink altogether, unless a miracle intervened to save us. Had I been alone in the world, I might have braved the worst—have turned my hands to a thousand things—have accommodated myself to almost any cir-

cumstances—and borne the extreme privations with fortitude. But my darling—my meek, smiling, gentle Emily!—my heart bled for her.

•Not to leave any stone unturned, seeing an advertisement addressed “To Medical Men,” I applied for the situation of assistant to a general practitioner, though I had but little skill in the practical part of compounding medicines. I applied personally to the advertiser, a fat, red-faced, vulgar fellow, who had contrived to gain a very large practice, by what means God only knows. His terms were—and these named in the most offensive contemptuousness of manner—L.80 a-year, board and lodge out, and give *all* my time in the day to my employer! Absurd as was the idea of acceding to terms like these, I thought I might still consider them. I pressed hard for L.100 a-year, and told him I was married—

“Married!” said he, with a loud laugh—“No, no, sir—you're not the man for my money—so I wish you good morning.”*

Thus was I baffled in every attempt to obtain a permanent source of support from my profession. It brought me about L.40 per annum; I gained, by occasional contributions to magazines, an average sum annually of about L.25; my wife earned about that sum by her pencil: and these were all the funds I had to meet the enormous interest due half-yearly to old L——, to discharge my rent, and the various other expenses of housekeeping, &c. Might I not well despair? I did—and God's goodness only preserved me from the frightful calamity which has suddenly terminated the earthly miseries of thousands in similar circumstances.

And is it possible, I often thought, with all the tormenting incredulosity of a man half-stupified with his misfortunes—is it possible that, in the very heart of this metropolis of splendour, wealth, and extravagance, a gentleman and a scholar, who has laboured long in the honourable toil of acquiring professional knowledge, cannot contrive to scrape together

* This worthy (a Mr C——— by name) lived at this time in the region of St George's in the East.

even a competent subsistence?—and that, too, while ignorance and infamy are wallowing in wealth—while charlatanry and quackery of all kinds are bloated with success! Full of such thoughts as these, how often have I slunk stealthily along the streets of London, on cold and dreary winter evenings, almost fainting with long abstinence, yet reluctant to return home and incur the expense of an ordinary family dinner, while my wife's situation required the most rigorous economy to enable us to meet, even in a poor and small way, the exigencies of her approaching accouchement! How often—aye, hundreds of times—have I envied the coarse and filthy fare of the minor eating-houses, and been content to interrupt a twelve hours' fast with a bun or biscuit, and a draught of water or turbid table-beer, under the wretched pretence of being in too great a hurry to go home to dinner! I have often gazed with envy—once, I recollect, in particular—on dogs eating their huge daily slice of boiled horse's flesh, and envied their contented and satiated looks! With what anguish of heart have I seen carriages setting down company at the door of a house, illuminated by the glare of a hundred tapers, where were ladies dressed in the extreme of fashion, whose cast-off clothes would have enabled me to acquire a tolerably respectable livelihood!—O! ye sons and daughters of luxury and extravagance, how many thousands of needy and deserving families would rejoice to eat of the crumbs which fall from your tables, and they may not!

I have stood many a time at my parlour window, and envied the kitchen fare of the servants of my wealthy opposite neighbour; while I protest I have been ashamed to look our own servant in the face, as she, day after day, served up for two what was little more than sufficient for one: and yet, bitter mockery! I was to support abroad the farce of a cheerful and respectable professional exterior!

* * * * *

Two days after the occurrence in St James's Park, above related, I was, as usual, reading the columns of advertisements in one of the daily pa-

pers, when my eyes lit on the following:—

"The professional gentleman, who, a day or two ago, had some conversation on the subject of asthma with an *invalid*, on one of the benches in St James's Park, is particularly requested to forward his name and address to W. J. care of Messrs —."

I almost let the paper fall from my hands with delighted surprise. That I was the "professional gentleman" alluded to, was clear; and on the slender foundation of this advertisement, I had in a few moments built a large and splendid superstructure of good fortune. I had hardly calmed enough to call my wife, who was engaged with some small household matters, for the purpose of communicating the good news to her. I need hardly say with what eagerness I complied with the requisitions of the advertisement. Half an hour beheld my name and address in an envelope, with the superscription, "W. T.," lying at Messrs —'s, who were stationers. After passing a most anxious and sleepless night, agitated by all kinds of hopes and fears, my wife and I were sitting at breakfast, when a livery-servant knocked at the door; and after enquiring whether "Dr —" was at home, left a letter. It was an envelope containing the card of address of Sir William —, No. 26, — Street, accompanied with the following note:—

"Sir William —'s compliments to Dr —, and will feel obliged by his looking in in the course of the morning."

"Now, be calm, my dear —," said Emily, as she saw my fluttering excitement of manner. But, alas! that was impossible. I was impatient for the hour of twelve: and precisely as the clock struck, I sallied forth to visit my titled patient. All the way I went, I was taxing my ingenuity for palliatives, remedies for asthma; I would new-regulate his diet and plan of life—in short, I would do wonders!

Sir William, who was sitting gasping by the fireside, received me with great courtesy; and after motioning his niece, a charming young woman, to retire, told me he had been so much interested by my remarks the other day, in the Park, that he felt

inclined to follow my advice, and put himself under my care altogether. He then entered on a history of his complaints. I found his constitution was entirely broken up, and that in a very little it would fall to pieces. I told him, however, that if he would adhere strictly to the regimen I proposed, I could promise him great, if not permanent relief. He listened to what I said with the utmost interest. "Do you think you could prolong my life, Doctor, for two years?" said he, with emotion. I told him I certainly could not pretend to promise him so much. "My only reason for asking the question," he replied, "is my beloved niece, that young lady, who has just left us. If I cannot live for two years or eighteen months longer, it will be a bitter thing for her!"—He sighed deeply—and added abruptly—"but of that more hereafter. I hope to see you to-morrow, Doctor." He insisted on my accepting five guineas in return for the two visits he said he had received—and I took my departure. I felt altogether a new man as I walked home. My spirits were more light and buoyant than they had been for many a long month: for I could not help thinking that I had now a fair chance of introduction into respectable practice. My wife shared my joy; and we were as happy for the rest of that day, as if we had already surmounted the heavy difficulties which oppressed us.

I attended Sir William every day that week, and received a fee of two guineas for each visit. On Sunday, I met the family physician, Dr —, who had just been released from attendance on one of the royal family. He was a polite but haughty man, and seemed inclined to be much displeased with Sir William for calling me in. When I entered, Sir William introduced me to him as "Dr —." "Dr —, of — Square?" enquired the other physician, carelessly. I told him where I lived. He affected to be reflecting where the street was; it was the one next to that in which he himself resided. There is nothing in the world so easy, as for the eminent members of our profession to take the bread out of the mouths of their younger brethren, with the best grace in the world. So Sir — con-

trived in the present case. He assured Sir William that nothing was calculated to do him so much good as change of air—of course I could not but assent;—the sooner, he said, Sir William left town, the better; Sir William asked me if I concurred in that opinion?—Certainly. He set off for Worthing two days after—and I lost the best—and almost the only patient I had then ever had; for Sir William died after three weeks' residence at Worthing.

This circumstance occasioned me great depression of spirits. Nothing that I touched seemed to prosper; and the transient glimpses I occasionally obtained of good fortune, seemed given only to tantalize me, and enhance the bitterness of the contrast. My store of money was reduced at last from L.3000 to L.25 in cash; my debts amounted to upwards of L.100; and in six months another L.225 would be due to old L——! My wife, too, had been confined, and there was another source of expense; for both she and my little daughter were in a very feeble state of health. Still, secretly wishful to accommodate herself to one lowered in circumstances, she almost broke my heart with the proposal of dismissing our servant, the whole of whose labour my sweet Emily herself undertook to perform! No, no—this was too much; the tears of agony gushed from my eyes, as I folded her delicate frame in my arms, and assured her that Providence would never permit so much virtue and gentleness to be degraded into such humiliating servitude. I said this; but my heart heavily misgave me, that a more wretched prospect was before her!

I have often sate by my small, solitary parlour fire, and pondered over my misery and misfortunes till I have been almost frenzied with the violence of my emotions. Where was I to look for relief? What earthly remedy was there? Oh, my God! thou alone knowest what this poor heart of mine suffered in such times as these—not on my own account—but for those beloved beings whose ruin was implicated in mine!—What, however, was to be done at the present crisis, seeing, at Christmas, old L—— would come upon me for his interest, and my other creditors

would insist on payment? A dewy mist came over my mind's eye whenever I attempted to look steadily forward into futurity. I had written several times to my kind and condescending friend Lord —, who still continued abroad; but as I knew not to what part of the continent to direct, and the servants of his family pretended they knew not, I left my letters at his town-house, to be forwarded with his quarterly packages. I suppose my letters must have been opened and burnt, as little other than pestering, begging letters: for I never heard from him.

I had often heard from my father, that we had a sort of fiftieth cousin in London, a baronet of great wealth, who had married a distant relation of our family, on account solely of her beauty; but that he was one of the most haughty and arrogant men breathing—had in the most insolent manner disavowed the relationship, and treated my father, on one occasion, very contumeliously. Since I had been in London, and suffered from the pressure of accumulated misfortunes, the idea of applying to this man, and stating my circumstances, had presented itself a thousand times. As one is easily induced to believe what one *wishes* to be true, I could not help thinking, that surely he must in some degree relent, if informed of our utter misery: but my heart always failed when I took my pen in hand to write to him. I was at a loss for terms in which to state our distress most feelingly, and in a manner best calculated to arrest his attention. I had, however, after infinite reluctance, addressed a letter of this sort to his lady—who, I am sorry to say, shared all Sir —'s *hauteur*; and received an answer from a fashionable watering-place, where her ladyship was spending the summer months. This is it:—

"Lady —'s compliments to Dr —, and having received his letter, and given it her best consideration, is happy in being able to request Dr —'s acceptance of the enclosed—which, however, owing to Sir —'s temporary embarrassment in pecuniary matters, she has had some difficulty in sending. She is, therefore, under the painful necessity of requesting Dr — to abstain from fu-

ture applications of this sort. As to Dr —'s offer of his medical services to Lady —'s family, when in town, Lady — must beg to decline them, as the present physician has attended the family for years, and neither Lady — nor Sir — see any reason for changing.

"W —, to Dr H —

The enclosure was L.10, which I was on the point of returning in a blank envelope, indignant at the cold and unfeeling letter which accompanied it; but I thought of my wife—and retained it.—To return. Recollecting the reception of this application, my heart was frozen at the very idea of a similar one to Sir —. To what, however, will not misfortune compel a man! I determined, at length, to call upon Sir —; to insist upon being shewn to him. I set out for this purpose, without telling my errand to my wife, who, as I have before stated, was confined to her bed, and in a very feeble state of health. It was a fine sunny morning, or rather noon; all that I passed seemed happy and contented; their spirits exhilarated by the genial weather, and sustained by the successful prosecution of business. My heart, however, was fluttering feebly beneath the pressure of anticipated disappointment. I was going in the spirit of a forlorn hope; with a dogged determination to make the attempt; to know that even this door was shut against me. My knees trembled beneath me as I entered P.

I and saw elegant equipages standing at the doors of most of the gloomy, but magnificent houses, which seemed to frown off such insignificant and wretched individuals as myself. How could I ever muster resolution enough—I thought—to ascend the steps, and knock and ring in a sufficiently authoritative manner to be attended to? It is laughable to relate—but I could not refrain from stepping back into a by street, and getting a small glass of some cordial spirit to give me a little firmness. Although I ventured again into — Place, and found Sir —'s house, on the opposite side, there was no one to be seen but some men-servants in undress, loolling indolently at the dining-room window, and making their remarks on passers by. I dreaded these

fellows as much as their master!—It was no use, however, indulging in thoughts of that kind; so I crossed over, and lifting the huge knocker, made a tolerably decided application of it, and pulled the bell with what I fancied was a sudden and imperative jerk. The summons was instantly answered by the corpulent porter, who, seeing nothing but a plain pedestrian, kept hold of the door, and leaning against the door-post, asked me familiarly what were my commands.

“Is Sir —— at home?”

“He is,” said the fellow, in a supercilious tone, “and what then, sir?”

“Can he be spoken to?”

“I think he can’t, for he wasn’t home till six o’clock this morning from the Duchess of ——’s.”

“Can I wait for him; and will you shew him this card,” said I, tendering it to him—“and say I have particular business?”

“You couldn’t look in again at four, could you?” enquired he, in the same tone of vulgar assurance.

“No, sir;” I replied, kindling with indignation, “my business is urgent,—I shall wait now.”

He opened the door for me, and called to a servant to shew me into the antechamber, saying, I must make up my mind to wait an hour or two, as Sir —— was then only just getting up, and would be an hour at least at his breakfast. He then left me, saying he would send my card up to his master. My spirits were somewhat ruffled and agitated with having forced my way so far through the frozen island of English aristocracy, and I sat down determined to wait patiently, till I was summoned up to Sir ——.

I could hear several equipages dashing up to the door, and the visitors they brought were always shewn up immediately. I rung the bell, and asked a servant why I was suffered to wait so long, as Sir —— was clearly visible now.

“Pon honour, I don’t know, indeed,” said the fellow, coolly, shutting the door.

Boiling with indignation, I resumed my seat, then walked to and fro, and then sat down again. Presently, I heard the French valet ordering the carriage to be in readiness in half an hour. I rung again; the same servant

answered. He walked into the room, and standing near me, asked, in a familiar tone, what I wanted. “Shew me up to Sir ——, for I shall wait no longer,” said I, sternly.

“Can’t, sir, indeed,” he replied, with a smirk in his face.

“Has my card been shewn to Sir ——?” I enquired, struggling to preserve my temper.

“I’ll ask the porter if he gave it to Sir ——’s valet,” he replied, and shut the door.

About ten minutes afterwards a carriage drove up; there was a bustle on the stairs, and in the hall. I heard a voice saying, “if Lord —— calls, tell him I am gone to his house;” in a few moments, the steps of the carriage were let down—the carriage drove off—and all was quiet. Once more I rung.

“Is Sir —— now at liberty?”

“Oh, he’s gone out, sir,” said the same servant, who had twice before answered my summons. The valet then entered. I asked him, with lips quivering with indignation, why I had not seen Sir ——? I was given to understand that my card had been shewn the Baronet—that he said, “I’ve no time to attend to this person,” or words to that effect—and had left his house without deigning to notice me! Without uttering more, than “Shew me the door, sir,” to the servant, I took my departure, determining to perish rather than make a second application. To anticipate my narrative a little, I may state, that ten years afterwards, Sir ——, who had become dreadfully addicted to gambling, lost all his property, and died suddenly of an apoplectic seizure, brought on by a paroxysm of fury! Thus did Providence reward this selfish and unfeeling man.

I walked about the town for several hours, endeavouring to wear off that air of chagrin and sorrow which had been occasioned by my reception at Sir ——’s. Something *must* be done—and that immediately; for absolute starvation was now before us. I could think of but two other quarters where I could apply for a little temporary relief. I resolved to write a note to a very celebrated and successful brother practitioner, stating my necessities—acquainting him candidly with my whole circumstances, and soliciting the favour of

a temporary accommodation of a few pounds—twenty was the sum I ventured to name. I wrote the letter at a coffee-house, and returned home. I spent all that evening in attempting to picture to myself the reception it would meet with. I tried to put myself in the place of him I had written to, and fancy the feelings with which I should receive a similar application. I need not, however, tantalize the reader. After nearly a fortnight's suspense, I received the following reply to my letter. I shall give it *verbatim*—after premising that the writer of it was at that time making about L. 10,000 or L. 12,000 a year. “— encloses a trifle (*one guinea*) to Dr —, wishes it may be serviceable, but must say, that when young men attempt a station in life without competent funds to meet it, they cannot wonder if they fail.

“— Square.”

The other quarter was old Mr G—, our Indian lodger. Though an eccentric and reserved man, shunning all company except that of a favourite black servant, I thought he might yet be liberal. As he was something of a character, I must be allowed a word or two about him, in passing. Though he occupied the whole of the first floor of my house, I seldom saw him. In truth, he was little else than a bronze fireside fixture, all day long, summer and winter,—protected from the intrusion of draughts and visitors, which equally annoyed him, by a huge folding screen. Swathed, mummy-like, in flannel and furs,—squalling incessant execrations against the chilly English climate,—and solacing himself, alternately, with sleep, caudle, and curry. He would sit for hours listening to a strange clattering, (I know no word but this that can give any thing like an idea of it,) and most melancholy noise, uttered by his black grizzle-headed servant—which I was given to understand was a species of Indian song—evinced his satisfaction by a face curiously puckered together, and small beady black eyes, glittering with the light of vertical suns: thus, I say, he would sit till both dropt asleep. He was very fond of this servant, (whose name was Clinquabor, or something of that sort,) and yet would kick and strike him with

great violence on the slightest occasions.

Without being self-interested, I candidly acknowledge, that on receiving him into our house, and submitting to divers inconveniences from his strange foreign fancies, I had calculated on his proving a lucrative lodger. I was, however, very much mistaken. He uniformly discouraged my visits, by evincing the utmost restlessness and even trepidation, whenever I approached. He was more tolerant to my wife's visits; but even to her could not help intimating, in pretty plain terms, on more occasions than one, that he had no idea of being “drugged to death by his landlord.” On one occasion, however, his servant came stuttering with agitation into my room, that “lib massa wis to see—a doctor.” I found him suffering from the heart-burn; submitted to his asthmatic querulousness for nearly half an hour; prescribed the usual remedies—and received in return—a guinea? No, a curious, ugly, and perfectly useless cane, with which (to enhance its value) he assured me he had once kept a large snake at bay! On another occasion, in return for similar professional assistance, he dismissed me without tendering me a fee, or any thing instead of it; but sent for my wife, in the course of the afternoon, and presented her with a hideous little cracked china teapot, the lid fastened with a dingy silver chain, and the lip of the spout bearing evident marks of an ancient compound fracture. He was singularly exact in every thing he did: he paid his rent, for instance, at ten o'clock in the morning every quarter day, as long as he lived with me.

Such was the man whose assistance I had at last determined to ask. With infinite hesitation and embarrassment, I stated my circumstances. He fidgeted sadly, till I concluded, almost inarticulate with agitation, by soliciting the loan of L. 300—offering, at the same time, to deposit with him the lease of my house, as a collateral security for what he might advance me.

“My God!” he exclaimed, falling back in his chair, and elevating his hands.

"Would you favour me with this sum, Mr G——?" I enquired in a respectful tone.

"Do you take me, doctor, for a money-lender?"

"No, indeed, sir—but for an obliging friend as well as lodger—if you will allow me the liberty."

"Ha—you think me a rich old hunk come from India to fling his gold at every one he sees?"

"May I beg an answer, sir?" said I, after a pause.

"I cannot lend it you, doctor," he replied calmly, and bowed me to the door. I rushed down stairs almost gnashing my teeth with fury. The Deity seemed to have marked me with a curse. No one would listen to me!

The next day my rent was due; which, with Mr G——'s rent, and the savings of excruciating parsimony, I contrived to meet. Then came old L——! Good God! what were my feelings when I saw him hobble up to my door. I civilly assured him, with a quaking heart, and ashy cheeks, but with the calmness of despair, that though it was not convenient to-day, he should have it on the morning of the next day. His greedy, black Jewish eye seemed to dart into my very soul. He retired apparently satisfied, and I almost fell down and blessed him on my knees, for his forbearance.

It was on Wednesday, two days after Christmas, that my dear Emily came down stairs after her confinement. Though pale and languid, she looked very lovely, and her fondness for me seemed redoubled. By way of honouring the season, and welcoming my dear wife down stairs, in spite of my fearful embarrassments, I expended my last guinea in providing a tolerably comfortable dinner, such as I had not sat down to for many a long week. I was determined to cast care aside for one day at least. The little table was set; the small but savoury roast beef was on—and I was just drawing the cork of a solitary bottle of port, when a heavy knock was heard at the street-door. I almost fainted at the sound—I knew not why. The servant answered the door, and two men entered the very parlour, holding a thin slip of parchment in their hands.

"In God's name, who are you?"

What brings you here?" while my wife sat silent, trembling, and looking very faint.

"Are you the gentleman that is named here?" enquired one of the men, in a civil and even compassionate tone—showing me a writ issued against me by old L——, for the money I owed him! My poor wife saw my agitation, and the servant arrived just in time to preserve her from falling, for she had fainted. I had her carried to bed, and was permitted to wait by her bedside for a few moments; when, more dead than alive, I surrendered myself into the hands of the officers. I shall never forget that half hour, if I were to live a thousand years. I felt as if I were stepping into my grave. My heart was utterly withered within me.

A few hours beheld me the sullen and despairing occupant of the back attic of a sponging-house near Leicester Square. The weather was bitterly inclement, yet no fire was allowed one who had not a farthing in his pocket. Had it not been for my poor Emily and my child, I think I should have put an end to my miserable existence; for *to prison I must go*—there was no miracle to save me—and what was to become of Emily and her little one? Jewels she had none to pawn—my books had nearly all disappeared—the scanty remnants of our furniture were not worth selling. Great God, I was nearly frantic when I thought of all this! I sat up the whole night without fire or candle, (for the brutal wretch in whose custody I was, suspected I had money with me and would not part with it,) till nearly seven o'clock in the morning, when I sunk, in a state of stupor, on the bed, and fell asleep. How long I continued so, I know not; for I was roused from a dreary dream by some one embracing me, and reiteratedly kissing my lips and forehead. It was my poor Emily! who, at the imminent risk of her life, having found out where I was, had hurried to bring me the news of release; for she had succeeded in obtaining the sum of L.300 from our lodger, which I had in vain solicited. We returned home immediately. I hastened up stairs to our lodger to express the most enthusiastic thanks. He listened without interruption, and then coldly replied—"I would ra-

ther have your note of hand, sir!" Almost choked with mortification at receiving such an unfeeling rebuff, I gave him what he asked, expecting nothing more than that he would presently act the part of old L——. He did not, however, trouble me.

The few pounds above what was due to our relentless creditor L——, sufficed to meet some of our more pressing exigencies; but as they gradually disappeared, my prospects became darker than ever. The agitation and distress which recent occurrences had occasioned, threw my wife into a low, nervous, hysterical state, which added to my misfortunes; and her little infant was sensibly pining away, as if in unconscious sympathy with its wretched parents. Where *now* were we to look for help? We had a new creditor, to a serious amount, in Mr G——, our lodger; whatever, therefore, might be the extremity of our distress, applying to *him* was out of the question; nay, it would be well if he proved a lenient creditor. The hateful annuity was again becoming due. It pressed like an incubus upon us. The form of old L——, flitted incessantly around us, as though it were a fiend, goading us on to destruction. I am sure I must often have raved frightfully in my sleep; for more than once I was woken by my wife clinging to me, and exclaiming, in terrified accents, "Oh, hush, hush, ——, don't, for Heaven's sake, say so!"

To add to my misery, she and the infant began to keep their bed; and our lodger, whose constitution had been long ago broken up, began to fail rapidly. I was in daily attendance, but, of course, could not expect a fee, as I was already his debtor to a large amount. I had three patients who paid me regularly, but only one was a daily patient; and I was obliged to lay by, out of these small incomings, a cruel portion to meet my rent, and L——'s annuity. Surely my situation was now like that of the fabled scorpion, surrounded with fiery destruction! Every one in the house, and my few acquaintances without, expressed surprise and commiseration at my wretched appearance. I was worn almost to a skeleton; and when I looked suddenly in the glass, my worn and hollow looks startled me.

My fears magnified the illness of my wife; the whole world seemed melting away from me into gloom and darkness.

My thoughts—I well recollect—seemed to be perpetually occupied with the dreary image of a desolate churchyard, wet and cold with the sleets and storms of winter. O, that I, and my wife and child, I have sometimes madly thought, were sleeping peacefully in our long home! Why were we brought into the world?—why did my nature prompt me to seek my present station in society?—merely for the purpose of reducing me to the dreadful condition of him of old, whose only consolation from his friends was—curse God and die! What had I done—what had our forefathers done—that Providence should thus come upon us, and thwart us in every thing we attempted?

Fortune, however, at last seemed tired of persecuting me; and my affairs took a favourable turn when most they needed it, and when least I expected it. On what small and insignificant things do our fates depend! Truly—

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

About eight o'clock one evening in the month of March, I was walking down the Haymarket, as usual, in a very disconsolate mood, in search of some shop where I might execute a small commission for my wife. The whole neighbourhood in front of the Opera-house door, exhibited the usual scene of uproar arising from clashing carriages and quarrelsome coachmen. I was standing at the box-door, and watching the company descend from their carriages, when a cry was heard from the very centre of the crowd of coaches—"Run for a doctor!" I rushed instantly to the spot, at the peril of my life, announcing my profession. I soon made my way up to the open door of a carriage, from which issued the moanings of a female, evidently in great agony. The accident was this: A young lady had suddenly stretched her arm through the open window of the carriage conveying her to the opera, for the purpose of pointing out to one of her companions a brilliant illumination of one of the opposite houses.

At that instant their coachman, dashing forward to gain the open space opposite the box-door, shot with great velocity, and within a hairs-breadth distance, past a retiring carriage. The consequence was inevitable: A sudden shriek announced the dislocation of the young lady's shoulder, and the shocking laceration of the fore-arm and hand. When I arrived at the carriage door, the unfortunate sufferer was lying motionless in the arms of an elderly gentleman and a young lady, both of them, as might be expected, dreadfully agitated. It was the Earl of — and his two daughters. Having entered the carriage, I placed my fair patient in such a position as would prevent her suffering more than was necessary from the motion of the carriage—dispatched one of the servants for Mr Cline, to meet us on our arrival home, and then the coachman was ordered to drive home as fast as possible. I need not say more, than that by Mr Cline's skill the dislocation was quickly reduced, and the wounded hand and arm duly dressed. I then prescribed what medicines were necessary—received a check for ten guineas from the Earl, accompanied with fervent thanks for my prompt attentions, and was requested to call as early as possible the next morning.

As soon as I had left his lordship's door, I shot homeward like an arrow. My good fortune, (truly it is an ill wind that blows *nobody* any good,) was almost too much for me. I could scarce repress the violence of my emotions, but felt a continual inclination to relieve myself, by singing, shouting, or committing some other such extravagance. I arrived at home in a very few minutes, and rushed breathless up stairs, joy glittering in my eyes, to communicate my good fortune to my wife, and congratulate ourselves that the door of professional success was at last opened to us. How tenderly she tried to calm my excitement, and moderate my expectations, without at the same time depressing my spirits! I did certainly feel somewhat damped, when I recollected the little incident of my introduction to Sir William —, and its abrupt and unexpected termination. This, however, differed from that—and the event proved that my expectations were not ill founded.

I continued in constant attendance on my fair patient, who was really a very lovely girl; and by my unremitting and anxious attentions, so conciliated the favour of the Earl, and the rest of his family, that the countess, who had long been an invalid, was committed to my care, jointly with that of the family physician. I need hardly say, that my poor services were most nobly remunerated; and more than this—having succeeded in securing the confidence of the family, it was not many weeks before I had the honour of visiting one or two other families of high rank; and I felt conscious that I was laying the foundation of a fashionable and lucrative practice. With joy unutterable, I contrived to be ready for our half-yearly tormentor, old L—; and somewhat surprised him, by asking with an easy air, when he wished for a return of his principal. Of course, he was not desirous of losing such interest as I was paying!

I had seen too much of the bitterness of adversity, to suffer the dawn of good fortune to elate me into too great confidence. I now husbanded my resources with rigorous economy—and had, in return, the inexpressible satisfaction of being able to pay my way, and stand fair with *all* my creditors. My beloved Emily appeared in that society which she was born to ornament; and we numbered several families of high respectability among our visiting friends. As is usual, whenever accident threw me in the way of those who formerly scowled upon me contemptuously, I was received with an excess of civility. The very physician who sent me the munificent donation of a guinea, I met in consultation, and made his cheeks tingle, by returning him the *loan* he had advanced me!

In four years' time from the occurrence at the Haymarket, I contrived to repay old L—— his L.3000, (though he did not live a month after signing the receipt,) and thus escaped for ever from the fangs of the money-lenders. A word or two, also, about our Indian lodger. He died about eighteen months after the accident I have been relating. His sole heir was a young lieutenant in the navy; and very much to my surprise and gratification, in a codicil to old Mr G——'s will, I was left a le-

gacy of L.2000, including the L.300 he had lent me, saying it was some return for the many attentions he had received from us, since he had been our lodger, and as a mark of his approbation of the honourable and virtuous principles by which, he said, he had always perceived our conduct to be actuated.

Twelve years from this period, my income amounted to between L.3000 and L.4000 a-year; and as my family was increasing, I thought my means warranted a more extensive esta-

blishment. I therefore removed into a large and elegant house, and set up my carriage. The recollection of past times has taught me at least one useful lesson—whether my life be long or short—to bear success with moderation, and never to turn a deaf ear to applications from the younger and less successful members of my profession.

“Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like a toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.”

ON THE SUPPLY AND EXCHANGEABLE VALUE OF THE PRECIOUS METALS.

WRITERS ON CURRENCY seem, in general, to assume that the rise which has been gradually taking place in the price of provisions, or, what is the same thing, the fall which has taken place in the exchangeable value of money, arises from the increased influx of the precious metals poured into Europe since the discovery of America. Gold has been considered like those streams, which, flowing into a vast river, enlarge its volume; and the value of this metal, compared to that of corn, is supposed to have fallen in exact proportion to the quantity which has been put into circulation. Hence it has been argued, that gold and corn, relatively to each other, depend upon the respective quantities of each existing in the world. Supposing there were one million of ounces of gold in the world, and one million of quarters of corn grown annually, it is contended, that as each of these commodities bears a certain relation in point of exchangeable value one to the other, if the quantity of gold were to be increased, that its value, compared with corn, would fall; and, *e contra*, that if the quantity of gold were to be diminished, its value, compared to corn, would rise. Hence the elaborate disquisitions which have been recently written on the productiveness of the American mines: it is argued, that these mines, either from political or social causes, do not now furnish for the general market of the world as much of the precious metals as formerly; and that this is the main, if not the sole, cause of the rise which is acknowledged to have taken place in the value of money in this country.

The writers who support this doctrine, exonerate the government of this country from all blame on account of those changes in our monetary system which have unhinged all the pecuniary relations of private life; and which, by altering the standard of value, have enriched one half of the community at the expense of the ruin of the other half,—reducing to poverty and wretchedness thousands, nay, millions, of industrious and affluent subjects. The projectors and advocates of these momentous changes admit, that these consequences have resulted from the alteration which has taken place in the value of money. They admit that they have not only embarrassed, but actually ruined, one half of the community, while they have unduly and unjustly enriched the other half: but they deny that these effects flow from their projects and measures; they ascribe them to natural causes, which render the produce of the Transatlantic mines less abundant, or, what is practically the same thing, to those political convulsions which have had the effect of diverting the industry of South America from the working of these mines.

But the reasons thus put forward to shift the responsibility which would otherwise rest on the authors of the changes which have recently taken place in the monetary system of this country, do not appear to us to be well founded. That the value of gold and corn relatively to each other, should depend upon the respective quantities of each of these commodities existing either in the market of any particular country, or

in the general market of the world, we conceive to be a position which is both false in theory, and actually disproved by numerous facts open to the observation of the least attentive enquirer. There are many reasons and facts which lead us to suspect, that the exchangeable value of the precious metals depends much more upon the direction and intensity of human industry, together with the rapid circulation of money, necessarily connected with the habits of an industrious community, than upon the productiveness of the mines which yield gold and silver, or the relative quantity of these metals which exist in the general market of the world. We conceive it even probable, that the quantity of gold existing in any country might have received an annual accession, and, at the end of a century, existed in a hundred-fold greater amount, without altering the original proportion between the value of a given weight of gold, and a given quantity of corn, provided the state of society likewise remained the same.

In every community the exchangeable value of the precious metals appears to fall concurrently with, and in proportion to, its progress in industry and civilisation. In France—a country backward in most of the arts of industry compared to England—corn is at least one-third cheaper. In Spain and Italy, the price of corn is still lower; although in some parts of the latter country—the Roman States—the population is literally starving. In Russia, although there be no want of provisions, but where manufacturing industry is in its infancy, the money price of provisions is extremely low. The case is the same in Turkey; and in Persia, to which Nadir Schah transported a part of the treasures of the East, but which is less industrious, it is lower still: and from the account which Turner has given of his Embassy to Thibet, we find, that in the north of India, where the greatest distress prevails, the price of provisions is incredibly low; and he remarks, that this is not the only instance in which the low price of provisions is accompanied with extreme misery among the people, arising from their utter inability to purchase food.

But it becomes at once apparent,

that a wide distinction exists between the money price, and real price of food. Gold is, or may be, the money price of food, but labour is its real price. In India, when the money price is low, the people die of famine; in England, where it is high, they fare generally better than in any other country in the world. History shews the same difference between the value of gold and provisions, compared to what they are at the present time, to have taken place in our own country: it proves that the exchangeable value of gold has sunk, by slow gradations certainly, but in exact proportion to the increasing industry and civilisation of the people. In the time of the Saxons, it is computed that provisions were at about one-thirtieth of their present money price; and that from the time of Elizabeth to about 1780, their price increased only fourfold. How is this to be accounted for? Is it by the theory of those who consider the precious metals merely in their capacity of currency, and look upon them as a great river swelled by the supplies from South America, which has overflowed its former boundaries? If so, why did money prices sink before the existence of America was even suspected? If that depreciation rose solely from the increased quantity which had been derived from a regular supply; and if it operated with an accelerated force on the discovery of America, why did it operate in England more than in any other country? Why did it raise the price of provisions high in a country possessing no mines of gold and silver, and at a time when the precious metals had long ceased to be accumulated either in the treasures of the State, or as a favourite article of splendour and show among the people? And why has Spain, into which the wealth of the new world flowed, whose altars groan beneath the costly offerings of superstition, and where a taste for the precious metals long prevailed among the higher orders—why has Spain seen her people sunk in poverty and ignorance? The answer to these questions is, we think, obvious. Gold has fallen in value in those countries, in which, from the progress of freedom and civilisation, industry has been encouraged and made to flourish.

It seems to excite great alarm among the manufacturing and commercial classes, that the money price of corn is generally higher in this than in any other country. They conceive that this circumstance will enable foreign rivals to undersell them in the general market of the world. But nothing can, in truth, be more visionary than this fear. The high price of corn, or, what is the same thing, the comparative low value of the precious metals, which has filled the minds of our traders with so much groundless apprehension, is the sure sign and necessary result of national prosperity; and so far is this fact from impeding the sale of our manufactured goods in foreign countries, that it is only when they sell, and sell with profit to the fabricator, that the high money price of corn can be maintained. The moment the demand for wrought commodities—for the products of industry, relaxes, the means of the purchasers of agricultural produce will diminish, and the money price of corn will necessarily fall. We might as well quarrel with the thermometer for rising, when we increase the temperature of our room, as with that high money price of corn—that measure of its value by gold—which proves that, in England, industry is rated higher, and commands a greater profit, than in any other country in the world.

If, then, the high money price of corn be in fact the result of our commercial prosperity, and a proof of the superior value of our industry, and consequently of the corn which supports it, compared to the industry and corn of other nations; if, in fact, it merely shew that the relative worth which gold, as an article of merchandise, bears to our manufactured goods, is lower than it is to the productions of other countries, whose manufacturing industry is at a lower pitch, why should it create more uneasiness than the cheapness of any other article which we may happen to import? If we want gold, we can command more of it than any other country, and at a less sacrifice. If we choose to employ gold, not only as a metal useful for the purposes of art, but also as a measure of value, we must submit to make use of it, not as a perfect, but as an imperfect instrument. It must be recollected,

that the measure itself varies at particular periods, and in particular places; and it is incumbent upon us to bend our theory to facts, and not to misrepresent facts to suit our theory. The consequences of such a delusion may be dangerous. Gold is, as a merchandise, subject to all the fluctuations of value to which other commodities are liable, although in a less degree. So far is even this metal from being a universal and unvarying measure of value, that such a measure cannot be pointed out in theory, much less found for practical purposes. Corn and labour approach, perhaps, the nearest to an unfluctuating standard; but these differ so widely in value in different places, and under different circumstances; in times of peace compared with those of war; of plenty contrasted with famine; in fertile and barren districts; that, as the measure of the value of other commodities over these first and essential components of wealth, they cannot operate steadily and uniformly.

But although we have chosen gold as the metal composing the standard by which we measure value, few will undertake to maintain that some other commodity might not answer the same purpose. In Africa, which carries on a trade in gold dust, the inhabitants estimate the value of their merchandise, not in gold, but in iron. Mungo Park tells us, that the African merchants compare the value of all other goods to that of a certain weight of iron called a bar: hence a certain quantity of tobacco is called a bar of tobacco; a gallon of rum a bar of rum; and that Europeans who trade in this country reckon a bar at about two shillings, and compute, that a slave which exchanges for one hundred and fifty bars is worth fifteen pounds in Sterling money. Our political economists have never attempted to rouse the country, slumbering in a delusive dream of riches and prosperity, and dispel the pleasant vision, by shewing us, that the same piece of iron which, in this country, is only equivalent to one bushel of wheat, would, in Africa, actually exchange for four bushels of the same grain. It thus appears that we pay for our bread four times as much iron as the Foulis and Mandingoes. What a terrible fact! It is,

we think, quite as alarming as the analogous misfortune, that we are compelled to pay for our food four times as much gold as the enslaved Pole or Russian. But this argument, which, if applied to Africa and iron, would be treated with ridicule, when put into the mouth of the President of the Board of Trade, with relation to England and gold, is lauded as the highest effort of the human understanding, and received as the dictate of transcendent wisdom.

In order to put in a clear light the effect which a high money price of corn is calculated to produce upon the operations of foreign trade, let us suppose that an English merchant went to Arabia to purchase gums, and that he carried out cotton shawls to be disposed of in that country, which had cost him five shillings each in the home market; suppose farther, that the Arabs, instead of gold, made use of tobacco as the measure of value, (and at one time tobacco was unknown in Europe, or at least not sought for in the market,) would the merchant be disposed to take a quantity of tobacco, either unsaleable, or worth but a small part of five shillings, in the European market, in exchange for his shawl, which he estimated at that sum? Certainly not. But if he ascertained that tobacco was the money of the Arabs, and that he could buy as much gum as he wanted if he had tobacco to pay for it, he would then proceed to find out how much gum the quantity of tobacco offered for his shawl, worth five shillings, would purchase. If, on enquiry, he discovered that he could get gum worth ten shillings in the market to which he meant to convey it, and he knew that this would be sufficient to defray the cost of transport and secure a fair mercantile profit, he would rest satisfied with the transaction. The real value of the tobacco would appear to him perfectly immaterial; he would consider it only as a measure of value.

The same thing might occur if an English merchant took a tea-pot, worth five shillings, to China, and there found he could only exchange it for a quantity of silver equal to two shillings and sixpence. He would not receive the silver for the purpose of bringing it home; but if, with that two shillings and sixpence worth of

silver he could purchase tea, which he knew, from experience, would sell in England for ten shillings, and ensure a fair mercantile profit, he would readily receive the silver, which he would consider only as a measure of value. This is so true, that the case actually occurred a few years back, at the German fairs, where English goods were found to sell for a money price which was below prime cost. Our alarmists then observed, "Our trade is ruined if we cannot sell our goods at their original cost in the foreign market." To this it was replied, that the effect arose only from a change in the value of the currency, and need cause no alarm. Our merchants sold their goods cheap when measured by their money price; but then they purchased foreign goods at an equally low rate. The relative price was unaltered; and when the foreign goods were imported into England, and sold, the commercial profit remained the same. This circumstance must be familiar to every experienced merchant: when a cargo of cotton goods is exported to Turkey, for instance, the owner does not so much consider the money price at which it will sell there, as the money price at which the equivalent commodities, brought home from Turkey, will sell in our own market. Our wrought cotton goods may sell at Smyrna for no more than half the money price which they cost at Manchester; and yet, if the proceeds be laid out in purchasing a return cargo of oranges or figs, these commodities, when disposed of in the British market, may yield a money price which will give the adventurer a fair mercantile return upon his capital.

Those who, in speaking of price, consider gold currency, as it is generally called, as distinct from gold, as a merchandise, are clearly in error. The very word itself, if taken in its right sense, expresses a quality, and not a separate existence. It implies the act of motion, or passing from hand to hand. But the dog which runs at one moment, and lies down at another, is still one and the same dog. Gold coin is nothing but gold stamped to ascertain its weight and fineness; and it is well known, that no lower regulation can permanently prevent its bearing the same ex-

changeable value to other commodities in both of these states; and that the mint and market price of gold always have a tendency to approximate. A certain weight of gold, in the shape of a coin or piece of money, cannot be taken as an unit of a given value all over the world; it cannot be considered as a fractional division of one great whole, invariable in its nature, and unalterable by time or place. It is not the unerring standard by which the cheapness or dearness of commodities, in different countries, and at different periods, can be ascertained. And admitting that fact to be true, which is allowed on all hands, that a great depreciation of the precious metals took place subsequently to the discovery of America, those who conceive that depreciation to arise solely from their greater abundance, and consider them as an accurate measure of value all over the world, must acknowledge, that their having been depreciated more rapidly and constantly in particular countries than in others is a circumstance at variance with their own theory. To suppose that the high money price of corn arises solely from the increased quantity of the precious metals, it must be supposed that the quantity of corn produced has not increased in the same ratio; for it is acknowledged, that the value of gold, compared to wrought goods, is greater now than formerly, and that, notwithstanding the increased quantity of gold, the same weight of that metal will exchange for a greater quantity of manufactured articles, from the still more abundant supply of the latter which is now brought to market; while, on the other hand, the same weight of gold will exchange for less corn. This is ascribed to the quantity of corn not having increased in the same proportion as gold. Here, however, a remarkable contradiction manifests itself, since we find that it is in England, where cultivation has been so much extended, and where each individual consumes more food, and of a better quality, than the inhabitants of any other part of the world, that the money price of corn is highest. But when we advert to the fact, that gold is a merchandise, bearing a different value in different countries,

these apparent contradictions are reconciled.

Although gold has been depreciated in a more rapid degree, from the date of the discovery of America, it is by no means a necessary consequence, that the increased supply from the mines should be the main, much less the sole cause of that depreciation. Various other causes to which, collectively, we venture to ascribe the depreciation of gold relatively to corn, or that high money price of provisions of which the trading and mercantile classes complain, date also from the same epoch. At that period the old feudal system began to break up; the monarchical power all over Europe acquired greater firmness and stability; and, under the protection of the tranquillity and good order thus created, industry began to flourish. The mercantile body and the inhabitants of the towns, shielded by the policy of the sovereigns against the tyranny of the nobles, increased in wealth and importance. Governments began to feel the importance of trade, and to attend to its interests. New castes and new habits sprung up with a different state of society.

Those who conceive that the cheapness or dearness of corn to a community can be ascertained by its money price, clearly labour under a vulgar and unphilosophical error. All those circumstances which affect and stamp the relative price of gold when compared with corn or labour, must be taken into consideration before a knowledge of the real price of corn, namely, the portion of labour exchanged for subsistence can be ascertained. If from the freedom of our government, the security of property and the stability of our institutions, gold is not sought for in England in order to be buried or concealed, and is held but in small estimation as the means of security: if from the perfection of our manufacturing industry, the labour of our artisans can command large supplies of gold, or its equivalents in foreign markets, that metal must be lower in value, because more abundant in England than elsewhere. Corn, although more abundant in England in proportion to its actual population than in any other part of Europe, is dearer compared to gold:

and it can only become otherwise by equalizing the value of gold in England to that which it bears in other countries: an object which can be accomplished only in one of two ways; either by ruining our manufactures and commerce, or by forcing those who have invested their capital in agriculture to receive less than their fair share of profits.

Those who imagine that our commercial prosperity, or the cheapness of our wrought commodities, depends on the lower price of corn, labour unquestionably under an egregious mistake; for actual experience shews that we can supply even India, where the Hindoo subsists on a little rice, purchased at a low money price, and who is said to earn about twopence per day, with muslins fabricated by the most thriving and best paid of our manufacturers, and actually undersell the poor native in his own market! Manufacturing wages do not even bear an exact proportion to the price of corn. They outrun that price: for although the price of corn follows the increasing profits of manufacturing industry, it still lags heavily behind. From the high exchangeable value of his labour, the manufacturer daily advances in luxury and refinement, and obtains a greater share of comforts and enjoyments. He earns them, and no doubt deserves them;—such is the naked fact: but if on every manufactured article sent to market a nice estimate were to be made of the cost of its produce—if it were asked how much was expended on the purchase of the raw material, perhaps foreign, how much paid in injudicious taxes, how much in defraying the necessary profit of capital, how much for the luxuries of the manufacturer, and how much for his bread—we are convinced that the amount of the latter item would be so small a proportion to the whole, as to render the outcry which is raised about it quite ridiculous.

The persons who clamour for cheap bread inform us, that we cannot compete in foreign markets with foreign manufacturers, because our corn sells so dear, and the wages of labour are so high, that we cannot afford to dispose of our wrought commodities at as cheap a rate as the manufacturers of other countries.

We are therefore exhorted to purchase cheap bread, give low wages, and furnish cheap goods, in order to relieve the country now labouring under an immense debt, and a heavy burden of taxes. Now, what is this, but saying that the corn, the labour, and the manufactures of Great Britain, shall be estimated at only half their usual amount? But do those who appear so anxious to relieve the country, and propose to effect it in the manner just stated, recollect that Government, in the shape of taxes, puts its hand on a certain portion of the corn, and labour, and manufactures of the country, which it applies to the service of the state? Whether that portion be represented by one piece of gold or another, is of no vital importance: but if the value of all commodities compared to gold be lessened one half, and taxes to the same nominal amount in a metallic currency be still raised, it becomes evident that Government exacts from the country a tribute twice as heavy as it did previously. The current expenses of the state might no doubt be so modified as to meet the expenses of the day; but with respect to the interest of the national debt, such a reduction is scarcely practicable. Even the reduction of our current expenses in proportion to the altered value of money does not appear quite so much a matter of course as an honest man might expect to find it. The recent alteration which enhanced the value of the pound sterling in this country somewhere between 40 and 50 per cent, has already compelled the great body of the landowners to lower their rents, and of the capitalists to lower their profits, in that proportion: but we have not yet heard that a similar movement has been made by the numerous band of placemen and pensioners whom we have the pleasure of supporting. Although the price of commodities has fallen nearly 50 per cent, from the change effected in our monetary system, we have not yet been able to discover that any members of this fortunate class have remitted one shilling of the salaries or pensions which they draw from the public purse. We are not disposed to recommend niggardliness in rewarding statesmen, nor to curtail unfairly those pensions which have

been granted as a compensation for valuable public services. But we conceive it neither niggardly nor unjust that all salaries and pensions should be reduced in exact proportion to the enhanced value of the currency in which they are for the future to be paid.

It appears indeed quite certain that the high money-price of bread, if not caused by scarcity, is both the measure and proof of the wealth of society : a gratifying truth which never should be lost sight of by the labouring classes in England, where it is always found impossible, for any length of time, to keep down the price of the quartern loaf. Although our Ministers, misled and deluded by the political economists, have made the most ruinous experiments, tampering with the currency, with commerce, and the trade of the country; still, no sooner are these severe shocks in some measure got over, and the productive classes begin to breathe again, than bread rises in price, and those very persons begin to eat the quartern loaf at a shilling, who were all but starving while it remained at sixpence.

If, indeed, it were practicable to form an exact scale of the money-price of bread in all the countries in the world, and we were then to compare it with the quantity of food and manufactured articles, together with the comforts and luxuries, enjoyed by each of their inhabitants, it would uniformly be found, that the money-price of bread bears an exact proportion to the wealth and comfort of each community : wherever the money-price of bread, on an average of years, is high, the community is prosperous and wealthy ; wherever, on the contrary, the money-price of that necessary of life is low, the inhabitants will be found steeped in poverty and wretchedness. To this proposition neither experience nor history can furnish an exception. When the money-price of bread is low, the food consumed by each individual is both less in quantity and worse in quality. The Pole lives on black bread, the Frenchman chiefly on soup maigre and vegetables. It is a subject of constant and pathetic lamentation, that the common people of England are not, as their predecessors used to be, content with

brown bread. Compare the fare of these different nations to that of Englishmen, who live upon white bread, meat, cheese, and butter, and who enjoy, in addition, many foreign luxuries, such as tea, sugar, and coffee. Their persevering industry is that which enables them to pay the price of this extraordinary supply of human sustenance. The high money-price of bread, of which with short-sighted ignorance we complain, unmindful of the blessings of which it constitutes an unceasing proof, is not only an evidence of commercial prosperity, and of the general ease and comfort of society ; but as these depend upon greater or less degrees of mitigation and freedom, it is a test by which we can estimate the advances of both, and of man himself to a more perfect state of social happiness. This is not mere theory, unsupported by evidence drawn from experience ; it is, on the contrary, a deduction which must force itself on the mind of every person who will be at the pains of examining the actual condition of various parts of the world, and reflect upon the causes which act upon the comforts and wealth of society. "Everywhere," observes an intelligent writer on this subject, "I have found the low money-price of provisions accompanied with wretchedness in the great bulk of the people ; and I have never seen any individual offer the food necessary for human subsistence, or its more luxurious gratifications, for a mere trifle in money, without a painful conviction of the scanty recompense which the labour of the same individual could command. I have seen a fine turkey sold in the southern part of Russia, in the capital of the Don Cossacks, for eightpence ; why ? because few possessed eightpence which they could afford to part with to purchase it. I have seen wine in France at threepence a-bottle, in a district in which it is not produced, but imported, where the great bulk of the inhabitants drink water ; because wine, even at that price, is too dear for their scanty means. But it is not in Russia, where the cultivators of the soil are slaves to their lords, who, if they allow them to exercise any industry on their own account, do it on the condition of receiving a tax out of the earnings

of their bondmen,—a tax uncertain and arbitrary,—depending on the increasing profits of the slave, and the insatiable avarice of the master; it is not in such a country that the people can possess the usual incitements to industry, or reap its rewards. They cannot acquire wealth, and it therefore becomes impossible that they should offer it in any shape, either in gold or produce, whose value is measured by gold, in exchange for their food. Neither can the French peasant, who lives in those provinces of France where few manufactures exist, afford to drink the wine which appears to Englishmen so incredibly cheap. But change the situation of the people inhabiting these countries; give freedom to their exertions and a spur to their industry, and in an instant their labour will become valuable, and the bread exchanged for that labour will bear a high money-price."

"It must be remarked," says Mr Robertson, in his *Rural Recollections*, "that during the period in which agriculture has made the greatest progress, even to the extent of making the land produce more than double its former store, the price of corn has also been gradually on the advance, though not to the same extent as the rate of labour. This is indeed a curious fact, that a greater supply in the market should be followed by a greater dearth in the price. But the solution is easy. There has been nearly an equal increase in the population, and also *money has fallen in value*. The same piece of silver or of gold does not purchase so much as it was wont to do, whether it be of clothing, of furniture, or of provisions, but more especially of labour. Dating from about the year 1745, a period from which the commencement of agricultural improvement in Scotland is very generally traced, there has been a gradual advance in the price of land produce, slowly at first, but ultimately increasing more rapidly, till at last it has advanced in the present times more than sixty per cent, at an average of the different species of bread corn; that is, from the year 1745 to crop 1827. But, in the same time, the rate of wages, from the greater demand for labour, has increased upwards of one hundred per

cent on the average of these years; and which, in the last twenty or thirty years, has risen two hundred per cent, or three times the rate in former times, immediately preceding the year 1745. This greater advance in the rate of wages applies to all labourers in husbandry, and to every description of mechanics, whether in town or country; so that the never-ceasing outcry against the corn-laws, as being adverse to the industrious part of the community, is in *direct opposition to fact*. Every thing, in the course of the latter period, from 1745 to 1827, in consequence of the fall in the price of money, has become nominally dearer, yet nobody is poorer on that account; that is, no class in the community, *well-employed*, is less able to support its wonted rank in society. Even the common labourer is richer than formerly. He can afford to live better, and actually does live better. He has better food, better clothing, and better lodging than in olden times."

If we carry our thoughts back to that period of time when manufacturing industry did not exist, and when the possessor of land commanded the whole labour of society, and enjoyed the whole produce of the soil, after affording a coarse and scanty nourishment to his vassals, the truth of the above observations will appear still more evident. While such a state of things exists, how can the inferior classes give gold, or any thing which can be exchanged in the market for gold, as the price of food? It is impossible; money, if in such a state of things it circulates at all in the shape of coin, must be composed of the least valuable of the metals. Thus, the first money of the Romans was copper; and it is a remarkable fact, that at this very day, in one of the departments of France, corn, owing to the poverty of the people, is used as the instrument of exchange, and money composed of coin is seldom seen. However strange this fact may sound in the ears of mercantile men, it is fully confirmed by an account of Corsica, published by M. de Beaumont, a public functionary lately residing in that island. He describes it as mountainous and barren, and the population uncivilized, fierce, and ignorant, as devoid of habits of industry. In that island, the

poverty of which cannot be a matter open to doubt, corn not only does not bear a high money-price, but money itself is almost unknown.

Upon the whole, it appears quite clear that gold is not a general measure by which the real cheapness of corn can be estimated. The persons who tell us that we may get our corn cheaper from other countries than it can be grown in England, do not consider that we measure that cheapness by a merchandise which is worth more in one country than it is in another. Adam Smith very properly adverts to this circumstance when he distinguishes between real and money price, and states distinctly that silver, as a measure of value, varies more from century to century than corn; and adds, that money is the best measure of value at the same time and place—but at the same time and place only. Gold may be cheap, and is cheap, in England, from the superior industry and skill of its population. This circumstance brings a greater quantity of gold into the country for the purpose of measuring the value of corn and labour; it likewise increases to a very great degree the rapidity with which coin circulates, and passes from one hand to another; which in itself very materially contributes to diminish the exchangeable value of the metal of which the current coin is composed. But corn may be cheap relatively to labour, although gold be cheap relatively to both.

In every country, the exchangeable value of gold or silver money depends upon the productive industry of the inhabitants. It varies, therefore, not only at distant periods, and in distant countries, but it may differ materially at periods touching upon each other, and in countries separated by a mere line of demarcation. This is a well-known truth, practically familiar to every capitalist. No rational individual, who in the course of the last century accepted a fixed annuity, expected that the same nominal sum of money would command as great a share of the labour of society, at the end of a period of twenty or thirty years, as it did when the bargain was made; but as he had found the decrease in the value of money to be gradual, he preferred that disadvantage to the risks of bu-

siness, or the smaller returns of landed property. We speak here, of course, of that natural depreciation which was constantly going on in the value of commodities, when measured in metallic money; and not of that artificial depreciation which resulted from the use of a paper currency, not convertible into cash at the will of the holder. The one kind of depreciation had no necessary connexion with, or dependence upon, the other. The depreciation of the exchangeable value of gold, arising from the development of national industry, would have equally taken place if the Bank of England had never been authorized to suspend cash payments. The sole object of our present enquiry is, therefore, not the depreciation of paper-money, but of the precious metals when actually used as the current coin. Every person at all acquainted with the variation of prices at different times, and in different countries, must be well aware, that money goes farther in France, and all over the continent, than in Great Britain: that the same weight of gold or silver commands a larger quantity of food, and more of the labour of society, abroad, than in England. But does this shew that land on the continent is more fertile than the soil of England? or that the working classes abroad are better off, or that they either possess or consume more corn, than the more industrious inhabitants of this island?

We therefore beg to repeat, that bread itself, when measured by labour—the only standard with which the workman, who earns his subsistence by labour, has a concern—may be cheap, while its price, measured by money, may be high; and that the high money-price of bread, when it is not produced by actual scarcity, is the natural and inevitable result of manufacturing and commercial prosperity. The principles involved in a just theory of price, tend to shew what has been fully confirmed by experience, that the high money-value of provisions, when occasioned, not by a deficient supply, but by an active demand, cannot be the cause of poverty and distress. That great rise in the money-price of bread—or rather that depreciation of gold—that lowering of its exchangeable value—which took place

with such remarkable rapidity between the close of the American war and the year 1813, was, in point of fact, the result of that extraordinary manufacturing and commercial prosperity, which naturally and necessarily accompanied the increasing energy of our national industry. In other countries, where the same cause was not called into operation, the exchangeable value of gold remained unaffected—whenever that prosperity, which caused the depreciation of the precious metals begins to retrograde, gold also will begin to recede towards its ancient standard of exchangeable value.

Whenever our industry, our manufactures, and our commerce, shall decay, the price of bread will fall, and fall low enough; and if ever the moment should arrive, when the price of bread shall, upon an average of years, be lower in England than in the other countries of Europe, the knell of British greatness will have tolled.

We warn our countrymen, therefore, not to let themselves be misled and deluded by the clamours which are too frequently set up on the subject of the price of bread. These clamours are raised by two classes of individuals—by a class which is too ignorant to perceive the causes which truly affect the money-price of provisions; or by a class of men, who, although they perceive these causes, are still base and wicked enough, either for factious or selfish purposes, to strain every nerve to lead the credulous multitude astray. The first class of clamourers for cheap bread err through ignorance; they consist chiefly of ill-informed persons who have embarked their capital in manufacturing and commercial speculations; who conceive that a fall in the money-price of bread would enable them to lower wages, and by that means realize increased profits. But no such advantage would result to them from a reduction in the average money-price of bread; it is, no doubt, true, that it would enable them to reduce the nominal amount of wages; but then a proportionate fall would inevitably take place in the money-price of the manufactured article, and the ratio of profits to capital would retain its accustomed level. Another numerous, and at the

same time persevering, body of clamourers for cheap bread, consists of persons who raise this cry either for factious or selfish purposes. No man who watches the operations of the press in this country can be ignorant of the mortifying fact, that many of the writers who possess the fairest opportunities of giving a sound direction to public opinion on important questions of national policy, labour with wicked industry to foster the ignorant prejudices of the multitude; it would, no doubt, redound much to their honour to endeavour to lead the productive classes to a right way of thinking on this subject; but they consider it more profitable to act as panders to the baser passions of mankind. In their clamours on the subject of the price of bread, they are joined by many of those persons who are not engaged in any species of productive industry, but subsist upon the interest of money lent either to the state or private individuals. Those persons, who live upon the interest of money, together with those who draw pensions and salaries out of the public purse, form, in truth, the only class who can reap any advantage from a permanent reduction in the money-price of corn; such a fall, no doubt, enriches them: it enables them to acquire a greater command over the labour of the community, and to appropriate to their own use a larger share of the productions of national industry; but in proportion to their gain from the low money-price of corn, is the loss sustained by the rest of the community; these are, in truth, the drones of the social hive; and the low price of corn always puts it in their power to profit at the expense of the working bees. No wonder, therefore, that this class—this drone class—which consumes the sweets of the hive without replacing a single particle, should vociferate for cheap bread; but we do wonder that the productive classes—the manufacturers, the merchants, and the artisans of this country, whose prosperity has invariably been found to bear an exact proportion to the rise which takes place in the money-price of bread, when that rise is not occasioned by actual scarcity, should be prevailed upon to join in this ignorant and besotted clamour. It is manifestly

the interest of all the productive classes; of all the manufacturers, and working labourers of every name and craft, that the money-price of corn should, on an average of years, be high. The experience of all times, as well as of all countries, has proved that, whenever this is the case, the manufacturing and commercial classes invariably realize large profits; while the labourers and artisans of the country enjoy constant work, and earn high wages. Their means of purchasing provisions, derived from increasing profits, regular employment, and higher wages, more than keep pace with any general rise which may take place in the money-price of corn. This is borne out by circumstances which must be still fresh in the recollection of the working classes in this country. At no period of the history of Great Britain was the reward of industry more liberal, more constant, and more certain, than during the interval between the close of the American war and the year 1815; while the money-price of bread was, upon an average of years, much higher than it has been ever previously known in the home market; but, although the British labourer had to pay more for his bread than his foreign competitor, this was much more than counterbalanced by the extra wages which a regular and eager demand for his services enabled him to earn. And in this general prosperity of the working classes, the capitalists, who gave them employment, fully participated. While bread was high, the manufacturers and merchants of England were realizing ample profits, and the whole body of workmen earning ample wages; no sooner, however, did the economists commence their operations for the purpose of reducing the price of bread, than the prosperity of both these classes began to decline. The quartern loaf fell, it is true, nearly one half in price; but then the profits of the capitalist, and the wages of the labourer, have been diminished in a still larger proportion. It is therefore the interest of all the productive classes in this country, that the money-price of bread should be high; when this results not from a scarcity—not from a deficient supply of grain—but from a brisk demand for

food on the part of an industrious and well-employed community, it is a symptom and a proof of the prosperous condition of all those classes who are engaged in production; it furnishes the most unequivocal evidence, that there is a steady demand for their industry, and for the produce of that industry.

The mischievous changes which have recently taken place in our commercial and internal policy, have produced a most unfavourable effect upon our national industry. The flood-gates of foreign rivalry have been foolishly opened upon our manufacturers. The circulating medium has been put under unwise and unnecessary restrictions; and the consequence has been, a serious check upon our accustomed prosperity. We are really inclined to suspect, that the discouragement to native industry resulting from the alterations which have been recently effected in our commercial relations with other countries, has operated upon the price of agricultural produce to a greater extent than the change which has been made in the standard of value. We are by no means disposed to overlook or underrate the effect of this latter cause; but the effect of the former cause we are certainly disposed to consider of greater magnitude and importance. Many able men, we are well aware, hold the opinion, that if the supply of the precious metals derived from the American mines could be restored to its usual amount, the recent rise in the exchangeable value of money would disappear, and that an abundant currency would bring about the return of our former prosperity. Now we cannot fully coincide in this opinion. It appears to us, that without a renovation of our relaxed industry, no additional supply of the precious metals, however abundant or cheaply procured, could, of itself, restore the fallen prosperity of Britain. This happy result depends, fortunately, not upon the American mines, but upon the full and unimpeded development of our national industry. On this point, we think Mr Hume, in his *Essay on Money*, has fallen into an error. "We find," observes that writer, in a passage which has been often quoted, "that into every kingdom into which money begins to flow in greater abun-

dance than formerly, every thing takes a new face: labour and industry gain life—the merchant becomes more enterprising, the manufacturer more diligent and skilful, and even the farmer follows his plough with greater alacrity and attention. On the other hand, when gold and silver are diminishing, the workman has not the same employment from the manufacturer and the merchant—the farmer cannot dispose of his corn and his cattle, though he must pay the same rent to his landlord. The poverty, and beggary, and sloth, which must ensue, are easily foreseen.” He seems to consider the more abundant flow of the precious metals into any country as the cause which sets the industry of its inhabitants in motion. This is not by any means so clear as many writers on currency seem to imagine. We strongly suspect, that in this instance, the effect is mistaken for the cause. We believe, that in every country, an increased supply of the precious metals will always be found to follow in the train of more active industry, but never of itself to act as a cause exciting to industry. In every kingdom things assume a new face, not because money begins to flow in greater abundance than formerly; but, on the contrary, money flows in greater abundance than formerly, because things put on a new face. Because labour and industry gain life, “the merchant is more enterprising, the manufacturer more diligent and skilful, and even the farmer follows his plough with greater alacrity and attention.” This view of the matter is corroborated by the effect which the discovery of America produced on the internal condition of Spain. After that event, the precious metals found their way into Spain in much greater abundance than previously; but we have no evi-

dence to shew, that in Spain, every thing took a new face, or that labour and industry gained new life. On the contrary, the precious metals were introduced merely as mercantile commodities, to be exported to other countries, and not to be used as a measure of value circulating rapidly from hand to hand among a numerous and industrious population.

We are thus of opinion, that more stress has been laid upon the supply of the precious metals now derived from the American mines, than the matter really deserves. It must, no doubt, be admitted, that this diminution in the usual amount of the supply has had some share in the rise which has recently taken place in the value of money. It is, however, we think, indisputable that this will only account for a small portion of that rise. The greater portion of it must be ascribed to the discouragement, and consequent relaxation, of our native industry, arising from the impolitic admission of foreign rivalry. We are confirmed in this opinion by the well-known fact, that the rise which has recently taken place in the value of money, is much greater in England than in any other country in Europe. If this rise had been solely the consequence of a diminution in the usual supply of the precious metals, it would necessarily have taken place in an equal proportion all over Europe. This is manifestly not the case. The writers who trace our present embarrassments to natural or political causes which render the American mines less productive than usual, labour clearly under an erroneous impression. Our difficulties do not spring from this source, but from the false measures which have crippled the energy of our national industry.

STEM AND STERN.—TOM CRINGLE AND THE DEVIL.

To Commodore Christopher North.

DEAR WORTHY OLD GENTLEMAN,

BLESS you, man, your chief devil has got me into a — of a mess by a misprint—confound my cramp fist—in “Davy Jones,” in the number for July.

I perceive in this the hoof of the same fiend, who, in the “Scene off Bermuda,” in September last, sent old Kelson, the carpenter, a gowk’s errand into the fore-top, to see what the “fore-yawl,” instead of the wounded “fore-yard,” would carry, as if men-of-war had bun-boats at their mast-heads! But to the matter. In the very offset of “Davy Jones,” he makes me say *standing on the bow-sprit*, that “the spray from the stern was flashing over me, as it roared through the waste of sparkling and hissing waters.” Now I don’t dispute the roaring of sterns—in season. But, — me, if you or any other man shall make Tom Cringle’s stern roar, *out of season*, on compulsion. I wrote *STEM*, the cutwater of the ship, the *coulter* as it were—the head of her, not the tail, as the devil would have it. And again, when the privateer hauls his wind suddenly, to let the Torch shoot past him, and thereby gain the weather gage, when old Splinter should sing out, as it was written—but, *confound the fist* once more—“Give her the *stem*”—that is, run her down and sink her, the *stem* being the strongest part, as the *stern* is the weakest, he, Belzebub, judging, I presume, of the respective strength of the two ends from his own comparative anatomy, makes him say, “Give her the *stern*,” as if he were going to let drive at her with *that* end. “Poo, nonsense—it don’t signify.” But it *does* signify, old man. Only fancy, had I, when I asked you to give your *countenance* to my “humble efforts,” as the block-heads whom you scarify say, beseeched you to give your *but-end* to them, would this not have signified, would it not have been imprecating the very fate of the aforesaid block-heads?

To touch you more *near*—you yourself have been *known* to get fou and pugnacious on *great occasions*—the visit of royalty, for instance—it is on record. A mountain foreigner

from Ross-shire engages you, for some unknown insult, in single combat, and, leagued with John Barley-corn, (let us imagine an impossibility,) floors you by a peg on the gnomon—the wound is in the front—your *snout* is broken, but your *honour* is *whole*. Would it be so, were the Gael to allege, that “her nainsel had coupit the Giant of the North py a pig kick on her *preach*?” By all the gods, he of the laconic garment, the “thousand hill man,” would have been careering on a cloud after his “freen” Ossian, with the moon shining through him, within that very hour.

Still I would rather have fought Peter than bothered you; but I know his Most Gracious Majesty King William, God bless him! (who can forget poor Burns’s “Tarry Breeks?”) either has noticed it, or will notice it, the instant he comes to that part of the Magazine. Now this, without explanation, is inconvenient, trousers being likely to come as high up *now* as pantaloons, and I have some claim on him, seeing that my father, Job Cringle, some five-and forty years ago, at Jamaica, in the town of Port-Royal, had his head-rails smashed, the *neb* of his nose (*stem*) bitten off by a bungo, and the end of his spine (*stern-post*), that mysterious point, where man *ends*, and monkey *begins*, grievously shaken in a spree at Kitty Finuans, in Prince William Henry’s company.

“Poo, nonsense.” Indeed!—Why, the very devil himself, the author of the evil, shall be convinced that there is much peril in the *transposition of ends*. I will ask him—“What is a *sternutation*?”—(*words* being his weapons)—“What is a *sternutation*?” He shall answer learnedly by the card—“A *sneeze*,” the nose or *stem* being the organ. Then he shall ask Jem Sparkle “What is a *sternutation*?” You laugh, old gentleman; but your devil’s “*mistack*” looks every inch as queer to a sailor as our topman’s answer would sound to you.

Yours with all cordiality,

THOMAS CRINGLE.

COAST BLOCKADE, Station 3194,
17th July, 1890.

FERDINAND THE BELOVED; OR, ROYAL GRATITUDE.

The proclamation concluded by declaring the CORTES to be dissolved; and ordaining that all opposing the execution of this decree should suffer DEATH!!!

ANNALS OF THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGNS.

AFTER AN arduous service of six years in Portugal and Spain, during the whole of the interesting campaigns in these countries, I was at length indulged with permission to revisit England, on the short leave of absence of two months. Anxious to behold the gratifying spectacle of an idolized monarch reascending the throne of his ancestors, amidst the acclamations and blessings of his devoted people, after so many years of vicissitude in the fortune of war, I waved my original intention of embarking in the British packet from Cadiz, and determined on a journey to Madrid; having found a ready companion for the voyage in my friend, (a merchant of the former city,) at whose establishment, at Xeres de la Frontera, I had been passing some pleasant weeks.

Our preparations were immediately commenced. Knowing by experience how sadly destitute the houses of public accommodation on our route were of those conveniences, which are to be found, with a greater or less degree of comfort, in other parts of the European continent; I stored my ample canteens, (capable of furnishing a breakfast and dinner service for four persons,) with an abundant stock of tea, coffee, chocolate, sugars, liqueurs, and a gallon of old "King's own" rum, (which had not seen the light for five years;) nor did I omit (although no smoker myself) to fill a canister with a few dozen of prime Havannah cigars, of such a superior quality, that my fuming friends bestowed on them the name of "*sugar-plums*."

Money, or liquor, no doubt, will have their influence in all countries; but to a Spaniard, a more tempting bribe could not be offered to quicken the movements of every man on the road, from the Director-general of Posts in his gaudy coat, down to the humble driver in his sheep-skin jacket, than a good cigar! It has been even known to mollify the heart of the rude bandit, and cause him,

whilst rifling his victim, to utter an apologetic—"Pardon me, sir, for this little liberty!"

We discovered a chariot of ancient fashion for sale, which had been built, Heaven knows when, or where; but it had the advantages of being strong and roomy, with luggage wells, which were easily converted into a deposit for my canteens; a strong net-work bag was fitted up behind, for the reception of the luggage, &c., which is called the *Zagal*, a name which is also borne by the man who sits in charge of it, and who has the additional duty to perform, of running between the leaders of the mule-team through towns, or narrow passes, holding the head of each at arms-length, whilst he, scarcely touching the ground, seems almost to fly, as he guides the team at a galloping pace. In this reticulated sack our trunks were stowed, and over them the *bed-ding*. My companion had provided regular mattress, bolster, &c. My preparations in that respect were few and simple—a canvass bag, six feet by two, a pillow, and a blanket, sufficed for all my wants; this bag was each night filled with fresh straw, (an ever-ready convenience,) and being laid on the well-swept floor, with the luxury of a pillow, I formed as comfortable a resting-place as I could desire, infinitely preferable to a berth on these (*almost-living*) bedsteads, on which the unwary traveller is invited to repose at the Posado. In various parts of the interior of the carriage were secret pockets, so artfully concealed, as to set discovery at defiance, except by a general ripping open of the lining, an experiment frequently resorted to by practised banditti, when the plunder of their victims proves inadequate to their rank and appearance.

We engaged a tiro, or team, of six capital mules, for the entire journey to Madrid, for four hundred dollars, in which sum were included the payment for the services of the mayoral, or coachman, his *zagal*, and also the

feeding, stabling, shoeing, &c., of the team; an amount not exceeding that at which an equal length of road could be performed in England with four horses.

Even with such a powerful tiro, (to which the mayoral always attaches a spare mule on his own account in case of accidents,) we could not calculate on daily journeys of more than from ten to twelve Spanish leagues (four British miles each) per day. The usual rate of travelling of the cochés colleroes, or stage coaches, is forty miles per day with the same number of horses or mules, (generally the former,) and they halt every fourth day.

All being ready for the journey, we took our departure from the house of my companion de voyage at Xeres, on the 20th April, 1814, attended by one servant only, an Irish boy, who had served me upwards of three years, and who possessed all the characteristic shrewdness and vivacity of his country, with a sufficient smattering of the Spanish language to render him equal to the expression of his own, or our ordinary wants, without the aid of our interpretation.

He sat perched beside the mayoral on the fore-boot, converted into a driving seat, of the comforts of which we could form but a mean opinion, from the imploring looks the poor fellow occasionally threw upon us, as turning his head to make a mute appeal to our pity; meanwhile the carriage rattled over the long, rough, and stony streets of this straggling town, at the very top of the mules' speed; with the exception of the wheelers, the animals were strangers to the restraint of bit or rein, guided solely by the voice of the noisy driver, who, after the zagal resigned his office, scolded or encouraged each mule by name, and in terms which the brutes, by the quick motion of their lengthy ears, really appeared to understand.

My fellow traveller, although he had passed upwards of thirty years in Spain, had never been more than a few leagues beyond the purlieus of Cadiz and Xeres; he was, notwithstanding, a man of the most extensive information on all subjects relating to the country of his adoption—a scholar of the first order—a linguist of almost universal capacity—a Ca-

tholic of the purest faith—and, to crown all, an idolatrous admirer of the Spanish constitution, then in the third year of its rickety existence!—In his enthusiastic dreams, he was perpetually drawing on futurity for the realization of those blessings which, in the fervency of his imagination, he saw hovering, on angel-wings, over regenerated Spain, and which (next to Hibernia, the land of his birth) he adored with all a lover's fondness, frequently exclaiming, "You will see, my dear sir, what this country will be in *another hundred years*!"

There was scarcely a village or town through which we passed, to which his information and historical recollections did not impart an interest. Although bred to the mercantile profession in its most rigid forms, his mind had ever thirsted after every useful knowledge; and it may seem strange, that I, who had passed my days in garrisons and camps, should supinely sit for two hours, half dozing, in our halted carriage at Baylen, while he pursued, with untired steps, under the rays of a scorching sun, the strides of a village guide, while pointing out the scene of Castaños' triumph and Dupont's defeat, exultingly exploring the field of battle, where eighteen thousand troops of the flower of the French army ingloriously grounded their arms to the raw and half-disciplined levies of the army of Spain, the self-assembled conscripts of an insulted and invaded nation! It has been well observed by the intelligent and accomplished author of the *Annals of the Peninsular Campaigns*, that the "chivalry of France never received a deeper tarnish than in the surrender at Baylen."

At Cordova, the "once proud capital of the Omniade Caliph," all my early feelings of romance revived; and accompanied by my friend, I devoted an entire day to view the various wonders of that celebrated mosque, now a Christian cathedral, which, in all its pristine freshness of architectural ornament, adorns that renowned city.

Nor was my mind less excited by delightful reflections on our next day's journey, while threading the mazes of the Sierra Moreno, by the remembrance that we then traversed the very ground which the inimitable

Cervantes has immortalized by making it the scene of the exploits of the heroic Quixote. Every hill, and dell, and mountain stream, seemed familiar to my eye and mind. Here the goatherd, clad in his rude dress made of the skins of the animals he tended, gazed in idle amazement at our equipage, while his startled flock cast up their bearded faces to bestow on us a momentary glance, then fled to the towering cliffs, tinkling their bells in secure defiance of pursuit. Again a troop of Arrieros,* clad and armed as in days of yore, would cross our path at some sudden turn of our tortuous track, escorting their well-laden mules decked in their crimson, deep-fringed housings, (which possibly adorned their great-great-grandfathers,) plodding in low and solemn pace to the deep-toned sound of the neck-bell of their leader. Now and then a Manchego† from the plains, dressed in his black and braided chaleco, Montero cap, and nicely sandaled feet, appeared, cheering on his little mule with the sprightly seguidilla of the Mancha; while, on each side of the animal, a dark and shining boracho hung glistening in the sun-beam, full, almost to bursting, of the delicious wine of the Val de Pénas! Nothing appeared altered since the days of chivalry. It only wanted the presence of the renowned Knight and his faithful Sancho to complete the romantic scene.

It was at a short distance from the village of Cardena, (the scene of so much fanciful adventure,) where we had halted during the heat of the day, that we met a Cabinet courier on his way to Cadiz, from whom we were destined first to hear that important intelligence which soon rung through the world with wonder—the abdication of the throne of France by the GREAT NAPOLEON! The noise of our approaching carriage awoke this man of dispatch, who was quietly dozing his siesta on the saddle, though travelling at the rate of ten miles an hour. This may appear an extraor-

inary assertion, but it is nevertheless true.† From him we received the proclamation of Louis the XVIIIth, issued at Paris on the 11th of that month on his restoration to the throne of his fathers, and also the gratifying news of the total cessation of hostilities. Elated by this intelligence, we pushed forward. Having the advantage of a bright moon, we prolonged our daily journey to the latest hour the mules could be kept to their pace, and on the night of the 30th April reached Madrid in safety.

Taking up our quarters in the Posado, called the Fontano de Oro, (at the Puerto del Sol,) we were early the next morning visited by several Members of Cortes, by the Minister of War, Don Tomas Moreno; the Inspector General of Infantry, Don Juan O'Donoju; the Inquisitor General (!); and last, though not least in my esteem, the brave Brigadier-General, Sir John Downie. Not the slightest suspicion of the king's hostility to the Cortes appeared to exist in the public mind at that period, when all parties seemed confident in his Majesty's acceptance of the constitution.

The 2d of May was appointed for the affecting ceremony of the exhumation of the remains of the martyred patriots, Daloiz and Velarde; who gloriously fell in the last desperate struggle to maintain the arsenal at Madrid, during Murat's massacre of the 2d May, 1808. On this solemn occasion, the Regency, the Cortes, the military of all ranks, and the public functionaries of the capital, emulously pressed forward to assist, and by their presence confirmed the patriotic feeling, which never appeared more intensely or nobly excited. The bones of these departed heroes were raised from their place of sepulchre, and deposited in a sarcophagus, under a discharge of one hundred salvoes of artillery.

The troops of the latter corps, to which these gallant men belonged, claimed the honour of bearing the

* Carriers.

† Native of Mancha.

‡ In this courier, my friend instantly recognised the same individual who brought the first intelligence of the peace of Amiens to Cadiz, in 1802, having performed the journey, direct from Paris, (without quitting the saddle one hour in the four and twenty,) in the incredibly short space of seven days, the distance about 7200 miles! His speed was rewarded by the merchants of Cadiz and Seville with a purse of one thousand dollars.

sarcophagus to the church of St Domingos; the procession, headed by the Regency, and including all that was of rank and honour in Madrid, extended more than one mile in length. "*Honour to the memory of the departed heroes!*" "*Death to the enemies of Spain!*" "*Long live Ferdinand, our beloved King!*" and "*Long live the Constitution!*" were the shouts from thousands and tens of thousands, as the cypress and the laurel waved their united branches over all that remained of the first victims of French perfidy! How soon, alas! were these exchanged for sounds of discord, and for deeds of horror; for the dungeon and the dagger's point! for proscription and exile! Fickle, inconstant people, deeply have you paid the penalty of your vacillation!

From the contents of confidential letters received from certain of the deputies, who, with the President of the Cortes, had proceeded to Valencia to do homage to their restored sovereign, whispers were already circulated of royal treachery. In the meantime, the minions of the Court had received their instructions; the emissaries of the enemies of the Cortes scattered themselves among the people, and working on the weakness of minds unprepared for the glorious boon of political freedom, soon turned the scale of popular feeling; the Cortes were represented as desirous of stripping their beloved King of his regal rights; trampling on their holy religion; and establishing an infidel republic! The manifesto issued by Ferdinand at Valencia, on the 4th of May, (from which the motto of this article was extracted,) was placarded in every part of the city. The Cortes, thus denounced as traitors, became, from that moment, the objects of popular vengeance. Soldiers were allowed to parade the streets with drawn sabres or bayonets, shouting, "*Death to the Cortes!*" "*Death to the Constitution!*"

The Alcalde Mayor, Montezuma, (a Peruvian, boasting his descent from the Incas,) himself a member of the Cortes, had joined the royal cause, but found his civic authority (if indeed sincere in his attempts to enforce it) unequal to stem the tide of this alarming ferment. The mili-

tary were under no sort of control; the Regency tacitly laid down their functions which, it required no stretch of sagacity to foresee, would, ere many days, be wrested from their feeble hands. Thus Madrid, from the 9th to the 12th of May, (the day on which it was announced that the *Beloved Ferdinand* would make his grand entry,) was a prey to the unbridled licentiousness of an inflamed and debauched soldiery: the jails were emptied, and hordes of desperate ruffians were let loose upon the people, to work out their eventual freedom by the exercise of terror, and the vengeance of the knife upon all who yet appeared favourable to the constitution; the dregs of the female population, infuriate with liquor, rushed in crowds through the streets, crying out, "*BLOOD, BLOOD for our insulted Sovereign!!!*"

During these days of terror, the few English then in Madrid passed not only unmolested through the mob, but were even loudly cheered and caressed by the furious rabble; the dissolution of the Cortes, now universally known, having been attributed to the countenance and advice of the British ambassador, who joined the King at Valencia the day preceding that on which the President of the Cortes and a deputation of its members presented themselves at the feet of their monarch. "I shall decline entering into a discussion on the correctness of this opinion; certain it is, however, that a loan of money to a considerable amount was, at that critical moment, granted; and, to the strength thus afforded to the despotic King, his sudden and unexpected manifesto against the Cortes and Constitution was not unaptly attributed. Fortified with the means of corruption and intimidation, the new ABSOLUTE KING pursued his march in triumph to his capital, accompanied by the representative of British majesty, surrounded by four thousand cavalry, with British sabres in their hands, commanded by the British General Whittingham, and cheered by the homage of one hundred thousand willing slaves!!!"

The night of the 12th was one of horrors; several of the unfortunate deputies, of the liberal side, (denounced by their political opponents

the Serviles,) were seized, even in the bosom of their families, and, loaded with chains, dragged off to the filthy dungeons of the Inquisition. Many others, who foresaw the impending storm, had providently fled from the capital in various disguises; whilst others, trusting to the fidelity of some lowly dependant, were secreted in wretched hovels or in cellars, anxiously watching the favourable moment for escape. But, alas! whither were they to fly? From their places of concealment these unhappy men could hear the wild shouts of their pursuers, thirsting for their blood!

The stone which had been erected in the Grand Plaza, commemorative of the Constitution, and before which (only a few weeks since) the people bowed in reverential joy, was now torn from its pedestal, the inscription defaced, and broken to pieces; the maddened populace contending for the fragments, which were dragged in savage triumph through the public streets, amidst shouts of "*Long live the Absolute King!*" "*Death to the Constitution!*" Those who took no active part in these proceedings were compelled to uncover the head and join in the cry, in order to protect themselves against the assassin's knife or the soldier's sabre.

I dined at the Ambassador's that day, where, in the absence of his Excellency, his secretary, Mr Charles Vaughan, presided. The most marked reserve on the dreadful scenes then passing under every eye was preserved. Of all subjects, that which occupied every mind, and agitated every heart, was not once mentioned, even while the frantic cries from without seemed to make our glasses vibrate on the table; but such is the characteristic *mystery* of diplomacy. Sir Henry Wellesley arrived, in the course of the evening, with the information, that the King would not enter Madrid until the morning of the 14th.

On descending from the portico into the street, I found myself at once surrounded by thousands, whose wild uproar was suddenly checked by the first toll of the vesper bell. In an instant every tongue was mute, every head uncovered; the most profound silence reigned for some moments, interrupted only by the whispering

prayers of this devout (*yet murderous!*) mob!

During the last few days, my friend had never quitted the Posado, except for an hour in the morning, when he skulked out to snatch a hasty *mass*; and I could only prevail on him to venture with me to the ambassador's, on the 14th, by representing his danger if left unprotected at the inn during the excitement which the entry of the King would cause among the populace.

The morning was passed in feverish anxiety on the part of the swelling population, augmented every hour by the thousands pouring in from all the towns and villages within ten leagues of Madrid; oftentimes, in the course of the forenoon, the whole Prado appeared like a sea of moving heads, as the false intelligence of, "*Here comes the King!*" agitated the dense mass.

Bodies of troops continued to arrive every hour from Aranjuez, at which royal residence his majesty had slept and breakfasted. Amongst these many had, for the first time, appeared in their new and splendid uniforms. The King's regiment of hussars, dressed in embroidered scarlet jackets, with pelisses hanging to their shoulder, of sky-blue, lined with lamb-skin in fleece, and mustering upwards of six hundred strong, (armed and equipped at the expense of John Bull,) caracoled about, shewing off their finery, like jays in borrowed plumes. And then the ancient carabineros, looking as stiff and warlike as jack-boots, buff, and buckram could make them, smiled through their black and bushy whiskers, while on their tall and lanky long-tailed stallions they gently forced a passage through the receding crowd; meanwhile their *Birmingham* swords glittering in the bright rays of a Madrid midsummer sun, proved to the astonished Spaniards the superabundant wealth of England, and her generous interest in the cause of *Freedom!*

The evening had already commenced before the King reached his capital; having to pass up the Calle Alcalá, a better situation for seeing the procession than the balcony of the Hotel of Embassy, could not have been chosen. The company was numerous; and we had just concluded

dinner, when the trumpets announced the entrance of the royal cavalcade into our street. Its progress was so slow, that we were nearly half an hour waiting, handkerchief in hand, before his Majesty approached near enough to receive our welcome. The mules of the clumsy state-coach, of which there had been several teams employed during the day, were as often unharnessed; and the people yoked themselves by hundreds to the carriage, for the last forty leagues of his Majesty's route; triumphal arches were erected in every town; while the whole female population, clothed in white, and decked with wreaths, marched before, strewing the roads with flowers, and distributing garlands. Thousands had kissed the royal hand, which was held out to all who sought that honour; and the familiarity with which the Life-Guardsmen (all of whom rank as subaltern officers) lolled into the royal carriage at every momentary halt, conversing with their monarch, formed a strange contrast to our ideas of courtly etiquette. When his Majesty arrived opposite the hotel of Sir Henry Wellesley, he himself gave the signal for a halt, and stretching out his hand, kissed it several times to the Ambassador, and the English party, which we, of course, returned with cheers, waving of handkerchiefs, and cries of "VIVA EL REY!" "VIVA ESPAÑA!" The King himself distinctly shouted "Viva Inglaterra!" more than once, (as well he might!) The carriage then proceeded on its route, drawn by women alone! to the amount of at least five hundred, who had attached ornamented ropes to the carriage, and displaced the men!

This sight was death to the hopes of my Constitutional friend, Don Alonzo, whose handkerchief absolutely fell from his hand, as with feeble effort he tried to wave it—to me alone his mental misery was perceptible. Spain! his adored, heroic, regenerated Spain, licking the feet of the anti-constitutional monarch, the *Beloved*—the *Absolute Ferdinand*! As soon as coffee had been served, he hurried off to the hotel, leaving me to undergo the degradation (as he termed it) of kissing the hand of the despotic king on my presentation that evening. I had that honour

about seven o'clock, when the marked attention which his Majesty bestowed on all persons presented by the British Ambassador, proved the closeness of the amity which then prevailed between the two governments. Having been favoured with a few words from the King on my presentation, I had a full opportunity of observing his Catholic Majesty's person and manner. The courtesies of a king are said to operate like magic over the strongest minds—mine was not an exception to this almost general rule—when I beheld him smiling on all around, caressing this grandee, and embracing that; familiarly calling another towards him by the kind word "*Tocayo*," (or name-sake); bestowing grades of rank or titles of honour on his faithful officers; I almost wished to forget the Cortes and the Constitution, and cry out with the rest, "*Long live the Absolute King!*"—candour requires me to say so much. His Majesty was dressed in the uniform of his foot-guards, with the embroidery which distinguishes the rank of a captain-general on the cuffs—a scarlet silk sash, with massive tassels of gold; he wore the riband and collar of the order of Carlos Tercero. In his full black eye, then beaming with the delight of gratified power and absolute monarchy, there lurked the tiger's fierceness, which all his smiles could not conceal! His next brother, the Infant Don Carlos, stood on his right, and his imbecile old uncle, Don Antonio, on his left. I quitted the courtly circle at eight, hardly knowing at the moment whether to excuse or condemn the monarch's late proceeding.

On my return at night, I found my worthy Andalusian friend in a state of affliction, which I could in no other way account for, than his apprehension of some dreadful personal outrage; and it was not until after a quarter of an hour's entreaty to relieve my anxiety that he disclosed to me that his bosom friend, Don Tomas * * * *, an Andalusian deputy, was that day condemned to death in council, as the most guilty of the senate; having proposed in the Cortes at the last sitting, that on the refusal of Ferdinand to swear fidelity to the Constitution, he should be declared as having "*ceased to reign!*" I en-

deavoured to comfort my friend, by urging that it was a vain threat; as Don Tomas must then be far beyond the reach of his persecutors; having disappeared some days before.—“O! no, no!” replied my agonized companion; “he is not only still in Madrid, but his present hiding-place cannot afford him shelter beyond to-morrow’s dawn—A price is on his head—his escape seems impossible. He has found means to communicate with me through an old woman, who is now in this house, imploring our assistance to aid his escape; but how is it to be accomplished? Although I would give all I possess on earth to secure his life, any attempt to do so in the present dreadful state of Madrid, would bring destruction on those who would move for his relief.” I demanded to see the old woman, who was brought forth from an inner chamber. On seeing me full dressed as I had been to court, she imagined herself already in the hands of vengeful justice, and gave herself up for lost; a little explanation appeased her fears, and after throwing off my dress coat, and putting on my pelisse, I desired her to lead the way.

We sallied forth; and whilst closely following her wary steps, I passed through some turbulent crowds, respounding, with apparent zeal, their horrid shouts. My white feather, and British appearance altogether, proved my safe passport. Having, after many windings, through streets and lanes, uncheered by the light of one solitary lamp, at length arrived in front of a mean building, my guide, taking me by the hand, drew me to the entrance, pronouncing the words, “*Follow me, and fear not!*” We descended two distinct flights of cellar stairs, at the bottom of which she left me to my reflections in the horrid gloom. I unsheathed a long Turkish dagger, which I always carried at night, in a belt inside my pelisse, (it was a deadly weapon,) and groping for the wall, firmly fixed my back against it, ready for any attack. It is impossible to describe the current of thoughts and feelings that pressed on my agitated mind during this brief but awful period. At length the scarcely articulated sound—“His, yu, his, yu,” (the national mode of calling attention,) broke faintly on my ear, to which

I softly answered—“*Aqui, aqui,*” (“here, here.”) Guided by my voice, the beldam approached, and grasping my outstretched and unarmed hand—while, prepared for any event, I firmly held my dagger in the other,—she led me along what I considered a passage, at the end of which I was refreshed with a rush of cool air, and a momentary glimpse of the few stars which lit the firmament. Crossing this opening, still under her guidance, towards another part of the building, I felt myself suddenly stopped, but with expressions of courtesy, by two men; one of whom took from beneath his cloak a dimly burning lamp, which he held up on a level with my face; in an instant my dagger was raised, and as instantly dropped, when I beheld the taller of the two make the genuine sign of a MASTER MASON!!! I sheathed the weapon, and holding out my hand, bestowed the fraternal *grip*, which my masonic brother returned with fervency; and in a low whisper, directed the other to bring forward his friend. The glimmering light for a moment disappeared, and in less than a minute the unfortunate patriot came forth from an inner cellar, almost fainting under the conflict of his hopes and fears. He expected to have seen his old friend Don Alonzo, and his feelings on beholding me, with whom he had but a slight acquaintance, came to his relief, at such a place, at such an hour, and under such circumstances, so unmanned him, that a flood of tears alone saved him from sinking on the damp floor of this dungeon. After a mental struggle, he gained his self-possession; and when asking me to help him to liberty, added, “Not to preserve my life by base flight, but to die with arms in my hand, in defence of the liberties of my afflicted country, instead of being butchered in the dungeons of the Inquisition!” My brief and unconsoling reply was,—“Resistance is now useless—Spanish liberty is already strangled in its infancy—Of your friends, none remain to assist you; some, it is stated, have perished in secret—all your supporters are doomed to death, or ignominious exile—your cause is lost!—One chance alone presents itself to save your life—~~fly this night—this instant, if possible; with these faithful friends~~

who have hitherto protected you, mix with the crowds who are even now returning into the adjacent villages, tired and satiated with the day's festivities, and who are allowed to pass through the gates in crowds, unquestioned by the guard; conceal yourself during the few hours of darkness in the Olive-wood, about a league from the Puerto St Vicente, through which, one hour after day-break to-morrow, my carriage shall slowly pass; and I SWEAR, come what may, to aid your escape.—Adieu!"

On reaching the outer door, to which I ascended, leaning on the arm of my brother mason, at the moment of our separation, he revealed himself to me as a Captain of the Spanish Guards, a native of the Havannah, with whom, in the preceding year, I had sat in Lodge at Cadiz.* I plunged once more into the dreary street, preceded by my former guide, whose footsteps I followed in silence, while she flitted before me like a dark phantom, until we arrived once more at the low still and empty Puerto del Sol, where she took her leave with "Bendita sea sus obras!"† There was not a moment to lose—it was already past ten; I turned down the Calle Alcala, (in which was the Ambassador's hotel,) and found his party at supper. After an apology for troubling his Excellency at that late hour, I requested my passports that night, as it was my intention to start at daybreak next morning, on my route to Paris. It became necessary, to meet my plans, that two servants instead of one (as stated in my former passport) should be named, and also to insert the nation to which the second servant belonged. I mentioned France at the instant, as I recollected that Don Tomas spoke with fluency the language of that country. Whether the Ambassador entertained any suspicions of an indefinite nature, from my impatience to obtain my passports at that late hour, I know not; but he forbore to press

the request he at first had made for my delay till ten the next morning, by which time he could prepare letters for his illustrious brother, then on his route from Paris to Madrid; my papers were therefore instantly dispatched.

I had for years been honoured with the kindest attention and the friendship of that truly amiable man; and in the few moments' private conversation which I had with him, previously to taking my final leave, I felt convinced that he suspected my additional servant was some proscribed individual. Whatever were his thoughts, he confined them to his own breast; contenting himself with one sentence of kind advice, which deeply impressed itself on my mind, although it could not shake my purpose. "Take care how you commit yourself; should this *French valet* of yours be discovered to be an improper subject, or one obnoxious to this government, you will place yourself and me in a painful situation." My only answer was, "Sir, I shall be cautious." My respectful attachment to him was too powerful to suffer me to deceive him by assurances, which probably a few weeks would falsify; and he was of a nature too noble and generous to extort any confession from me. Hurrying off to the Posado, I found my unhappy friend still overwhelmed with affliction. My long absence had excited his alarm; and when I detailed my adventures, and the arrangements I had in view for the attempt, at least, to rescue the unfortunate Don Tomas from his threatened fate, it required my utmost powers of persuasion to reconcile him to risk his share in the enterprise. He condemned the plan as impracticable; and, resigning himself to despair, threw himself on his mattress in an agony of grief; not that he was either morally or physically a coward; but he had lived too long under a despotic government, where the will of power was the law, not to tremble with appre-

* Although the crime of being a freemason was, in itself, sufficient to consign any man discovered to belong to that society, to the scaffold or the galleys, I have met at Lodge the Minister of War, the Intendente General of Finance, the Inspectors General of Cavalry and Infantry, two Admirals, several of the secular clergy, and more than a dozen military officers, of superior rank in the Spanish service; the Earl of Elio was one of our most active and worthy Brethren.

† "God's blessing on your good works!"

hension at the dangers of detection in such an attempt. Leaving him to seek such repose as his sorrows admitted, and trusting to my own address to conquer all his scruples by the ensuing morning, I employed myself until midnight, with my servant's aid, in packing up all our luggage. I then snatched a few hours' sleep, after a day of great excitement, and a night of great anxiety.

As early as four in the morning, the rumbling noise of our carriage, and the ginging of our mule bells, broke my sound and refreshing slumbers. Before five our luggage was stowed away, and my reluctant friend suffering himself to be led into the carriage with a heavy and a doubting heart, another quarter of an hour found us halted at the barrier. Thrusting half my body through the carriage-window, I held out my passport, a couple of cigars, and a dollar to the officer of the gate, the moment I perceived he was but a *sergeant*. Waving the paper on his approach, I touched his ready palm, and cried, "*Inglez, Inglez! Senor CAPITAN.*"—"Bueno, Bueno," cried the guardian of the gate, without looking at the passport, (which he probably could not have read, if he had.) "*Vaye vuestra senoria con Dios!*"—"Andar," ("go on,") to the mayoral, and we passed through the gate at a gallop! During this short parley, my fellow passenger was in Purgatory; and when I exultingly asked him, "What do you think of that? We are out of Madrid, you see, with our heads on!" He faintly smiled for a moment, and then again sank into his corner. The first and greatest difficulty having been happily got over, our next object was to account to our mayoral for the no small addition of weight with which his tiro would so shortly be burdened; and for which he would, no doubt, require extra remuneration. He was the same we had brought from Andalusia, and although we could reckon on his fidelity, we might not be so perfectly secure of his discretion, or of that of the zagal. My own servant, whose shrewdness it was impossible to deceive, and whose fidelity was incorruptible, was partly

acquainted with our plan; but knew not the object for whom we were interested. It became necessary, therefore, to repose entire confidence in him. When arrived at the Olive Wood I dismounted, and, taking him aside, explained all; then placed him on the look-out. A thick exhalation hung over the surface of the earth, which obscured distant objects; but through the haze I discovered three figures, which I concluded were those of the persons we sought. Time was precious. The masonic clap of the hand was given, and that mystical signal, immediately repeated, satisfied me that our friend was near. He approached, supported by those I had seen the night before. A hasty embrace of gratitude, bestowed by the agitated Don Tomas, repaid those noble-hearted men for the dangers they had risked; and in another minute we were off; the mules once more in full gallop!

Our new traveller took his seat beside the mayoral; while my servant shared the zagal with his assistant. A mode of travelling so unusual soon shook the frame of the unfortunate deputy to an excruciating degree, who, though hastily instructed not to speak a word, except in the *French language*, involuntarily broke out in unmeasured curses in his vernacular tongue on the horrid road. "*Hay! C—jo! Malditos sea esta Camino!*" and then suddenly recollecting himself, would utter an odd "*sacre*—" or two, and grin with pain. By the time we arrived at Buitrago, (nearly fifty miles from Madrid,) which stage we reached by four o'clock, Don Tomas was scarcely able to crawl up the flight of steps at the entrance of the post-house, where we were destined to pass the night, huddled together in a sorry apartment over the kitchen. My lad helped him along, and laying him at full length on a mattress, in that general sleeping room, proceeded to exercise his talents as cook, to prepare our dinner. The mayoral and his mate had been informed that the new passenger was a Frenchman, who, in order to escape out of Spain in safety, had entered into my service; and they were earnestly

tioned not to talk of him in any other capacity than that of a *servant*. The promise of an additional *hundred dollars* the first day he arrived in safety on the French territory, was to be the reward of their secrecy.

While assembled round the charcoal fire, each trying his hand at some kind of cookery, we were assailed by showers of questions from the post-master—his wife—and an *ultra Royalist* friar, on the proceedings in Madrid the previous day,—to all of which, we gave the highest colouring; concluding with our opinion, that not a single Cortes' man, or Constitutionalist, could have survived the slaughter of the night! This exaggerated picture, so far from inspiring feelings of horror, diffused the utmost joy, and caused mutual congratulations. The woman, starting up in a frenzy, brandished her knife, and uttered a fervent wish that she had one of the Constitutionalists then within her grasp, that she might "*sheath the weapon in his heart!*" A piteous moan broke from poor Don Tomas, in the room above, who could hear every word of our discourse, and who did not at that moment consider his life worth half an hour's purchase. "Who is that pale-faced animal above stairs?" continued the fury; "*if I thought he was for the Constitution, I would soon have his liver in the frying-pan!*" On my informing her that he was a Frenchman who had deserted from the vile invaders, and come over to the British, she mollified, and becoming once more a woman, said, "*Poversto!*"* and instantly sent my lad to him with a plate of soup. But far beyond food, the agonized Deputy yearned for his cigar, and would rather have gone to the scaffold with one in his mouth, than linger out another day without one; such indulgence, however, if observed, would betray him. There are two tests by which one genuine Spaniard could discover another, however artfully disguised. The first is, the pronunciation of a certain vulgar expletive; the second, by his mode of holding in his mouth, and smoking his cigar! It was the boast of Count O'Reilly, that he was the only foreigner who

was ever known to pass this double ordeal without detection, and to which he owed the safety of his life; when seized, in the disguise of a chimney-sweep, at one of the gates of Madrid, during an insurrectionary movement of the populace against him, when governor, he escaped entirely by his powers of imitation of the lower classes of Madrileños.

It was not until long after dinner, when we removed to the upper apartment, that the poor prisoner could claim the privilege of a smoke; in which he was then allowed to indulge *ad libitum*; according to the admitted license of that country, where master and man, lady and gentleman, gentle and simple, are frequently lodged in the same apartment; with no other partitions than the doubtful decency of a threadbare curtain, or perhaps a *garment*, hung up to act as a *moral screen*.

The next day, before we departed, proclamations, which had been sent forward by express from Madrid, were already posted throughout the town, offering large rewards to those who would apprehend certain prescribed Deputies; the descriptions of whose persons were given with tolerable accuracy. Amongst the rest, that of the unfortunate Don Tomas, now Monsieur Francois le Brune, who, by abandoning his spectacles and cutting off his hair, had so completely altered his usual appearance, as to render it difficult for even an acquaintance to recognise him. While the merchant and myself regaled in the kitchen with the family, sharing our *English* breakfast with them, Don Tomas, (respectfully and kindly attended by my boy,) enjoyed his repast and cigar above stairs in security. Just as we were taking our departure, two English gentlemen, the Messrs Spurrier of Poole, in Dorsetshire, dashed up to the post-house, their avant courier cracking his whip in the usual tones of announcement. In an instant, the senior Mr S. (who passed some months in Andalusia) recognised my friend and me; and politeness required us to delay our departure a few minutes. Fixing his eyes with earnestness on the trembling Don Tomas, he gave me a look which

implied much; but I put him on his guard by saying, "Here is a poor Frenchman who has placed himself under our protection; utter not one word of his *country or condition*, or his *LIFE* must be the forfeit!" That was enough. We all met ten days after at Bourdeaux, and could then talk in safety of our flight.

Nothing occurred to alarm us or shake our security, until our arrival at Burgos—the last post where any rigid search was enforced. While seated at our late dinner, after night-fall, the Town-Major was announced as having waited on me to request my attendance, and that of my *suite*, at the Hall of the Plaza, in order that all parties might undergo the personal examination of the Governor.

We had all been sitting at the same table. The third plate with the unfinished viands upon it, would have betrayed an intimacy not quite consistent with the rank of the parties. In an instant, Don Tomas was behind the chair of my friend, as in attendance, and while I rushed to the door to pour my compliments on our unwelcome visitor, my sharp servant, with the quickness of thought, had swept off the table all vestiges of the third cover, and dragged the now unoccupied chair forward with great bustle to seat the Town-Major. We plied him with a goblet or two of rum-punch, and while lost in his admiration of my canteens, of my "*Ponche de Rom*," and delicious cigar, he half forgot his duty. On his entrance we had ordered the servants out of the room. After half an hour's conversation, the Major reminded us of the purpose of his visit, and said, "His Excellency, the Governor, will expect you, with your party, by this time, in order that their persons may undergo inspection, and comparison with the descriptions sent us from Madrid." My little Hibernian, with Don Tomas, had laid their ears to the door; and it may be supposed what an awful moment this must have been to the latter. I instantly called aloud for the servants, when in a few minutes, this ready-witted boy appeared without coat or waistcoat, his feet bare, and a nightcap on his head, saying, "Mounseer le Brown, sir, is gone fast

asleep." I appealed to the kind feelings of the Major in behalf of the poor domestics, and girding on my sword, offered to accompany him to his Excellency the Governor, with my fellow traveller, and account to him for the non-attendance of the fatigued servants, both of whom he had seen.

On coming into the Plaza, I perceived the arms of a regiment piled, and the men walking about prepared to fall in at the tap of the drum. We were soon introduced to the Governor, an old, white-headed, pompous mariscal del campo, who received, with the most perfect confidence, the account I gave him of our route, our party, and destination, and admitted my apology for the non-appearance of the servants, adding, that to an English officer *alone*, would he wave the execution of any particle of his instructions, which were to *see* all travellers. I pulled out my cigar-skin, and requested he would honour me by his acceptance of it, and its contents, as a proof of my respect for his country, his adored king, and my abhorrence of the traitorous constitutionalists. "Ah! Cavalero Inglis," said the gratified Governor in reply, "the English are indeed *entire* men!" This is the most delicate translation I can give to a compliment, which, however flatteringly intended, was certainly not the most choice in point of terms.

The remainder of our journey was pursued in security: we no longer felt it necessary to cloak our intimacy under the characters of master and servant, before the mayoral and his assistants. They already partook of all the interest we felt for the safety of the poor refugee, who, in future, took his seat inside, and, completely released from his terrors, once more mounted his spectacles, and smoked his cigar from morn till night.

Arrived at the bank of the Bidasoa, he sprang from the carriage, and casting a long lingering look on the frowning summits of the ~~cloud-capt~~ Pyrenees, he threw himself, for the last time in his life, on the land of his birth, and kissed it with fervency; then snatching up a handful of the earth, he placed it next his heart, exclaiming, with a gush of tears,

"ADIOS! PATRIA INFELIX!"

COLMAN'S RANDOM RECORDS.*

WE know not whether we are glad or sorry to find proved, beyond all contradiction or doubt, by these Random Records, a fact which we had all along shrewdly suspected, to wit, that George Colman the Younger is, *intus et in cutem* one of the very poorest of all possible creatures. We suppose we must some where and some when or other, have either read, or seen acted, some of his trashy plays; but we cannot just now, by any effort of recollection, charge our memory with the names of any one of them, except it be Octavian, a farce, which it was the whim of John Kemble, Black John, the well-beloved, to *ge up* as a tragedy, wherein he enacted the principal character with a certain grave humour, to our minds far more amusing than the drollest face-fun of the Cockney idol, Liston. For John, in his own way, was a sad wag. We have frequently heard old George Colman, junior, (for he was always younger than his father,) spoken of in town as an almost insupportably funny fellow, nay as a fellow "of rare mirth, and most excellent fancy," quite a Yorick; and Byron thought, or at least said, something to this effect, that at the genial board, as it is called, Colman was the wit of all wits, and that he scattered his pearls, we shall not say before whom, so profusely, that the multitude became oblivious to vulgar viands, in the divine enjoyment of that celestial food. Byron's authority in such matters, we presume, a high one; and we wish the ancient buffoon to have the full benefit of it. But, then, Byron, when in a good humour, which fell upon him in fits, seemed, from some amiable constitutional weakness or another, to have been liable to be charmed by the most commonplace conversational powers that ever were suffered to drivel; and so indiscriminate, at such seasons, was his relish, that he swallowed alternately, with equal zest, the impertinencies of Leigh Hunt and the genialities of Scrope Davies. His Lordship, too, at such times, was much taken with certain sorts of wit in which the aged "Junior" is, we be-

lieve, esteemed a proficient, among the most obscene "*facile princeps*"—such, for example, as are displayed in those somewhat filthy facetiæ, which, in his own coterie, were the glory of his manhood, and out of it one of the bugbears of the Society for the Suppression of Vice—BROADGRINS. We do not mean to insinuate that the table-talk of this indecent scoffer, now notoriously in his table-dotage, was equally distinguished by its grossness with the writings in which he wallowed, or that the poetry (poetry!!!) of his ripe, may not be beastlier than the prose of his rotten, age; but we mean to assert, if on no other foundation, even on the sole ground of these wretched "Random Records," that he is now, and always must have been, a low, vulgar, coarse, and shallow person, with some small chaff, perhaps, of the birth, but not one single grain of the breeding, of a gentleman. Indeed we are altogether at a loss to conjecture how he should ever have contrived to acquire, even in the company he kept, the fame of being so much as low-farcical; for his humour lies solely in a few pustulated expressions, which do not seem even to have been native to his constitution, but to have been inoculated into him skin-deep by a series of quacks with whom, from his boyish days, he had been familiar, "even to the very moment that they bade him tell it." There is something unhealthily fetid in all his jokes; in their nastiness his jeers absolutely stink in the nostrils; his sneers have all a rankest smell; and in reading his lucubrations—we know not how it may be with his body corporate in a room—we instinctively—though not given to be squeamish—rise and open the window, that the fresh air may be let in upon our sickness. Such company is far from being pleasant to the senses; and one is entitled to complain of it, we think, without any violation of good manners. It is not that we are disgusted, in the "Records," with much that is very immoral, but with all that is most mean. We can-

* Colburn and Bentley, London. 1830.

not, perhaps, except in a grave mood, hate, but in every mood we must despise, the diseased driveller;—remember, we speak of him throughout as the author of Broad Grins,—and being, as it is well known, exceedingly humane, we should often pity him, did he not always claim our contempt. The only thing about him that occasionally wins our momentary liking, is an appearance of an easy and unfretful temper; but it does not seem ever to have been much tried, while it does seem to have been constantly coddled by a nursing and old-womanish vanity, and fed perpetually on pap. Still such a temper is not discreditable to him, though bordering on the silly; and we are satisfied with a shallow puddle, however foul it may be, for not presuming to be ruffled. Such a person might have been a fit hero for Hayley's Triumphs of Temper, if written on a somewhat different scheme. As a man, he is difficult to swallow, and impossible to stomach; but as a manager he was easy, and as a play-wright, he went down with gaping audiences, whose digestion is proverbial, and who sweetly swallow camels without sourly straining at gnats. He speaks, from the first page to the last, like a creature born, and bred, and buried, on the boards—the theatre of the world is with him all one with some paltry “wooden O;” and with a mouthing mockery of versatility, he plays the parts of his own scene-shifter, candle-snuffer, prompter, and trumpeter, presuming by a mere change of dress, to pass himself off as a separate personage in each of these dignified characters,—yet visibly hugging himself in them all,—so strong is his love of his own dear identity, and so weak his power of imitating even what is worthless. Every man, we have heard it said, has some particular talent—could you but find it out—in which he is strong; but George is an exception to that general rule, for he teasingly tries many a poor talent, and miserably fails in all; sometimes approaching, but never touching, the lowest level of the clever,—being not even so much as brisk, but, at his very best, like a bottle of small beer, which a butler sets himself to uncork in an obstinate attitude, for fear of being blown up to the ceiling, and is much more alarmed, on the performance

of the achievement, to find the liquor as dead as mud or mutton. The party at table cannot retain their gravity; and the manager, discomfited, retires to the sideboard to hide his blushes. There, the parallel does not hold good; for Colman's face is too brazen to blush, and on drawing the cork of a flat jest, he pretends that he was only ~~bawling~~, and then, flapping his wings, chuckles into a lamentable crow. And this person—in London—is reckoned a—Wit! puffed by Henry Colburn—and buttered by John Bull—and—now basted by Christopher North! Not a drama can be damned, it seems, without his special license—the Cockneys by him are told at what they must laugh or weep; under his revision are now brought the manners and morals of the stage; that they may be filtered into purification through strainers in which all the mud is deposited—and Tragedy, with sable stole, must come sweeping by, before this effete Mr Merryman, ere she be allowed to drug the bowl or the dagger, a sovereign supplicating a slave.

We are sorry to speak scornfully of any thing alive—threescore and ten. Yet what merit is there in merely becoming a holy old woman out of a graceless middle-aged or elderly man, which Colman was when he degraded manhood by his Grins? We feel no reverence even for the head of a bishop, merely because it happens, without having been shaved for wig-wear, to be bald; and why, then, should we feel any for the shape ~~seem~~ of a superannuated buffoon? There is only the first syllable of humanity in pretending to respect the few grey hairs of an obsolete Pantaloon who can scarcely shuffle. He, who in the prime of life, as a writer, was, at the best, but a hawdy block-head, must not be coaxed and cajoled in his latter days into a belief that he is the remains of an Admirable Crichton. He must be taught to see, by a stern “Know thyself!” that while he thought himself a star, he was nothing but a jelly; and that now he stinks where he lies. George Colman, junior, when he must, we think, have been about fifty years old, and not absolutely starving, published a volume of verses, which at the first sight seem to be filthy, at the second foul, and at the third hideous,—almost unnaturally so, polluted as nature

is;—and, incredible! he is now sowerdior, with a salary, at the theatres, and lives by castrating pigs-plays! There seems to be nothing more sacred in the light of his setting, than in that of his rising, sun. Would you believe it—that he who lived all his life on the smell of the lamps, sneers at tallow-chandlers! Himself notorious only as a Jack-pudding, he speaks insultingly of “sleek pudding-faced sons of commerce! and persons of that kidney form the majority of mankind in our metropolis and trading towns!” As if the shabbiest unsalaried foundling that ever swept a warehouse were not a more useful and respectable character than any bastard’s son that ever with rubbish choked a stage! In a kindred spirit of abject servility to the powers that be, he still stoops, as of yore, his anointed—perhaps his powdered head; the lacer of the letcher is yet in the rheum of the dim eyes of tottering Sir Tooley O’Whack; and a certain gentleman in a sable suit regards, with “grins broader” than his own, the sanctified and hypocritical phiz of the unlicensed and licentious licenser! We are no satirists,—but

with all our horror of personality, we must speak the truth—even though it be a libel. It is of George Colman the Younger, as an author, with his head in papers, that we treat; and we tax him but with a tithe of his revolting obscenities, to his gums, if not to his teeth. For the sake of the young—and the middle-aged, which he was when he committed those flagrant delinquencies, and not for his own, we now use the knout; follies may be forgotten, but such foulnesses as the Grins are ineffaceable; those meet with ready pardon, but these are under everlasting ban; and it is salutary and sanative to those who may err from passion, to see raked up from oblivion, and set dimly and distantly—for close contact would be deadly—before their averted eyes, the disgusting and inextinguishable perpetrations in which an insolent sinner, overtaken at last by drivelling dotage, in the morn and meridian of life was once base and brutal enough to glory, and at the same time so deludedly stupid as to believe himself Apollo, while he was but impotently acting Priapus.

THE IRON SHROUD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “FIRST AND LAST.”

THE castle of the Prince of Tolfi was built on the summit of the towering and precipitous rock of Scylla, and commanded a magnificent view of Sicily in all its grandeur. Here, during the wars of the middle ages, when the fertile plains of Italy were devastated by hostile factions, those prisoners were confined, for whose ransom a costly price was demanded. Here, too, in a dungeon, excavated deep in the solid rock, the miserable victim was immured, whom revenge pursued,—the dark, fierce, and un pitying revenge of an Italian heart.

VIVENZIO—the noble and the generous, the fearless in battle, and the pride of Naples in her sunny hours of peace—the young, the brave, the proud, Vivenzio fell beneath this subtle and remorseless spirit. He was the prisoner of Tolfi, and he languished in that rock-encircled dungeon, which stood alone, and whose portals never opened twice upon a living captive.

It had the semblance of a vast cage, for the roof, and floor, and sides, were of iron, solidly wrought, and spaciouly constructed. High above there ran a range of seven grated windows, guarded with massy bars of the same metal, which admitted light and air. Save these, and the tall folding doors beneath them, which occupied the centre, no chink, or chasm, or projection, broke the smooth black surface of the walls. An iron bedstead, littered with straw, stood in one corner: and beside it, a vessel with water, and a coarse dish filled with coarser food.

Even the intrepid soul of Vivenzio shrank with dismay as he entered this abode, and heard the ponderous doors triple-locked by the silent ruffians who conducted him to it. Their silence seemed prophetic of his fate, of the living grave that had been prepared for him. His menaces and his entreaties, his indignant appeals for justice, and his impatient questioning of their intentions, were alike

vain. They listened, but spoke not: Fit ministers of a crime that should have no tongue!

How dismal was the sound of their retiring steps! And, as their faint echoes died along the winding passages, a fearful presage grew within him, that never more the face, or voice, or tread, of man, would greet his senses. He had seen human beings for the last time! And he had looked his last upon the bright sky, and upon the smiling earth, and upon a beautiful world he loved, and whose minion he had been! Here he was to end his life—a life he had just begun to revel in! And by ~~what~~ means? By secret poison? or by murderous assault? No—for then it had been needless to bring him thither. Famine perhaps—a thousand deaths in one! It was terrible to think of it—but it was yet more terrible to picture long, long years of captivity, in a solitude so appalling, a loneliness so dreary, that thought, for want of fellowship, would lose itself in madness, or tagnate into idiocy.

He could not hope to escape, unless he had the power, with his bare hands, of rending asunder the solid iron walls of his prison. He could not hope for liberty from the relenting mercies of his enemy. His instant death, under any form of refined cruelty, was not the object of Tolfi, for he might have inflicted it, and he had not. It was too evident, therefore, he was reserved for some premeditated scheme of subtle vengeance; and what vengeance could transcend in fiendish malice, either the slow death of famine, or the still slower one of solitary incarceration, till the last lingering spark of life expired, or till reason fled, and nothing should remain to perish but the brute functions of the body?

It was evening when Vivenzio entered his dungeon, and the approaching shades of night wrapped it in total darkness, as he paced up and down, revolving in his mind these horrible forebodings. No tolling bell from the castle, or from any neighbouring church or convent, struck upon his ear to tell how the hours passed. Frequently he would stop and listen for some sound that might betoken the vicinity of man; but the solitude of the desert, the silence of

the tomb, are not so still and deep, as the oppressive desolation by which he was encompassed. His heart sunk within him, and he threw himself dejectedly upon his couch of straw. Here sleep gradually obliterated the consciousness of misery, and bland dreams wafted his delighted spirit to scenes which were once glowing realities for him, in whose ravishing illusions he soon lost the remembrance that he was Tolfi's prisoner.

When he awoke, it was daylight; but how long he had slept he knew not. It might be early morning, or it might be sultry noon, for he could measure time by no other note of its progress than light and darkness. He had been so happy in his sleep, amid friends who loved him, and the sweeter endearments of those who loved him as friends could not, that in the first moments of waking, his startled mind seemed to admit the knowledge of his situation, as if it had burst upon it for the first time, fresh in all its appalling horrors. He gazed round with an air of doubt and amazement, and took up a handful of the straw upon which he lay, as though he would ask himself what it meant. But memory, too faithful to her office, soon unveiled the melancholy past, while reason, shuddering at the task, flashed before his eyes the tremendous future. The contrast overpowered him. He remained for some time lamenting, like a truth, the bright visions that had vanished; and recoiling from the present, which clung to him as a poisoned garment.

When he grew more calm, he surveyed his gloomy dungeon. Alas! the stronger light of day only served to confirm what the gloomy indistinctness of the preceding evening had partially disclosed, the utter impossibility of escape. As, however, his eyes wandered round and round, and from place to place, he noticed two circumstances which excited his surprise and curiosity. The one, he thought, might be fancy; but the other, was positive. His picher of water, and the dish which contained his food, had been removed from his side while he slept, and now stood near the door. Were he even inclined to doubt this, by supposing he had mistaken the spot where he saw them over night; he could not, for the picher now in his dungeon was neither

of the same form nor colour as the other, while the food was changed for some other of better quality. He had been visited therefore during the night. But how had the person obtained entrance? Could he have slept so soundly, that the unlocking and opening of those ponderous portals were effected without waking him? He would have said this was not possible, but that in doing so, he must admit a greater difficulty, an entrance by other means, of which he was convinced there existed none. It was not intended, then, that he should be left to perish from hunger. But the secret and mysterious mode of supplying him with food, seemed to indicate he was to have no opportunity of communicating with a human being.

The other circumstance which had attracted his notice, was the disappearance, as he believed, of one of the seven grated windows that ran along the top of his prison. He felt confident that he had observed and counted them; for he was rather surprised at their number, and there was something peculiar in their form, as well as in the manner of their arrangement, at unequal distances. It was so much easier, however, to suppose he was mistaken, than that a portion of the solid iron, which formed the walls, could have escaped from its position, that he soon dismissed the thought from his mind.

Vivenzio partook of the food that was before him, without apprehension. It might be poisoned; but if it were, he knew he could not escape death, should such be the design of Tolfi, and the quickest death would be the speediest release.

The day passed wearily and gloomily; though not without a faint hope that, by keeping watch at night, he might observe when the person came again to bring him food, which he supposed he would do in the same way as before. The mere thought of being approached by a living creature, and the opportunity it might present of learning the doom prepared, or preparing, for him, imparted some comfort. Besides, if he came alone, might he not in a furious onset overpower him? Or he might be accessible to pity, or the influence of such munificent rewards as he could bestow, if once more at liber-

ty and master of himself. Say he were armed. The worst that could befall, if nor bribe, nor prayers, nor force prevailed, was a faithful blow, which, though dealt in a damned cause, might work a desired end. There was no chance so desperate, but it looked lovely in Vivenzio's eyes, compared with the idea of being totally abandoned.

The night came, and Vivenzio watched. Morning came, and Vivenzio was confounded! He must have slumbered without knowing it. Sleep must have stolen over him when exhausted by fatigue, and in that interval of feverish repose, he had been baffled; for there stood his replenished pitcher of water, and there his day's meal! Nor was this all. Casting his looks towards the windows of his dungeon, he counted but FIVE! Here was no deception; and he was now convinced there had been none the day before. But what did all this portend? Into what strange and mysterious den had he been cast? He gazed till his eyes ached; he could discover nothing to explain the mystery. That it was so, he knew. Why it was so, he racked his imagination in vain to conjecture. He examined the doors. A simple circumstance convinced him they had not been opened.

A wisp of straw, which he had carelessly thrown against them the preceding day, as he paced to and fro, remained where he had cast it, though it must have been displaced by the slightest motion of either of the doors. This was evidence that could not be disputed; and it followed there must be some secret machinery in the walls by which a person could enter. He inspected them closely. They appeared to him one solid and compact mass of iron; or joined, if joined they were, with such nice art, that no mark of division was perceptible. Again and again he surveyed them—and the floor—and the roof—and that range of visionary windows, as he was now almost tempted to consider them: he could discover nothing, absolutely nothing, to relieve his doubts or satisfy his curiosity. Sometimes he fancied that altogether the dungeon had a more contracted appearance—that it looked smaller; but this he ascribed to fancy, and the impression naturally produced upon

his mind by the undeniable disappearance of two of the windows.

With intense anxiety, Vivenzio looked forward to the return of night; and as it approached, he resolved that no treacherous sleep should again betray him. Instead of seeking his bed of straw, he continued to walk up and down his dungeon till daylight, straining his eyes in every direction through the darkness, to watch for any appearances that might explain these mysteries. While thus engaged, and as nearly as he could judge, (by the time that afterwards elapsed before the morning came in,) about two o'clock, there was a slight, tremulous motion of the floors. He stooped. The motion lasted nearly a minute; but it was so extremely gentle, that he almost doubted whether it was real, or only imaginary. He listened. Not a sound could be heard. Presently, however, he felt a rush of cold air blow upon him; and dashing towards the quarter whence it seemed to proceed, he stumbled over something which he judged to be the water cwer. The rush of cold air was no longer perceptible; and as Vivenzio stretched out his hands, he found himself close to the walls. He remained motionless for a considerable time; but nothing occurred during the remainder of the night to excite his attention, though he continued to watch with unabated vigilance.

The first approaches of the morning were visible through the grated windows, breaking, with faint divisions of light, the darkness that still pervaded every other part, long before Vivenzio was enabled to distinguish any object in his dungeon. Instinctively and fearfully he turned his eyes, hot and inflamed with watching, towards them. There were four! He could see only four: but it might be that some intervening object prevented the fifth from becoming perceptible; and he waited impatiently to ascertain if it were so. As the light strengthened, however, and penetrated every corner of the cell, other objects of amazement struck his sight. On the ground lay the broken fragments of the pitcher he had used the day before, and at a small distance from them, nearer to the wall, stood the one he had noticed the first night. It was filled with

water, and beside it was his food. He was now certain, that, by some mechanical contrivance, an opening was obtained through the iron wall, and that through this opening the current of air had found entrance. But how noiseless! For had a feather almost waved at the time, he must have heard it. Again he examined that part of the wall; but both to sight and touch it appeared one even and uniform surface, while to repeated and violent blows, there was no reverberating sound indicative of hollowness.

This perplexing mystery had for a time withdrawn his thoughts from the windows; but now, directing his eyes again towards them, he saw that the fifth had disappeared in the same manner as the preceding two, without the least distinguishable alteration of external appearances. The remaining four looked as the seven had originally looked; that is, occupying, at irregular distances, the top of the wall on that side of the dungeon. The tall folding door, too, still seemed to stand beneath, in the centre of these four, as it had at first stood in the centre of the seven. But he could no longer doubt, what, on the preceding day, he fancied might be the effect of visual deception. The dungeon *was* smaller. The roof had lowered—and the opposite ends had contracted the intermediate distance by a space equal, he thought, to that over which the three windows had extended. He was bewildered in vain imaginings to account for these things. Some frightful purpose—some devilish torture of mind or body—some unheard-of device for producing exquisite misery, lurked, he was sure, in what had taken place.

Oppressed with this belief, and distracted more by the dreadful uncertainty of whatever fate impended, than he could be dismayed, he thought, by the knowledge of the worst, he sat ruminating, hour after hour, yielding his fears in succession to every haggard fancy. At last a horrible suspicion flashed suddenly across his mind, and he started up with a frantic air. "Yes!" he exclaimed, looking wildly round his dungeon, and shuddering as he spoke—"Yes! it must be so! I see it!—I feel the maddening truth like scorching flames upon my brain! Eternal

God!—support me! it must be so! —Yes, yes, *that* is to be my fate! Yon roof will descend!—these walls will hem me round—and slowly, slowly, crush me in their iron arms! Lord God! look down upon me, and in mercy strike me with instant death! Oh, fiend—oh, devil—is this your revenge?"

He dashed himself upon the ground in agony;—tears burst from him, and the sweat stood in large drops upon his face—he sobbed aloud—he tore his hair—he rolled about like one suffering intolerable anguish of body, and would have bitten the iron floor beneath him; he breathed fearful curses upon Tolfi, and the next moment passionate prayers to heaven for immediate death. Then the violence of his grief became exhausted, and he lay still, weeping as a child would weep. The twilight of departing day shed its gloom around him ere he arose from that posture of utter and hopeless sorrow. He had taken no food. Not one drop of water had cooled the fever of his parched lips. Sleep had not visited his eyes for six and thirty hours. He was faint with hunger; weary with watching, and with the excess of his emotions. He tasted of his food; he drank with avidity of the water; and reeling like a drunken man to his straw, cast himself upon it to b~~lood~~ again over the appalling image that had fastened itself upon his almost frenzied thoughts.

He slept. But his slumbers were not tranquil. He resisted, as long as he could, their approach; and when, at last, enfeebled nature yielded to their influence, he found no oblivion from his cares. Terrible dreams haunted him—ghastly visions harrowed up his imagination—he shouted and screamed, as if he already felt the dungeon's ponderous roof descending on him—he breathed hard and thick, as though writhing between its iron walls. Then would he spring up—stare wildly about him—stretch forth his hands, to be sure he yet had space enough to live—and, muttering some incoherent words, sink down again, to pass through the same fierce vicissitudes of delirious sleep.

The morning of the fourth day dawned upon Vivenzio. But it was high noon before his mind shook off

its stupor, or he awoke to a full consciousness of his situation. And what a fixed energy of despair sat upon his pale features, as he cast his eyes upwards, and gazed upon the THREE windows that now alone remained! The three!—there were no more!—and they seemed to number his own allotted days. Slowly and calmly he next surveyed the top and sides, and comprehended all the meaning of the diminished height of the former, as well as of the gradual approximation of the latter. The contracted dimensions of his mysterious prison were now too gross and palpable to be the juggle of his heated imagination. Still lost in wonder at the means, Vivenzio could put no cheat upon his reason, as to the end. By what horrible ingenuity it was contrived, that walls, and roof, and windows, should thus silently and imperceptibly, without noise, and without motion almost, fold, as it were, within each other, he knew not. He only knew they did so; and he vainly strove to persuade himself it was the intention of the contriver, to rack the miserable wretch who might be immured there, with anticipation, merely, of a fate, from which in the very crisis of his agony, he was to be reprieved.

Gladly would he have clung even to this possibility, if his heart would have let him; but he felt a dreadful assurance of its fallacy. And what matchless inhumanity it was to doom the sufferer to such lingering torments—to lead him day by day to so appalling a death, unsupported by the consolations of religion, unvisited by any human being, abandoned to himself, deserted of all, and denied even the sad privilege of knowing that his cruel destiny would awaken pity! Alone he was to perish!—alone he was to wait a slow coming torture, whose most exquisite pangs would be inflicted by that very solitude and that tardy coming!

"It is not death I fear," he exclaimed, "but the death I must prepare for! Methinks, too, I could meet even that—all horrible and revolting as it is—if it might overtake me now. But where shall I find fortitude to tarry till it come? How can I outlive the three long days and nights I have to live? There is no power within me to bid the hideous

spectre hence—none to make it familiar to my thoughts; or myself, patient of its errand. My thoughts, rather, will flee from me, and I grow mad in looking at it. Oh! for a deep sleep to fall upon me! That so, in death's likeness, I might embrace death itself, and drink no more of the cup that is presented to me, than my fainting spirit has already tasted!"

In the midst of these lamentations, Vivenzio noticed that his accustomed meal, with the pitcher of water, had been conveyed, as before, into his dungeon. But this circumstance no longer excited his surprise. His mind was overwhelmed with others of a far greater magnitude. It suggested, however, a feeble hope of deliverance; and there is no hope so feeble as not to yield some support to a heart bending under despair. He resolved to watch, during the ensuing night, for the signs he had before observed; and should he again feel the gentle, tremulous motion of the floor, or the current of air, to seize that moment for giving audible expression to his misery. Some person must be near him, and within reach of his voice, at the instant when his food was supplied;—one, perhaps, susceptible of pity. Or if not, to be told even that his apprehensions were just, and that his fate *was* to be what he foreboded, would be preferable to a suspense which hung upon the possibility of his worst fears being visionary.

The night came; and as the hour approached when Vivenzio imagined he might expect the signs, he stood fixed and silent as a statue. He feared to breathe, almost, lest he might lose any sound, which would warn him of their coming. While thus listening, with every faculty of mind and body strained to an agony of attention, it occurred to him he should be more sensible of the motion, probably, if he stretched himself along the iron floor. He accordingly laid himself softly down, and had not been long in that position when—yes—he was certain of it—the floor moved under him! He sprang up, and in a voice suffocated nearly with emotion, called aloud. He paused—the motion ceased—he felt no stream of air—all was hushed—no voice answered to his—he burst into tears;

and as he sunk to the ground, in renewed anguish, exclaimed,—“Oh, my God! my God! You alone have power to save me now, or strengthen me for the trial you permit.”

Another morning dawned upon the wretched captive, and the fatal index of his doom met his eyes. Two windows!—and *two* days—and all would be over! Fresh food—fresh water! The mysterious visit had been paid, though he had implored it in vain. But how awfully was his prayer answered in what he now saw! The roof of the dungeon was within a foot of his head. The two ends were so near, that in six paces he trod the space between them. Vivenzio shuddered as he gazed, and as his steps traversed the narrowed area. But his feelings no longer vented themselves in frantic wailings. With folded arms, and clenched teeth, with eyes that were blood-shot from much watching, and fixed with a vacant glare upon the ground, with a hard quick breathing, and a hurried walk, he strode backwards and forwards in silent musing for several hours. What mind shall conceive, what tongue utter, or what pen describe the dark and terrible character of his thoughts? Like the fate that moulded them, they had no similitude in the wide range of this world's agony for man. Suddenly he stopped, and his eyes were riveted upon that part of the wall which was over his bed of straw. Words are inscribed there! A human language, traced by a human hand! He rushes towards them; but his blood freezes as he reads:—

“I, Ludovico Sforza, tempted by the gold of the Prince of Tolfi, spent three years in contriving and executing this accursed triumph of my art. When it was completed, the perfidious Tolfi, more devil than man, who conducted me hither one morning, to be witness, as he said, of its perfection, doomed *me* to be the first victim of my own pernicious skill; lest, as he declared, I should divulge the secret, or repeat the effort of my ingenuity. May God pardon him, as I hope he will me, that ministered to his unhallowed purpose! Miserable wretch, whoe'er thou art, that readest these lines, fall on thy knees, and invoke, as I have done, His sustaining mercy, who alone can nerve

thee to meet the vengeance of Tolfi, armed with his tremendous engine which, in a few hours, must crush you, as it will the needy wretch who made it."

A deep groan burst from Vivenzio. He stood, like one transfixed, with dilated eyes, expanded nostrils, and quivering lips, gazing at this fatal inscription. It was as if a voice from the sepulchre had sounded in his ears, "Prepare!" Hope forsook him. There was his sentence, recorded in those dismal words. The future stood unveiled before him, ghastly and appalling. His brain already feels the descending horror,—his bones seem to crack and crumble in the mighty grasp of the iron walls! Unknowing what it is he does, he fumbles in his garment for some weapon of self-destruction. He clenches his throat in his convulsive gripe, as though he would strangle himself at once. He stares upon the walls, and his war-ringing spirit demands, "Will they not anticipate their office if I dash my head against them?" An hysterical laugh chokes him as he exclaims, "Why should I? He was but a man who died first in their fierce embrace; and I should be less than man not to do as much!"

The evening sun was descending, and Vivenzio beheld its golden beams streaming through one of the windows. What a thrill of joy shot through his soul at the sight! It was a precious link, that united him, for the moment, with the world beyond. There was ecstasy in the thought. As he gazed, long and earnestly, it seemed as if the windows had lowered sufficiently for him to reach them. With one bound he was beneath them—with one wild spring he clung to the bars. Whether it was so contrived, purposely to madden with delight the wretch who looked, he knew not; but, at the extremity of a long vista, cut through the solid rocks, the ocean, the sky, the setting sun, olive groves, shady walks, and, in the farthest distance, delicious glimpses of magnificent Sicily, burst upon his sight. How exquisite was the cool breeze as it swept across his cheek, loaded with fragrance! He inhaled it as though it were the breath of continued life. And there was a freshness in the landscape, and in the rippling of the calm green sea, that

fell upon his withering heart like dew upon the parched earth. How he gazed, and panted, and still clung to his hold! sometimes hanging by one hand, sometimes by the other, and then grasping the bars with both, as loath to quit the smiling paradise outstretched before him; till exhausted, and his hands swollen and benumbed, he dropped helpless down, and lay stunned for a considerable time by the fall.

When he recovered, the glorious vision had vanished. He was in darkness. He doubted whether it was not a dream that had passed before his sleeping fancy; but gradually his scattered thoughts returned, and with them came remembrance. Yes! he had looked once again upon the gorgeous splendour of nature! Once again his eyes had trembled beneath their veiled lids, at the sun's radiance, and sought repose in the soft verdure of the olive-tree, or the gentle swell of undulating waves. Oh, that he were a mariner, exposed upon those waves to the worst fury of storm and tempest; or a very wretch, loathsome with disease, plague-stricken, and his body one leprous contagion from crown to sole, hunted forth to gasp out the remnant of infectious life beneath those verdant trees, so he might shun the destiny upon whose edge he tottered!

Vain thoughts like these would steal over his mind from time to time, in spite of himself; but they scarcely moved it from that stupor into which it had sunk, and which kept him, during the whole night, like one who had been drugged with opium. He was equally insensible to the calls of hunger and of thirst, though the third day was now commencing since even a drop of water had passed his lips. He remained on the ground, sometimes sitting, sometimes lying; at intervals, sleeping heavily; and when not sleeping, silently brooding over what was to come, or talking aloud, in disordered speech, of his wrongs, of his friends, of his home, and of those he loved, with a confused mingling of all.

In this pitiable condition, the sixth and last morning dawned upon Vivenzio, if dawn it might be called—the dim, obscure light which faintly struggled through the ONE SOLITARY window of his dungeon. He could

hardly be said to notice the melancholy token. And yet he did notice it; for as he raised his eyes and saw the portentous sign, there was a slight convulsive distortion of his countenance. But what did attract his notice, and at the sight of which his agitation was excessive, was the change his iron bed had undergone. It was a bed no longer. It stood before him, the visible semblance of a funeral couch or bier! When he beheld this, he started from the ground; and, in raising himself, suddenly struck his head against the roof, which was now so low that he could no longer stand upright. "God's will be done!" was all he said, as he crouched his body, and placed his hand upon the bier; for such it was. The iron bedstead had been so contrived, by the mechanical art of Ludovico Sforza, that as the advancing walls came in contact with its head and feet, a pressure was produced upon concealed springs, which, when made to play, set in motion a very simple though ingeniously contrived machinery, that effected the transmutation. The object was, of course, to heighten, in the closing scene of this horrible drama, all the feelings of despair and anguish, which the preceding ones had aroused. For the same reason, the last window was so made as to admit only a shadowy kind of gloom rather than light, that the wretched captive might be surrounded, as it were, with every seeming preparation for approaching death.

Vivenzio seated himself on his bier. Then he knelt and prayed fervently; and sometimes tears would gush from him. The air seemed thick, and he breathed with difficulty; or it might be that he fancied it was so, from the hot and narrow limits of his dungeon, which were now so diminished that he could neither stand up nor lie down at his full length. But his wasted spirits and oppressed mind no longer struggled within him. He was past hope, and fear shook him no more. Happy if

thus revenge had struck its final blow; for he would have fallen beneath it almost unconscious of a pang. But such a lethargy of the soul, after such an excitement of its fiercest passions, had entered into the diabolical calculations of Tolfi; and the fell artificer of his designs had imagined a counteracting device.

The tolling of an enormous bell struck upon the ears of Vivenzio! He started. It beat but once. The sound was so close and stunning, that it seemed to shatter his very brain, while it echoed through the rocky passages like reverberating peals of thunder. This was followed by a sudden crash of the roof and walls, as if they were about to fall upon and close around him at once. Vivenzio screamed, and instinctively spread forth his arms, as though he had a giant's strength to hold them back. They had moved nearer to him, and were now motionless. Vivenzio looked up, and saw the roof almost touching his head, even as he sat cowering beneath it; and he felt that a farther contraction of but a few inches only must commence the frightful operation. Roused as he had been, he now gasped for breath. His body shook violently—he was bent nearly double. His hands rested upon either wall, and his feet were drawn under him to avoid the pressure in front. Thus he remained for more than an hour, when that deafening bell beat again, and again there came the crash of horrid death. But the concussion was now so great that it struck Vivenzio down. As he lay gathered up in lessened bulk, the bell beat loud and frequent—crash succeeded crash—and on, and on, and on came the mysterious engine of death, till Vivenzio's smothered groans were heard no more! He was horribly crushed by the ponderous roof and collapsing sides—and the flattened bier was his *Iron Shroud*.

M.

CLARK ON CLIMATE.*

MR JEFFREY ingeniously and philosophically informed the world, a year or two ago, in the opening sentence of a critique in the Edinburgh Review, on Professor M'Culloch's Elements of Political Economy, of a fact of which, till that time, she had been ignorant, that man consists of two parts—a body and a soul. Not a few persons had previously suspected that they had bodies, and a few, perhaps, that they had souls; but none knew that they had both bodies and souls blended together in mysterious and inscrutable union. From the public announcement of this great discovery, which was, we believe, made by Mr Jeffrey a good while before he gave the world the benefit of it, we lament to say, that all the advantages have not yet accrued to our race that might have been reasonably hoped to follow its promulgation. Our knowledge, it is true, now comprehends the fact, that there are bodies and souls; but of the nature of either, people, in general, continue as ignorant as they were before the publication of that number of that celebrated periodical.

Any little knowledge there may be of the soul is thinly scattered over a number of rather unreadable metaphysical works; of the body, we never met one individual who knew any thing, except a few doctors, and they usually contrive to wrap it up in guinea-pills, which it is often as difficult to purchase as to swallow. People in the hands of a physician are, indeed—patients. They deliver up their bodies to him, if not in as saving, yet in as superstitious a faith as that in which the best of Catholics surrender their souls to the priest. They gulp the prescriptions of both in the same trembling trust in their divine efficacy; and, on recovery or amendment, continue to pursue the self-same career that carried them to consultation or confession. In due time their bodies go to the grave or Dr Knox; and their souls to a place and a person which it would not be proper to mention

before the “ears polite,” belonging to the readers of this Magazine.

It is hard to say whether it be more amusing or melaancholy to see so many millions of creatures carrying about with them souls and bodies, often without any apparent suspicion of the existence, and almost always without any real knowledge of the nature, of either,—of their health or their disease. Nor are the writings of physicians, in general, calculated to mend the matter with our bodies, more than those of metaphysicians with our souls. Both are alike unintelligible to the meanest, or in other words, the commonest capacities; and the bare fact discovered and divulged by our Dean of Faculty will, we fear, unless doctors of all degrees change their style, remain a *caput mortuum* till the end of time.

Yet a few streaks of light on the horizon seem to announce the dawn of a better day to the body at least, if not to the soul. A few physicians and some surgeons there now are among us, who are above making a greater mystery of what they know about our bodies than they can help, and who are sworn foes to tude. Ours is not, strictly speaking, a medical Journal, though it contains many recipes for a long life and a merry one,—prescriptions of which the taste, so far from being nauseous, wooes both palate and stomach with sweet solicitation—yes, sweet alike in the mouth and in the belly, and soothingly preventive of civil war among the members. Yet, though Maga is neither a physician nor a surgeon, nor yet an accoucheur—(though frequently she is Fancy's midwife)—she does not regard with blind eye and deaf ear the medical and the surgical world. She is aware of the worth of a Clark and a Christison, a Liston and a Brodie, and meditates analyses of their works. Of Dr Christison's great work on poisons, by far the best on medical jurisprudence in our language, and on the same level with the larger, but not better, work of Orfila, we shall speak

* “The Influence of Climate,” &c. By James Clark, M.D. Second Edition. Underwood. London, 1830.

fully in an early number; but this article we devote to Dr Clark on Climate,—a book that ought to be in the hands, not only of all practitioners, and in the hands of most of them, indeed, it must be already, but also in those of all men and women who

“Wish to be strong,
And hope to live long,”

and be the happy fathers and mothers of large or small families.

Dr Clark is the *beau ideal* of an anti-quack. Fudge, flam, bam, humbug, fly at his approach. With an unperplexing and benign face he stands beside the sick-bed, and spectral fears and horrors fade away behind the curtains. Hope attends him on his visits to his patients; and he knows too well the beatings of the human heart, which he has so often counted when almost still, or at full gallop, ever to suffer despair to force the door of the chamber. Sick men will think, but need not be reminded, of death, except when they have neglected to make their will; and then, indeed, a hint that it is wicked to leave their earthly affairs at sixes and sevens, when a wife is likely to become a widow, and children orphans, may escape his lips, on that solemn subject no more sealed, to warn not to agitate, to

“Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous
stuff

That weighs upon the heart.”

The immediate and remote consequences of such conduct and character have been, and will be, to Dr Clark himself, a prodigious increase of practice—already, though he is but in the prime of life, great in the great City of London, and eke the West End of the Town,—to his numerous patients recoveries from diseases, under less thoughtful care fatal, and a sensible diminution in the still sufficient incomes of undertakers and sextons.

Often, as our friends perceive, while we are contributing to our Miscellany,

“Drops a sad serious tear upon our playful
pen.”

True, that at our monthly concerts we like to play the first fiddle—to lead. But though the compositions we select are most often of a cheerful character, we sometimes draw from the strings a strain of the pathetic—or a solemn air; which, if they do not touch to tears—and there is no use

in needlessly widening the sphere of weeping in this weary world—dispose to pensive meditation. Now this article shall be of that character. It shall be a good article; for in truth we shall be but amanuenses to Dr Clark, abridging his Treatise as we write down his words, and giving in our pages some small part of the wisdom that unostentatiously breathes over his own. Invalids—valetudinarians—may thus purchase the advice of an eminent physician for half-a-crown, and along with it, a few other prescriptions for various complaints, by one who confines himself chiefly to private practice, and visits poor people unfee’d—Christopher North, who has been a D.D. for upwards of half a century, has attended consultations with Drs Heberden and Hunter—and was brought up at the knees of those Galen and Hippocrates, the MURDOCHS.

Adaptation of climate to disease? Ay—know that—and man may outlive the crow! To lay down rules on that, is the great aim and object of Dr Clark in this admirable work. He has collected here all his own experiences, during long and wide travel through many climes, and many of the experiences of his medical friends, who, like him, have studied and observed in many countries, and under many skies. He has disposed his materials in the distinctest order; and his style is distinguished by simplicity and perspicuity, which makes the book not only easy but pleasant reading to all—whether sick or sound—whether they read for information or amusement. But to whom may not the knowledge it contains be of great avail, perhaps in a week, in a day?

“Consumption, silent cheater of the eye,” may, well as we now think ourselves, be beginning its insidious work—and thou who art now devouring Maga, may be—ere next number sees the light—thyself devoured—may be, even while busy at a Noctes,

“A rosy spectre smiling to the tomb!”

Buy “Clark on Climate”—nay, even read this article—and not only may thy life be prolonged—but, bachelor or spinster no more, ere the fall of the leaf thou mayest be wheeling along to the Lakes in a roomy chaise, luxuriously cushioned for the occasion with a pale

orange, to enjoy the honey and harvest-moon—deuce take the “Childe’s” sneer, “treacle”—among the Lakes—beginning and ending with matchless Windermere.

The work is divided into two parts. In the first, Dr Clark has endeavoured to determine the general physical characters of the milder climate of England, and of the south of Europe,—to point out the manner in which the climate of different places resorted to by individuals is modified by local circumstances, and to compare those places relatively to their influence on disease. In the second, he has given some account of the principal diseases which are benefited by a mild climate. This he found to be unavoidable; it being impossible, otherwise, to give precise directions for the application of particular climates to the cure of particular diseases, and much more so to their varieties and complications. The diseases on which he has dwelt longest, are the two of the greatest importance, and of extreme frequency in this country, Consumption, and disorders of the Digestive Organs.

In treating of consumption, he has directed his enquiries chiefly to the causes and origin of that fatal disease, with the view of establishing rules for its prevention; for Dr Clark is satisfied that it is only by a knowledge of the causes which lead to it, and by directing our efforts to counteract them, that we shall be able to diminish the ravages of consumption. He is convinced that by adopting such a system of management, from early infancy, as he has laid down, a great improvement might be effected in the general health of many among the higher and middle classes of society in this country. The children of delicate, nay of diseased parents, might, by proper care, be reared so as to overcome, in a large proportion of cases, their hereditary disposition to disease. And how many diseases, when the history of families can be

looked into, are found to be hereditary! Consumption is to many a bright and blooming girl and boy, an heritage, though it is not in the title-deeds of those estates which, in transitory succession, they for a few glimpses of sunshine enjoy.*

Dr Clark hopes,—and he is well entitled to do so,—that from the minute manner in which he has described the characters of the different climates frequented by invalids, and the care with which he has indicated the nature of the diseases benefited by them, that he has gone far to correct many of the erroneous opinions which have hitherto existed on these subjects; and anticipates, at least, this good effect from his labours, that, for the future, those patients only will be sent abroad, whose cases afford a reasonable prospect of benefit from such a measure, and that the practice of hurrying out of their own country a class of invalids whose sufferings can only be thereby increased, and their lives shortened, will no longer be sanctioned; but that such persons may be allowed, henceforth, to die in peace in the bosom of their own families.

Let us, in the first place, endeavour to state the sum and substance of Dr Clark’s enquiries into the nature of consumption,—and in the second, to abridge some of the information he has given us respecting the adaptation of certain climates to certain diseases.

It is now clearly ascertained by pathologists, that the immediate cause of pulmonary consumption, or that which constitutes its essential character, is the existence, in the lungs, of certain substances called tubercles. Therefore, till we arrive at a knowledge of the state of the system which leads to the formation of these bodies, and of the circumstances which induce that state, we cannot hope to establish rules for the prevention of consumption upon any sound principles. Now, tubercles,

* Dr Clark notices in his Preface the kind and liberal assistance which he received from many friends, while engaged in collecting materials for his work. Professor de Mathis of Rome, Dr Lanza of Naples, Dr Mejon of Genoa, Professor Grotanelli of Sienna, Drs Heineker and Renton of Madeira, Dr Skirving of Nice, Dr Peebles of Rome, Dr Playfair of Florence, Dr Forbes of Chichester, (to whom the work is affectionately and proudly dedicated,) Dr Langens of Newport, Dr Down of Southampton, and, above all others, Dr Tod of Brighton.

when not very numerous, may exist in the lungs, without producing much inconvenience, for many years; and if the general health is improved, and those causes which are known to excite irritation or inflammation in the respiratory organs, are avoided, they may not, for aught we know, shorten materially the life of the individual. But this is the most favourable, and by much the rarer result of the case. Tubercles, in the vast majority of instances, advance rapidly, destroy that portion of the lungs in which they are imbedded, and cause death. Expectoration sometimes leads to a cure of the disease, and, indeed, it is the opinion of some of the best pathologists of the day, that this is the only way in which a cure of tuberculous consumption is effected. That tubercles are ever absorbed, we have no proof. The next step in the research, therefore, leads us to enquire into the proximate cause of tubercles. Morbid anatomy has discovered that they may be formed without even the slightest symptoms of inflammation; while, on the other hand, inflammation, in all its degrees, is of frequent occurrence without giving rise to tubercles. Nothing is more common than to find them in numerous organs of the body at the same time; and it is often in that organ only in which they had longest existed, (commonly the lungs,) that traces of inflammation are to be found—the tubercles being frequently deposited in the unchanged, healthy chambers of the parts. They are often most insidious in their formation and increase; and it is easily to be conceived that they should render any organ more prone to inflammation; and that inflammation should accelerate the progress of the tubercles through their different stages. But Dr Clark cannot admit that simple inflammation should be capable of producing such extensive alterations, without its existence being discoverable during life by any of the usual signs, or any traces of it being detected after death, as some pathologists believe. He is of opinion, then, that tubercles are not generally the result of inflammation, though sometimes they are; and the question arises, Whence is it that the same morbid action gives origin to

tubercles in one instance, and not in the other? In a *healthy* subject, he believes they are never the result of inflammation, and that, when they appear to be so, it will be found to be inflammation occurring in, and modified by, a disordered state of the system, of a peculiar kind. To that disordered state of the system, then, it behoves the physician to direct his chief attention,—for by correcting it, he may prevent the formation of tubercles, or, in other words, of consumption.

The immediate process by which tubercles are produced, is involved in much obscurity. It may be the peculiar action of the extreme vessels totally unconnected with inflammation, or even with increased action; nay, it is just as likely that they may be the result of a morbid *diminution* of action. In persons, however, strongly predisposed to tubercular disease, the frequent occurrence of catarrh, or of pulmonary inflammation, may, by keeping up a degree of congestion and irritation of the lungs, give rise to the formation of tubercles at an earlier period than would otherwise have happened, or even, in nicely balanced cases, determine their occurrence. Dr Clark thinks with Dr Todd, and some other pathologists, that the real cause of tubercles is a morbid condition of the general system, hereditary in some, and, in others, induced by a series of functional derangements, ultimately affecting the whole animal economy.

Having advanced thus far, Dr Clark proceeds to point out some of the leading symptoms by which this state is characterised,—premising, that it is more easily recognised than described; for the affection being a progressive one, its signs are more or less manifest according to the degree in which it exists.

First, the countenance is generally paler than natural, though at different times, and without any apparent reason, it is, in this respect, subject to striking changes. These are very remarkable where there is much colour. Now, there is a general paleness, with a sunk, faded appearance of the countenance,—now, an irregular mixture of white and red. In place of the natural gradations in which these colours pass into each

other in health, they terminate by distinct and abrupt lines, giving the face a blotched or spotted appearance. Sallow complexions assume a peculiarly unhealthy aspect, exhibiting a dull, leaden hue, diffused over a general pallid ground, and there is paleness on the lips. The eyes have generally a pearly, glassy appearance, and the whole countenance has commonly a sunk and languid aspect. At first they are transitory,—but though, during the progress of the disease, and on to its close, variable, yet evident to the most cursory observer. The skin of the patient is either harsh and dry, or that state will be found to alternate with a moist, clammy, and relaxed one. The colour, too, is often changed to a sallow, and, in some cases, to a dirty yellowish hue; and except on the cheeks, there is always a deficiency of red vessels. In some hereditary cases, particularly in females of a fair and delicate complexion, the skin assumes a semi-transparent appearance, resembling wax-work, and the veins may be seen distinctly through it. Poets ought not to describe the hands of their imaginary mistresses as transparent, except when they are conducting them, not to their bridal beds, but to their graves. 'Tis a bad sign of a young lady's health when you can see through her hand as easily as her heart; and, instead of a parson, you should call in a physician.

Secondly, the digestive organs are very generally more or less deranged. Look at the tongue, and it is furred towards the base, the extremity and edges being pale and flabby. Or, with the base furred, the point and margin are redder than natural, and often studded with papillæ of a still brighter hue. The former state of the tongue is a more frequent accompaniment of that form of disease which originates chiefly in hereditary predisposition; the latter, of that which is principally or entirely acquired, and in which an irritated state of the stomach attends the disorder from the beginning, and often precedes it. In a third class of cases, of much rarer occurrence, the tongue is clean and natural in its appearance, and the digestive organs pretty regularly perform their functions. This

happens chiefly, Dr Clark thinks, in females in whom the disease has been mainly owing to hereditary predisposition. Such patients bear, and even require, a fuller and stronger diet; with the others it is the reverse.

Thirdly, In consumptions the circulation is subject to great variety; in hereditary cases, the powers of the heart, Dr Clark thinks, are commonly under the ordinary standard, while the frequency of the pulse is generally above it, and palpitation is not an unfrequent symptom. Indeed, he thinks that a small feeble heart is a strong predisposing cause of consumption.

Fourthly, The nervous system partakes of the general derangement. Sleep is unsound, being either disturbed, or unnaturally heavy and unrefreshing. The mind, sympathizing with the body, loses its energy; and the temper is often remarkably changed. In the purer and less complicated cases of hereditary consumption, there is generally great serenity of mind; the spirits are often of surprising buoyancy, and hope brings its cheering influence with the last sufferings of the patient. That beauty is the worst of all to be borne by the living spectator of the dying one. But such a state of mind is far seldomer an attendant on consumption than is generally believed, especially in those cases in which disorder of the digestive organs leads to the morbid condition of the system. Then the poor patient is seen dying day by day, in despondency and in despair; nor can there be a more trying death to the most religious of God's creatures.

Under the general term, Consumption, then, are comprehended three different forms or stages of disease—1st, General disorder of the health—2d, Tubercular cachexy—3d, Consumption, properly so called. These different stages may, in general, be distinctly recognised; but it is only in proportion to the physician's powers and habits of minute and careful observation that the symptoms of the first stage will be remarked, or in other words, that he will be able to detect the approach of the first tubercular disease. But this is the time, by proper applica-

tions, to prevent consumption. If it be allowed to pass by, as it is in many million cases, then

"The trot becomes a gallop soon,
In spite of curb or rein."

Having thus spoken of the symptoms, let us now speak of the causes, of consumption—and, first, let us attend, with Dr Clark, to the hereditary nature of the disease.

By hereditary predisposition, a term in the application of which there has been some confusion, Dr Clark understands a peculiar condition of the system, depending upon its original conformation and organization, and derived from the parents, which renders the individual more susceptible, or more liable to lapse into certain diseases, than other persons endowed originally with a more healthy organization. Now, it does not follow, as a necessary consequence, that a child born with a predisposition to a disease, must be attacked by that disease; but it will be more easily induced, unless the condition of the system which constitutes the hereditary predisposition be corrected by proper management in early life. In some families, the hereditary predisposition seems so strong, that, without any cognizable cause, the regular actions of the economy become deranged, and the system lapses into the morbid state, which terminates eventually in consumption. Indeed, in some rare instances, the infant at birth has been found to be labouring under tubercular disease. On the other hand, so weak is the hereditary predisposition in many individuals, that a complication of powerful causes long applied is necessary to induce the disease. Between these two extremes there exists every variety of shade in the disposition to consumption. A disposition to consumption and to scrofula is sometimes often transmitted from parents to children, by the deteriorating influence of other diseases in the parents on the physical condition of their offspring. Thus, the children of dyspeptic, of gouty, and of cachectic parents, are very liable to scrofula and consumption; and this, though a more remote, Dr Clark thinks is probably the original source of scrofulous and tuberculous diseases.

But the predisposition to consumption is very often acquired without any hereditary taint; no person, however healthful may have been his original organization, can be considered totally exempt from the liability to consumption. It is met with in early infancy, and occasionally proves fatal to the octogenarian. All causes predispose to it which lower the tone of the bodily health—sedentary occupations—abuse of strong spirituous or fermented liquors—unwholesome diet. In humid and cold situations, all diseases which induce what is called "a bad habit of body." Mental depression accelerates the evil, and in constitutions labouring under tubercular disease, its destructive influence is most conspicuous.

But the origin of the constitutional disorder which Dr Clark describes as tending ultimately to consumption, is very often to be traced, he says, to the mismanagement of children. The seeds of disease, which are to ripen at a later period of life, are frequently sown during infancy and childhood—in the first case by imperfect suckling, or the entire substitution of artificial food for the natural and only proper nourishment of infants; and in the second, by improper, and often over-stimulating, food; and a hundred other causes connected with early education. The education of girls is too often such—especially in boarding-schools—it is needless to describe it here—as to comprehend all the causes of consumption; or, if any be wanting, they are soon supplied by a fashionable life. On this part of the subject, Dr Clark dwells with much feeling; but we have not room to follow him, and must now go on to consider a change to a milder climate as a remedy for that deranged state of the health from which consumption springs.

Before such a change is resorted to, the disordered functions of the body—particularly the digestive organs—must be corrected; and that must be done, not by any violent means, but by slow, gradual, and cautious treatment of local congestion and irritation, often combined with general debility, a pathological state which it requires great judgment and sagacity to manage. This being done, then the sooner the patient removes to a milder climate the

better; for the great utility of such a climate consists in no "hidden magic," but in enabling the patient to pursue the restorative system through the whole year.

The misfortune is, that the period of the functional disease is too often permitted to pass, before any danger is feared; and that relations are not alarmed till symptoms of irritation, or impeded function in the lungs, appear, of tubercular disease established there, and fast leading to the third and last stage of consumption. Even then, removal to a mild climate, especially if effected by means of a sea voyage, under very favourable circumstances, may still be useful—but merely as a means of improving the general health, and of preventing inflammatory affections of the lungs and bronchia. But when consumption is fully established—that is, when the character of the cough and expectoration, the hectic fever and emaciation, give every reason to believe the existence of tuberculous cavities in the lungs, and still more, when the presence of these is ascertained by auscultation—he thinks that no benefit is to be expected from change of climate. Under such circumstances, the patient should try the most favourable residences of his own country, or even wait the result—it is needless to say what it will be—amid the comforts of home and watchful care of friends. It is indeed natural for the relations of such a patient to cling to that which seems to afford even a ray of hope. But did they but know, says Dr Clark, the discomfort, the fatigue, the exposure, and the irritation, necessarily attendant on a long journey in the advanced period of consumption, they would shrink from such a measure! Nor will the experienced medical adviser, when he reflects upon all the accidents to which the poor patient must be liable, condemn him to the additional evil of expatriation. Alas! such unfortunate patients often sink a prey to their disease long before they reach the place of destination. Almost all—nay all the rest—through pain and suffering, find, in a distant country, an untimely grave.

But there are chronic cases of consumption, in which the disease of the lungs, even though arrived at its last stage, may derive benefit by a

removal to a mild climate—those in which the disease has been induced in persons little disposed to it constitutionally, and in whom it usually occurs later in life than when hereditary. The tuberculous affection in such persons is occasionally confined to a small portion of the lungs, and the system sympathizes with the local disease. Residence in a mild climate, by strengthening the system, may save the patient. In those fortunate, but rare cases, too, where the progress of disease in the lungs has been arrested by nature, but in which a long period must elapse before the work of reparation is completed, a mild climate has often been of great avail. In nicely balanced cases, life may be preserved for many years by constant residence in a warm climate—nor would there probably be any consumption at all, if, with the cuckoo, we could make

"Our annual voyage round the globe,
Companion of the spring."

Supposing a removal to a mild climate to be decided on, which is the best climate? No one climate or situation is the best in all cases. In the first part of his book, Dr Clark, as we have said, gives the character of the climate of all the different places resorted to by invalids, and has endeavoured to draw a comparative view of their respective merits. It was our declared intention to enrich our pages with much of that most valuable information; but this article has already grown to such a length, that we must reserve it for our next Number. Meanwhile, it may be remarked of the climates of the south of France and Italy, that for consumptive invalids, in whom there exists much sensibility to frost and keen winds, and more especially, if the immediate vicinity of the sea is known to disagree with them, Rome and Pisa are the best situations for a winter residence. When, on the contrary, the patient labours under a languid or oppressed circulation, with a relaxed habit, and a disposition to congestion or to hæmorrhage, rather than to inflammation, and more especially when the sea-air is known by experience to agree with the individual, Nice deserves the preference. But in cases complicated with gastric irritation, Nice

is an improper residence. Indeed, Dr Clark is of opinion, that where this state of the stomach exists, no climate which disagrees with it, can do the patient good, whatever be his other ailments, and however favourable to them the climate may be.

The climate which of all others he thinks the best suited to consumptive patients, generally, is that of Madeira—for reasons assigned by him—and next to it, that of Teneriffe.

The profession are divided on the question, whether the preference is to be given to a seaside or an inland situation. Dr Clark, from all he has been enabled to learn and observe, thinks that consumption, *ceteris paribus*, is more frequent on the sea-coast than in the interior; but still, that the greater mildness of many maritime places, as of those on the south and south-west coasts of England, may more than compensate for this difference, especially when they are resorted to only for a part of the year. But of two climates, the physical character of which being alike favourable, the one on the sea shore, and the other inland, he would certainly prefer the latter as a residence for a consumptive patient. There was once a foolish idea prevalent even in the profession, that the air of a marshy country was beneficial in consumption; but scrofula and consumption are more frequent in many aguish countries, than in others of a different character, and an attack of ague is surely more likely to prove the occasion of consumption than to prevent it. Thus, in the province of Frise, in the Netherlands, agues abound; and it appears by a statistical table sent to our author by Dr Lombard, that consumption is more frequent there than in Edinburgh. A humid atmosphere in a cold climate is indeed one of the most powerful causes of consumption.

Is a sea voyage to be recommended or not, in cases of consumption? Dr Clark is decidedly of opinion that a sea voyage is beneficial in its early stages, and most of all, when the disease is accompanied with hæmoptysis. He agrees with Dr Gregory, who expresses this opinion in his celebrated *Conspectus*, that the unceasing motion of a ship, and the con-

stant exercise which it produces, are principal agents in the cure, while it seems also to act in a particular manner on the nervous system. Many striking instances of the beneficial effects of sea voyages in consumption are authenticated. They are also much preferable to land journeys, in all consumptive cases which are complicated with palpitation, or increased action of the heart, whether functional or depending upon organic disease. But there may exist complications, on the other hand, which would render a sea voyage unadvisable—as, when there is much nervous sensibility, a strong disposition to headach, and an irritable state of the stomach; a sea voyage, it is plain, must either do much good or much evil to an invalid, for it works strongly, for life or for death. Dr Clark recommends a cruise—and not in the Mediterranean, but in the Atlantic.

In place of sending consumptive patients to pass the winter in a milder climate, it has been proposed to keep them in rooms artificially heated, and maintained at a regular temperature. What says Dr Clark to this proposal? He says what seems to be most rational, that with the advocates of such a measure, the state of the lungs appears to be the only consideration; whereas, it need not be told, that without improving the general health, which cannot be done without exercise in the open air, all measures, directed to the local disease, will be fruitless. By such means, undoubtedly, the inflammatory action in these organs may be kept down; but they all favour the very condition of the system which led to the disease, and the removal of which condition can alone afford the patient a hope of recovery. Therefore, in the incipient stages of consumption, he holds justly such a measure to be generally most improper; but in the advanced stages, when all hopes of recovery have vanished, and when removal to a distant climate is totally useless, life may be prolonged, in many cases, by keeping the invalids in apartments, the temperature of which is regulated in such a manner as to maintain the air in the purest possible state. Females, from their habits, bear such a system of confinement better than males—and both sexes, at the more

advanced periods of life. In cases of inflammation of the lungs, also, which have occurred during the winter, such a measure is good; but the patient ought certainly, if possible, to pass the following winter in a climate where confinement will not be necessary, that his general health may be improved by exercise in the open air. Comparing, then, the benefits likely to result to consumptive patients from a mild climate, and confinement to rooms regulated to an agreeable temperature, there can be no question of the decided superiority of the former. But when circumstances preclude the possibility of changing the climate, then confinement to apartments of a proper and equable temperature, is the best measure that can be adopted to avoid the injurious effects of our cold, damp, and variable climate during the winter season.

Can any general rule be given with respect to the length of time which a consumptive invalid may be required to pass in a mild climate, in order to overcome the disposition to the disease? No. When it is had recourse to for the removal of the disordered health which precedes tubercular cachexy, a single winter may be all that may be necessary—when tubercular cachexy is established, and still more, when there is reason to suspect the presence of tubercles in the lungs, several years may be requisite. In consumption, properly so called, Dr Clark, throughout the whole work, expresses his belief that climate, with rarest exceptions, will be of little or no service.

When the disease is cured, the patient should never forget that it may, and indeed will, recur, should he expose himself to the influence of any of its chief causes. And in recovering from a very bad case, he ought to remain long—perhaps for years—in the climate which wrought the cure. Perhaps he may never again be able to live in any other—never again be the man he once was—and infatuated will he be, if he lives as a strong man might, and ever forgets that both his feet were once on the edge of the grave.

In conclusion, Dr Clark submits the following corollaries as a summary of his views regarding the nature and causes of consumption, and

its treatment, more especially as connected with the effects of climate.

1st, That tubercles in the lungs constitute the essential character and immediate cause of consumption.

2d, That tubercles originate in a morbid condition of the general system.

3d, That such a state of system frequently has for its cause hereditary predisposition; in other instances being induced by various functional disorders; while in a third class of cases, perhaps the most numerous, it arises from the conjoint effects of both these causes.

4th, That consumption is to be prevented only by adopting such means as shall counteract the hereditary predisposition, where it exists, and maintain a healthy condition of the various functions from infancy to the full development of the body.

5th, That in the general disorder of the health which leads to tubercular cachexy, or in tubercular cachexy itself, and even when tubercles are formed in the lungs, unattended with much constitutional disturbance, a residence in a mild climate will prove beneficial; and also in cases of chronic consumption, at any stage, where the lungs are not extensively implicated in tubercular disease, and where the system does not sympathize much with the local disorder.

6th, That in cases of confirmed consumption, in which the lungs are extensively diseased, and where hectic fever, emaciation, and the other symptoms which characterise its advanced stages, are present, change of climate can be of no service, and may even accelerate the progress of the disease.

7th, That climate, to be effectual in any case, requires to be continued for a considerable time—in most cases for years.

We have now given, as we said we should do, the sum and substance of Dr Clark's opinions on consumption. They are, like all true views, simple; there is nothing startling about them, for sagacity never hunts after novelty, and wisdom seeks not for what is strange. He is perfectly justified in his anticipations that his book will be perused by many persons not of the profession, but who are yet deeply interested in the subject of climate, in relation to its

effects on disease. His wish was to express himself in as plain language as possible, that he might make himself intelligible to the generality of readers, without at all diminishing the utility of the work to the members of his own profession. He has completely succeeded; and we hope that other physicians will lay aside the stilts and the veil; and when speaking about diseases which in one sense may be said to be "their bread and other men's poison," will walk

on the same sort of feet, and wear the same sort of face, and use the same sort of tongue—as far as may be—with ordinary mortals. And thus will man come, in due time, to know something about that part of him called the Body—while, if priests and philosophers will do their duty too, he will likewise be acquiring some knowledge of his other part, called the Soul. And thus will he live long on earth, and then go to heaven.

LETTER FROM THE AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGNS,"

TO THE EDITOR OF BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

ON my return from the Continent, about a fortnight ago, I for the first time learned, that a letter bearing the respectable signature of Major-General Stirling, had appeared in your Magazine, impeaching the accuracy of a passage in the "Annals of the Peninsular Campaigns," relative to the conduct of the 42d regiment in the battle of Corunna. This passage it may be better to quote. It is as follows:—

"In the meanwhile, from some misapprehension, the 42d had retired, and the enemy being reinforced, took advantage of this circumstance to renew the conflict. Elvina became again the scene of struggle; the 42d, after a brief but animating address from the General, returned to the attack, and the Guards being brought up to their support, the enemy retired."

In opposition to the above statement, General Stirling, in his letter, has thought proper to assert, 1st, that the 42d regiment never did retire till ordered to do so, when night had put a stop to the engagement; 2dly, that, with the exception of the words, "Highlanders, remember Egypt!" which accompanied the first order to advance, the regiment received no address from Sir John Moore. In vindication of my own accuracy, therefore, I feel called on to produce the authorities on which my statement is founded, leaving it to Major-General Stirling to deal with these as he may deem most conducive to the credit of the distinguished regiment so long under his command.

The following extract is from the work of James Moore, brother to the General, which has passed through various editions, and is, confessedly, of the very highest authority:—

"The General now proceeded to the 42d. 'Highlanders,' said he, 'remember Egypt!' They rushed on and drove the French before them, till they were stopped by a wall. Sir John accompanied them in this charge. He now sent Captain Hardinge to order up a battalion of the Guards to the left flank of the 42d. *The officer commanding the Light Infantry conceived at this that they were about to be relieved by the Guards, because their ammunition was nearly expended, and he began to fall back. The General, discovering the mistake, said to them, 'My brave Forty-second, join your comrades; ammunition is coming up, and you have your bayonets.'* Upon this they instantly moved forward, &c."—p. 350-1. 3d edition.

The same account is given, nearly *verbatim*, by Mr Southey, (vol. i. p. 801.)

It is also repeated in the "Annual Register" of the year; in the "Military Chronicle" (Sup. to vol. i. p. 71); in the "Journal of a Soldier of the 71st Regiment;" and in many other works, to which, as I am deprived of access to my military books, I cannot at this moment more particularly refer. If further corroboration, however, be required, I imagine it will be amply afforded by the following passage from the History of Colonel Napier, the

accuracy of whose information, on every thing connected with the campaign of Sir John Moore, has never been disputed. Colonel Napier narrates the circumstances connected with the 42d regiment in the following manner:—

“Meanwhile the General, bringing up a battalion of the brigade of Guards to fill the space in the line left vacant by these two regiments, (50th and 42d,) *the 42d mistook his intention, and retired*, and at that moment the enemy, being reinforced, renewed the fight beyond the village; the officer commanding the 50th was wounded and made prisoner, and Elvina became the scene of a second struggle; this being observed by the Commander-in-Chief, who directed in person the operations of Baird's division, *he addressed a few animating words to the 42d, and caused it to return to the attack.*”
—Napier, vol. i. p. —.

Were further evidence wanting in this matter, it would be easy to procure it; and if General Stirling is not aware of the fact, that the authorities already quoted have not only commanded the public belief in this country, but have likewise been corroborated and confirmed by foreign military authors, he may become so by consulting the Histories of Riegel and Venturini, Rocca's “Account of the War in Spain,” the “Biographie Universelle,” (art. Sir John Moore,) and other works to which, should he wish it, it will give me pleasure to direct his attention.

In the meanwhile, I believe I have demonstrated beyond question that the passage in the “Annals of the Peninsular Campaigns,” stigmatized as “*very inaccurate*,” is supported, in every particular, by the uniform stream of authorities, from the period of the action till the appearance of General Stirling's letter in your Magazine. Let it be remembered, too, that the statements quoted, relative to the conduct of the 42d regiment, in the battle of Corunna, have been successively put forth by military writers of the highest popularity and distinction, and that it is only after an interval of *twenty-one years*, that a contradiction, addressed to one of the most obscure and least authoritative of their number, has at length been hazarded. How to account for this circumstance, I confess I know not. That the statements alluded to should never, during so long a period, have fallen within the observation of those able and interested to correct them, if erroneous, it is difficult to conceive; yet had General Stirling not been ignorant of all that I have in this letter obtruded, perhaps somewhat unpleasantly, on his notice, I am sure his candour would have led him to accompany his charge of *inaccuracy* with a confession that a narrative of facts, substantially the same with that objected to in the “Annals,” had been given, in almost every history that had previously appeared, without contradiction, either from himself or any other officer present in the engagement.

I have now done. Whether the statement of General Stirling, put forth after so long and unaccountable a silence, or that given by the authorities already quoted, may be held most entitled to credit, is to me matter of the most perfect indifference. It is enough for my complete vindication, that at the period when my history was written, the accuracy of the accounts on which I founded had remained unquestioned for nearly a quarter of a century; nay, at this very moment have received no public contradiction. I have now only to assure General Stirling that he has my best wishes in the task he has thus tardily undertaken, of vindicating even from the possibility of reflection the reputation of a regiment whose conduct upon all occasions is universally acknowledged to have been very creditable. General Stirling, however, deceives himself, if he supposes that such authorities as those I have quoted, whose accounts have long since become part of the Military History of Europe, are to be answered by a few sentences in a Magazine, however extensive its circulation.

THE AUTHOR OF
“ANNALS OF THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGNS.”

Portes Ambrosianæ.

No. LI.

ΧΡΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΤΑΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
ΗΔΕΑ ΚΩΤΙΛΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

Σ.

PHOC. *ap* Ath.

[*This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,
An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days ;
Meaning, " 'TIS RIGHT FOR GOOD WINE-DIBBING PEOPLE,
NOT TO LET THE JUG PACE ROUND THE BOARD LIKE A CRIPPLE ;
BUT GAILY TO CHAT WHILE DISCUSSING THEIR TIPPLE."*
*An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—
And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.*]

C. N. *ap* Ambr.

SCENE—*Saloon of the New Premises, 45, George Street. TIME—Eight o' Clock. PRESENT—*MESSRS BLACKWOOD, NORTH, CRAIGELLACHIE, SEWARD, SHEPHERD, JAMES BALLANTYNE, BULLER, SANDY BALLANTYNE, ROBERT HOWIE, ARCHITECT HAMILTON, ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER, MODERN PYTHAGOREAN, DELTA, MULLION, JOHN WATSON GORDON, LAWRENCE MACDONALD, TICKLER, ROBERT GIBB, JOHN GREENSHIELDS, *Assistant Chaplains*, REV. JOHN KNOX, and SAMUEL SOUTH, and "*the Rest*."

(PICARDY, MON. CADET, KING PEPIN, SIR DAVID GAM, TAPPIETOURIE, SQUINTUM, BANDY, and the PECH, in attendance, in the act of depositing the dessert.)

SHEPHERD (*holding up his hands*.)

What'n frutes !

NORTH.

Watson Gordon, my dear fellow, study the Shepherd. That's the FACT !
JOHN WATSON GORDON (*smiling*.)

I have it.

TICKLER.

In the attitude of prayer, like a Covenanter on a hill side.

ASSISTANT CHAPLAIN KNOX (*austerely*.)

Denouncing wrath against old sinners. Mr Tickler, remember, sir, where you are, and no sneers, however slight, at the ordinances of religion.

TICKLER.

Poo—poo—Jack—times are changed since those of your old fierce Progenitor. You must learn, sir, to accommodate your zeal to the spirit of the age. No human ears, however long, ever heard Timothy Tickler sneer, however slightly, at any religious ordinance. When any bigot says so, " I tell him, if a clergyman, he lies."

ASSISTANT CHAPLAIN KNOX.

Sir, your cloth protects you. Crack that nut.

SHEPHERD.

Pity me the day, what's a' this? You twa fechtin' afore the frute ! and sic a flush o' frute as never was set doon afore mortal man syne the Fa' ! Thae prickly peeramids ye ca' pineapples ? O, sirs ! but thae hae a sweet scent, just like that o' a lassie's breath, sittin' wi' her love-locks inside o' a bodie's plaid on the breezy brae.

NORTH.

A fragrant simile, James.

SHEPHERD.

And what orangers! yellower nor bloom or whuns, gouden ba's indeed, drapped frae trees in the Hesperides. Grapes and grozets gloriously glowin', "in linked sweetness lang drawn out," a' roun' the Oval, and tastily interspersed wi' what can be naething else but peaches and neetrings, wi' here and there a bonny basket o' plooms and cherries, alternatin' wi' blushin' banks o' strawberries—and as if spring and owtumn had melted into ane, the entire table beautified wi' a boundless prodigality o' flowers! The hail Botanic and Experimental Gardens—baith—maun hae been roopit to furnish forth that unparalleled yepergne. You micht dream that some angel had crushed the arc o' the rainbow thegither into a ba', and lettin' fa' doon, in the midst o' our festivities, frae the showery heavens!

MR LAWRENCE MAC DONALD.

Beautiful!

SHEPHERD.

Chaplains—nae sic dessert was ever devoord in Paradise. Think you 't was on the left or the richt bank o' the Euphrates?

ASSISTANT CHAPLAIN SOUTH.

Milton says,

"Southward through Eden ran a river large."

SHEPHERD.

And hoo got Adam and Eve across? There were nae brigs in thae days—but aiblins they cou'd haith swoom and flie. For licht, licht, sir, maun their bodies as weel as their sowles hae been, afore they were clogged wi' sin. They needed neither fins nor wings then—their frames in specific gravity less dense nor the living elements. But the "taste o' that mortal frute brocht death into the warld, and a' our woe,"—although there's nae use in yawmmerin' about it noo—sae, Mr De Quinshy, I'd thank ye, sir, to rax me ower an apple.

ENGLISH OPIH-EATLER.

In the juice of the apple, in rind equally with core, there is lodged, Mr Hogg, a mysterious power of affecting the human tooth, so as to produce, if not a painful, yet an uneasy sensation, of a very peculiar and indescribable kind, vulgarly called—

SHEPHERD.

Settin' your teeth on edge. It's no sae bad's keeping a body's mooth waterin'. Fling me ower the great big muckle red-cheeked aue, that seems hotchin' half-a-dizzen lesser anes aff its gawcey shouthers.—Weel bowled and weel keppt! You and me, sir, would mak twa gran' cricketers. Noo, freens, crack awa—for I'm no gaun till speak—till I've sookit the seeds.

MR BLACKWOOD (to MR NORTH.)

My dear sir, should we not have toasts?

NORTH.

No, Bailie, if you please, not till the time-piece chimes—Ten. Meanwhile, gentlemen, this is Liberty-Hall. Mr Blackwood and I—President and Vice-President of the United States—

SHEPHERD.

Sittin' in your arm-chairs, wi' red, stuffed, leather backs and bottoms, when a' the lave o' us hae our hurdies on the hard timmer, nae support ava' for our spines, and nae ither for our elbows but the edge o' the aik-table! And that's liberty and equality! But afore a's dune, pride may get a fa'. I hae an ee to North's chair about cock-craw. There hae been some auld lines floating about the Forest—for some thoosan years—that may be modernized thus—prophesying—in my interpretation be richt—that I was born to be an usurper.

TICKLER.

Hogg's head brought to the block for having dethroned our Sovereign Lord the King!

SHEPHERD.

The Seabellin' leaves daurkly hint sae,—an' I wou'd wish to hear my auld cronie Edward Irving—mony a jug hae we twa durned thegither, though

a' in a dounce sober way, and never aneuch to produce either an apocalypse or an apoplexy—try his haun' at its interpretation. The close o't's no camy, like the wutches warmin' to Macbeth.

“Much I long, yet fear to try,
The long-forgotten prophecy.”

NORTH.

Sing out, James.

SHEPHERD.

When Bawdrons, wi' her mousin paw,
Dechts her face, the rains wull fa'
As they wou'd ding down roof and wa',
Tour and turret, rocks and a',
In Yarrow droonin' Newark-ha'.
An' when the Hoggie frae his stye,
Sees hoo the wund blaws in the sky,
Snoking wi' his snout on high,
Grunts to man, “’tis all my eye,”
Foreseeing some strange destiny.
When the Big Bore rushes forth,
Like a man o' war and worth,
Bearin' doon upo' the North,
Where rules the king o' a' the earth,
Whom a' the natives serve wi' mirth.
Then that Sovran frae his chair,
Prouder than the Prince o' Air,
Aneath the deas, wi' lady fair,
Ane Mawga, proudly seated there,
By men yeclyped—Christopher,
At the wee sma' hour will snore,
And by that Beast be couped ower,
Senseless on the holy floor.

Swinkum—Sauctum—Swiggamore!

The Big Boar then his body busks
Wi' bristles, and his snout wi' tusks.
And scornin' mair to feed on husks
Fearsomely his pig-tail whusks!
Trummlin' to be turn lith and limb,
The Leddy Mawga looks at him;
The Gracefu' gazin' on the Grim,

Wi' dewy een in smiles that swim,
On misty nights like starnies dim,
And sings a sang that's like a hymn,
Frae ane o' heaven's ain seraphim!
Then a' at aince, the Big Boar grows
Until a man wi' bauld brent brows,
A Shepherd singing sweet verse-vows,
Wha in his plaid the Leddy rows!
People! sure 'tis strange to see
The 'Twa seated on that settee—
Where the Cross-Bearer used to be,
Conspicuous far owre land and sea,
The steadfast pole-star o' the free!
Set him up to rug him doon!
What think ye o't, my bonny moon!
Shinin' abune the heech Auld Tounne,
To see a lord in mortal swoon,
Aneath a limmer and a loon?
Set him up to rug him doon!
But be it late or be it soon,
The timmer turns to siller spoon,
The leather brogue to velvet shoon.
Sure sign the times are out o' tune,
When an August dry as June,
Foretold by him who reads the lune,
In seasons a', bricht, black or broon,
That Gaelic seer, baith blythe and boon,
Though deaf as ony auld deer-houn,)
At Forty-Five, in gran' Saloon,
Shall see a Shepherd wear a croon.—
'Thus endeth the prophetic crune!

TICKLER.

Copies must be sent to Coleridge, Irving, Frere, Cunninghame, Faber, Stone, and all the other great interpreters of prophecy—that we may sleep in peace.—Oh! North grows pale,

“Uneasy sit the brows that wear a crown.”

NORTH.

“Lights—lights—lights!”

MR JAMES BALLANTYNE.

“You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting with most admired disorder!”

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

'Tis a Saloon of singularly simple elegance—nay, grandeur. Except in some of Piranesi's dreamy designs, I remember to have seen nothing, in the whole range of architecture, within the same bounds, so magnificent. Said I the same bounds? Yet, I feel how difficult—nay, impossible it would be—to pronounce its dimensions:—For so exquisite are the proportions, that it seems to grow upon the eye, the longer you gaze on walls and roof, still expanding around and above, till this table, though of no insignificant size (witness the perfect freedom afforded to the elbows of this multitudinous assemblage) finally seems in the centre, even like a gorgeous flower-plot in the green lawn of some fairy garden. Of whose genius is it the creation?

MR BLACKWOOD.

The gentleman at your left hand, sir. Allow me to introduce you to one another. Mr Hamilton—Mr De Quincy. [*They bow and shake hands.*]

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

The names of Hamilton, Burn, and Playfair, have long been familiar to fame. No wonder Edinburgh is such a city. There is something sublime, Mr North, to my imagination, in its midsummer solitude. Still almost as a city of the dead, yet serene as a city of the living. The great stream of human existence, one feels is not dried up, but only diverted into other channels. One hears a thousand rills, rivulets, and rivers, cheerfully flowing along rural valleys, and the heart is touched to think how, far remote though they be, they all owe their being to this matchless metropolis. In shade or sunshine alike, it seemeth to me, that the whole week is a Sabbath. Gentlemen, I envy the stranger within your gates. The dullest wight—as Coleridge says of commonplace people reading Shakspeare, or in dreams—must become a poet beneath your Castle Rock—sublimier, sir—believe me—than the Acropolis: Though pardon me for hinting, that I am scarcely sensible of the propriety of the term—when self-applied to the ingenious and learned inhabitants—Modern Athenians.

SHEPHERD.

Nor me either—my apple's dune—and it's hanged nonsense. Whare's Pericles? No the Provost—perfek gentleman though in a' things he be—and I houp sune to return fra Lonnun a baronet. Whare's Eskluss, You-rippidays, and Suffoclaes? No surely Sir Walter himsell, wi' his Doom o' Devorgoil, greatest o' a' Scotsmen though he be, that ever leev'd, or ever wull leeve—nor yet Wullison Glass, though he sings Prince Charlie, and some folk sillily swears he wrote it—but that's a' ma ec—nor yet—nane o' your lauchin', you cunnin' chiel wi' the mild een—no, nor you either, Mr Triangular Delta, though for truth and tenderness o' natural feelin', and purity and brichtness o' diction, when describin' the beauties o' natur either on sea or shore, but mair particularly the sweet sadness o' spring, when first she walks outower the braes wi' a garland o' primroses round her sunny hair, and is playing like a wean among the lambs, I ken na among our poets the match o' my freen Mr Moir o' Musselburgh, surgeon though he be,—and fearsome to think o'! in the way o' his profession, during his college days doobtless a dissector o' dead bodies!

NORTH.

Yes, James. But not of him—"gentle lover of nature,"—could it be said, as of some that shall now be nameless, in the language of Wordsworth,—

"We murder to dissect!"

SHEPHERD.

Na, faith,—he wou'd na, gin he cou'd help it, brush the gold or silver dust aff the wings o' a butterflee,—accep, maybe, gin it were an unco rare ane,—an unique in the red and broon mottledness o' its striped and starry beauty, sic as that Prince o' the Air, the Emperor o' Morocco. And then, ablins, Delta might bring his heart to shy his beaver at it, for the sake o' sceence, Jamie Wulson, and the College Museum. An' there's just sic another, the very like's o' him in genius and humanity, the Modern Pythagorean, owre by yonner—dinna blush, sirs—take a lesson frae me, and no be sae blate—wha wou'dna grudge gettin' out o' his warm bed at the mirkest hour o' a snaw-drivin' midnight—and thinkin' nae mair o' the fees than the flakes—to dive doon into the cellar, or munt up to the garret o' some lane wi' a laigh vulgar name, to prolong, if possible, the wee bit peepin' life o' a span-lang bairn, or that o' some auld bed-ridden granny wi' a crinklin' cough, in the last stage o' natur's consumption. And mind ma words, sirs;—the doctors that's no deaf to the cry o' the puir, when wrastlin' wi' death in an auld clay-biggin, will be among the verra first to be ca'd in till the rich man's best bedrooms, in houses in fashionable squares, for does na ae God regn over all, and whare's the difference in the heart's pulsations atween that o' any twa meeserable mortal creatures?—But the wine's stannin' wi' me—there—that's garrin't spin!—(*The Shepherd with great vehemence sends one of the cut-crystals off a-spinning, and there is*

a smash, as of icebergs clashing in the North Sea.)—Mercy me! I'm dumb-foundr'd,—what a stramash!

MR BLACKWOOD.

Never mind, my dearest James, that sentiment was worth a shiver.

(Enter PICARDY, in consternation with his Tail, and the fragments are removed, table swept, and decaners replaced, as if by magic.)

SHEPHERD.

I'm blin'.—But what's this? Was na there a split bombshell the noo blawn to flinders on the table? I surely hae na been sleepin' already; sae it caunna hae been a dream.

NORTH.

You really ought, James, at your time of life, to keep a tighter rein on your imagination.

SHEPHERD.

What? would you daur to tell me to my face, that there was nae broken bottles?

NORTH.

Not so much as the taperest wine-glass wire-woven into almost invisible attenuity. That comes of being a poet! You are all subject to strange delusions.

SHEPHERD.

Weel, weel, sir. Yet I thocht I baith saw and heard the battle o' the bottles, as distinctly as ever I saw and heard a flicht o' fairies alichtin' on a green knowe, aff their silver-ringing-reened horses, and a' dauncin', haun an' haun, in a ring, roun' their statelier queen.

MR ROBERT HOWIE.

Mr Jeems Hogg—for that's your name, I understan'—there's no sic a place in a' Scotland for fairies, as the Mearns Muir.

SHEPHERD.

The Mearns Muir? Whare's that, sir? and wha, may I speer, may ye be yoursell?

MR ROBERT HOWIE.

You may ask that at Mr North. The Mearns Muir, gentlemen, lies half-way atween Glasgow and the Kingswells—and many's the time, Mr North, there, and me has louped owre its hags, and soomed owre its lochs. I ance saved his life—I glory in tell'n't—when some cursed kelpie had bund his legs wi' the cords o' the water-lilies, and naething was to be seen o' him, but something yellow aneath the water, and a heap o' bells frae his gurglin' mooth, as his head was ance—twice—thrice—coming up to the surface. Faith I rugged the rapas asunder like wunnlestraes, and brocht him to the side, by his lang yellow hair in my teeth, just as you may hae seen a Newfoundlander wi' a wild-awan. Had he been droon'd, there wou'd na hae been a dry ee in a' the parish.

SHEPHERD.

His lang yellow hair!! Lookin' at the bald pow o' him, beggin' your pardon, Mr Robert Howie, that does seem an unco lee-like story.

MR ROBERT HOWIE.

These are hardly the manners, Mr Swine, that we're accustomed to about the Mearns Kirk. But his hair *was* yellow,—and hoo lang it was, ye may guess, when I tell you, that Meg Whitlaw used to say it reminded her o' the Northern Streamers.

SHEPHERD.

And wha was Meg Whitlaw?

NORTH.

Hush, James, hush! And beware how you quarrel with my old friend, Bob Howie.

SHEPHERD.

Here's to you, sir; ma faith, you're a buirdly chiel yet—but gin I hae ony skeel in feeshionomy, you wou'd rather offer an open haun than a close neif to the Etrick Shepherd.

MR ROBERT HOWIE.

I never feared to offer either to the face-o'-clay. But I've clean gien

owre the fechtin', syne I settled the hash o' Black Carey, the King o' the Gipsies.

SHEPHERD.

An' are ye the hero that did that gude job to the kintra? Here's to you again, sir—for Black King Carey was the terror, for years, o' a' the Borders, and gaed travellin' Scotland thorough, wi' his wives and cuddies, fastenin' quarrels on a' the strong men he met, even when on the way to the kirk on the Sabbath,—an unhappy man o' blows and blood; and you ken yoursell there was mair nor a sugh o' murder.

NORTH.

In six rounds, James, on the high-road, no need of seconds or bottle-holders, or umpires, or referees, Bob smote him on the midriff, before all the Fair; and all his life after, King Carey was but a walking shadow.

MR ROBERT HOWIE.

Mr North, you could always beat me at the loupin', and generally at the rinnin'—the fechtin' we never tried—

NORTH.

There, my dear Bob, I played second fiddle.

MR ROBERT HOWIE (*laughing*.)

Aye, sir, that you did—and in mony a gey kittle concert. Do ye mind the four Paisley Butchers?

MR BLACKWOOD.

Mr Howie, perhaps ye will favour the company with a song.

MR ROBERT HOWIE.

I will do my best—if Mr North wishes it.

NORTH.

Do, Bob. Give us Sandy Rodgers's masterpiece—to the air of "Good morrow to your nightcap."

MR ROBERT HOWIE (*sings*.)

"Behave yoursell before folk,
Behave yoursell before folk,
And dinna be sae rude to me,
As kiss me sae before folk.

"It wadna gie me meikle pain,
Gin we were seen and heard by nane,
To tak' a kiss, or grant you ane;
But, gudesake! no before folk.
Behave yoursell before folk,
Behave yoursell before folk;
Whate'er you do, when out o' view,
Be cautious aye before folk.

"Consider, lad, how folk will crack,
And what a great affair they'll mak'
O' naething but a simple smack,
That's gien or taen before folk.
Behave yoursell before folk,
Behave yoursell before folk;
Nor gie the tongue o' auld or young
Occasion to come o'er folk.

"It's no through hatred o' a kiss,
That I sae plainly tell you this,
But, loosh! I tak' it sair amiss
To be so teaz'd before folk.
Behave yoursell before folk,
Behave yoursell before folk;
When we're our lane ye may tak ane,
But fient a ane before folk.

" I'm sure wi' you I've been as free
 As ony modest lass should be ;
 But yet, it doesna do to see
 Sic freedom used before folk.
 Behave yoursell before folk,
 Behave yoursell before folk ;
 I'll ne'er submit again to it—
 So mind you that—before folk.

" Ye tell me that my face is fair ;
 It may be sae—I dinna care—
 But ne'er again gar't blush sae sair
 As ye hae done before folk.
 Behave yoursell before folk,
 Behave yoursell before folk ;
 No, heat my cheeks wi' your mad freaks,
 But aye be douce before folk.

" Ye tell me that my lips are sweet,
 Sic tales, I doubt, are a' deceit ;
 At ony rate, it's hardly meet
 To pric their sweets before folk.
 Behave yoursell before folk,
 Behave yoursell before folk ;
 Gin that's the case, there's time and place,
 But surely no before folk.

" But, gin ye really do insist
 That I should suffer to be kiss'd,
 Gae, get a license frae the priest,
 And mak' me yours before folk.
 Behave yoursell before folk,
 Behave yoursell before folk ;
 And when we're ane, baith flesh and bane,
 Ye may tak' ten—before folk."

SHEPHERD.

Faith, that's just a capital sang—and Mr Howie, for sic a burly carle,
 has an extraordinar sweet vice. Wha's he that Sandy Rodgers ?

MR ROBERT HOWIE.

Just a workin' man, sir—a Glasgow mechanic, and nae mair. Judgin'
 fra my ain experience—a gey wide ane amang a' sorts o' lassies—it's no
 without a spice o' netur.

NORTH.

It is admirable—equal to any thing of the kind in Burns. Yet it and
 others—some pieces, too, of no little merit, of a serious character—were
 written, Sandy has told us, not during hours of leisure, but amidst the bustle
 and turmoil, the din of the clanking steam-engine, and the deafening rattle
 of machinery, while the operation of committing them to paper was gene-
 rally performed amidst the squalling and clamour of children around the
 hearth, now in the pet of childish quarrel, and now surrounded with mirth,
 and fun, and frolic. And Sandy is a sober and industrious man. So, too,
 is my ingenious friend Dugald Moore of Glasgow, whose poems—both
 volumes—are full of uncommon power—and frequently exhibit touches
 of true genius.

SHEPHERD.

And, therefore, nae members, either o' them, o' ony Temperance Society.

MR MULLION.

Temperance Society ! There is the topmost pitch of human folly ! A few
 folk with squeamish stomachs, to whom there would be a headach in a
 thimble-full—some sumphs who, in their stupidity, are all body and no spi-
 rit—misers who would grudge a doit to save their mother's life, or for a

calker of Glenlivet—hypocrites who, in a public, would “*curse* the cup, *nor* pass it to the rest,” yet put the bottles to their heads in their own bedrooms, till they miss the couch and tumble on the carpet—and drunkards dreaming that they are reformed because palsy-stricken, bankrupt, and shamefully dismissed from a hundred services—to which add some score of snivelers a-snoke after singularity, and a sensible man or two *mad* upon this particular point, and you have the constituents of the club which common-sense hunts with derision from among all honest Christians, and packs off, with a flea in their ear, to swig saloop among the Cockneys.

OMNES.

Bravo, Mordecai!—Well said, Mullion! Bravo—bravo—bravo!

NORTH.

It seems now as if nothing could be done in this world but by—societies: societies for propagating Christian knowledge among the Heathen, and societies for putting down the heathenish habit of gin-drinking among Christians. I know a gentleman, who, having got an indigestion at an eating-house, is now setting on foot “a Society for the Suppression of Kidneys.”

SHEPHERD.

Haw—haw—haw!

NORTH.

I assure you, James, it is no laughing matter, when the treasurer comes for his subscription.

SHEPHERD.

Which ‘ll a’ gang—every plack o’t—like maist ither religious subscriptions—for eatin’ and drinkin’ to the Boards. The richteous overmuch are awfu’ guzzlers. For ma part, I think the maist effectual gate o’ propagating Christianity is, in a lawfu’ way, to propagate Christians.

TICKLER.

So many missionaries think, James; and the plan, I believe, has been very successful in the South-Sea Islands.

CHAPLAIN KNOX.

Of late years, sir, let me tell you, the abuses that had crept into that system have been in a great measure put an end to. There has been a reformation—and all our missionaries now take out wives. It now works well.

SHEPHERD.

Isa warrant it. Hae the birkies got manses and steepens? Ou ay—nae doot—their bits o’ bouries and their tythe o’ yams.

CHAPLAIN KNOX.

The labourer is worthy of his hire. Our missionaries are not monks. Protestantism obeys, sanctions, and strengthens the laws of nature—and the missionaries she sends to the uttermost parts of the earth

“Do vindicate the ways of God to man,”

by cultivating and encouraging, both by precept and example, the MATRIMONIAL AFFECTIONS, inclusive, as you know, James, of all that is “wisest, virtuous, discreetest, best,” in poor fallen, yet not utterly forsaken, and yet to be restored, human nature. And thus, even in some of those very South-Sea Islands, where Lust was wont to celebrate his foulest orgies, hath he been “driven among the bestial herds to dwell;” and nuptial love, christianized into chastity, there “waves his golden wings,” over silvan huts, where from the simple Islanders, savage no more, is heard

“The voice of psalms, the evening-song of praise.”

SHEPHERD.

Mr John Knox, you’re a fine fallow, a credit to your kin and your kintra. There—consider that we’ve sheuck hauns. Yon’s really a maist magnificent moniment on the wooded hill aside St Mungo’s Cathedral, that Glasgow has erected to your great progenitor. “It shines weel where it stauns.” Mr South, your Episcopawlian brither himsel’, admires Scotland’s root-and-branch Ecclesiastical Reformer.—Dinna ye, sir?

CHAPLAIN SAMUEL SOUTH.

I do, Shepherd. Reformation, in Church and in State, is always characterised by the character of the times, the people, and the prime agents whom

Providence sends to consummate the work. A John Knox was needed—and a John Knox was sent—from heaven, James, as all good and great men are, who perform God's behests on earth.

SHEPHERD.

An' that's your creed? There—consider that we hae sheuck hauns.—What's the meanin' o' this seelence? The weig't o' the wee'st bool, trun-tled owre't by a wean, 'll break the first invisible veil o' ice let drap on't frae the finger o' frost on the blue breest o' a bit lochie, but, ere lang, the surface, solid as a stane-floor, wull, without ever gein a crack, support twa parishes at the curlin'. Let's hae a thaw.

TICKLER.

Nothing comes so near my imagination of the day of judgment, as a "sudden syncope and solemn pause" at an after-dinner table—when the company look as if they knew not whether they had lost or won—when the glib cannot even stammer—the stammerers become tongue-tied—and the tongue-tied stare as if they had been born dumb. The silence finally gets so intense, that it is absolutely louder than thunder.

SHEPHERD.

That's a maist insane solecism, Mr Tickler. That a negative quantity should hae the power o' the square rute o' an infinite series o' incalculable nummers!

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

I admire the rare intrepidity of the man, of whom, on such an awful occasion, the liberated and grateful company would say, with Coleridge, could they speak, "He is the first that dared to burst into that silent sea."

MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

The idea that such silence is louder than thunder—so far from being, my beloved Shepherd, an insane solecism—(an expression, by the way, dark with the unintelligibility of true genius)—seems to me, Mr Tickler, rather to fall short than to transcend the feeling of such a moment, in itself a century. The thunder which such silence resembles is too loud for the ear of man to hear it except in the faintest degree—and finally becomes, I humbly think, more like the breathless hush that precedes the earthquake—when man and beast seem all insensate as mute statues, and the soul scarce conscious of its existence is felt as Death-in-Life.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

I believe, Doctor, that the use of opium is frequent among the working classes in manufacturing towns?

MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

It is, sir.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Do you approve of it?

MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

I should wish to speak with diffidence—with deference—in the presence of a man of distinguished genius, who is himself a living and an illustrious proof that opium, even when taken in quantities that, before the publication of the "Confessions," would have seemed, to physicians, in the country at least, incredible—of the effects of the distillation from the poppy. Yet, that these effects are always pernicious, and often fatal, when the use of opium has been carried to any excess, is—I speak humbly—in my opinion, the general rule, not weakened, perhaps, by one splendid exception. There are in the human constitution such extraordinary idiosyncrasies, that no physician will be so rash as to assert that some there may not be—and one such, sir, allow me to say, must be yours—with which opium takes kindly, and acts so as to induce over the mind, not weakness and obfuscation, but strength and brightness of all the intellectual powers. I should assuredly think so—reasoning either *a priori*—if, indeed, such reasoning can be applied pure in medical science—or from induction.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Allow me to say, sir, that the opinion you now express is entirely that which I should have expected from the author of the "Anatomy," one of the

most ingenious and philosophical Treatises which have, in our days, been contributed to medical science.

MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

A mere trifle—in my estimation—I assure you, sir,—nothing but a humble thesis.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Will you be so good, sir, as to inform me, from your own experience, whether you think opium or spirituous liquors, taken for the same purpose,—we shall suppose at present, intoxication,—be the more hurtful? I put the question, sir, in connexion with the subject introduced a few minutes ago by Mr North—and so very picturesquely painted by Mr Mullion—on Temperance Societies.

MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

Let me confine myself, sir, first to the moral question. Spirituous liquors irritate the blood and the brain, and excite to wrath—rage—fury—and the most mortal quarrels. Thence many—most of the violent crimes that bring miserable men to the gallows. But, sir, no instance has come within my knowledge of an opium-eater—at least in Great Britain or Ireland—having been hanged.

SHEPHERD.

A capital argument—and quite unanswerable.

MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

Again, opium, whether in pill or drop, is, I believe, in this country, almost always taken in secret, or in parties of two or three—at least I never knew or heard of any member of an Opium-Club. Drunkards congregate together—and thence by sympathy—intenser corruption. Thus disease and delinquency are brewed together—and what have you but a poisonous scum?

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Sir, you speak well and wisely—and therefore I ask, would not, in your opinion, opium be a safer substitute to the poor, for spirituous liquors?

MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

From the premises I have laid down, I leave a gentleman of your logical powers, for yourself to draw the conclusion. But I can have no hesitation in saying, that by the use of opium, such as it is, to my knowledge, and I confine myself to that, in this country, less evil—far less—nay, comparatively little—is done to the morals of those among the lower classes who are addicted to that drug, than among the lower classes by spirituous liquors to drunkards. This is to be kept in mind, that the number of those who take opium to excess is comparatively small indeed—nay, among the poor, I never knew one such case—whereas drunkenness fatally is a national vice,—with us almost at once an Epidemical disease—a contagion—and an infection.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

But, my dear sir, may it not be, that the moderate use of opium among the working classes in manufacturing towns—and you seem to believe that there it is rarely immoderate—is, in a moral view, preferable to the use of spirituous liquors, which you rightly say is there so prevalently immoderate as to deserve the names you have now so eloquently inflicted upon it, and the fearful character you have drawn of its effects in your admirable little book?

MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

This I will say, sir, that any means of making the wretched forget or endure their miseries, used in the shape of any other drug, must be better, and that none can be so bad as—spirituous liquors used to such an excess as to make men and women habitual drunkards. And this I say freely, without at all compromising my opinion, that, among the poor, the use of opium is an almost unmixed evil.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Pardon me, sir,—but in many cases—when taken medicinally—it may not be an evil at all; for mark my word—*medicinally*;—and who can say, when eighteen hours' toil out of the four-and-twenty have bowed down both soul and body to the dust, a few drops of laudanum may not be, in the best term, a blessing? It may not be what physicians—what even you, sir, in

your enlightened humanity—would prescribe; but still, in the destitution of other, and perhaps better, medicine,—in the destitution of sustaining and restoring food, it may act as a charm—and not as a baneful charm—on those whose heart-strings are as weary as their backs, loins, and reins, and who are thus lulled into endurance or oblivion.

SHEPHERD.

You twa hae exhoused the subject. I never heard ony question mair ably argued on baith sides,—wi' mair caution, and, at the same time, mair sagacity; and the consequence is, that, while you're baith in the richt, and hae acquitted yourselves till admiration, you hae baith left it preceesely whare it was afore either o' you opened his mouth,—and, therefore, Mr De Qunshy, as there are about twenty bottles a' staunin afore you, and some o' them may be wanted, will ye set them a-march like a squadron o' the East Lothian Yeomanry Cavalry, passing in single files on Portobello sands, under the inspection o' Colonel Ross and the Staff o' the Fourth Dragoons?

MR BULLER.

I never saw better mounted troops in my life. Blood and bone absolutely fit for Leicestershire.

MR SEWARD.

'Pon honour, they wheeled into line like old uns. The Duke of Rutland's corps was reckoned, I believe, among the cracks, and I was not a little proud of my own troop, I assure you, gentlemen; yet in that last charge, I had my eye chiefly on the Edinburgh, and the Dalmahoy, I think ye call it—town and country—and, split my timbers, if I ever saw prettier lightning, or ever heard prettier thunder, since I knew a herd of cows from a squadron of cavalry. They were as compact as an electric cloud in a storm, and wheeled as simultaneously as a cloud in a change of wind; yet my excellent friend, Cornet Horne, tells me that they had been but a week on duty. Why, gentlemen, judging from what I saw on Saturday, confound me if you are not a nation of Centaurs.

MR BULLER.

The Edinburgh's mess-parties were quite bang-up to the mark. Tuesday's mess, in particular, was a gem. Lord Elcho made the best chairman I ever heard in my life; and for my own single self, why I do not scruple, among friends, to acknowledge that I was carried so rapidly, yet so imperceptibly, down the stream of wit, fun, and frolic, flowing from one end of the table to the other, that long ere midnight, I found myself on the shore of the sea of oblivion.

SHEPHERD.

Ma faith, Mr Buller, you and Mr Shooard speak weel for Englishmen.

MR BULLER.

You flatter us, my good fellow, but we both labour under the disadvantage of having as yet but imperfectly acquired the Scotch accent. Had we but a slight smack of yours, my dear Shepherd, with a tinge of your truly Doric dialect, we might, on our return to tongue-tied England, exhibit, if not a choice, a passable, specimen of the unrivalled eloquence of Scotchmen.

SHEPHERD.

That's cuttin'. You're twa qucer deevils; and though baith married noo, like mysell, just as blythe's whan we took a shot together at Dr Pawr's wig when travellin' through the Highlans that memorable owtumn wi' the TERT

MR SEWARD.

Aye, my dear bard, that wig is now out of frizzle—that skull is now emptied of all its Latin and all its Greek. The thousandth and one funeral inscription written by the Doctor was for the greatest scholar, in his eyes, he ever immortalized—himself—and all his erudition is now buried in the dust.

SHEPHERD.

What? Pat he never oot ony byeuks?

MR SEWARD.

Yes, James, his Remains are in seven large volumes.

SHEPHERD.

And a' buried i' the dust! That's ruefu'! But what else cou'd happen to a scholar great only in the deed tongues? Ony English I ever read o' his is sae like Latin, that I cou'd mak little way through't without Ainsworth's Dictionary. Yet I dinna ken hoo, the style seemed very gran', and to sown in my lugs—for it seldom got farrer—like the famous Dr Johnston's that wrot the Rammler.

MR BULLER.

Dr Parr, sir, wrote English, and good English too; but he liked a long stride, and therefore took to the stilts. But though strong in original composition—witness his Spital Sermon, and that on Education—his chief strength lay in his learning—he was a great scholar.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

A great Latin scholar, perhaps, Mr Buller—but, pardon me, sir, not a great Greek one. His knowledge of the Latin language was indeed great—but what proof have we of his Grecian lore? He who could speak sneeringly of Porson's "Metrical Conundrums" could not have been a finished Greek scholar—nor—

SHEPHERD.

Oh, ma deer freen', Mr De Qunshy—dinna be angry wi' me, sir—but I beseech ye no to spile a Noctes Ambrosianæ, on sic an occasion as this, wi' ony disputations about an auld pedant like Dr Pawr. I ca' on Mr Shooard for a sang; for I've gotten a sair throat mysell, and I'm no gaun to sing the night. Mr Shooard, man, sing a sang, sir—and put an end to the dispute—for I see by Mr Buller's een that he's castin' about in his mind for a rejinder, and o' Porson's Metrical Conundrums there'll be nae end, if the twa get intul gripps.

MR SEWARD.

I was so much delighted with a stave sung by Sergeant Scott t'other night, at the mess of the Edinborough, that I begged a copy from that incomparable yeoman, and shall attempt it, though a Southron, to please the Shepherd.—(*Sings.*)

"Let others talk of Elcho,
Of brave Lieutenant Hay,
Of Donald Horne, our Cornet,
Or our Staff-Sergeant gay:
Much as I love these heroes,
Their fame a speck appears
To the row, row, row, row, row,
Of Aitcheson's Car'bineers,

"Our troop contains some spoonies,
That shame their bonny nags,
And bump upon their saddles
Like to a miller's bags;
But these, our pride and glory,
Sit firm upon their rears,
'Mid the row, row, row, row, row,
Of Aitcheson's Car'bineers.

"Sir John himself doth wonder
When they recover ranks,
They come like claps of thunder,
Descending on our flanks;
In fact, they're more like Centaurs
Than common cavaliers—
O the row, row, row, row, row,
Of Aitcheson's Car'bineers!

"Some people in the charging
Are shy about the squeeze;
But these dress by their Sergeant,
And never mind their knees.
And from the carriage-windows
Look out the pretty dears,
For the row, row, row, row, row,
Of Aitcheson's Car'bineers.

"They show their taste, I reckon—
For slapping blades they be—
And I'll lay gold upon it,
Take captive many a she.
Edina's lovely goddesses
May well desert their spheres,
To pull caps for the bear skins
Of Aitcheson's Car'bineers.

"Then sure to Sergeant Aitcheson
A bumper now is due;
He drill'd our noble skirmishers,
He brought their worth to view.
May we all ride together
For many happy years,
To the row, row, row, row, row,
Of Aitcheson's Car'bineers!"

SHEPHERD (*after great applause.*)

Gude! What's your hicht, Mr Shooard?

MR SEWARD.

Six feet two.

SHEPHERD.

You're a strapper! Oh, man! but you're wonnerfully filled up sin' we were in the Highlands. Then you looked like the pole o' the Tent—now like the stem o' an aik tree. I was then really feared for consumption. At denner your appetite used to be brocht to a staun-still by a single groose and a cut o' sawmont—but the day, it wasna twa o' baith that wud hae slackened its pace; and I was as weel pleased as muckle astonished at the poor and vareety o' your stammack.

MR SEWARD.

Pretty well for a Southron.

SHEPHERD.

For a Southron, said ye, Mr Shooard? Oh, man, I was but jokin' yon time! Englishers are the wale o' the yirth. I never shall hae dune lamentin' that I was na yedicated at Oxford.

MR SEWARD.

A gentleman commoner of Christ-Church. You would have been a darling with Cyril Jackson, and taken a first-class degree, to a dead certainty, in Lit. Hum.

SHEPHERD.

Yet it micht hae deeden'd the sowle o' poetry within me—and I wud na hae lost the Queen's Wake for a mitre.

MR BULLER.

Why, my dear fellow, had you gone into our church, ere now you had been Archbishop of Canterbury. Howley is not your senior.

MR SEWARD.

And haply been—a rat.

MR BULLER.

Howley, Seward, was no rat.

MR SEWARD.

Yet he squeaked like one.

SHEPHERD.

It would hae made my father and my mother baith unco unhappy to hae seen me an English Yepisopawlian Archbishop. They wou'd hae thoct o' Sharpe and Magus Muir. The change frae Presbyterian intil Yepisopawlian would hae led me, perhaps, like the lave o' the bishops, or gae feck o' them, to become a Papish: and, in that case, I verily believe that either the faither that begat me, or the mither that bare me, would hae whatted a kail-gully on my heart.

MR SEWARD.

Pray, Mr Hogg, did you ever serve king and country in a military capacity?

SHEPHERD.

I was trumpeter tull the Selkirk Troop.

MR SEWARD.

And who, my bold bugle, taught you the points of war?

SHEPHERD.

You see, sir, when I was a callant, it happened that the banes o' some great, big, muckle, enormous beast, that maist likely had perished in the Flood, were dug up in a moss that the Dyeuck's folk were draining intil awrable—a Yelk—and my faither happened to get ane o' the horns. It was as soon's a saplin'—for moss, ye ken, 's an antiseptic. For years, simmer and wunter, I used to gang routin' about the braes by sunset, wi' my lang horn, and whan I grew up, havin' rather an ingenious mechanical turn, I contrived keys till 't; see that, afore lang, I astonished the knowte wi' "God save the King," and "Rule Britannia;" and by the time I left auld Mr Laidlaw's, I could accompany the lassies on't at ony air amaisht whatsomever, and a bonny accompaniment it was, sir, accepp, aiblin, noo and than, rather a hue owre loud. Whan the Selkirk corp was raised, a' een turned to me for the trumpeter, and I obey'd the ca' o' the kintra. After the great elk-horn, I made nae banes o' the sma' bugle, and burst about a dizen o' them wi' strecht-forrit blastin'—but the captain got ane cast on purpose for me o' the finest gold, and it's to the fore yet, to survive as an heir-loom in the family, without a flaw.

MR BULLER.

The country is indebted to my friend Lansdowne for the disbanding of

the most truly constitutional and national force that ever guarded the internal peace of a great kingdom.

SHEPHERD.

Ay, and the cheapest too, sir. The verra horses in plough or harrow were indignant at that measure; and the meenister's cowte himsell, that used to carry the doctor as chaplain, though nane o' the skeigheest, had your friend the Markee offered to munt him, after his unpatriotic dissolution o' the Soor-Mulks, wud hae funk'd the Secretary for Home-Affairs outower the Carter.

MR BULLER.

By what other means can the martial spirit of a people be so invigorated, without, at the same time, being brutalized by any of that ferocity which almost always belongs perhaps to your regular troopers whose duty and delight is in foreign service?

SHEPHERD.

Then, sir, think what an effek it had upon the women folk? The wife lookin' on "our John," wi' his formidable fur cap, and braw regimentals on, and wi' swurd by his side, and naething wantin' but mustashies to mak him an even-doon reglar dragon, wou'd as sure hae taen their ain bill by the horns as hae dreamed o' hen-peckin' sic a fire-eater;—the lasses, whan they saw their sweethearts chargin' on the Hair-laugh Moss, as the leevin' whirlwund passed by, felt, ilka ane o' them, that the nicht afore, perhaps, her mou had been preed by a hero, wha, if the beacons bleezed, wou'd return to her arms, after havin' driven the French, wi' Bonaparte at their head, intil the sea. Love, sir, you ken, is aye "like a dizziness;" but in those days, it was a dizziness in which a' the world, and a' human life, spun roun' gloriously to the sound o' trumpets. Mony's the time I hae seen us Selkraig troopers, gallopin' to drill or inspection, frae a' pairts o' the Forest, ilka ane wi' a hizzie alint him, wi' her haun on his heart; while the hairy caps were aye turnin' roun', at every brae, for some kissing, that seemed to put fresh mettle intil the horses' heels, till we were a' at full speed, like a marriage pairty ridin' the double-brooz.

MR SEWARD.

Drill-husbandry.

SHEPHERD.

Come, Mr Buller, follow Mr Shooard's example, and gie us a sang.

MR BULLER.

I will chant my friend Lockhart's noble strain, "The Broadswords of old Scotland."

OMNES.

Hear—hear—hear!

MR BULLER (*sings.*)

"Now there's peace on the shore, now there's calm on the sea,
Fill a glass to the heroes whose swords kept us free,
Right descendants of Wallace, Montrose, and Dundee.
Oh! the broadswords of old Scotland!
And oh! the old Scottish broadswords!

"Old Sir Ralph Abercromby, the good and the brave!
Let him flee from our board, let him sleep with the slave,
Whose libation comes slow while we honour his grave.
Oh! the broadswords, &c.

"Though he died not like him amid victory's roar,
Though disaster and gloom wove his shroud on the shore,
Not the less we remember the spirit of Moore.
Oh! the broadswords, &c.

"Yea a place with the fallen the living shall claim,
We'll entwine in one wreath every glorious name,
The Gordon, the Ramsay, the Hope, and the Grahame.
All the broadswords, &c.

"Count the rocks of the Spey, count the groves of the Forth,
Count the stars in the clear cloudless heaven of the North,
Then go blazon their numbers, their names, and their worth.
All the broadswords, &c.

"The highest in splendour, the humblest in place,
Stand united in glory as kindred in race,
For the private is brother in blood to his Grace.
Oh! the broadswords, &c.

"Then sacred to each, and to all let it be,
Fill a glass to the heroes whose swords kept us free,
Right descendants of Wallace, Montrose, and Dundee.
Oh! the broadswords of old Scotland,
And oh! the old Scottish broadswords!"

OMNES.

Bravo—bravo—bravo!

SHEPHERD.

Lockhart's the best sang-writer at this preceese moment in Britain. His Spanish Ballants!

MR BULLER.

He ought to write poetry. He has all the nerve of Dryden.

SHEPHERD.

Ma faith—even his ain father-in-law micht staun in fear o' him, was he to set himsell to some great poem. But John's no ambitious in that line; and deil tak me gin I dinna think he lauchs in his sleeve at leeter are a'thegether, at the verra time that he's ane o' its brichtest ornaments.—But did ye twa Oxonians ever see a Dowg.

MR SEWARD.

Sir?

MR BULLER.

Sir?

SHEPHERD.

Did ye twa Oxonians, I say, ever see a Dowg? O'Bronte—O'Bronte—O'Bronte!

[O'BRONTE bursts open the door of the Sanctum, and, placing his paws on NORTH's shoulders, looks towards the Epergne.

There's a pictur! 'Twould be hard to say whilk fizzionomy's the mair sagawceous. It's a gude sign o' a dowg, sirs, when his face grows like his master's. It's a proof he's aye glowerin' up in his master's een, to discover what he's thinkin' on; and then, without the word or wave o' command, to be aff to execute the wull o' his silent thocht, whether it be to wear sheep or rug doon deer. Hector got sae like me, afore he dee'd, that I remember, when I was owre lazy to gang till the kirk, I used to send him to tak my place in the pew, and the minister never kent the difference. Indeed, he ance asked me neist day what I thocht o' the sermon; for he saw me wonnerfu' attentive amang a rather sleepy congregation. Hector and me gied ane anither sic a look, and I was feared Mr Paton wud hae observed it; but he was a simple, primitive, unsuspectin' auld man—a very Nathaniel without guile, and jaloused naething; though baith Hector and me was like to split, and the dowg, after lauchin' in his sleeve for mair nor a hundred yards, could staun't nae langer, but was obliged to loup awa owre a hedge into a potawtoe field, pretending to hae scented partridges.

MR ROBERT HOWIE.

A Dowg indeed! How he wou'd rug doon the tinklers! Oh! Mr North—methinks I see our auld freen' Fro', (celebrated by you in "Christopher in his Sporting Jacket"—the best thing you ever wrote,) wha ance loupit doon, in a mistak, after a hawk, fra the tap o' the Mearns Castle, and sa far from breaking any of his bones, on recoverin' his feet, broke away after a poosie that his fa' had started fra her seat on the brae, and in sax minutes flung her owre his shoulder, like a moudiewart, without ever gie'in' her a turn! Only O'Bronte, as you ca' him, 's slae-black, and Fro was foam-white

—but what difference does colour make, sir, atween either twa dogs or twa men, when baith are cast by natur' in the maist perfect moul' o' their specie, and are baith the world's wonder among worriers, and mair than a match for any tinkler or any tiger that ever infested the Mearns Muir or the deserts o' Africa?

MR JAMES BALLANTYNE.

The noblest animal, in the shape of a dog, I ever beheld, perhaps with the single exception of Sir Walter's Maida—and he, you know, Mr North, was a deer-hound, a gift from Glengarry—and a finer, a fleetier, or a fiercer, never swept, in the storm of chase, over the mountains of Badenoch or Lochaber.

MR ROBERT HOWIE.

Is he dead?

MR JAMES BALLANTYNE.

He is, Mr Howie. And his stone image stands, with a Latin inscription, at the postern-gate of Abbotsford, which in life he guarded so well——

MR ROBERT HOWIE.

I'm sorry for't—for, by your account of him, the two would have made a gran' fecht.

MR JAMES BALLANTYNE.

Pardon me, Mr Howie—but they would—like you—and—pardon me, Mr North—our venerable Friend and Instructor—have fought on the same side. Never, till this moment, felt I the full force of that most Shakspearean line—Mr Howie—

“Dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls.”

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

No poet since Homer has ever made such noble use of that noble creature in poetry as Scott.

MR JAMES BALLANTYNE.

Never, sir.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Homer shewed that his judgment was equal to his genius—and in all minds of the highest order—as in your favourite Shakspeare's, Mr Ballantyne—these two faculties, in all their great achievements, march *pari passu*—or rather *passibus equis*—not else omnipotent and resistless; and, therefore, Homer, in his *Odyssey*—(and that it is not *his Odyssey* is a notion that could only have originated in the dunderhead of a German pedant)—it being, though myriad-minded, yet one Tale—he introduces but one dog, and that one dog, observe, sir, but on one occasion. But then, Mr Ballantyne, is there in the whole range of real or fictitious history (the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament always excepted) an incident so simply and sublimely pathetic? When the sea-soul-sick Wanderer had reached home at last, with face and form, though both still majestic, so bedimmed by winds and waves as to escape even faintest recognition by those human eyes and human hearts that yet loved their Ulysses well—when the old household nurse, who had tended him as the bright boy bounded out of the palace-gates of old—and even She on whose virgin bosom he had laid his head on the bridal night, knew not that he who stood there in beggar's weeds was in truth the long-lost and long-longed-for deliverer—then the poor, old, worn-out, faithful, and unforgetting dumb creature remembered its glorious master, and in a passion of joy crawled towards him, and died at his feet!

MR LAWRENCE MACDONALD.

Most beautiful! That subject is still reserved for statuary—and if the humble individual who now expresses his admiration of your description, sir, should succeed in “stamping on stone that triumph of the soul”—and who would deny to the dog that belonged to Ulysses, and was sung by Homer, a soul?—then yours, Mr De Quincey, be the praise; for the merit, whatever it may be, assuredly will not be mine, so strong do I feel the inspiration of your breathing and burning words.

SHEPHERD.

Weel said—my dear Lourie—faith you're the only statutory I ever ken't

that can baith work in clay and in words. Dinna hurry ye—and you're, at times, nae less nor yeloquent in your discoorse;—and as for poetry, your verses, Mr Lowrence, though they may aiblins be sometimes a wee hue monotonous, frae your bein' sae fond o' the Spenserian stanza, hae aye a fine feelin' o' beauty about them—that's your ain darlin' word.—Faith, Mr Macdonald, ye haunle the pen anaist as weel's the mouldin'-stick,—though, fortunately, no quite sae weel either, for wi' the ae muse you're only toytin', and flirtin', and playin', as it were, for an hour's amusement; whereas, wi' the ither, you're payin' your addresses till her, sir, wi' the maist serious and honourable intentions o' makin' her your wife—Na,—you're married till her already,—and a' thae bonny statutes, what are they but your bairns? Your stanzas will mak' you respected while leevin', but your statutes, my der sir, will keep you immortal when you're dead!

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Whereas, Sir Walter Scott—being, by a prolific power, almost miraculous, the unexhausted sire of a Family of Tales, each, in its own peculiar character, breathing of the common origin, to which all of them, by their strong kindred resemblance, may, even by the most unobservant or indiscriminative, easily be referred—was not only at liberty, but say rather constrained by the all-comprehensive humanities of his nature, from which the more interesting animals of the inferior creation are not only not excluded, but, on the contrary, by a thousand finest and strongest affinities and associations, necessarily and in *rerum natura*, or rather *ex necessitate*, as it were attracted, and when attracted, by a gentle violence for ever and a day retained;—such a writer, I say, Mr Ballantyne, had a perfect freedom, not only to elect one of those creatures concerning whom has arisen our present discourse, into an active agent, or, I ought rather to say, a hero, in every one, without exception, of his most imaginative romances,—but he shewed no less his judgment and his genius in bringing each individual canine champion frequently before the eyes of the reader, in each story to play many parts, and those parts in general conducted to a successful issue,—though not unfrequently the final catastrophe be such as to purge the soul both by pity and terror,—according to the ordinance and legislation of the Stagyrite, whose poetics even yet are by far the most perfect model of philosophical criticism existing in any literature,—provided always every achievement of the animal be, as in Sir Walter's Novels they always eminently are, not only conducive to the progress of the plot, but in itself true to the laws that govern irrational life, and (which is of equal necessity) increasing in interest, perhaps in wonder, by an arithmetical ratio,—each achievement not only sustaining, but elevating the emotion excited by the one immediately preceding, so that on the violent death of the dog, be he deer-hound or of a lower grade, we are satisfied with the naturalness of his whole procedure from first to last, and convinced, I had almost said in *foro conscientia*, that the catastrophe would in nowise have been brought about better by unassisted human agency operating hand in hand with Fate or Fortune, in the final disposal of great characters and events: and thus Sir Walter has created, Mr Ballantyne, I verily believe, some dozen dogs, while each of them perhaps plays, on an average, a dozen parts; yet judging by my own feelings, not a single dog, nor yet a single act of an individual dog, could be sooner destroyed in the Fable, or from the beginning entirely left out, without great loss thereunto, possibly without diminution, or even demolition of all the tragic passion thereof, without which a Tale of Doing or of Suffering must be little better than a mere *caput mortuum*, unillustrative of any great principles either in human character or in human life.

SHEPHERD.

Do ye understaun that, Mr Jeems?

MR JAMES BALLANTYNE.

If I do not, *James*—my non-understanding must be set down to my own score, and not to that of Mr De Quincey;—for I have seldom—indeed I may say never—heard the philosophy of criticism so elaborately and felicitously applied, not to the elucidation, (for who would dream of intensifying the solar lustre?) of the character of Sir Walter's many imaginary *Maidas*

SHEPHERD.

That's gude. That expression collects the creturs a' intil ae pack o' glorious houn's and jowlers; and we think we see them bearin' awa' owre the mountains to some great forest or chase, wi' tents pitched in a glen for the King and a' his nobles.

MR JAMES BALLANTYNE (*smiling graciously*.)

—but to the faculties appealed to by the pictures of our great national animal painter, and to the moods of mind, Mr Hogg, in which those faculties thereby appealed to must work, before the perusers of the novels and romances can arrive at a perfect knowledge of the poetry of such pictures, which embody, along with the primal truths of the natural history of man's four-footed field and household friend—

SHEPHERD.

The dowe—

MR JAMES BALLANTYNE.

—also all the most interesting and impressive traits of his character and pursuits, which, unnoted by mere naturalists, are chronicled in the traditional experiences of shepherds and huntsmen, and in the memory of our illustrious friend himself, before whose eyes no dog, of any originality, ever threw his shadow, without, at the same time, impressing on that mastermind a distinct and ineffaceable image of his individual being.

SHEPHERD.

Mr Jeems Bannatyne, you're a very clever man, and I like till hear ye speak—and aiblins better still to read your writin's, mair especially on the Drama. You're the only gude drawmatic censor noo, I mean the best, no only in Embro', but in a' Scotland.

NORTH.

You once said the same thing of me, James, to my face.

SHEPHERD.

But now I see baith your faces, and I gie the preference to Jeems Bannatyne.

NORTH.

Right. I agree with you, James, in thinking Mr Ballantyne an admirable dramatic critic. So much the larger and more feathery is the crow I have to pluck with him, about Miss Fanny Kemble.

OMNES.

Miss Fanny Kemble—Miss Fanny Kemble—Miss Fanny Kemble!

NORTH.

A bumper, gentlemen, to the health, and happiness, and fame, of the promising young niece of glorious old Sarah! (*It is drunk with enthusiasm.*)

MR BULLER.

The Paid Press in Town placed the blushing girl on a pedestal from which her own native modesty (and when was youthful female genius ever unadorned by that charm?) would have been fain, with faltering steps, and confusion of face, to have hurriedly descended. She felt that such forced elevation was as unfeeling as it was unjust—coarsely cruel.

SHEPHERD.

After an hour's sittin', a' men get yeloquent at a Noctes. Wha wad hae expectit "Bletherin' Buller"—as we used to ca' him in the Tent—

MR BULLER.

Blether and Buller! What is the meaning of that, thou Cherokee?—Paid partly, I presume, in pounds, shillings, and pence; partly in victuals; and partly in free tickets—

MR SEWARD.

To accept which, under any circumstances, is, I opine, beneath the dignity of a gentleman.

SHEPHERD.

What! a Free Ticket?

MR SEWARD.

Yes, sir, a free ticket—admission all your life to a place of public amusement, without putting your hand in your pocket, and paying your own way, like other gentlemen. Demme, if I would be on any manager's pauper-list!

Were I so poor as not to be able to pay for the gratification of my passion for theatricals, for the indulgence of my "strong propensity for the dwama," as our matchless Mathews says, I should think it more honourable to steal than to beg, to pick a rich squire's pocket at the outside of the door, rather than a poor manager's within, and to run the chance of escaping the imputation of being a prig, rather than incur the certainty of being known to be a pauper.

SHEPHERD.

You're just twa prood fules.

MR SEWARD.

Mr Hogg, there is a greater difference than merely of one syllable—between humility and humiliation. The receiver of such charitable donations, my dear Shepherd, as he struts into pit or boxes, can have no perception either of the *το καλον*, or the *το σεβειν*. His proper place is—at half price—the one shilling gallery.

SHEPHERD.

But he wudna see there, sir.

MR SEWARD.

Let him smoke his cigar for supper in his garret in Grab Street.

SHEPHERD.

But what wou'd become o' a newspaper without a theatrical critic?

MR SEWARD.

Ha! I have Socratically brought you to the point, Jem. Let them get critiques written by gentlemen. Nothing ungentlemanly in living by one's wits. All professional men do so—and why not critics? If a critique on Miss Fanny Kemble's Juliet be worth a guinea to the proprietor of a newspaper, out of his fob with it, into the fob of the gentleman that does the article. And if a ticket to the boxes be worth a crown to gentlemen in general, let the said critic melt his guinea, and disburden his fob of a crown at the receipt of custom, like gentlemen in general; or, if not, then, that there may be no deception, let him, like a Blue-gown, wear a badge on his breast, inscribed, "Free admittance," and then, instead of being elbowed on a full night, by pauper-paper-puppies aping the airs of play and pay—we shall know the pensioners; and to prevent ourselves from being incommoded, shew them, with all appropriate ceremony, to the door.

SHEPHERD.

You're just baith o' you twa prood fules.

NORTH.

My dear Mr Ballantyne, your Journal is a jewel. But has Miss Kemble, or has she not, in tragedy, *genius*? Her attitudes—her whole personal demeanour—are beautiful. They are uniformly appropriate to the character and to the situation—and in exquisite appropriateness lies—Beauty—the poetical word—in one sense—for it has many—for—adaptation. But the power of such adaptation cannot be without a fine and profound *feeling* of that to which it lends outward and visible form; and that feeling, since it regards the impersonations of the highest poetry, can exist only in a mind that has been inspired by the breath of imagination. Now, like affects like; and therefore the actress who sits, stands, looks, smiles, sighs, shrieks, swoons, and dies—like Juliet—is a girl of genius—and that girl, were there not another such in the world, is the daughter of that accomplished actor, perfect gentleman, and excellent man, my friend Charles Kemble.

OMNES.

Hurra—hurra—hurra!

NORTH.

But not only are Miss Kemble's attitudes—I use that term to express her entire action—her appearance, her apparition—beautiful; they are also classical,—that is to say, the spirit of Art breathes in and over the spirit of Nature,—for both are alike divine, since they have one common origin,—and thus she often stands before our eyes, with all the glowing warmth of a living woman, inspired by some strong passion of love or hate; and, at the same time, idealized into a speaking statue, in which the "divine rage" is tempered and subdued down to the equable and permanent level of legiti-

mate emotion; yes, of legitimate emotion, for the perfect truth of nature, as human nature is seen in this life enjoying or suffering, even in its loftiest or loftiest forms, would be bad painting, bad statuary, bad poetry, bad oratory—bad acting; in all these Arts, called, therefore, Fine, we must have shewn us the concentrated essence of passion, rectified and refined—pure from baser matter—and mysteriously etherealized;—and she, who, in her nineteenth year, and, however instructed by the best domestic tuition, a novice on the stage, *does that*, Mr Ballantyne, if not throughout the whole continuous course of any one character—yet I believe Miss Kemble in some characters effects that achievement—is a girl of genius, and well entitled to stand—not, most assuredly, on that pedestal on which, as Mr Buller rightly affirmed, the paid press had endeavoured to place her side by side with THE SIDMONS, with their heads at the same altitude, and shining in the same lustrous line of Immortals—but on a humbler seat along with the Inspired, from which no living actress may displace her, but which she herself will leave ere long, rising surely, and not slowly, from one place of honour to another, till, in the consummation of her skill, and the maturity of her powers, she shall place herself at last—listen all ye men to me, a prophet—I will not dare to say how near, or how far below, THE SIDMONS; for SHE—be it known to all men—is unapproachable in her sphere—but, in the same constellation, consisting of not many stars, but those how bright! of which Sarah will for ever be the central light, round which all the rest will continue to revolve, (forgive my astronomy,) and from “her golden urn draw light.”

SHEPHERD.

Hoo can them do that that never saw her?

NORTH.

That, James, is their look-out, and not mine. None of your hypercriticism. Then her voice, dear Mr Ballantyne, her *voice*. Its intonations, in tragedy—and the tragic is the test of spoken music—are touching in the extreme—silver-sweet and naturally mournful;—the simple sentences that Shakspeare, in their hour of agony, breathes from the lips of the Daughters of his brain, the Joys and the Grievs, flowing from her heart as if they were all native there,—in music remarried as it were to immortal verse,—never on my ear fell so simply as from Fanny Kemble.

SHEPHERD.

I wush I had said that! You're ay stealing ma best thochts—ye auld sinner!

NORTH.

What the devil do the blockheads mean by telling us (vulgar hounds!) that her *organ* is not yet very strong—and that her figure is not yet fully developed? Would they have a delicate girl of nineteen to “bawl for a boat across the ferry,” or to exhibit the proportions of a matron, the happy mother of ten children, all of whom she nursed, both on feeling and principle, at her own ample bosom, as is well seen upon her, to the horror of her husband and the astonishment of all the rest of mankind?

SHEPHERD.

Haw! haw! haw!

NORTH.

Miss Kemble's voice does not want volume—but then the volume of a young lady's voice, I humbly submit to this society, ought not to be in folio. Miss Kemble's figure is elegantly and gracefully moulded, and he who is not satisfied with her face, after having studied her eyes and forehead, but begins bothering you with vulgar and unintelligible stuff about her nose—as whether it be a little cocked or not a little cocked, or by what epithet you would finally, and, in “malice aforethought,” characterise it—or whether her mouth be shaped on this, that, or t'other model—as if there were not millions of indescribable mouths in this populous world, shaped on no model whatever, and yet very kissable mouths too, and when they speak, flowing, like the land of Canaan, with milk and honey—why, such a wincumpoop or ninnyhammer can excite in you no other idea or feeling save one of each—combined into a strong desire—to ascertain the shape of his

own nose, not by observation, but experiment, and to set the much-agitated question respecting the amount of his own mouth for ever at rest, by tearing it with your two thumbs—somewhat after the fashion of an American gouger, with merely a change of feature—from ear to ear, which, as it would be monstrous to elongate, you have a good mind to crop.

SHEPHERD.

You auld savage!

NORTH.

'Tis indeed at once ludicrous and loathsome to hear such critical homunculi delivering final judgment on a young lady's mouth. They deliver it with a pompous trepidation, as if they had been sworn on a play-bill to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, to the best of their belief, as it shall *not* be asked of them, and as they shall answer to Mr Manager Murray, on the last night of Miss Kemble's performance—so help them, printer's devil!

MULLION.

Stop, stop, sir. Remember the Chaldee. You're getting a little impious.

SHEPHERD.

Remember the Chaldee? It was me that wrote the Chaldee.

MULLION.

HEM!!!

NORTH.

Now, my dear Mr James Ballantyne—

MR ALEXANDER BALLANTYNE.

James, I told you that you were wrong.

MR JAMES BALLANTYNE.

Nay, brother! "that is the most unkindest cut of all." You *did* not say so, Sandy, till you read Sir Walter's letter.

MR ALEXANDER BALLANTYNE.

But I *thought* so, lad.

SHEPHERD.

Brithers aye differs about a' matters baith o' taste and judgment—baith o' theory and practice—the affairs baith o' this warld and the next. I ken that weel by my ain experience. A' my brithers are gude honest fallows, and we would do a' we could, in a reasonable way, for ane anither; but in maist maitters o' opinion, frae the doctrine o' savin' grace doon to the best traps for mowdiwards, we're a' at daggers-drawing; and it's impossible to drink a gill wi' the doucest o' them, without finding him as dour at an argument as a wuddy.

MR JAMES BALLANTYNE.

It cannot but be disheartening to me, gentlemen—and what, in common parlance, is called a "damper"—to know that I have broached an opinion on the genius of Miss Fanny Kemble in *THE JOURNAL*—(necessity alone could compel me, at a *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, to name so very humble a periodical—yet, though humble, I hope honourable)—which I have since learned is at variance with that of Christopher North and Sir Walter Scott. But though to such authorities I bow my head, here and thus—(*bowing urbanely to Mr North*)—I cannot, *will not*—even to them—surrender my judgment.—(*Hear, hear!*)—You, sir, have been so kind as to express a favourable opinion generally of my taste and feeling in theatrical criticism—and though I dare not believe that I deserve your eulogium, yet, knowing the honesty of my intentions, I confess that I heard it with pride. What heart, sir, could be insensible to the exquisite beauty of your most poetical and philosophical delineation of the genius of a true Tragic Actress? Assuredly not mine. But does that genius belong to Miss Fanny Kemble? I have said—No. Remembering her in her best character, I cannot recognise the Original in that Picture. That may be my misfortune—not that of the amiable and ingenious girl, whom in comedy I ventured to call already more than good, and to predict that ere long she would not be less than great. I fear not that in that judgment I shall be found mistaken; I hope that in the other I may. And happy indeed, gentlemen, will I be, if the daughter of Charles Kemble and the niece of Sarah Siddons exhibit, what,

perhaps, never yet has been exhibited on any stage, the union in one lady of the highest power, both in Tragedy and in Comedy; and that Miss Fanny Kemble will be hailed by admiring audiences, on the same night, as Thalia and Melpomene.

OMNES.

Hear, hear hear!

MR ALEXANDER BALLANTYNE—(to MR BLACKWOOD.)

James has spoken well, and has more than redeemed his lost credit.—Has he not, Mr North?

NORTH.

He has. My dear A. B., I am delighted to hear your voice. Believe me, when I say, that you do not sit below the salt in my esteem.

SHEPHERD.

The human heart is shaped very like this table—a sort o' oval, and thus freens can be accommodated in the ane, and at the ither, without ony body pretendin' to ony precedence, and to the prevention o' a' quarrels, on that pint, atween love and pride.

NORTH.

When last, my dear friend, at the Trows?

MR ALEXANDER BALLANTYNE.

Let me see—do you know, sir, that I never remember—time.

NORTH.

Except, my dear Sandy, when your Cremona is at your heart, and then you never forget time. Ah! the tones of thy violin are indeed divine. They gradually steep the imagination in a dream of moonlight seas,—of the shadows of old glimmering forests,—and when they lend their aid to awaken to loftiest pitch some one of Handel's sacred harmonies, methinks, Sandy, that we then see into the very heart of heaven, and hear the instrumental anthems of angels.

SHEPHERD.

Poo! I just perfectly hate and abhorrr a concert. It souns to my lugs as if ilka ane o' aiblins a dizen chiefs, a' reckoned musicianers too, were tryin' to play louder and faster nor his neighbour, wha may be glowering thro' specs at the sam byueck, and a' playin', too, on different instruments, and, there wou'd be sina' danger in swearin', no abune twa o' them the same tune. Mr Alexander, for fifety roartatoryawes, I wou'd na gie ae cheep—o' your "bit whussle."

MR ALEXANDER BALLANTYNE (*susurrs to the SHEPHERD.*)

Um.—My dear sir, the Trows, I am happy to say, are well—so is the Kerse. The fish?

NORTH.

Yes—yes—I received him, my dear Sandy, in a state of seraphic preservation—burnished silver without—and burnished gold within—for do you know, you salmon-striker, that his majesty the King of the Fins, is never so royal—nor am I ever so loyal—as when the red runs into yellow, like the lustre of a comet—a colour to which language in its poverty has no name,—for that which house-painters shew on bits of pasteboard as salmon-colour is more like that of the Shepherd's nose.

SHEPHERD.

Ma nose is nae mair sawmon-colour nor your ain, sir;—but indeed, it's no easy to ken what's the colour o' your neb, the hues o' your face are sae multifawrious. It wou'd require a proboscis as strong as a het poker to mak ony thing like a successfu' staun' again' the spats o' lowe flamin' in ominous circles on your brass cheeks. But this I ken, that if ever you gang intil a field whare there's a bill, you had better walk back-foremost, for that face will enrage a beast that canna thole red, mair than wou'd the hail body o' a mail-coach guard on the king's birthday.

NORTH.

James, the well-known and much-admired paleness of my face protects it from your sarcasms.

MR ALEXANDER BALLANTYNE.

We boiled one, sir, "in his ain broo," that is, *ye ken*, in Tweed water—

in "a wife's great big muckle black pat," as said a bit callanty frae the cottage where we borrowed it,—not an hour having elapsed between that anxious moment, when the Kerse unlooked him for me on a sand-shoal between the rocks—after a set-to of some twenty minutes, and no more—for my gut is always triple at the Trows, and would pull out a whale if I had room to play him—and that moment, free from all anxiety about any thing in heaven or on earth, when the first flake of crimson curdle—after, I fear, *no* grace—reposed between my tongue and palate—*melting* in a flavour, which, in richness and delicacy—a rare union in either fish, flesh, or fowl—did, Mr North, in truth and verity, I assure you, surpass that even of any salmon I ever swallowed in your society—in a dream.

NORTH.

Why dost thou never break the gloom of my solitude at the Lodge, by the light of thy countenance and thy cigar, now-a-days, my dear Smoker?

MR ALEXANDER BALLANTYNE.

I understood, my good sir, that you were in Switzerland.

NORTH.

So I am.—You are a tame trout-fisher, Sandy—with a small fly, a dreamer of dreams. Last time I came up to you on the green sward of Cardrona mains, I could not but imagine that you must have dropped your wedding-ring in the water, you looked so meditative and woebegone; but by a Fish at the tail of your line, you are suddenly transfigured into an impersonation of all that is most active, scientific, and intrepid in this sublunary world. Your styles are different—but you belong to the same class as "The Kerse."

MR ALEXANDER BALLANTYNE.

After such salmon as you have seen me kill, Mr North, all trouts are pairs.

SHEPHERD.

Pawrs mennons—and mennons expelled iktheology. To a bit body that fishes but for pawrs, or wha at least never gruppis naething else, like North there, sawmons, in his imagination, maun be like whawls,

"Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait."

MR ALEXANDER BALLANTYNE.

Mr North, James, is the best trout-angler with the fly in Europe.

NORTH.

I have tried the sport, my dear boy, in the best and worst streams in every quarter of the globe, and never yet by mortal man was outnumbered.

SHEPHERD.

But wecht, sir, wecht—what say ye till wecht? I have asked ye that a thoosan times, and never gotten ony satisfactory answer—naething but a haw, hoast, or a hum—what say yetill wecht?

MR ALEXANDER BALLANTYNE (*in a low voice to the SHEPHERD.*)

Every great man has his weaknesses, Mr Hogg. Venerate that grey head—hush—hush—hush!—Yes, Mr North, for weight too I'll back you against the world.

NORTH.

And I you, Sandy, *at rod or bow.*

SHEPHERD.

As I'm a Christian, there has that cretur been staumin on his hind legs, a' this time, ever syne he spanged out o' the Sanctum, wi' his forepaws on the back o' North's chair, wi' his head owre his left shoulder, cheek by jowl wi' him, just a joint-yeditor! O'Bronte, ma man, let yoursel' doon on a' fowres like ony other dowg—for in that posture you're gettin' fearsome, and ane thinks o' horrible stories o' Black Familiars.

NORTH.

Ambrose! (*Enter AMBROSE.*) A chair for O'Bronte. (*MR AMBROSE places a chair for "THE DOWG," which he instantly occupies, between NORTH and CRAIGELLACHIE.*)

SHEPHERD.

I've changed ma min'—ma soar throat's gane—and I'll gie ye a bit sang.

OMNES.

The Shepherd's song— Shepherd's song—the Shepherd's song!

SHEPHERD (*sings.*)

Frae royal Wull that wears the crown
 To Yarrow's lowliest shepherd-clown,
 Time wears unchancy mortals doun,
 I've mark'd it late and air.
 The souplest knee at length will crack,
 The lythest arm, the sturdiest back—
 And little siller Sampson lack
 For cuttin' o' his hair.

Myself for speed had not my marrow
 Thro' Teviot, Ettrick, Tweed, and Yarrow,
 Strang, straight, and swift like winged arrow,
 At market, tryst, or fair.
 But now I'm turn'd a hirplin' carle,
 My back its ta'en the cobbler's swirl,
 And deil a bodle I need birl
 For cuttin' o' my hair.

On Boswell's green was nane like me,
 My hough was firm, my foot was free,
 The locks that cluster'd owre my bree
 Cost many a hizzie sair.
 The days are come I'm no sae crouse—
 An' ingle cheek—a cogie douce,
 An' fash nae shears about the house
 Wi' cuttin' o' my hair.

It was an awfu' head I trow,
 It waur'd baith young and auld to cow,
 An burnin' red as heather-lowe,
 Gar'd neebours start and stare.
 The mair ye cut the mair it grew
 An' ay the fiercer flamed its hue—
 I in my time hae paid enew
 For cuttin' o' my hair.

But now there's scarce aneuch to grip—
 When last I brought it to the clip,
 It gied the shaver's skill the slip
 On haffets lank and bare.
 Henceforth to this resolve I'll cling,
 Whate'er its shape to let it hing,
 And keep the cash for ither thing
 Than cuttin' o' my hair.
 (*The usual applause.*)

MR SEWARD.

Admirable—incomparable—inimitable—my matchless Shepherd!

SHEPHERD.

What's the use o' a' thae substantives, sir? I ken it's a gude sang—and weel sung too—say that—and ye say aneuch.

MR SEWARD.

I beseech you for a copy—Jem, my jewel—

SHEPHERD.

What! wou'd you offer for to gang to sing't in any Christian company, wi' a great, rough, black, toozey head o' hair like that, man, that if thrawn intil the petrifyin' well at Barncluth, wou'd, in future ages, be thoct by antyquawrians to be the stane head o' Nimrod, or o' ane o' the giants that melled wi' the dochters o' man afore the Flood? Hoots—toots—keep to the Caribineers.—O' Bronte, gie's a sang.

O' BRONTE.

Bow—wow—wow—wow—bow—wow—wow—wow!

SHEPHERD.

Faldy aldy niddle noddle—bow—wow—wow! Sandy, man, canna ye accompany us on the “bit whussle?”

O’BRONTE.

Whew—whew—whew—whew—whew—whew!

SHEPHERD.

That’s pawthetic—Thank ye for your sang, O’Bronte. Now, creesh your craig.—That’s richt, North.

[Mr NORTH gives O’BRONTE a glass of brandy. He bows—bolts it—and licks his chops.

SHEPHERD.

Like maister, like dowg.—But we were promised some politics. Let’s have them noo—and I propose that nane speaks but Mr North, Mr Tickler, Mr Buller, Mr Shooard, and Me; and when we hae settled the affairs o’ the nation, then let us a’ begin speakin’ at ance through ither, and a’ as fast an’ loud’s we are able; no’ confinin’ oursell to ony partiklar soobjeck, but embracing the haill range o’ the awninal, vegetable, and stane creawtion.—Mr North, begin, and tell us something about the new king’s sons.

NORTH.

Eh?

SHEPHERD.

Say that I am ashamed to say, Mr North, that though the evening’s advancin’, we hae yet had nae usefu’ and impruvin’ conversation, but hae a’ been talkin’ great havers. We are, this night, like an army twenty thousand strang—sae, let’s hae some polectical information, sir, frae yoursell and Mr Tickler, and Mr Buller and Mr Shooard, wha maun hae brung plenty o’ t wi’ their frae Lunnun, whare it’s a’ brew’d. What kind o’ chaps are the new king’s sons?

NORTH.

The Fitzclarences are all fine fellows. The Colonel is an accomplished scholar, a zealous Orientalist, and a very clever writer of the English tongue. His “Hussar’s Letters,” in the United Service Journal, are, I think, about the very best of the many sketches on military doings produced in our time—truth, vigour, liveliness, and a great deal of right good fun.

SHEPHERD.

It’s a pity he’s no Prince o’ Wales—but his father maun mak a lord, if no a deuk, o’ him belyve; and if he comes doon wi’ the rest o’ them, od let’s gie him a denner at Awnrose’s. Whatfor no?

NORTH.

He deserves both distinctions, and shall have them. The days of dukedoms, indeed, are past and gone; but he will be an honour to the peerage.

MR BULLER.

He could not be a greater honour to it than his cousin of Richmond. There’s the man that should be premier of England.—I wish to God, Mr North, I could agree with you in the view that I know you take of affairs! But I am sorry to say I think it highly probable the Duke may succeed in what nobody can question to be his object—buying over, I mean, so many of the borough-mongering *interests*, both Whig and Tory (so called), as to avoid the necessity of closing with either the Whig or the Tory party. His purpose clearly is, to have a government of mere expediency: he is done the moment he is compelled to assert openly any one line of principle. There is as wide a difference between his *system* and that of a Pitt as there ever was or will be between *tyranny* and *law* in the abstract. In short, I do not believe we are so near the happy epoch of party and principle restored, as I know you sanguinely suppose.

MR SEWARD.

I agree with my friend Buller, that the Duke’s plan is to detach the great houses, one by one, from their hereditary principles and connexions, until he has chained to his chariot-wheels just as much vote-power as may suffice to drag the machine through. And upon my soul, sir, such have been the crawling baseness, the inefable cowardice, the slimy selfishness, exhibited in high places within the last three years, that I consider it as far from impossible he may achieve this magnificent object of heroic ambition!

SHEPHERD.

Capital!

NORTH.

Why, your sneer at the *hero*, Mr Seward, appeals to me rather misplaced. The Duke seems to be much of the same kidney with such of his predecessors in that line, as we know much about. At first sight, to be sure, one is melancholy contemplating the man whose great actions have filled the ear of Europe,—whose determined resolution, inexhaustible patience, and indomitable fire, were the appointed instruments of Providence for overthrowing a Napoleon,—one is vexed, and even feels a species of self-humiliation, in thinking of such a being as he is, spending what strength of mind and body may be left to him in the dirty tracasseries of petticoat politics, and the bargaining of boudoirs!

SHEPHERD.

Mr Jeems Scawrllett, whare are you?

TICKLER.

In the lowest depth of degradation in which ever Whig dived down into the dirt. There let him stick—and be bammed.

NORTH.

Faugh on the slave!—Good God! can Wellington—he that has breathed the breath of a hundred battles—that has struggled with the demigods—can he stoop to chaffer over uncertain votes with a Billy Holmes?—to arrange *considerations* with George Dawson?—to fawn on demireps?—to wheedle harridans? Faugh!—faugh!—faugh!

SHEPHERD.

Reenge your mouth, sir, wi' some speerits—od, ye look as if ye were pu-shioned—

NORTH.

Not a whit—I was only mentionlug what might, at first sight, or to a young man, be a not unnatural view of the subject. As for myself, I have no need to learn at this time of day, that a hero is not necessarily either an Alexander or a Cæsar. Marlborough, the night before Blenheim, could blow out a candle to save twopenceworth of wax—Frederick could spend the very morning after Rosbach in composing a lampoon upon Madame Pompadour—Bonaparte, most of us know how he occupied himself the evening the allies entered Paris—and all of us know that he, for some years of his life, made it his prime object to annoy Major-General Sir Hudson Lowe—and really, with these things in our recollection, I think we may spare our wonder on finding in the immortal Wellington, fifteen years after Waterloo—to speak civilly—rather more of the serpent than the eagle.

MR SEWARD.

Most potent senior, I was not quite so raw as to merit all these *fusées de la rhétorique*. Nobody can have attached less of the schoolboy notion of the heroic to his grace than myself. I have always considered him as the coolest and clearest headed of men,—a human being as devoid of nerves and feelings as his own Achilles,—and therefore understood easily enough why he should have baffled, one after another, a whole generation of bubble-brained Frenchmen. But I have also all along known something of his tricks,—his choice of aides-de-camp, for example—and was prepared to hear quite as composedly as yourself, that he who conquered in the field simply by the unrivalled simplicity of his tactics, might take the other tack in the cabinet, or, if you will, in the boudoir.

SHEPHERD.

Od, he's surely an unco pawky chield, that Dyeuck o' Wallinton. I'm sure, if he had either the Whigs or the Tories buckled to him, I think them baith sic gowks, that I have nae doubt he might gar them follow his fancy just amaisht as easy as thae puir worthless craturs that he's obliged to lippen to yenow.

MR BULLER.

His genius, sir, backed by his reputation, might have, under ordinary circumstances, secured him authority, enough to satisfy even his ambition, in a cabinet composed of materials of another stamp. But I suppose Seward thinks it is too late to try that experiment now.

MR TICKLER.

I know not what either Seward or Buller thinks, but I know what I think myself; and it is this:—Had Castlereagh lived, he would at this moment have been the honoured chief of a Tory cabinet, with the Duke for his *alter ego*. But that precious head and heart once removed, Wellington was left among all the elements of discord—burning jealousies, petty spleens, timidity, arrogance, the obstinacy of old age, the petulance of youth, the audacity of a rival genius, the suppleness of a predestined sneaker, the restlessness of a quack here, the moroseness of a gin-horse there. It was obvious that Lord Liverpool's premiership was no more than a name—and that the battle must be decided between the Wellington of Waterloo and the Wellington of the House of Commons. The war commenced soon, and went on with steady bitterness in privacy, until an unlooked-for event brought things at once to a point *coram populo*. It was then seen what heavy arrears of dirty rancour had been mutually accumulated by those to whom the blind nation had so long been trusting, as champions arrayed side by side in equal and honourable zeal for its service.

SHEPHERD.

Mr Tickler, I dinna understaun ye.

TICKLER.

How should you? Hold your tongue, James.—Universal disgust ensued—and the rivals were left to jostle each other as they might, amidst the scornful indifference of the deceived. From that fatal day, my hopes of seeing a cabinet worthy of the name were at an end. I perceived clearly that the charm of general confidence was broken—that the minor officials had for ever sacrificed themselves—and that, whichever of the contending chiefs should ultimately possess the reins, would hold them, not as a minister among ministers, but as a despot among slaves.

SHEPHERD.

The Dyenck o' Wallinton, for a' that, 's a great favourite wi' the nation—misca' him as you wull, Tickler.

TICKLER.

Pshaw!—It is impossible, Mr North, to deny that at this moment the Duke of Wellington is regarded with any thing but kindly feelings by the nation, or by any one class of the nation. But this is nothing to the bare contempt with which his colleagues and most of those who have been his colleagues, are universally looked to. And, in short, considering the temper of the man, I am satisfied, that after the experience he has had of the sweets of sitting in such a cabinet as the present—*Præses unus et princeps*—he would prefer quitting Downing-street altogether, to any arrangement which would leave him only the first among a set of honourable hands—men of rank, influence, real talent, information, and principle,—men to whom the nation would as necessarily look up, as they look down upon these subalterns.

NORTH.

I dare say, Tickler, the Duke will witness the result of the Election before he makes up his mind as to the *ulteriora*. But if that be such as I anticipate, I have no sort of doubt he, not being a fool, and being fond of place, and moreover having unquestionably not a little of that self-reliance to which the Shepherd adverted, will prefer alliance with the Tories, to the only alternatives then in his choice; to wit, alliance out and out, not with Whiggery, but with the Whigs, or another campaign at the head of the Incapables, with the certainty of being kicked out head and croup along with them in the course thereof. And I confess, I, for one, think the Tories, after all that has come and gone, ought to close with the Duke, rather than, by rejecting him, give the Whigs a grand chance of empire—for God knows how many years,—in other words, give the country the grandest of all chances to be utterly ruined. That's my feeling on this subject. I should never advise the Tories to resolve all into the question of *Duke or no Duke*? If he can under no circumstances make up his stomach to sit in the same cabinet with such people as the Richmonds, the Maunsfields, and so forth—let the world know where it sticks. Let it never be said that such men as these were unwilling, even at the eleventh hour, to make the expy-

riment of sitting in the same cabinet with him. Carnot obtained honour with all the world by putting faith in Bonaparte's promises, and undertaking the defence of Antwerp; and I consider that we ought all to make many sacrifices rather than behold a regular invasion of the Whigs.

TICKLER.

On the contrary, North, it has long been my opinion, that the only chance the Tories have of reuniting into their old structure of steadfastness, lies in the natural consequences to be expected from a Whig reign of some decent duration. I have been praying for their incoming these seven years—not doubting that in due season the toe would be called into requisition.

NORTH.

Well, I am no friend to any such experiments. And if by your toe you mean your pen, Timotheus, why, I think it very possible that Sir James Scarlett might reconcile it to his conscience to remain Attorney even under a pure Whig administration.

TICKLER.

No question—but would such an administration suffer him to remain?

NORTH.

Why, I dare say they would. Colonel Moustapha Soleau, I take it, is not unlikely to continue in charge of the fortifications of Algiers. To say the truth, the notion of any thing like a political conscience or character being necessary or desirable among the law-officers of the Crown, appears of late years to be getting considerably out of fashion.

MR SEWARD.

And would it not be very indecorous, my dear sir, for the man not to dress by his master? A pretty figure would a Sir Charles Wetherall make in the pay of such a cabinet as the present—no, no—*nova tempora novos homines*.

NORTH.

Why, in more senses than one we have now-a-days enough of *novi homines*—but I still hope to see the Duke—*volentem volentem*—at the head of a cabinet made up, to a fair extent, of persons of another cut. He might, after all, introduce half-a-dozen Effectives, without displacing a single ounce either of character, or talent, or any sort of influence whatever. Suppose him to make Peel a peer, and, if he must remain in the cabinet—for a time at least—privy-seal. Suppose Sir George Murray to stick at the Colonies, where, indeed, every body speaks well of him—and to assume the lead in the Commons, which I have no doubt he could *now* do very well—and suppose Lord Lyndhurst to be a fixture also for the present—I should like to know in what possible point of view the Duke could be a loser by sweeping out every other article of furniture in his present cabinet, Lord Melville, a man of talents and integrity, excepted. Old Bathurst, since he ratted and cut off his pigtail, is of no more consequence than that decanter of port. Herries and Goulburn have both stultified themselves now beyond all redemption, and, at any rate, must be cashiered—and as for Edward Lord Ellenborough—but I want patience for that *carum caput*.

MR BULLER.

Unless my old acquaintance, Ned Law, be much altered—I have not seen him for some years—he must be one of the best looking fellows in the Duke's pay—a tall, well-built swapper of a carcass—a bright eye, regular features, hair like another Antinous, and a strut like a peacock. By Jupiter, what do you want in a tame elephant?

NORTH.

Oh! mercy! I never saw him till I was in town this time twelvemonths, and upon my soul I am half inclined to agree with Lady Holland, that the mere spectacle of such a thing riding down Whitehall, and known to be a minister of the Crown, might be almost enough to justify a revolution.

MR BULLER.

That's *un peu fort*; but truly, truly, it's enough to make one's heart sick to think that the Duke's only official speaker in the Lords is this pert, pompous puppy of a *parvenu*. But for his ready impudence of chattering imbecility, and good-natured Lord Goderich's occasional Samaritanism, the great

chief would have absolutely been left, on some of the most important nights of this Session, to oppose the best speakers now in England—*tales quales*—with the quick, gruff growls of his own *imperatoria brevitās*, and the awkward, uneasy, repulsive, hoarse hammerings of Lord Aberdeen.

NORTH.

A man, however, of unquestioned accomplishments, and of talents very far above any other *non-combatant* in the Duke's clique. In fact, Mr Bul-
ler, the foreign policy, on which alone our countryman could be expected to come forth, has been all along, since my friend Canning's exit, in such a condition, that the devil himself could have made little on't. But we need not waste time about this. The "travelled thane," I have always understood, owed his place in the Cabinet to the personal friendship of George IV.; and, that being so, it needs no witch to foretell his fate now. I should not wonder to see Lord Dudley re-established. He, at all events, must have seen enough, by this time, of the wisdom of going out as part of the tail of Squire Huskisson.

MR BULLER.

I long thought the Huskissons would have made it up with the Commander-in-chief somehow or other; but of late there seems to have been such a display of bitterness, that of all possible methods of escape from the present dilemma, such a conjunction must be now the most unlikely. Charles Grant, Robert Huskisson *ipse*, and, above all, Palmerston, have thrown away the scabbard.

NORTH.

Ah! had some of these lads exerted themselves when in place as they have done out of it, we should have seen different doings in more cases than one. Why, Lord Palmerston was considered as a mere outworn fashionable voluptuary, cold, careless, *blasé* all over—behold the spur is clapt to him, and he turns out both a declaimer and a debater of the most laudable acerbity—a very thorn in poor Peel's withers. As for Grant, every body knew his talents, but his indolence was beginning to be considered hopeless. Could he have got rid, some ten years ago, of lying a-bed in the mornings, he must have been at present the first, without a second, in every respect, in the House of Commons; but I fear he has allowed the golden opportunity to pass, and, in spite of these recent exertions, will find himself without even a place in the next Parliament. The Duke is backing M'Leod in Inverness-shire *totis viribus*—and they say Robert is also trembling for the boroughs. His Highness would very fain keep out people capable of such demonstrations,

"And where he makes a desert, call it peace."

But the plan cannot succeed in the general. In considering the fortunes of some of Wellington's political contemporaries, I am often reminded of Benedict XIV.'s description of a certain French statesman, "*un fou avec beaucoup de l'esprit*." Sir Walter Scott, in his Life of Napoleon, says, that neither he, nor his conqueror, owed any thing to genius—every thing to the possession of the every-day faculties in an extraordinary measure. I don't agree with Scott as to Bonaparte, who, on the contrary, was a complete specimen of the soarings and sinkings of unbalanced genius, who was, as his military allocutions and bulletins shew, an orator of the highest class, and who, I doubt not, had in him all the stuff of a Pindar as well;—but I quite coincide with him as to the Duke, who has no more genius than a forty-eight pounder, and appears indeed to be cast of the same material—and think few things can be more instructive than to observe the style in which he has managed courts, and cabinets, and senates, by the sheer strength of homely shrewdness and imperturbable will, in opposition to all the efforts of all the "*fous avec beaucoup de l'esprit*." It was not talent of any kind that could ever give him a check—that required genius; and it is my belief, that even Canning's genius would, in the upshot, have sunk before him, had it been spared to try conclusions.

TICKLER.

Very like; but had Canning's thread been spun out, the great Lord would

have had pretty allies to lean on, compared to what either Canning had in his latter day, or he himself can boast of now. Had George Canning lived, the Duke would have fought him *mordicus*, at the head of the Protestant interest. Philpotts would have bottled off a score more sound anti-Catholic potions by this time; and Copley decanted them. Copplestone would not have been re-re-re-converted. Peel would have kept his character; and Bathurst his pigtail.

BULLER.

Well, it makes one sorry to think of some things. For what purpose, now, was all this mighty, this immeasurable evil done? Merely that the Catholic question might be carried a year and a half sooner. The solid immediate difficulty was, it is avowed on all hands, the trembling conscience of George IV.; and sympathy with his inward struggles was at the bottom, I can well believe, of at least half the popular indignation. How easily might all have been accomplished, had the Duke but waited till the accession of a Prince who had always been known to take a different view of that difficult question! There would have been a strong disposition to think favourably of a measure of grace proposed, *bonâ-fide*, from the throne, at the commencement of a new reign. The fact of the Monarch's being pro-catholically inclined, would have been an entirely new feature, giving a wholly new character, in the minds of many whole classes amongst us, of the matter in debate;—its occurrence would of itself have furnished a potent apology for the alteration of the minister's tactics. It was the universal feeling, indeed knowledge, that the Duke and his satellites were thrusting down their master's throat a pill which he, like many other people, fancied he could hardly swallow without a breach of the coronation oath; it was this feeling that gave the bitterness of personal resentment to political dissent; it was this that rallied the Tory magnates for the throne, against the contaminators of its steps; it was this that set the church in a flame too powerful to be poked out by croziers, or smothered down by mitres and aprons; in a word, it was this that disgusted and disheartened the loyal and true men so deeply, that I speak rather my wishes than my hopes, when I differ from you as to the existing chances of seeing things re-established.

TICKLER.

It is all very well to put out some bungling law affecting only the interests of some particular class, or profession, or colonies, and then, on seeing things have been carried too far, growl out, *As you were!* This sort of management may do very well as to questions of a financial or fiscal description,—a sugar bill, or a malt bill, or a stamp bill,—but it won't just do to apply it to national feelings and principles. The Duke may cry, *As you were!* till he is hoarse—the Tories won't fall into his ranks again.

TICKLER.

Well, I don't despair to see the House fly from the usurper ere long. Only let us hear that the Tories and Lord Grey have signed their concordat, and my word for it, there will be a sore scattering of both the rats and the mice.

SHEPHERD.

Eh! man! sic a coaleeshon as that wad open the mouths o' the public. I'm sure ye canna lay your hand on your breast and deny but what it wad be just as bad as Charley Fox's wi' Lord North, or Gordie Canning's wi' Lord Lansdowne. Na, na, I houp the true folk will never even themselves till sic a coaleeshon as yon.

TICKLER.

And why not, Broonie? Lord Grey has been speaking as sound Toryism for some time past as any man in the Upper House—and at any rate, things are come to that pass, that what he and our folks used in former days to fight about, are mere trifles in the scale. The Duke of Wellington will have himself to thank, if he finds the high Tories and the high Whigs united solemnly to rescue the Sovereign from thralldom, the Legislature from contempt, and the body of the people from intolerable misery; and if they do so combine, a pretty chance he will have against them, with the

apostates, the low Whigs, and his worthy papists and radicals! Come, North, what say you to this affair?

NORTH.

Why, I don't give up the Duke of Wellington personally even yet. I still hope to see him rally the Tories round him, and relying on their strength alone. I could not endure really to see him heading the Liberals in deliberate war against us. It would be unnatural—it is impossible.

TICKLER.

It is natural, and it will be, say I. No human being can doubt, that the King and Royal Family will jump at any thing like a prospect of emancipation; and I venture to bet a pipe to a pint, that the Duke and all his crew tumble out within one fortnight after the next meeting of Parliament.

NORTH.

Every thing depends on the people. If they really choose to do their duty to themselves now, all is safe. The Duke will be compelled either to abdicate or to modify—and once more, I should prefer the latter alternative.

TICKLER.

And once more, so would not I. I give up the Protector. To the rear face *quamprimum*, old soldier! Proud, heartless, stubborn Don Cossack, that it is—he has insulted the Tories, and shame on them, if they forgive him while the poker's in his back! By Jupiter, I should think myself justified in coalescing with Brougham or Beelzebub, for the mere pleasure of seeing him crawl out of Downing Street!

NORTH.

Come, Tickler, let's have your programme of a government.

TICKLER.

With all my heart. First Lord of the Treasury, Earl Grey or the Duke of Newcastle; Foreign Office, the other of them; Colonies, the Duke of Richmond; President, John Earl of Eldon; Privy Seal, Earl of Mansfield; Home Office, Sir Richard Vyvyan; Board of Control, Sir Robert Inglis; Admiralty, Sir George Fitzclarence—with Sidney or Wyndham for Sec.; Woods and Forests, Lord Lowther; Chancellor, Sir Charles Wetherall; Attorney, Brougham! Solicitor, Pollock; Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Sir James Graham;—for the Colonies, (Twiss being expelled,) Lord Chandos; and for the Home Office, Lord Howick; Board of Trade, Michael Thomas Sadler; Horse Guards, Duke of Gordon, and Ordnance, Marquis of Londonderry. What say you, Buller?

BULLER.

That's not bad—Vyvyan to lead in the Commons, and Grey, virtually I presume, in the Lords. But if I were to trust Brougham at all, I would go farther than you propose, and make him Chancellor at once; and I must say, I should think it worth a vigorous effort to include Huskisson, who, supported by Sir Richard and Inglis, would manage the Commons better than it has been this many a day. Vyvyan has all the talent surely, but my old acquaintance has thirty years' experience; and, besides, he has been of late seeing through the worst of his errors. Take in Husky, pray.

TICKLER.

The first and foremost should be to *begin* Parliamentary reform—which if it be not done gradually, in which case it could do no harm, is sure to come like an armed man at midnight, slapdash, cap-a-pee, and put all the fat in the fire at a swoop. The most rotten part of all is Scotland—begin there, say I. Alter the ~~law~~ about our absurd paper votes—let the property be directly represented—let every man who has L.50 or L.100 a-year in land have a vote for his county member. Do this here, and give the franchise to Manchester—and all the rest will come in due season. The Government by doing this much, or rather this little, would found itself broad and firm in the hearts of the people of Britain. Give Ireland poor laws, and you will see what a difference there is between the grant of a solid just right and the concession of an idle unconstitutional claim—alter Peel and Co.'s worse than ridiculous currency system—establish banks like our Scotch ones all over England, and let them circulate as much paper as

they please—regain the confidence of the West Indians, by shewing the sincere desire to give them the protection that is due to them on every principle of equity and honesty, (placing Chandos in the Colonial Office would of itself soften all the existing sores) REORGANIZE THE YEOMANRY ALL OVER THE LAND—(hear—hear—hear)—strike off the assessed taxes, and have a swapping property one instead—tax absentees to their very teeth—put an end to free trade in all cases where the freedom lies on one side only—do these things, and if Britain be not revived in every member before twelvemonths pass by, call me Quack. I believe I have alluded to no one measure of which Lord Grey has not more or less plainly intimated his approbation within this year or so—and as to foreign affairs, which I don't profess to understand so much about, why, I suppose it will be admitted generally, that they could not be managed worse than they have been ever since the death of Lord Castlereagh. The history of human bungling affords no specimens quite equal to the whole affairs of Portugal and Greece, in which, throughout, every possible phasis of dishonesty, imbecility, indecision, cowardice, meanness, crawling meanness, appears to have been exhibited, part under Canning, part under Goderich, and part under the powers that now be. I am persuaded, that to put all as far right again as is now in the nature of things, there needs nothing but half a handful of dispatches written by a man untrammelled to personal consequences among the outlanders, with a heart to feel for the honour of his own country, and a head not quite so muddled as to doubt that, give England any thing like fair play, she has resources equal to cast all that she has ever yet achieved, either in peace or in war, into the shade. It is this miserable ignorance of us and our concerns that has damaged—I mean damned—these people beyond all redemption; and I am persuaded, that if a set of honourable men, possessing character and confidence, had the concern in their hands for six months, we should look back on the fact, that a pigheaded dragoon, destitute of the simplest elements of any human science but his professional one, had been permitted to rule this nation for two or three mortal years, by means of a pack of brainless orderlies, picked up either in camps or in club-houses, as a grotesque invention of the father of dreams.

(Long-continued tumultuous applause.

SHEPHERD.

'That thunner's driven out o' my head a' that's been driven intil't for the last twa hours. But, Biley Blackwood, it's surely ten o'clock noo—and are we no gaun to hae some toasts?

TICKLER.

Ten o'clock, you gowk! Why, its two.

SHEPHERD.

Twa!

MR BLACKWOOD.

Why, my dear Mr Hogg, there has been no lack of conversation, and we have enjoyed the political discussions with which the Peers have favoured us, with much keener zest, I am sure, without the formality of toasts, or of standing speeches, which, even when most felicitously extemporaneous, have still some slight seeming of being *set*, whereas in this "feast of reason and flow of soul," we have been fed as with manna and dew direct from heaven.

SHEPHERD.

I've lang been yawp for manna and dew o' a different description, Biley—Deevils and draucht porter.

OMNES.

Devils and draught porter—devils and draught porter!

MR BLACKWOOD.

Mr North? Sir?

NORTH.

O'Bronte, bark on Picardy for the devil.

O'BRONTE.

'Bow—wow—wow!—whew—whew—whew!—ho—ho—ho!—whroo—hooweroo!

(Enter PICARDY and GABRIEL'S ROAD, with their respective Tails, with The Rounds, Rumps, Fillets, Briskets, Saddles, Haunches, Humps, Hams, Tongues, Neat and Reindeer,—Cold Turkeys and Toudies, and teams of Teals,—Veal, Beef-steak, and Pigeon Pies,—Salmon in many cuts, the pure and the pickled,—hot Herrings, Soles, Rizzards, Speldrins, and Perennial Oysters,—Cacra-bank seven-year-old Wether Hinner-houghs, Campsie Spare-ribs, and Altrive Grunter-groins, grilled,—Stots' Murrow-bones in broils,—Berwick's best, and Giles's and Black's out-and-out Ale bottled,—Meux's Entire, Draught in pots, from Offley's,—The Tower of Babel and Bergen-op-Zoom, with Milbank's Miraculous Mountain-dew up to the battlements,—The Ark, with Jamaica-Rum-Deмерara-Lemons-and-Limes-and-Ann's-water-Glasgow-Punch, just arrived by the Canal in ice, &c.

SHEPHERD.

What a Deevil! His name's Legion.

MR BULLER.

I may not imagine by "what conjuration, and what mighty magic," dinners and suppers come cherub-borne into the Saloon, or from what regions in heaven, air, sea, or earth!

MR BLACKWOOD.

There is a roomy kitchen, with all appurtenances——

MR JAMES BAILLANTYNE.

"And appliances to boot"——

MR BLACKWOOD.

—in the sunk story. We have a man-cook, once co-cook at Barry's, so he cannot but be skilful; and believe me, sir, that there is no extravagance in him—he comes in cheap—for he is likewise Ground Steward, and, at a salary of L.100 per annum, manages the department of the lower regions.

SHEPHERD,

At a sellery o' L.100 per annum! Mair nor that o' ony yeditor o' ony o' the new magazines lately set again, I'll swear.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Mr Ambrose, would you have the goodness to bring me a Pot of strong coffee?

(PICARDY places a silver coffee-pot before the ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.)

MR BLACKWOOD.

I hope you will pardon me, Mr De Quincey; but henceforth I trust you will consider that piece of plate your own. It is on a most ingenious principle, for which Mr Redpath, working jeweller, has obtained a patent. Coffee cannot cool in it; and 'twould be hot and hot, were it to stand there till next Noctes.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

A Patent Redpath! The intrinsic value of the gift, sir, is great; for the metal is massy, and much labour has been bestowed on the workmanship. But love, not labour, is the ground of all value, in the interchange of mutual good offices and affections between man and man. It were of great avail, indeed, to the progress of Politico-economical Science, were that distinction—certainly not a nice one—yet as certainly often undiscerned, to the miserable confusion of ideas polarly opposite—by future writers therein austere adhered to, as being in verity the foundation—or, at least, a foundation of the essential difference between Political Economy and Ethics—or, perhaps, I should rather say Moral Philosophy. Pardon me, Mr Blackwood, for what may appear, perhaps, to be a digression, but which is, if not the main matter itself, at least germain to it—inasmuch as that, in my eyes, this Patent Redpath would be valueless, as if it still lay unshaped and undug in the mine, mould-mixed and unfiltered ore, were it not stamped with a worth, above all value and above all price merely mercantile, by a die in the hand of friendship. Sir, you have my best thanks.

SHEPHERD.

Mercy on us! What a moovin' o' mooths! and crunchin' o' teeth! and smacking o' tongues! and lickin' o' lips! and dechtin' o' gabs wi' the rim o'

the table-claith! I'm no sure if that last manœuvre be a'hegether legitimate; but tooils aye drap aff a body's knees, and ane's apt, in lootin' for them, to 'break their head again' the table, as it's re-ascendin' until the upper world; whereas, the rim o' the table-claith's aye ready at haun, sae there's really nae excuse for ony gentleman wi' a creeshy chin at a Noctes. What are ye devoerin, Mr John Knox?

CHAPLAIN KNOX.

Towdie.

SHEPHERD.

And you, Mr Samwel Sooth?

CHAPLAIN SMOOTH.

Turkey.

SHEPHERD.

These are the twa best things ye hae uttered the nicht.

NORTH.

Is it a true bill, James, that you have had Hydrophobia?

SHEPHERD.

A fearsome fit o' it, sir, no o' the mere feegurative sort, sic as reigns at a Noctes, but *bonny feedy*, bodily, flesh and blude, bane and sinny convulsions.

NORTH.

I did not believe, my dear James, there ever could have existed a dog in all this world so mad as to bite the Shepherd.

SHEPHERD.

A mad dowie does na ken a Hogg frae a hoolet. The optic nerves o' his een are a' diseased,—as ye may weel see, gin ye hae courage to examine sic pupils,—and they dootless distrack the cretur's sowl within him wi' hideous apparitions o' his ain maister, in the shape o' the deevil, wi' a pitchfork gaun to pin him up again' the barn-door.

MR SEWARD.

Buller, how picturesque!

MR BULLER.

The great Poet of Hydrophobia!—(*Inspecting an empty pint-pot.*) These pint-pots are deceivers ever—they fill the hand, but they baulk the mouth. Offley must really be written to—they a'n't full measure.

MR SEWARD.

If Offley's pots be pigmyfied—then there is no trust in man. An honest fellow breathes not vital air.

MR JAMES BALLANTYNE—(*to BANDY, SQUINTUM, and PECH.*)

"And be those juggling fiends no more believed,

That palter with us in a double sense,

That keep the word of promise to our ear,

And break it to our hope."

SHEPHERD.

The verra bit weans that used to ride on his back, wi' their arms roun' his neck, and sometimes kissin' the verra chowks o' him, seem then to the destracked dowie to be sae mony demons, a' glowerin' and girnnin' at him, wi' red hot pokers in their talons, threatenin' him wi' the death o' Edward the Second in Berkley Castle. Wee Jamie himself—though certes a bit angel o' licht—seemed to Hector's ain Oe, when he gaed mad, a verra imp o' hell. No wunner he tries to bite. But in the last stage o' the desease—he can only snap—snap—for his ummer jaw has amaist lost a' its poor,—his puir tongue's hingin' out,—his flew a' smeared wi' slaver,—his hide ouch and tawted, wi' a' the hair stannin' on end like the feathers o' a friesland,—his lugs like sere leeves, owre feeble even to flap,—his tail nae mair "hingin' owre his hurdies wi' a swirl,"—his unhappy hurdies—but mire-woven and a' draggled wi' dirt;—and there he gangs stoiterin' frae ae side o' the road to the tither,—and wae's me! aften stacherin' quite doited until the ditch,—noo and then emittin' a sort o' short smoke o' a sneevil frae his rimmin' nose,—for to bark noo has lang been beyont his abeilities, puir fellow! let him try't as he may,—though aince he could bark, walkin' about the house a' nicht on the watch for trampers stravin' through the

kintra at untimous hours, after nae gude,—aye, could ance bark, O'Bronte, like your verra sell; and never, oh! never be his doom yours! A rueful spectacle, Mr North, to them that kent him when he was wice, and aneuch to break ony Christian heart that kens hoo he used to lie during the evenings on the hearth "beside the ingle blinkin' bonnily" in the midst o' the sma household, hearkenin' and unnerstaunin' a' that was said,—and hoo he used, God pity him, as regular as clock-work, to loup up upon the coverlet, on the wide chest-bed, and fa' into a watchfu' sleep at the bairns' feet!

MR JAMES BALLANTYNE (*much affected.*)

"And from mine eyelids wipe the tears

That sacred pity hath engender'd."

SHEPHERD.

A' the parish wi' pitchforks are at his heels. In the haunted glimmer o' his blindness, the puir possessed colley misses the brig, and the rinnin' stream seems to his red een a pool o' blude. He daurna—he canna—loup in to soom for his life—for the Hydrophobia is stronger than his dim dread o' his fellow-creturs, and shiverin', and shudderin', and yowlin', as if he had fa'n intil a bonfire or a biler o' bilin' water, he cowps owre, sticket and shotten wi' a hunder prongs and a thoosan bullets, in convulsions o' the dead-thraws. A' the while women and weans are seen tossin' their arms, and heard shriekin', frae hill-taps, and wundows o' houses wi' steeket doors, and the boughs o' trees—till Luath lies still at last, covered wi' a rickle o' cruel stanes, only a bit o' his skin here and there seen through,—and then, to be sure, there is a wallin' o' weans, baith callants and lassies, to think that colley should hae been killed, wha used to gang wi' them to the verra kirk on the Sabbaths, and, till God had allowed him till gang mad, had never offered to bite ony body but neerdoweels, a' his born days! Grown-up folk are a' feared to bury him—but—I'm tellin' a true story—wee Jamie and his feres, in their griet, ware nae sae couardly, and placing the dead body on a haun-barrow, they muved awa' wi't in funeral procession—heaven bless them—and haein' howkit a hole, buried their beloved Luath aneath a green brae, and laid a flat stane on him frae the channel o' the Yarrow, just as if he had been a Christian intewred in a kirkyard!

MULLION.

Now, Jamie, yourself in hydrophobia.

SHEPHERD.

Na. I shanna—for nae ither reason—just because—wi' that girnin' gab—you asked me—Moolyou. You've nae bizziness till be impident. In a' Mr North's banter—even when at the waurst—there's sic a visible and audible speerit o' amity and respect, that I can thole amaisit ony nonsense frae him—though my face, at chance times, wull grow a wee red—at least a wee het; but hoo daur ye preshume to imagine that I will thole a thim-mlefu' o' impertinence frae the likes o' you, wha, I aften think, are sairly out o' your ain place in a Noctes, and would be seen to far mair advantage in your natural sphere, your ain provision-warehouse, ye bardy body, in the Lawnmarket? As Joe says, "Tak your change out o' that!"

MULLION (*aside to his next-chair neighbour.*)

He's gettin' fou.

SHEPHERD.

What's that your sayin', sir? nane o' your whusperin'! The man that whuspers in company should be smothered—pitten intil a tea-chest, and sent aff to Doctor Knox. The maist disgustfu' est trick about a whusperer is, that a' the while he's whusperin' intil anither's ear something about you, the coof, though cunnin' and crafty aneuch for ordinar, forgets that ye may be observin' his mean motions, and senselessly keeps keekin' up at you, every noo and then, wi' the odious tail o' his ee, joggin' wi' his loathsome elbow him he's forcin' to commit a breach o' gude maners in listenin' for ae single instant to his sickenin' insinuations—till he is recalled to a sense o' the awkwardness o' his situation, and the enormity o' his sin, by a jug o' water just aff the bile, sent wi' a bash intil his face, and a blat-

ter again' the wa' ahint him, and doevil tak him but he w ou'd hae been cheap o't, had he been brained! Faith—I'm rather ruffled—come, my dear Delta—for you are aye the gentleman—by some pleasant observation—as Milton, I think, says, or something like it—for I hate a correct quotation—

“Smooth the down o' my ravin' darkness till it smile.”

DELTA.

Let me feel your pulse, my dear sir.

(DELTA takes out his gold stop-watch, a keepsake from CHRISTOPHER—a memorial of friendship—and mark of gratitude to him, the Pain-reliever—presented to the Poet by NORTH at the termination of a fit of gout in the stomach, which, but for Mr Mow, had certainly proved fatal.)

A hundred and ten—a hundred—ninety—eighty—seventy-five—sixty-eight—Now—you will do—my dear James. The circulation is restored to its former currency.

SHEPHERD.

Faith—I'm glad to hear't. For Peel's Bill has been the ruin o' the kintra. I kenna what wou'd hae become o' Scotland had the government extended till it the expiration o' the sma' notes.

NORTH.

My dearest Delta, it has long delighted me to see you and our friend there, whom we have christened by the somewhat heathenish name of the Modern Pythagorean—strewn the paths, and adorning the pursuits, of your profession—in the olden time often so strewn and adorned—witness Garth, Armstrong, Arbuthnot, Akenside, Glyn, and many other men of poetical powers, or otherwise fine genius—with the flowers of literature.

DELTA.

I have long since dismissed from my mind, my dear sir, any misgivings on that subject. Your judgment, and that of other enlightened men, have confirmed my own, that such occasional relaxation, as the study of elegant literature affords, from the not unsevere and rarely intermitting labours of a profession, of which I conscientiously endeavour to discharge the duties, to the best of my skill and knowledge, so far from either incapacitating or disinclining my mind for such labours and such duties, does greatly strengthen both its moral and intellectual energies; and I am happy—heaven forefend I should say I were proud—to believe that in my own circle those occasional relaxations, so far from being disapproved, or their fruits despised, have been thought to add to the respectability of my character. My name in literature I know is humble—but such as my reputation is, I am satisfied with it. My ambition lies elsewhere—it is in my profession.

NORTH.

Your name in literature is not humble—it is high; and all who have heads to know, and hearts to feel, what true poetry is, acknowledge Mr Mow to be a poet. It is a delightful thought to me, sir, to think, that your fine native genius offered almost its first fruits to the Work which I occasionally overlook, and in which I now take an almost fatherly interest. It is now enriched with many gems of your ripened and matured imagination—and no Number can ever be unworthy of the name of Maga that is graced with the signature of Delta.

SHEPHERD.

The Triangular Bard—though I houp the nicht, that “round as a neep he'll gang toddlin' a-ne.”

NORTH.

Heavens! can any studies be idle in a physician—in a medical man—that inevitably lead to elevation of spirit, breathing into it tenderness and humanity? Will he be a less thoughtful visitant at the sick or dying bed, who from such studies has gathered knowledge of all the beatings of the human heart, and all the workings of the human imagination, at such times so wild and so bewildering, aye, often even beyond the range of poetry, in those delirious dreams?

SHEPHERD.

That's a truth. In the ancient warld, was na there but ae God for poetry, music, and medishin? and the ancients, tak ~~ma~~ word for't, saw far intill the mysterious connexions o' things in natur. Owre mony folk noo-a-days, forgets that the alliance atween sowle and body's stricker—though no unlike it—than that atween church and state. Let doctors learn a' they can o' baith—and hoo they are to do that without leeterature, philosophy, and poetry, as weel's anatomy and mere medishin, surpasses my comprehenshun. Some doctors practeeze by a sort o' natural rumblegumshun, without ony knowledge either o' leeterature or ony thing else; and that accoots for some itherwise unaccoontable kirkyards.

NORTH.

No persons of the slightest sense will for a moment suffer themselves to be misled into such a gross delusion. Your mere professional man—in the narrowest sense of that much-misused word—is a man utterly destitute of all knowledge that will not go into a pill-box. He is, in truth, little better than a practitioner on the purses of his patients. But such practitioners it is, and such patients, who would revile all literature as worse than idle or useless—as pernicious—in a follower of Galen, Hippocrates, or Esculapius. Are they, pray, the followers of these immortals? Much in the same way as a dung-cart drawn by a single horse, which might probably perform the distance from London to Edinburgh in a month, may be said to follow his Majesty's most gracious mail-coach, which now does it in about forty hours.

SHEPHERD.

Mr Blackwood, allow me to say, that I defy a' Scotland to hae produced another chairman as gude's yoursell'. You've lett'n the current o' conversation wind awa' intil a thoosan channels, without ostentatiously direckin't—you hae had a pleasant and polite word to say to every body about ye—your wits hae never for ae meenint gane a wool-gatherin' out o' the Saloon—you hae been ready wi' your smile, your lauch, and your guffaw—and instead o' wushin' to shew aff yoursell, hae been desirous to bring out ither, no dootin' that a' the kimpny would feel that you was in your delight doin' your duty, and to say naethin' about the gled's ee and the deacon's haun wi' which ye aye took care to push roun' the bottles, I'm sair mistaeu if I hinna drawn the pictur, wi' a few bauld strokes, o' the best o' a' possible landlords.

OMNES.

True—true—true—true—true—true!

MR BULLER. (*Rising and turning to MR NORTH, and then to MR BLACKWOOD.*)

Mr North—Gentlemen,

I rise to propose, with all the honours, the health of our worthy host, WILLIAM BLACKWOOD.—(*Immense cheers.*)—He, sir, it was—I know it from YOURSELF—that originally projected THE MAGAZINE. It was planted—it grew—and nations now are sheltered under its shade.—(*Thunder.*)—Let me call him—for there is magic in the name—OLD EBONY.—(*A sound as of the sea.*)—There was a time when all the bulls of Bashan—and some Stots—routed against him.—(*laughter*)—but he took them by the horns, or by the tail, and flung them down the Nor-Loch into the slaughter-house.—(*Loud guffaws—especially from the Shepherd.*)—There was a time when he was deserted—say rather, disavowed—insane desertion and infatuated disavowal!—by some to whom he had never deigned to extend the honour of his patronage—

“The weak—the vain—the vacillating Good,”

They imagined that they were rowing in the same boat—part of the crew—nay, some of them you have told me, sir, would fain have taken the helm. They were but passengers, and some of them had forgotten to pay for their berths—that was a trifle; but when they became sea-sick and sore afraid, why, our host threw the live lumber overboard—to sink or swim—and such of them as had not provided themselves with cork-jackets went to the bottom.—(*Great applause.*)—Then prophets arose. The old men saw visions, and the Seven Young Men dreamt dreams.—(*Much laughter.*)—

"Blackwood would be ruined!" Of his glorious success—*Si MONUMENTUM
REQUIRIS, CIRCUMSPICE!*

*(The Noctes rise—and the Lustre trembles.
" Their rising all at once was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote.")*

" Contributors! he unites in himself two—shall I say—three characters—such as were never before united in one man—PROPRIETOR—PUBLISHER—shall I add—North—(*North smiles—blushes, and covers his face with his hands*)—EDITOR of BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE! Sir, Gentlemen—far be it from me to seek initiation into the greater—the higher mysteries of the management of MAGA. It has ever been my sacred belief—and I declare it now—that that divine Spirit manages Himself;—(*tremendous applause*)—but William Blackwood's own hands—I seek to know no more—and to have done that is of itself sufficient for his fame—dug the grotto out of the living rock, in which Christopher North, like another Numa, receives the visits of his Egeria.—(*The Saloon shakes to its foundation.*)—But—as my glorious friend Wordsworth says on a similar occasion, let us

" Descend from these imaginative heights,"

and speak in a business-like way of this business-like world. The circulation of THE MAGAZINE is—how much owing to Mr Blackwood's talents and integrity I need not say—greater than that of all the other Magazines in Britain united.—(*Hear, hear!*)—In a mercantile light, this is much—in a philanthropical light—every thing.

" Our dream by night, our prayer by day,"

is the happiness of our species—

" To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,

And read our history in a nation's eyes."—(*Applause.*)

Alas! ours is a smiling land no more!

" Scotland, your auld respected mither,"

is now too truly in the situation in which Burns, in his pleasant fancies, amused himself with imagining her—while, these words—that to *our ears* once "went merry as a marriage-bell"—"merry England!" sound like the tolling at a funeral. But while there is life there is hope. While Maga, who indeed is the Majesty of the People, flourishes in high estate, there need be no fears for the Crown. Of the late Demise I may not now speak—

" Some natural tears we shed,

But wiped them soon."

Had our counsel been taken—and it was accordant with all the noblest thoughts and feelings of his noble heart—George the Fourth would have gone down to the tomb, and lived in history through all ages, the greatest of all Kings. But evil counsellors wearied out the ear of age and disease into one fatal measure, that at its close clouded the lustre of a glorious reign.—(*Silent expression of deep sympathy with the speaker.*)—Sir—Gentlemen—I say no more. I am proud of being an Englishman; but greater pride in nothing honourable that ever has been my lot in life, have I ever felt, than the pride I feel now, in being one of the contributors to the Work which is the glory of Scotland. I had the satisfaction, sir, of becoming, by a happy accident, a friend of Mr Blackwood, before I became yours; to him I owed the happiness of an introduction to Christopher North; and having spent one intellectual evening in the domestic circle at Newington with the Piso of Edina—(*cheers*)—I found myself on the next, with no little trepidation in my delight, I assure you, sir, in the Lodge, with the great Modern Philosopher of the Porch—(*great cheering.*) I feel deeply, gentlemen, how few and insignificant have been my contributions—(*no, no, no*)—to MAGA. But as I never presumptuously pestered her with my addresses, no, thank God, never have they been rejected—(*loud cheers*)—;—a passionate, but a reverent, suitor have I ever been,—

I wear her colours in my cap,

Her picture in my heart;

And he that bends not to her eye,

Shall rue it to his smart.—(*Loud cheers.*)

And now, sir, I sit down, or rather continue to stand up—(laughter)—while I propose, with all the honours, and long may he flourish—"The health of WILLIAM BLACKWOOD!"—(An earthquake.)

SHEPHERD (in a low kind voice.)

Diinna fent, sir, diinna fent—tak a drap o' Glenlevit—you maunna fent, sir—Delta, and Pythagoras, tell him no to fent.

MR BLACKWOOD (rising in the midst of profound silence, under manifest emotion.)

This moment—this moment—I beg your pardon, Mr North—Gentlemen—my dear Mr Buller—(loud cheers of encouragement)—this moment compensates a thousand times—it is indeed an "over-payment of delight"—all the toils, anxieties, terrors, agonies, of years—(expressions of the warmest sympathy.) Noble, generous, glorious Contributors all! and you, my venerated friend—(bowing, with much feeling, to Mr North, who returns the salutation with infinite suavity)—who,

"Like a reappearing star,

Like a glory from afar,

First did head the flock of war"—

(Tremendous cheers—during which NORTH sinks gradually down till his face is hidden on the table.)

Forgive, I beseech you, this my feeble expression of everlasting gratitude. Deserted? no, never! True, that in our first campaign—and it was one of long endurance—I was encircled by enemies,—by enemies who thirsted to destroy what was far dearer to me than life—yes, to murder my character. But all their poisoned arrows either fell short—or rebounded, blunt and pointless, from a breast mailed in conscious integrity;—(loud cheers)—and then indeed I felt that "thrice is he armed who has his quarrel just."—

• (Cheers, especially from MR JAMES BALLANTYNE.)—Gentlemen, I bore the brunt of the battle—did I not?—unflinchingly—and escaped without a wound, Scot-free.—(Laughter.)—I am almost ashamed to say, that—veteran as I am—I have not a single scar to shew for it—and am as sound in body and in limb—in soul, body, and estate—(loud cheers)—as if I had never stood any fire more formidable than from the Seven Young Men's pop-guns.—(Immense laughter.)—I am now—by your faithful adherence to The Cause in the "worst of times"—independent of all my enemies. But suffer me to correct myself—they have ceased to exist. The few among them who, though deluded, were sincere in their hostility—in their enmity to me and THE MAGAZINE,—have either become friends of us both, or exhibit, like the Scotsman, in the general bearing of their opposition, the spirit of open and honourable antagonists. In the same spirit shall they be opposed by Maga, the Fair and Fearless—if with them there must be war;—but has she not proclaimed to the whole world, with a voice like a silver trumpet, that she is a lover of peace?—(Loud cries of She has! she has! Queen of the Pacific!)—The storm has long been over—the sea is now smooth—that is as smooth as the sea ever ought to be—(cheers)—and lo! Maga

"Is like a ship on some bright day,

In sunshine sailing far away,

Some noble ship that hath the plain

Of ocean for her own domain!"

Mutineers there could be none in our crew. Not a single man has been pressed into the service—(cheers)—and if a couple of tailors—ashamed of their sex—did once contrive to smuggle themselves on board, in the disguise of bumboat-women—(roars of laughter)—why, surely it was more humane to send them ashore, to the tune of the Rogue's March, without that shameful exposure which must have attended the rigging of them out in breeches of their own handiwork—(continued roars of laughter)—with payment for past services—which were confined, I believe, to a vain attempt or two at removal of some stinking water-casks from the hold—(continued laughter)—payment, gentlemen, which, however ungratefully since complained of as penurious, was more than sufficient to have procured the quarter of a man and a fraction one meal a-day at least for a week, of nutritious parsnips.—(Peals.)—And thus was the good ship Maga saved the disgrace of seeing the

poor miserable wretches, convicted of continual cabbaging, dangling at her yard-arm.—(Shouts.)—Gentlemen, once more, and for ever more, I beg you will accept these feeble expressions of my boundless gratitude. God bless you all!

(MR BLACKWOOD sits down in the hug of the SHEPHERD, and all for some minutes is glorious confusion and uproar—waving of handkerchiefs—smashing of glasses—and shivering of chairs—till the Saloon seems to reel like the cabin of a ship in a squall. At length, order being restored, Bruin, alias the Broonie, releases the Bailie from his embrace, and stands to his feet.)

SHEPHERD.

North, I volunteer a sang. A' the world 'll no prevent me frae singin' a sang. I kenna what it 'll be; but I tak this verra Saloon for a soobject—These verra premises—MAGA AT NO. 45.

OMNES.

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!—Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!—Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

MAGA AT NO. 45.

Forty-five, Forty-five,
For a blessing belyve,
I have set up my rest under you,
For aye, through this land,
With blood and with brand,
Thy name was engraven till now,
Forty-five,
Thy name was engraven till now.

The first time, I trow,
That I e'er heard of you,
It was long ere a Maga was born,
When the Border all rang
With war's terrible clang,
And the bugle at evening and morn,
Forty-five, &c.

And though then Ancrum Moor
Ran red with the gore
Of the Southron's inveterate host;
Yet war, waste, and death,
In vengeance and wrath,
Went on to our land's bitter cost,
Forty-five, &c.

The next time I heard
Of thy baleful award
To my country—How grievous the while,
When thousands of Scots
Cut each other's throats,
Under Baillie, Montrose, and Argyle,
Forty-five, &c.

Then in feud and in flame,
With Prince Charles you came,
Who like lightning the land overran;
How fraught with despair,
To the brave and the fair,
To the Prince, each bold Chief, and his clan,
Forty-five, &c.

Brave Printe, o'er thy urn,
Royal Maga must mourn,
As the last of her old Stuart name;

And to keep it alive,
Under THE Forty-five,
My country's free standard shall flame,
Royal race, &c.

I have heard of thy number,
Mid bother and cumber,
On the hill of old Ludgate confest;
But our rights to revive
Under this Forty-five,
Undaunted I set up my rest,
Forty-five, &c.

And each statesman shall know it,
Each critic and poet,
And guess from the days that are gone,
That at Forty-five,
While Maga's alive,
Respect of their persons is none,
Forty-five, &c.

If in honour they fail,
She will ring such a peal
Of reproach, that the world shall wonder,
And tremble and shrive,
When New Forty-five
Breaks out in her volleys of thunder,
Kit North, &c.

For she's firm as the Bass,
And her brow is of brass,
And her rapier of flame is the pen;
Yet more influence has she
O'er the land and the sea,
Than an hundred and ten thousand men,
Forty-five,
Than an hundred and ten thousand men.

Then hail my new dwelling,
All others excelling,
Thou throne of the bold and the free:
And here I proclaim,
In Old Christopher's name,
That my friends shall be welcome in thee,
Forty-five;
All my friends shall be welcome in thee.
[Enthusiastic chuckling and crowing.]

MR BLACKWOOD.

THE SHEPHERD—with all the honours.

MR ROBERT HOWIE.

Stop. I'll drink that toast—standin' on my head. Mr North, we've baith o' us dune that trick in our youth—and mony a queer ane beside—haena we? (NORTH bows.) Do tak the time frae me, sirs.

[MR ROBERT HOWIE reverses the common order of nature—and at his special request, MR SEWARD places a brimming bumper on each of his soles, which stand there so steadily, that not a drop is spilt. The Hero of the Mearns raises his “hip—hip—hip”—like a Stentor—and the statue of GEORGE BUCHANAN trembles on its pedestal.]

SHEPHERD (rising.)

I canna speak on my legs—a single grain. A' my ideas, the moment I get up, flee out o' my head, like doos frae a doocot. If a sentence happens

to get about twa lines lang, I'm as entirely bewildered as if I were in the Cretan Labareuth,—and as sune's I fin' mysel' enclosed in ony thing like a paranthesis, I gie mysel' up for lost.—(*Cheers and laughter.*)—I'M NAETHING AFF THE SCLATE.—(*Here, during a pause in the Shepherd's oratory, MR NORTH explains to MESSRS BULLER and SEWARD, the Bard's uniform practice of poetizing on a slate, from which he transfers his inspiration to paper, in a fine Roman hand.*)—Let me recover the threed o' my discoorse. Whare was I? Ou aye. I had written, sirs, twa sangs for this gran' occasion—but wee Jamie, God bless him, wushin' to amuse himsel' wi' makin' a pictur o' the Bonassus, wiped them awa yesterday forenoon into everlasting oblivion wi' the cuff o' his jacket.—(*Much lamentation.*)—But, Mr North, and Mr Blackwood, and gentlemen all, some thochts and feelings there are which I commit not to ony ither tablet but that o', I trust, an honest heart,—(*shouts and peals,*)—and, among these, I can solemnly say, if not first and foremost, (for I hae a wife and family,) yet, I declare to heeven, in the van, are them o' gratitude, affection, and respect for the stanch freens by whom I am now proud to see mysel' surrounded, and wha hae lang been the cherm and the glory o' my life.—(*The most affectionate applause from eye, voice, and hand.*)—Mawga's a queer deevil,—(*much laughter,*)—an' a set o' queer deevils she has got to deal wi'.—Preserve me, if Mr Hooie's no stannin' on his head yet—like ane o' the Antipodes!—(*MR SEWARD dexterously removes the bumpers from MR HOWIE'S soles—the hero of the Mearns springs to his feet—empties them both to the SHEPHERD'S health—and resumes his seat with his usual gravity.*) I dinna scruple to say that She's lang been as muckle obleeged to me—as ever I was to Her—and that's nae little; and I hae formed a very erroneous estimat o' Her heart, if She wou'd na be as sair pitten oot o' Her way by my death, as I wou'd be by Hers.—(*Solemn silence.*)—But why, indeed, speak o' deein'—if it bena, as Mr Wudsworth profoundly indites,

“That pleasant thochts

Bring sad thochts to the mind,”

I ken weel—and sae does She—something tells it till me—here I ken—(*laying one hand on his forehead and the other on his heart*)—that we are BATH IMMORTAL. (“*Far flash the red artillery.*”) I was a puir shepherd twa score years ago,—and I'm a puir shepherd yet,—but, to use the langage o' a bit herd lassie that I ance heard singin' to hersel' a fragment o' some auld sang that had a' faded awa but thae twa simple lines, I may say that Natur

“Did gie to me her music pipes,

And the sweet trumpin' strains,”

and aften hae I felt, sirs, and may feel it again, that come what micht o' sorrow or sufferin', I never wad be an object o' peety eithir to mysel' or ither, sae lang as nature continued to me the gift o' genie, and enabled me, at mine ain wull, to awauken a voice o' music within the regions o' mine ain heart and mine ain imagination, that made the ears o' my sowl deaf to the loudest storms o' fate and fortune.

[SHEPHERD sits down amidst cries from all sides of “Beautiful,”

“Glorious,” “Most true.” God bless you, JAMES—bless the SHEPHERD—THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD for ever!)

SHEPHERD.

Bless us, whare's Mr Shooard? Whare's Mr Shooard? If he's gane at sic an early hour, the lift'll fa' and smother the laverocks. Wull naebody tell me whare's Mr Shooard? He maun hae been a ghaist to hae melted away through thae thick wa's.—O'Bronte, gang intil the Sanctum, and see for Mr Shooard.

[O'BRONTE trots away into the Sanctum, and returns, leading MR SEWARD by the skirts.

MR SEWARD.

I ought to make many apologies, Mr Blackwood, for what must have seemed an unnecessarily long absence—but I felt myself inspired by Apollo—slightly indeed—but rather more so than by Bacchus, or even Mercury; and having jotted down a few lines, perhaps I may be permitted to

chant them—to an old well-known air, which Mister Manager Murray sings to a miracle. Would that to my own voice—not so much amiss, I believe—I could add but a title of that admirable fellow's taste and feeling!

MR BLACKWOOD.

We shall be delighted to hear you, sir.

MR SEWARD (*sings.*)

A CHANT.

To the Tune of—"The Old Courtier and the New."

How happy is the state that THE OLD MAN doth possess,
Whom fortune, fame, and friendship, have all combined to bless,
And whom the daughters of our land delight to caress,
So that he holds his head above his brethren of the press,
Like a fine old stately Gentleman
Of the good olden time.

Who, daring to be honest in the most degen'rate days,
The crowd of renegades around indignantly surveys,
And dealing out in truth severe his censure and his praise,
As yet has never come to see the error of his ways,
Like an obstinate old Gentleman
Of the good olden time.

Who though he oft is quite as grave as well befits his age,
At other times he scruples not to lay aside the sage:
And Wit in all her thousand moods then sparkles in his page,
So that the hearts of old and young he thereby doth engage,
Like a versatile old Gentleman
Of the good olden time.

Whose manners are so bland, and whose smile it is so sweet—
Yet as tough a customer as any man need meet—
Whose bearing doth so well become the *cavalier complete*,
Who ne'er abused a victory, nor ever fear'd defeat,
Like a gallant brave old Gentleman
Of the good olden time.

God bless the good old Gentleman, and send him long to reign
Over the empire which he rules, and ne'er has ruled in vain;
And peace to all the ghosts of those his grey goose quill has slain,
And chiefly to the Cockney-crew whom he's put out of pain,
Like a good humane old Gentleman
Of the good olden time.

NORTH (*rising amidst the subsiding applause.*)

Gentlemen, I propose in one sentence—with all the honours—the health of THOMAS DE QUINCEY—a person of the highest Intellectual and Imaginative Powers—a Metaphysician, a Logician, and a Political Economist of the First Order—a profound and comprehensive Scholar—a perfect Gentleman—and one of the best of Men.

[*The ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER's health is drunk with prodigious acclamation; but, after a long pause, MR DE QUINCEY still remains rooted to his seat.*]

SHEPHERD (*aside to the company.*)

He seems perfectly stunned. My dear sir, is it ane o' the idiosyncrasies o' your constitution—(that lang-nebbed word I committed to memory the nicht frae the recitation o' the Modern Pythagorean)—to get ill at thunner? Whisht, weans—he's fistin' on his seat—as abbot to rise. Whisht—I hae lang desired to hear the Opium-Eater mak a speech. Neo for't—it'll be gran' Logic, elegant Rhetoric, and souu' Feeelosophy! Whisht, weans—whisht!

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

On this occasion, dear Sir Christopher—oldest, justest, most brilliant of friends!—let me unbosom to you my griefs. You know my position—an Englishman—domiciliated often in Scotland—always there in heart and affection. You I need not instruct that among Scotchmen (or, as for some unfathomable reason, they choose to be called, Scotsmen) are my earliest, dearest, and most honoured friends. Many of my countrymen *adopt*, as blindly as they do their religious faith, a reverence for Scotland: and it is well if a just sentiment be held, on whatsoever footing. But still a “reasonable service” is better: and *my* veneration for the Scottish land rests, as you know, Sir Christopher, on personal knowledge. Judge, therefore, of the pain I suffer in knowing, and being continually reminded, that amongst the majority even of well-educated Scotchmen *resident in Scotland*, the most humiliating (I will say—the most injurious) notions are current about us English. By the great body of the English, this is not so much as suspected. Running rapidly over Scotland in the summer and autumn as tourists, or as sportsmen, they see little of the population but those who are their inferiors and dependants; and at the half-dozen of dinner parties, which their Edinburgh introductions open to them, hospitality and politeness, of course, seal up the lips of the Scotch on that particular topic. Hence the ignorance of the English; and perhaps never before in this world was there such a body of hostile feeling so little known to its objects. The Scotch, resident in England, do not generally partake in those feelings; at least those of birth and station do not. But in Scotland, I believe that a feeling towards the English which may be called even malignity, a disposition to disparage them, and certain obstinate prejudices about their characteristic qualities, are, in *some* degree, universal. I readily grant that, regularly as you ascend in society, this state of feeling declines. In the lower classes, who know the English by little more than report, it exists rancorously. In the very highest, except as a feeling occasionally assumed for purposes of political influence, perhaps not at all. The peerage everywhere is of no country:

— “*rarus enim sensus communis in illâ Fortunâ.*”

For rarely are civic sympathies to be found in that rank. You know, Sir Christopher, real scholar as you are, that I here translate truly. But in the next class to *that*, the enlightened and accomplished society of Edinburgh—Advocates, &c.,—you will meet with it in some strength. The main distinctions here are, that in some it is a quiescent feeling, in others, powerfully active. And I need not say that, in this class, even where it is strongest, a thousand accidents of private connexions, polished manners, &c. arise to break or mitigate its expression. But it exists for all *that*, and is running below when you least suspect it. Here, dear Sir Kit, I think you smile—perhaps recalling that story of a government spy in 1795, who said—“Ah! as to Coleridge, I think little of *him*; he’s a chattering fellow, that says more in an hour than he’ll stand to in a month. That Wordsworth is the traitor; for you’ll never hear *him* open his mouth on politics from year’s end to year’s end.” But stop—hear me out: I shall illustrate a little.

The first point on which the Scotch undervalue the English is by comparison so much of a trifle, and moreover, is so little brought forward in the sort of society that it can be worth adverting to, that I shall be satisfied to state it, and leave it. They claim to be a superior nation *physically*. In particular, the claim, as it respects female beauty, is made in terms so extravagant by Mr Galt, in one of his very clever novels, that for *his* credit I shall not repeat it. Superiority in the characteristic excellencies of the other sex, is, I believe, much more generally an article of the national creed. Like other men, I have, perhaps, an opinion in this matter; but am not very *anxious to express it*. Meantime, I recollect that you, Sir Christopher, not seldom, when honouring the Carlisle wrestling with your presence, have pronounced the men of Cumberland and Westmoreland the finest specimens of the human animal, for *all* the qualities which belong to an athlete.

Upon this, as perhaps in part a courtesy, I do not insist : I willingly consent that a Scotchman shall believe his nation stronger—bigger—fleeter—*lisher* (as we say in Westmoreland,) than all the rest of Europe. But I mention it for this purpose : In a late History of the Rebellion of 1745, (a book in that class most amusingly written,) the English are not only so treated that a man must suppose the author to have persuaded himself that they are a nation of poltroons, but we are required to believe that, in the mere article of agility, so remarkably distinguishing the Cumbrian peasantry, awe-struck, hopeless admiration, or some such feeling, was the sentiment universally elicited by the Highland army. Now, upon that point at least, as it respects the Scotch *inter se*, I may express an opinion without offence : and I say therefore, and it is notorious, and no Scotchman who is free to speak the truth ever hesitates to say so too, that excepting the Highland gentlemen, (for reasons too well known,) the Celtic part of the Scottish population, in bodily powers and appearance, are greatly and noticeably below the Lowlanders of Scotland : as respects these last and the English, meaning the peasantry in both, if I have an opinion, I mean to keep it to myself. But, for the upper ranks, to talk of any prominent difference between them—is mere dotage. Walk up and down Prince's Street or the Parliament House, I defy any man to tell me, upon physical grounds, whether he looks upon a body of English gentlemen or Scotch gentlemen. Yet, but a few months ago, in an obscure paper in the first journal in the world, [*Bowing to Sir Christopher North*,] the writer, (obviously a Highlander,) who otherwise treats us poor English *de haut en bas*, and finds out that the nation of Lord Bacon, Shakspeare, Milton, Newton, &c., is constitutionally incapable of any thing intellectual,—declares that every child in Edinburgh knows an Englishman at first glance by his personal appearance. The same writer, by the way, positively advances these two propositions ; 1st, that the ingenuity of Manchester in the useful arts, is to be ascribed to its approach, in point of latitude, to the Scotch Highlands ; and 2dly, that English Poetry, except as a pretence, had no existence till the days of Lord Byron—who owed his supposed distinction of Founder, to his Highland mother ;—unfortunately Mrs Byron's rank in life making it certain that she was *not* Highland (i. e. of Celtic blood) in the exclusive sense intended.

But of this enough : nor would I have noticed it at all, were it not as marking the strength of the feeling against us, which omits nothing ; and that in this instance there is a peculiar contradiction to the generosity of the English,—who, if they assume on this point an ancient superiority to the French, (and really upon some warrant) do *not* towards others, but hold themselves open to the challenges of all nations, welcome them, and give them the most entire fair-play. Witness the case of Molyneux the black, though sent over expressly by the Yankees to humble our English pride.

Next, let me notice that aspersion under which chiefly I do really groan with mortification and shame. The notion of English sensuality—and in the most abject shape, sensuality in eating—prevails universally in Scotland, and nowhere else. Of this also, the English generally are perfectly unaware. I presume that the notion arose from the high feeding of English servants, and in former times (but not in these) of the English peasantry. More especially this is true of Yorkshire, one of the counties happening to lie nearest to Scotland. And it must be conceded that a base notion prevails amongst the lowest English, that poor living—so honourable morally, so beneficial intellectually—is a disgrace. With what execrable disdain do the luxurious populace of a great manufacturing town look down upon the oatmeal of Scotland (which, observe, is no less the oatmeal of two millions in England.) So far I admit the reproach, and grieve over it. But that the gentry of England, nay, that the *bourgeoisie* of England—if *that* be the thing meant—are at all more luxurious than the same ranks in Scotland, I have neither heard nor seen any reason to believe. Civic corporations, I presume, are everywhere luxurious. A baillie I suppose to be the likeliest thing in the whole world to an alderman ; the difference no more than (as Jekyll said to a lady asking the distinction between a solicitor and an attorney) very

much like that between an alligator and a crocodile. I shall also not readily believe that one great trading town differs much in this matter from another; Glasgow, for example, from Manchester. The fact is, no nation is really distinguished in this disgraceful way, except the French at present, and the Romans formerly. The elaborate and extensive library of both on gastronomy, puts that beyond doubt. But I allow, that this hideous reproach is a just judgment upon the English of former ages, for their senseless scoffs at the Scottish diet. Would that it could strike the guilty, who, alas! are the only people insensible to it!

Next, upon our shares in the late wars: Had we English any share at all? I protest, that I never could understand how the Scotch Lowlanders, sixteen hundred thousand, I believe, out of twenty, settle accounts with the Highlanders, or they again with the Irish. For never yet could I find, in the writers upon the Catholic Question, that the army was recruited anywhere but in Ireland; or, indeed, the navy. On the other hand, in tours innumerable of Scottish parentage, &c. &c., I have ascertained that no charge was ever made, no position captured, no fortress stormed, except by a Highland regiment—in most cases, the very same regiment. And yet I find, that whilst army and navy demanded half a million of men at one time, the entire body of fighting men in the Scotch Highlands are not above 100,000, had all been levied; and of these, I have understood that no more than 3000 ever served at one time in the British army.

Sir Christopher, you will not suspect me of doing the very thing I complain of so bitterly in others; no man ever threw a doubt upon the behaviour of either Highlanders or Irish. But their exclusive pretensions are ridiculous in the eyes of all really brave men. Look, for example, at Colonel Napier's book. He knows of no such distinctions, which would throw into the shade the great body of the united people, viz. English and Scotch Lowlanders. You and I remember a time when our Theatres were deafened with *bravuras* about "*British honour*," and "*British courage*," and "*British spirit*," (this last, by the way, a dangerous experiment on our ears,) until cynics began to tell us that the earth was sick of our vanities, and mere shame, though taking perhaps its first impulse from hatred even to our just pretensions, drove us to a little modesty. Now, I would suggest to the *proneurs* of the Highland regiments, that the public mind is approaching to the same point on this case; and that a nation of gallant men are in the end almost as much injured in public feeling by such extravagancies for them, as if they came from themselves.

I might now come upon the ground of our Universities, and the obstinate prejudices about them; for instance, Mr Dugald Stewart's determination that Locke should be expelled from the University of Oxford, and expelled for his philosophy; or Mr Playfair's yet grosser mis-statements about both Universities. Or I might undertake the same prejudice, as it applied still more broadly to our intellectual differences in general. But what I have said is enough as instances; and I come now to the main point I had in view, viz. that sort of appeal which the case itself makes to the justice of the Scotch, when one or two points are properly cleared up. There is a notion prevalent, that, amongst the amiable characteristics of the English, (for some I suppose they have,) is generosity. I shall not allow myself to build too much on that assumption, merely because it is a Scotch writer who most frequently insists on it, viz. Sir Walter Scott. But certainly, the temper which grants fair play to an antagonist, does seem to me conspicuously exhibited in England. Grant *her* that benefit. Some time ago, I remember reading a book by a Frenchman, describing the circumstances of a visit to London. Knowing, as I did, the foundation which there really is for some of those feelings towards his countrymen, which he charged upon us as base prejudices, and although I saw in many cases that he mistook mere English reserve, or perhaps even *mauvaise honte*, for *hauteur*; yet, for the soul of me, I could not but sympathize with a man of honour, stung to the very heart by the caricatures and lampoons upon his nation, and make allowances even when a wounded spirit prompted him to adopt as a rule of conduct, that he would, as sailors say, "*turn to*" on behalf of his injured

country, that he would freeze those who froze him, would bow as slightly as the proud English bowed to him, that he would answer carelessness by carelessness, and retort scorn for scorn. In reality, can he be himself an estimable man, who is willing that his country should be lightly esteemed; or ought a man to accept a regard offered to him as an exception to his countrymen? Yet I must think that the Scotch have less weighty ground against us, than we against the French, not to mention that we are as much misrepresented in France, and meet with as much injustice as they with us. This brings me to the point. You will say, Are not the Scotch liable to as deep injury from prejudice in England, and unfounded contempt, as the English, in the cases you have been stating? I say, No. *Fuit Ilium*. Such prejudices there were; at present they are banished to the vulgar. Those which now exist are all the other way. Sir Walter Scott has remarked, (*Mal. Malagrowthier*,) that in this day every Scotchman has his peculiar talent, if any thing, *over-valued* in England. In fact, there is a perfect superstition prevailing amongst the English in behalf of Scotch talent. But there are certain jokes outstanding against the Scotch? Doubtless; those, for example, of Dr Johnson, Churchill, &c.—no jokes, I grant, with *them*, but in the general use no more than those upon the medical body, upon lawyers, upon husbands, as liable to frontal honours, &c., which no man is so thin-skinned as to interpret gravely. At this moment I contend, that of all the prejudices ever started against the Scotch, one only keeps its ground in good society in England, viz.—that which ascribes to the Scotch, more than common “*discretion*,” (that is the term in India,) *i. e.* too keen a regard to their own interest, and too close a cohesion amongst each other in foreign lands. I know not how true this may be; but, as nations go, I think any nation well off that hears no worse of itself. Sir Christopher, the Scotch pride, noble in many points, in one is not so; it is gloomy and ferocious. When an affront is seen or fancied, nothing can propitiate it. Let me therefore suggest one little truth, having already suggested that at this moment the old affronts are obsolete, or have descended to the use of vulgar low-bred people. The little truth is this: You know, and I know, that a considerable number of worthy men, but for which of their merits neither of us knows, have been kicked out of Scotland. Now these people, one and all, betake themselves to the press, in various characters; in fact, three-fourths of the London newspaper press is in the hands of the Scotch. And these gentlemen it is—unnatural sons of Scotland—who chiefly sting her with insults. Yet, coming from London, they are all put down to us, generally speaking, innocent—English. Hence standing irritation in the public mind in Scotland, which, as occasions offer, is paid back on the wrong men. Now, Sir Christopher, after stating my firm determination to abscond, if your reply promises to be on the same scale as my speech, I conclude for the present.

(*This address is listened to with the most profound silence. At its close, many contributors, of all nations, spring to their feet.*)

SHEPHERD.

Let me ans^wr't.

MULLION.

And me.

TICKLER.

And me.

DELTA AND MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

And us.

BULLER AND SEWARD.

Arcades ambo.

NORTH.

No—no—no! Gentlemen, be seated. I insist upon it.—(*The insurrection is quelled.*)—A very few words, my dear sir, so you need not—must not—abscond. First, There are many vulgar idiots in all nations—shove them aside—English and Scotch—and thus we get rid, in a moment, of much senseless insolence towards both countries. That score is wiped off—and their base guilt is held to be equal. Secondly, From senseless idiots

take one step up to the commonplace blockheads in each of the two nations. The Scotch commonplace blockheads sneer at the people of England for being sensual in their feeding. The English commonplace blockheads sneer at the people of Scotland for being starved. True or false, or partly true and partly false, the charge, as it is made, in both cases alike, on imperfect knowledge, and in a bad spirit, is disgraceful to both peoples, and I think that the disgrace is about equal. Thirdly, Take another step up to sensible persons, and among them, I think, you will still find, in both countries alike, much prejudice and ignorance about the character of each other, and without particularizing them, I think they are about equal. Fourthly, Ascend now into the ranks of literary men and philosophers—of higher or lower degree—and there, methinks, it would not be difficult to prove the superior candour, and freedom from national prejudice, on the part of the Scotch. Mention, my dear friend, the names of such insolent calumniators of all that is English, among equally celebrated Scotchmen, as those of Junius, Johnson, Churchill, Wilkes—men who have spared no insolent sarcasms and calumnies on our national character. I hope—I believe—you cannot. Fifthly, Have not, in later times, Gifford, Southey, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and YOURSELF, not unfrequently—and some of you bitterly—I will add foolishly—(not you, my excellent sir)—sneered in and out of their sleeves at almost all our national literature—at its most illustrious Authors? They have. Mention the names of such men in Scotland—if any such there be—who have written in the same spirit of the great English Authors. I do not believe you can. Lastly, You, my dear sir, are a man of very fine perceptions, and very delicate feelings, and of very courteous manners. You are, in the noblest sense of the term, a very sensitive person. For all that—and much more—I love and admire Mr De Quincey. Many things, both in mind and manner, will occur here, in Edinburgh, and in every other part of Scotland, which to you, an enlightened, liberal, and philosophic Englishman, must seem harsh and grating—coarse, vulgar, and low. You do not use such words—but I use them for you: and I join in your reprobation and disgust at all such exhibitions. But might not such a Scotchman as you are an Englishman be subjected in England to much of the same annoyance? I am not such a man. I admit cheerfully that in much I am your inferior. But not in courtesy, I hope, not in the dealing of a gentleman. And I declare to you, upon my honour, that I have often been disgusted, and perhaps irritated, by the same sort of undervaluing, or misrepresenting, or misconceiving, of the real character of my countrymen, in England, that has justly excited your scorn, when you have met with it, directed against your countrymen, in Scotland. I have, indeed, my dear De Quincey, a thousand times. Therefore, agreeing with you in most things, not all, that you have said so eloquently, against our national prejudices and bigotries, pardon me if I say, that most of it is equally applicable to yours,—I mean to those of your countrymen in the same rank of life with ourselves. And, to conclude, the whole subject, I opine, is yet to be discussed—by you and me, in separate essays—articles for *Maga*; in which there can be no doubt, that we shall utter truths most salutary to our compatriots.

SHEPHERD.

Wha was that speakin' the noo? I'm thinkin' I was a wee sleepy—did ony o' ye see me noddin'—for I cou'd hae sworn I heard the castin' o' a live o' bees! You're a' lookin' like aae mony statutes.

NORTH (*rising with much animation.*)

Statues! Yes, gentlemen—There is now present among us one of the First Sculptors in Britain. Need I mention his name?—(*Hear, hear, hear!*)—LAWRENCE MACDONALD.—(*Inmense applause.*)—Poetry, Painting, Sculpture—all work in the same world—the ideal world of the Imagination. We have all seen a beautiful or sublime scene reflected in water. How transcendently soft—or how transcendently austere—then seem the lineaments of nature! So seem they all in the reflection of the Fine Arts—more divine than in their earthly originals. But, in the reflection of the Fine Arts, Nature herself is—changed—essentially etherialized—and in none of them,

perhaps, so much so as in Sculpture. Its creations all speak, it is true, to human affections and sympathies; but the highest of them to human affections and sympathies how far elevated above those of ordinary life! Abstract Ideas, carrying with them their kindred and congenial Emotions of Love, Power, Grace, Majesty, and Beauty—these are embodied, impersonated in the marble—and appeal to the loftiest, purest moods of the Reason, the Imagination, and the Heart. In the Head of the Phidian Jove, we see the Nod at which Olympus trembled; in the Form of the Medicean Venus, we feel the Essence of Female Loveliness purified from all taint of earthly passion; in the Apollo Belvidere, we behold the Godship of the Sun, as

“He walks th’ impalpable and burning sky,”

or, in celestial disdain, smites the monsters of this earth, without any disturbance of his celestial majesty; in the Laocoon, the soul is sublimed as it shudders at the everlasting Image of Parental and Filial Love, dreadfully and mysteriously dismayed, yet not utterly overcome, by the hideous horrors sent by an insulted and avenging divinity, against the very Priest when ministering at the altar; in the Dying Gladiator, while the soul sickens in a dream

“Of pomps of guilt, and theatres of blood,”

it yet is elevated by the grand endurance of One, now a slave—once, perhaps, a Barbaric king,

“Struggling with death, and conquering agony.”

(*Loud exclamations of delight.*)

Our friend has studied nature in that School of Art whose works, dug out of the hidden gloom of earth, and the melancholy rubbish of fallen temples, have given us glorious glimpses of the divine spirit that floated of old over all the Grecian Clime. For their possession, kings and kingdoms have contended, and they have been included in treaties, by which peace was restored to a war-wearied world. Who has seen our Friend’s Ajax, and his Achilles, and feels not that our native Sculptor has a Greek soul?—(*Loud cheers*)—that it is familiar, in sleeping and waking dreams, with the heroes, gods, and demi-gods of that sublime Mythology?—(*Hear, hear!*)—But, among the remains of Ancient Art, which time and the hands of worse destroyers have spared to us, there are none, perhaps, that bear a more touching character, than the few, whether perfect or in fragments, on which the Sculptor has delighted to impress the soft grace of Youthful Beauty. On these our Beauty-worshipping Friend (*smiles—hear—hear—hear!*) has fed the Spirit of Beauty that abides within his imagination; and to what exquisite loveliness, arrayed in the sweet lustre of innocence and peace, has he moulded the pale, chaste, melancholy, and moonlight marble!—(*The most cordial cheers.*)

OMNES.

Hip, hip, hup, hurrah! Hip, hip, hip, hurrah! Hip, hip, hurrah!

MR LAWRENCE MACDONALD (*rising*.)

Yes, sir,—yes, gentlemen,—I glory in the name of a Beauty-Worshipper.—(*Loud cheering.*)—I have studied those beautiful relics of the divine creative spirit of Grecian Genius to which our Illustrious Friend has so eloquently and philosophically alluded,

“In thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.”

Alas!

“’Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!”

Yet all is not dead, while these survive—for in the Acts of Mind, the Forms of the Body are immortal, and that immortality has been conferred by her sculptors on the ideal beauties of Greece’s divine daughters, while the feet of slaves and despots, blind to all beauty but the sensual, now profane their insensate dust.—(*Hear, hear, hear.*)—Yes, sir, all the high works of sculpture, whether beautiful or sublime, appeal, as you have wisely hinted, to our instructed sympathies—instructed, sir, by the study of form, and by the study of the spirit enshrouded in form, which cannot be re-

produced in marble without science in the sculptor, or understood, or felt, without knowledge in the spectator,—such knowledge, sir, as can only be acquired by those who are familiar with Beauty, while she “pitches her tent before them,” as Wordsworth says, and whose “quiet eye,” as the same great poet also says, “broods and sleeps on their own heart.” Sir, there reigns in the works of sculpture a high intellectual law. The sculpture of that people, among whom alone the art was perfect, bears on it, as you have so well said, the perpetual character of ideal beauty. We recognise in the works of the other arts, the ideal character; we recognise it in the sculpture of all other nations; and we recognise in all that remains to us of Greece—in her Poetry for example—the workings of their idealizing mind. But in their sculpture only—and only in theirs—is it a perpetual and overpowering character, which strikes in the first moment upon every eye, and holds every heart half-repelled by wonder mingling with its delight.—(*Applause.*)—My sole ambition in this life, is to gain from the feeling of beauty the power of expressing it; and as Sublimity and Beauty are kindred spirits, may I dare to hope—which I do as humbly as devoutly—that some of my future works, like those, sir, of the Forms of the Ajax and Achilles, which you, sir, have been pleased to admire, may not be altogether unimpressed by the character of the Ideal Heroic.

(MR MACDONALD sits down amidst great applause; and a very extraordinary reverberating echo is here discovered in the north-east angle of the Saloon.)

NORTH (*rises.*)

Gentlemen, fill a Tumbler-Bumper. We are to have a Double Number this month—now for a Double Toast—JOHN WATSON GORDON and ROBERT GIBB.—(*A welcome to the welkin.*)—John, my dear friend, hearken to the words of a friend,

“You have but one fault—but that is a thumper.”

In an age of pretension and puffery, you are too—*modest*. Yet, I love—I admire you—the more for that rare sin—not the sin, most assuredly, that in these days most easily besets men of merit. Perhaps, after all, gentlemen, our friend’s genius shines the more conspicuously through the only mists that ever approach its lustre, the thin transparent cloud of his own mild and gentlemanly manners.—(*Loud acclamations.*)—I may be no great judge, perhaps, of the Fine Arts;—(*You are—you are—from all quarters.*)—and I plead guilty, in this instance, gentlemen, to the partialities of personal affection for this distinguished artist. Be it so; yet I never, from my own experiences, have found that friendship for the artist either blinds the judgment, or betrays the feeling, of his critic. The same pure, calm, bright, deep, untroubled, and most unostentatious and unglaring colouring, which belongs to Mr Watson Gordon’s own character in domestic life, hangs over one and all of his most admirable pictures.—(*Loud cheers.*)—I dislike the epithet *striking* likeness; for, in the vocabulary of commonplace critics, it is synonymous with *staring*; but “commend me” to the similitudes that steal serenely from the canvass, breathing momentarily into fresher and brighter life. Such are his portraits, which grow upon you, to a more and more perfect expression of individual character, the longer you gaze upon them, till you finally feel as if you heard the very voice of the original, and could almost believe that he was there with you in the room. But our friend’s portraits have other and higher merits than even these. He is a master of all the principles of his art. That mastery enables him to embody his fine feeling of elegance and grace in faces and figures, which, without any impaired resemblance to the originals, are idealized in the true spirit of genius. With the highest opinion of the powers of those distinguished artists, Smith, Graham, and others, I do not hesitate to say, that we now drink to the health of the Best Portrait-Painter in Scotland.—(*General acquiescence unequivocally expressed.*)—And now I call upon—~~the~~ gentleman to hold up his head, while I proclaim his name with a loud voice—ROBERT GIBB!—(*The crystal dance on the table.*)—It is delightful, Mr Blackwood, to see how true genius, in every department of the art, steals its way—slowly, perhaps, for a while—a long while, as it seems to its possessor—but surely as fate—into due estimation at last.

His character as an artist has been stamped by the choice made of him along with the ingenious George, brother of the celebrated William Simpson, by the Directors of the prosperous Institution, Hill Street, who could not have selected two more effective masters. But I know the genius of Robert Gibb as an artist, and his worth as a man, better than all the directors of all academies in the world, with the Director-General—bless him—at their head.—(*Much merriment.*)—We have scaled together many a mountain-strata—his shoulder acting as another crutch ;—(*laughter*)—and looking at his exquisite sketches which fill a large port-folio that lies constantly on the sofa of my brown study, how pleasant, my dear Mr Gibb, to follow our own footsteps (none better, notwithstanding that unlucky sprain of your dexter ankle) across the fells—with our cheerful companions—and relive a week passed in that mountain paradise.—(*The most cordial cheers.*)

(*All the powers on earth fail to force either MR WATSON GORDON, or MR GIBB to his legs. But they return thanks by an expression of countenance that speaks volumes—and that adds to the applause.*)

MR ROBERT HOWIE.

Did ye gang up to see the fecht, sir, atween Simon Byrne and Sandy Mackay ?

NORTH.

No—Bob—I could not get away. 'Twas a bad fight—and an unfortunate business—but I trust the luckless issue of the affair will not eventually injure the ring.

MR ROBERT HOWIE.

I'm glad to hear ye say sae, sir—for I'm told there has been an awfu' outcry against prize-fechtin' in the papers.

MR NORTH.

The whole argument, Bob, lies in a nutshell. The English are a pugilistic people. They decide their quarrels by the fist. It is the least dangerous—the least revengeful—the least rancorous mode of doing so that can exist among the common orders. It is manly, courageous, honest, and honourable—generally speaking—and therefore ought to be upheld by all men who esteem such qualities in national character. That cannot be done without professors of pugilism ; and professors of pugilism can establish their claim to that title, only by fighting publicly in a ring. The ring, then, is essential to the existence of pugilism, as the national mode of deciding and extinguishing all quarrels among the people. In the ring, out of many hundred fights, one occasionally proves fatal—and the fatality, when it occurs, is a subject of regret—but not of great and wide lamentation, nor worthy of a general mourning or fast.

MR ROBERT HOWIE.

You speak weel, sir, on all subjects. What mair ?

MR NORTH.

Prize-Fights are, notwithstanding, illegal. They cannot well be otherwise ; but the Law has wisely winked at them—and some of the highest Judges in the Law have regarded them with no disfavour—but in the light of necessary and useful pastimes even, the support of Fair Play out of the Ring, and an encouragement given to all manliness in the settlement of quarrels and the satisfaction of insults. Such is the feeling of the vast majority of the educated classes in England. On the other hand, many persons of much worth, and fine sensibilities, are shocked by what they have been taught, or have taught themselves, to think brutal, ferocious, and cruel—and confining their attention solely to the spectacle of bloody and bruised faces and figures, without any consideration of all the collateral circumstances, and all the consequences, results, and effects, look on all such exhibitions as a disgrace to a civilized age. They are ninnies, Bob. But being good sort of people enough in their own way, I content myself with merely saying that they know nothing of the character of Englishmen. Some people, again, try all things by religion. Pugilism will not stand that test—nor indeed will any kind of warfare, either private or public—and if they must weep over Moulsey Hurst, they ought to die at the

bare idea of Waterloo. But thousands and tens of thousands who brutally abuse Prize-Fighting, are themselves worse blackguards than any that ever entered a ring. Every word they utter against the ring is a lie—and they know it. No punishment is too much for such miscreants. They assert that they can see no difference between the accidental death sometimes befalling in the ring—in fair fighting—and the cutting of a man's throat at midnight in his bed, by a burglarious murderer. The law, say they, in a late case, ought to take its course—and Simon Byrne ought to be hanged! This is brutally wicked—and they who hold such language are not fit to live. Had they insults or injuries of their own to requite—how deadly would be their revenge! I think Simon will be acquitted.

MR ROBERT HOWIE.

I wou'd like to hear the man that wou'd try to answer that—he wou'd soon shew himself a sump.

NORTH.

It was ludicrous, Bob, to hear the national exultation—I can call it by no other name—with which the people of Scotland looked forward to the triumph of their champion at Hanslope. Not a doubt was entertained that in a few rounds he would smash Simon, and then, it seems, poor Sandy was to have been—Champion of England! There was a clapping of wings and a crowing, all over hill and dale, village, town and city, Scotland thorough; not a single syllable spoken in any quarter about the barbarity, the brutality, or so forth, of a battle between these Big Ones. The Newspaper Editors and Correspondents were all up in the stirrups; and take up what Scotch Journal you might, it was like reading Bell's Life in London. The fight came off—and the Scottish champion was beaten off hand—was obstinate—and most unfortunately lost his life. Then what a hullabaloo! The abettors of, and the betters on, the battle, all set up a cry for blood! Mackay was hounded! And murdered! And all present at the perpetration of the horrid crime—as accessaries—richly deserved the gallows! Such is the consistency—honesty—humanity—decency—piety of the press-gang! As their previous exultations, Bob, were most ludicrous, were not their subsequent execrations most loathsome? One Glasgow vagabond wrote down all manner of lies from London to the respectable editor of a west-country newspaper, which that editor, though a gentleman, I understand, published; and George Cooper, as honest a fellow as lives, against whose character that scoundrel scrub of a scribe scrawled the most infamous and self-refuted falsehoods, since he scorns to prosecute the scamp, will, I hope, break a few of his bones, should the base sinner ever have the hardihood to avow himself the writer of those unprincipled calumnies.

MR ROBERT HOWIE.

I'll do that mysell, sir, he may depend on't, gif ever he happens to watter his back at Robert Young's o' the Mearns' Kirk.

NORTH.

Poor Mackay's mother was well used among the Fancy in London, and made a very pretty penny, one way and another, by her trip; and I am glad to hear the old woman is as gay as a lark. No ruffian of the ring, as the above blackguard had the insolence to call such men as Crib, Spring, and Tom Belcher, whose quarter-boots he is unworthy to wipe, used Madam Turnpenny so ill as he did himself; for he made her a mare to hang libels on, on as generous and just, as brave and humane a gentleman as is in all Scotland—Captain Barclay—who backed Sandy at his own eager request, out of pure compassion, for some twenty-five pounds, merely to help to make up the stakes—and who had none but the most trifling bets on the battle. But so it ever is with that pseudo-humanity, that, in a hollow and hypocritical zeal for the upholding of the dignity of our nature, forsooth, scruples not to be foul its tongue with all stinking slanders. In a fair fight, a great, big, awkward, stupid, hulking fellow got pounded by a hard hitter, several stone under his weight, and unfortunately died of the beating; and up gets a base bagman to make that untoward event the occasion of vomiting unmeasured abuse on some of the best gentlemen in Britain. The slave ought to be choked with the foul sheets of his own slaving slander,

MR ROBERT HOWIE.

Let the leear alane for the noo. He shall get it yet, and ~~they~~ heides him, if they dinna keep a better tongue in their mouth.

NORTH.

Bob, more men lose their lives in "up-and-down" combats in Lancashire—to say nothing of the scores maimed for life, and ghastly disfigured—in one year, than are killed in pitched battles, in which ~~the~~ pugilism are observed, in all the rest of England. The judges on the North Circuit have often declared, that they will carry the utmost rigour of the law into effect against the first combatant in a mortal struggle of that kind, convicted of what does certainly often seem to be very little better than absolute murder. Yet in the very worst cases, the details of which have been most sickening and revolting, juries have uniformly brought in verdicts of manslaughter; and the convicts have scarcely ever been doomed to any other punishment but imprisonment, and that, too, but for a few months. And is it to be borne, that the pugilist who unluckily kills his man, in a fair fight, which thousands of the most humane and enlightened men have been proud to witness—proud of the character of their countrymen as therein displayed—is to be branded by a cowardly liar with the name of murderer? Pugilism is the preserver of life. Extinguish its spirit in England, where it has long flourished in all the counties, but a few that have adopted a most detestable and savage practice,—and you will extinguish it by extinguishing the prize-ring,—and for one life that is now lost in fair fighting, you will soon have twenty foul and dastardly murders.

MR ROBERT HOWIE.

That's as plain as ma nieve. Luk at it, sir. Compare fists.—(NORTH and Bon *shew nawleys*.)—Mine's the biggest—but ma faith, sir, yours is as bonny a bunch o' fives as ever was pitched into a bread-basket! Mr North—oh! but I'm a proud man the nicht. And see, sir—the Noctes are a' asleep. We hae finished them aff haun—and are we twa no what we ever was, regular out-and-outers? Let me alane, sir, and I'll play a fine plisky.

(MR ROBERT HOWIE takes out a brace of pocket-pistols—and fires one close at the sleeping SHEPHERD'S ear—and another at the lug of the somnolent Secretary MULLION. The Noctes start up in terror—and the Saloon is involved in the smoke and smell of sulphur.

MR MULLION.

Murder—murder—fire—fire!

MR SEWARD.

What the deuce is to do now?

SHEPHERD.

This is fearsome! I smell a gun-pooother plot! Ca' the Grun-Stewart! Some Guy Fawkes has gotten intil the cellarage—and ettles to blaw up the Peers! Oot wi' a' the rest o' the barrels—for twa only hae exploded—in til the street!

NORTH.

"The danger is past as soon as you have read that letter"—James.

(*Flinging over to the SHEPHERD an invitation to a grand dinner at the Lodge.*

BULLER.

I suspect a duel. Mr Howie, have you and North been settling an affair of honour?

(*Enter PICARDY with a bunch of newspapers, which he deposits on the table.*

MR AMBROSE.

I have just been at the Post-Office, sir. The Croal Comet broke down a few miles on this side of Wooler—which accounts for the late arrival of the London post.

SHEPHERD.

The late arrivell o' the London post! Are ye dreamin', Awmrose?

MR AMBROSE (*consulting his chronometer.*)

It is precisely three o'clock.

SHEPHERD.

In the afternoon o' next day! And we sat doon to denner yestreen at sax!

NORTH.

~~God save~~ to your feet. Let us sing, God save the King! A full chorus!

1.

Jehovah, King of Kings,
 Spread thy protecting wings
 O'er Britain's throne!
 Crown'd with thy grace immense,
 Long may King William thence
 Justice in love dispense—
 God save the King!

2.

Throned in his people's hearts,
 Despising faction's arts,
 May William reign!
 True son of George the Third
 Who axe and block prefer'd
 To forfeit of his holy word—
 God save the King!

3.

First Freeman of the Free,
 It is his right to be
 Like his blest sire,
 Who over all the land
 Did faith and love command,
 With him to fall or stand—
 God save the King!

4.

Oak-hearted royal Tar,
 Well tried in glorious war,
 Great Nelson's friend—
 He knows that British blood
 Creeps not in lazy flood,
 When peril grates the good—
 God save the King!

5.

God save our Sailor King—
 Great be his flourishing
 By land and sea—
 Audacious craft repulse!
 From all base bondage freed
 May he be King indeed—
 God save the King!

6.

Manly, and frank, and brave,
 This sinking land to save,
 God save our King!
 Be righteous judgment shewn
 In sinners overthrown;
 EMANCIPATE THE THRONE—
 God save the King!

[The Noctes vanish in a flood of day.]

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CLXXI.

SEPTEMBER, 1830.

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EDINBURGH :

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, NO. 45, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH;

AND T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

To whom Communications (post paid) may be addressed.

SOLD ALSO BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND CO. EDINBURGH.

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LIFE OF RICHARD BENTLEY, D.D. BY J. H. MONK, D.D.*

MANY years ago, walking in the sequestered valleys of Cumberland, with an eminent author of the present day, we came to a long and desolate sort of gallery, through a wilderness of rocks, which, after rising and narrowing for about two miles, suddenly opened right and left into a little pastoral recess, within the very heart of the highest mountains. This verdant circus presented in its centre a beautiful but tiny lake, locally called a *turn*,† with a wild brook issuing from it through the road by which we had approached, a few quiet fields upon the margin of the lake, solemn hills looking down upon it from every side; and finally, a hamlet of seven cottages clustering together, as if for mutual support, in this lovely, but still awful, solitude. A solitude, indeed, so perfect we had never seen: nor had we supposed it possible that, in the midst of populous England, any little brotherhood of households could pitch their tents so far aloof from human society, from its noisy bustle, and (we ventured to hope) its angry passions. Though a valley, and fenced by barriers verdant indeed, but almost insuperable, this little chamber in the hills was yet far above the ordinary elevation of inhabited ground: road there was none, except the rude sort of sheep-track by which we had come: the

nearest town, and that a small one, was at six miles' distance; and here, if anywhere, it seemed possible, that a world-wearied man should find a perfect rest. "Yes," said our distinguished guide, who had guessed our thoughts—"Yes, nature has done *her* part to create in this place an absolute and perpetual Sabbath. And doubtless, you conceive that, in those low-roofed dwellings, her intentions are seconded. Be undeceived then: lawsuits, and the passions of lawsuits, have carried fierce dissension into this hidden paradise of the hills; and it is a fact, that not one of those seven families will now speak to another." We turned away at these words with a pang of misanthropy, and for one moment assented to the king of Brobdingnag—that men are "the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth."

Something of the same sentiment accompanied us at intervals through this Life of Bentley, and the records which it involves of Cambridge. Where upon this earth shall peace be found, if not within the cloistral solitudes of Oxford and Cambridge? Cities of Corinthian beauty and luxury; with endowments and patronage beyond the revenues of considerable nations; in libraries—pictures—ca-

* London: C. J. G. and F. Rivington. 4to. 1830.

† *Turn*, any small lake among mountains much above the level of the larger lakes, and fed, not (as they are) by one main stream, but by a number of petty rills trickling down the side of the surrounding hills: from the Danish *Taaren*, a *Trickling*. Lakers! be thankful to Christopher North for solving a question hitherto found unanswerable. The Danes had a settlement in Cumberland.

thedrals, surpassing the kings of the earth; and with the resources of capital cities, combining the deep tranquillity of silvan villages;—places so favoured by time, accident, and law, come nearer to the creations of Romance than any other known realities of Christendom. Yet in these privileged haunts of meditation, hallowed by the footsteps of Bacon and Milton, still echoing to those of Isaac Barrow, and Isaac Newton absolutely walking amongst them, did the leading society of Cambridge—with that man at their head, who, for scholarship, was confessedly “the foremost man of all this world”—through a period of forty years’ fight and struggle with so deadly an *acharnement*; sacrificed their time—energy—fortune—personal liberty, and conscience, to the prosecution of their immortal hatreds; vexed the very altars with their fierce dissensions; and went to their graves so perfectly unreconciled, that, had the classical usage of funeral *cremation* been restored, we might have looked for the old miracle of the Theban Brothers, and expected the very flames which consumed the hostile bodies to revolt asunder, and violently refuse to mingle. Some of the combatants were young men at the beginning of the quarrel; they were grey-headed, palsied, withered, doting, before it ended. Some had outlived all distinct memory, except of their imperishable hatreds. Many died during its progress; and sometimes their deaths, by disturbing the equilibrium of the factions, had the effect of kindling into fiercer activity those rabid passions, which, in a Christian community, they should naturally have disarmed or soothed.

Of feuds so deadly, so enduring, and which continue to interest at the distance of a century, every body will desire to know who, in a criminal sense, was the author. The usual way of settling such questions is to say, that there were “faults on both sides,”—which, however, is not always the case; nor, when it is, are the faults always equal. Dr Monk, who gives the fullest materials yet published for a just decision, leaves us to collect it for ourselves. Meantime, we suspect that his general award would be against Bentley; for, though disposed to be equitable,

he is by no means indulgent to his hero; and he certainly thinks too highly of Colbatch, the most persevering of all Bentley’s enemies, and a malicious old toad. If that, however, be Dr Monk’s leaning, there are others (with avenues, perhaps as good, to secret information) whose bias was the other way. In particular, we find Dr Parr, about forty years after Bentley’s death, expressing his opinion thus to Dr Charles Burney: “I received great entertainment from your account of our Aristarchus; it is well written and well directed; for, in spite of vulgar prejudice, Bentley was eminently right, and the College infamously wrong.”—[*Dr Parr’s Works*, vol. vii., p. 389.] Our own belief sets in towards the same conclusion. But, if not, we would propose, that at this time of day Bentley should be pronounced right, and his enemies utterly in the wrong. Whilst living, indeed, or whilst surviving in the persons of his friends and relations, the meanest of little rascals has a right to rigorous justice. But when he and his are all bundled off to Hades, it is far better, and more considerate to the feelings of us Public, that a little dog should be sacrificed than a great one; for by this means, the current of one’s sympathy with an illustrious man is cleared of ugly obstructions, and enabled to flow unbroken, which might else be unpleasantly distracted, between his talents on the one hand and his knavery on the other. And one general remark we must make upon the *conduct* of this endless feud, no matter who began it, which will shew Bentley’s title to the benefit of the rule we have proposed. People, not nice in distinguishing, are apt to confound all the parties to a feud under one common sentence; and, whatever difference they might allow in the grounds of quarrel, as to temper, at least, and charity, where all were confessedly irritated and irritating, they allow of none. But, in fact, between Bentley and his antagonists, the differences were vital. Bentley had a good heart; generally speaking, his antagonists had not. Bentley was overbearing, impatient of opposition, insolent, sometimes tyrannical. He had, and deservedly, a very lofty opinion of himself; he either had, or affected, to mean a one of

his antagonists. *Sume superbiam quæsitum meritis*, was the motto which he avowed. Coming to the government of a very important college, at a time when its discipline had been greatly relaxed, and the abuses were many, his reforms (of which some have been retained even to this day) were pushed with too high a hand; he was too negligent of any particular statute that stood in his way; shewed too harsh a disregard to the feelings of gentlemen; and too openly disdained the arts of conciliation. Yet this same man was placable in the highest degree; generous; and, at the first moment when his enemies would make an opening for him to be so, forgiving. His literary quarrels, which have left the impression that he was irritable or jealous, were (without one exception) upon his part mere retorts to the most insufferable provocations; and though it is true, that when once teased into rousing himself out of his lair, he *did* treat his man with rough play, left him ugly remembrances of his leonine power, and made himself merry with his distressed condition; yet on the other hand, in his utmost wrath, there was not a particle of malice. How should there? As a scholar, Bentley had that happy exemption from jealousy, which belongs almost inevitably to conscious power in its highest mode. Reposing calmly on his own supremacy, he was content that pretenders of every size and sort should flutter through their little day,

and be carried as far beyond their natural place as the intrigues of friends or the caprice of the public could effect. Unmolested, he was sure never to molest. Some people have a litch for unmasking impostors, or for avenging the wrongs of others. Porson, for example—what spirit of mischief drove him to intermeddle with Mr Archdeacon Travis? How Quixotic again in appearance—how mean in its real motive—was Dr Parr's defence of Leland and Jortin; or, to call it by its true name, Dr Parr's attack upon Bishop Hurd! But Bentley had no touch of this temper. When instances of spurious pretensions came in his way, he smiled grimly and good-naturedly in private, but forbore (sometimes after a world of provocations) to unmask them to the public.*

Some of his most bitter assailants, as Kerr, and Johnson of Nottingham, he has not so much as mentioned; and it remains a problem to this day, whether, in his wise love of peace, he forbore to disturb his own equanimity by reading the criticisms of a malignant enemy, or, having read them, generously refused to crush the insulter. Either way, the magnanimity was equal—for a man of weak irritability is as little able to abstain from hearkening after libels upon himself, as he is from retorting them. Early in life (*Epist. ad Mill.*) Bentley had declared—"Non nostrum est acerbioris irascibilis," *It is no practice of mine to trample upon the prostrate*; and his whole career in literature re-

* Take, for instance, his conduct to Barnes, the Cambridge Professor of Greek. Bentley well knew that Barnes was an indifferent scholar, whose ponderous erudition was illuminated by neither accuracy of distinction, nor elegance of choice. Yet Barnes spoke of himself in the most inflated terms, as though he had been the very Laureate of the Greek muses; and, not content with these harmless vaunts, scattered in conversation the most pointed affronts to Bentley, as the man under whose superiority he secretly groaned. All this Bentley refused to hear; praised him whenever he had an opportunity; even when Barnes intruded himself into the Phalaris dispute, and did him effectual services. At length Barnes published his Homer, and there shot his final arrow against Bentley, not indeed by name, but taking care to guide it to his mark, by words scattered in all companies. Bentley was now roused to put an end to this persecution. But how? He wrote a most masterly examination of a few passages in the new edition, addressed it as a confidential letter to Dr Davies, a common friend, desiring him to shew it to the Professor, by way of convincing him how easy a task such a critic would find it to ruin the character of the book, and thus appealing to his prudence for a cessation of insults; but at the same time assuring Dr Davies that he would on no account offer any public disparagement to a book, upon which Barnes had risked a little fortune. Could a more generous way have been devised for repelling public insults?

flected a commentary upon that maxim. To concede, was to disarm him. How opposite the temper of his enemies! One and all, they were cursed with bad tempers, and unforgiving hearts. Cunningham,* James Grouvius, and Johnson, Conyers Middleton,† and Colbatch, all lost their peace of mind—all made shipwreck of their charity during the progress of this dispute; some of them for life. But from Bentley, whether wrong or right, as to the *materia litis*, the manner of conducting it drew no qualities but those which did him honour; great energy; admirable resources and presence of mind the skill and address of a first-rate lawyer; and courage nearly unparalleled under the most disastrous turns of the case, those even, which, on two memorable occasions, (the deprivation of his degrees, and his ejection from the mastership of Trinity College,) seemed to have consigned him to ruin. In the very uttermost hurly-

burly of the storm, it is not upon record that Bentley's cheerfulness forsook him for a day. At a time when Colbatch and Middleton were standing before judges as convicted delinquents, absconding from arrests, surrendering to jailors, sneaking to great men's levees, or making abject interest for the reversion of some hollow courtier's smile, or an insinuation of his treacherous promise, Bentley was calmly pursuing his studies in his castle of the Master's Lodge of Trinity College; sat on unconcernedly even after public officers were appointed to pull him out; and never allowed the good humour of his happy fireside to be disturbed by the quarrels which raved outside. He probably watched the proceedings of "the enemy," with the same degree of interest with which we all read the newspapers during a foreign war: and the whole of the mighty process, which the bad passions of the other faction made gall and

* With respect to this elegant and acute scholar, the most formidable of Bentley's literary opponents, the following remarkable statement is made by Dr Monk, (p. 461):—"Between Alexander Cunningham, the historian, and Alexander Cunningham, the editor of Horace, there are so many particulars of resemblance, that Thompson, the translator of the history, was forced, after a minute enquiry, to remain in suspense whether or not they were the same individual. It appears that they were both Scotchmen, had both been travelling tutors, both resided at the Hague at the same period, both were intimate with certain distinguished public characters, both were eminent chess-players, both accomplished scholars, and both lived to an advanced age. These and many other coincidences long baffled all enquiry respecting the identity or diversity of the two namesakes: and it has, I believe, but recently been ascertained beyond a doubt, that the critic died at the Hague in 1730, and the historian died in London in 1737." How truly disgusting that they would not die at the same time and place! This perverseness counteracts what Mr Wordsworth calls "the mighty stream of tendency:" undoubtedly they ought to have died on the same day of the same year, in which case the confusion would have been complete and inextricable.

As it is, we understand from a learned Scotch friend, that in certain papers which he communicated some years ago to Dr Irving for his Life of Buchanan, and which doubtless will there be found, this curious case of Doppelgänger is fully cleared up.

† This celebrated man was the most malignant of a malignant crew. In his Review of Bentley's Proposals for Editing the Greek Text of the New Testament, he stings like a serpent—more rancorous party pamphlets never were written. He hated Waterland with the same perfect malignity; and his letters to Warburton, published in a 4to collection of his Miscellaneous Tracts, shew that he could combine a part of sycophant upon occasion with that of assassin-like lampooner. It is, therefore, no unacceptable retribution in the eyes of those who honour the memory of an. Waterland and Bentley, men worth a hecatomb of Middletons, that the reputation of this venomous writer is now decaying—upon a belief at last thoroughly established, that in two at least, and those two the most learned of his works, he was an extensive plagiarist. This detection first threw light upon a little anecdote often related by Mr Prebendary Lowth, brother to Bishop Lowth. Just before the publication of the *Life of Cicero*, Lowth happened to be with Middleton. A gentleman came in, and abruptly asked him, if he had read the works of Bellenden? Middleton turned pale, *fallerel*, and acknowledged that he had. The whole scene was a mystery to Lowth. Parr's Preface to Bellendenus made all clear. So much for Conyers Middleton!

wormwood to them, to him appears to have given no more than the pleasurable excitement of a game of chess.

Having thus bespoke the favourable opinion of our readers for Dr Bentley, and attempted to give that impulse to the judgments upon his conduct, which the mere statement of the circumstances would not always suggest, until after a large examination of the contemporary documents, we shall draw up a rapid sketch of his life, reserving an ampler scale of analysis for the Phalaris controversy, and the college quarrel, as the two capital events which served to diversify a passage through this world else unusually tranquil and uniform.

Richard Bentley was born on the 27th of Jan., 1662, at Oulton, not far from Wakefield, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. Between his grandson, the celebrated Mr Cumberland, and his present biographer, there is a difference as to the standing of his parents. Cumberland labours to elevate the family to a station of rank and consideration, for which he receives the usual rebukes from Dr Monk, who pronounces them to have belonged to "the higher description of English yeomen," and thinks it more honourable to Bentley "to have raised himself from obscurity by the force of genius and merit," than "to have been born of gentle blood." But the two cases stand in no real opposition. For a man with Bentley's object, low birth is not otherwise an obstacle to success in England, than as the poverty, which it generally presumes, may chance to exclude him from the universities. Once there, he will find that the popular provisions of those great bodies ensure the fullest benefit to any real merit he may possess; and without that, even noble blood would have failed in procuring those distinctions which Bentley obtained. Besides, for Dr Monk's purpose, Bentley was not *low enough*—his friends being at any rate in a condition to send him to college. The zeal of Cumberland, therefore, we think rightly directed. And after all, with Dr Monk's leave, since the question is not, which sort of parentage would be the most creditable to Bentley, but which answers best to the facts, we

must say that we incline to Cumberland's view. Finding it made out that, during the Parliament war, Bentley's family adhered to the Royal cause; and that of his two grandfathers, one was a captain, and the other a major, in the Cavalier army; we must think it probable that they belonged to the *armigerous* part of the population, and were entitled "to write themselves Esquire in any bill, quittance, &c., whatsoever." On the paternal side, however, the family was impoverished by its loyalty.

From his mother, who was much younger than his father, Bentley learned the Rudiments of Latin Grammar. He was afterwards sent to the grammar school of Wakefield, and, upon the death of his father, Bentley (then thirteen years old) was transferred to the care of his maternal grandfather, who resolved to send him to college. This design he soon carried into effect; and in the summer of 1676, at what would now be thought too early an age by three years at the least, Bentley was matriculated at St John's College, Cambridge. Of his studies at college nothing further is recorded than that he applied himself even thus early to the *res metrica*; and amongst his familiar companions, the only one mentioned of any distinction is the prodigious William Wotton. Of this monster in the annals of premature erudition, we remember to have seen several accounts; amongst others, a pretty good one in Birch's *Life of Tillotson*. But Dr Monk mentions some facts which are there overlooked: for instance, that at six years of age he read Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, together with some Arabic and Syriac. In his tenth year he entered at Catherine Hall, in Cambridge, on which occasion he was matriculated by the head of that College as *Gulielmus Wotton infra decem annos nec Hammondo nec Grotio secundus*. As this could be true only with a limited reference to languages, the entry seems boyish and precipitate. At thirteen, being then master of twelve languages, and his proficiency in several of these attested by undoubted judges, he took his degree of B.A., an honour for which there was no precedent. It is evident, however, from Wotton's case, that attainments of this kind are found

generally, (as Butler says of He-brew in particular,) "to flourish best in barren ground." Dr Monk, indeed, seems to think that Wotton did not afterwards belie the splendour of his promise. We cannot agree with him. Surely his book on *Ancient and Modern Learning*, the most popular of his works, though necessarily entertaining from its subject, is superficial in a degree scarcely to be explained in one of so much reading, and commanding so much powerful assistance. Another of his works, a History of the Roman Empire, written expressly for the Duke of Gloucester, then heir apparent, has no conspicuous merit of any kind, either of popular elegance on the one hand, or of learned research on the other. In fact, Wotton's position in the world of letters was most unfortunate. With accomplishments that were worth little except for show, he had no stage on which to exhibit them; and, sighing for display, he found himself confounded in the general estimate with the obscure drudges of the age. How much more useful, and finally how much more brilliant, to have possessed his friend Bentley's exquisite skill in one or two languages, than a shallow mediocrity in a score!

Bentley took his first degree with distinction, his place in the arrangement of honours corresponding with that of *third wrangler* in the present system. Having now closed his education, he was left to speculate on the best way of applying it to his advancement in life. From a fellowship in his own college, the most obvious resource of a young scholar, he was unfortunately excluded by a by-law, not rescinded until the reign of George IV. At length, after two years' interval, spent (as Dr Monk supposes) at Cambridge, he was appointed by his college to the head mastership of the Spalding Grammar School. This situation, after holding it about a year, he quitted for the very enviable one of domestic tutor to the son of Stillingfleet, then Dean of St Paul's. For this also he was indebted to the influence of his college: and perhaps no sort of preferment could have been more favourable to Bentley's views. Stillingfleet was a truly good man; a most extensive and philosophic scholar; a gentleman, and acquainted with

courts; and with a liberal allowance for the claims of a tutor, having himself officiated in that character. Another great advantage of the place was the fine library belonging to the Dean, which, excepting the celebrated ones of Moore, Bishop of Ely, and of Isaac Vossius, was perhaps the best private collection in the kingdom. It was besides a library of that particular composition which suited Bentley's pursuits; and in the Dean's conversation he had the very best directions for using it to advantage. Meantime, with this ample provision for intellectual wants, worldly ones were not likely to be overlooked. How possible it was at that day for a private tutor to reap nothing from the very highest connexions, was seen in the case of Dr Colbatch, one of Bentley's future enemies. This man had held that situation successively in the families of Bishop Burnet, and of the proud Duke of Somerset: and yet neither from the political Bishop, though all-powerful with Queen Mary, nor from the proud Duke, though Chancellor of his university, could he obtain any preferment. But Stillingfleet loved real merit; and, fortunately for Bentley, in the next reign, being raised to the mitre, possessed the ear of royalty beyond any ecclesiastical person of his own time.

It was in this fortunate situation that Bentley acquired that Biblical learning which afterwards entitled him to the Divinity Professorship, and which warranted his proposals for a revised text of the New Testament, even after that of his friend Mill. About six years being spent in this good man's family, most delightfully no doubt to himself,—and then chiefly laying the foundations, broad and deep, of his stupendous learning,—Bentley removed with his pupil early in 1689 to Oxford. Wadham College was the one selected; and both pupil and tutor became members of it. Stillingfleet was now raised to the see of Worcester: and from his extensive connexions, Bentley had the most useful introductions in every quarter. In particular, he had the privilege of disporting himself, like Leviathan, in the ocean of the Bodleian library: and it is certainly not going too far to say, that no man ever entered those sacred

galleries so well qualified to make a general use of their riches. Of his classical accomplishments it were needless to speak. Mathematics, it is thought, by Dr Monk, that he studied at Cambridge: and it is certain, that in Dean Stillingfleet's family, he had, by a most laborious process of study, made himself an eminent master of the Hebrew, Chaldee, and Syriac.

Dealing much in cattle, a man's talk is of oxen; and living in this El Dorado of books, it was natural that a man should think of writing one. Golden schemes floated in Bentley's mind; for he was a golden scholar, and these were the golden hours of his early manhood. Amongst other works, he projected at this period an entire edition of the Fragments of the Greek Poets, and also a Corpus of the Greek Lexicographers, (Hesychius, Suidas, Pollux, &c.) To the irreparable loss of Grecian literature, neither scheme was accomplished. Already in his *Epist. ad Mill.* he speaks of the first as abandoned—"Sed hæc fuerunt," is the emphatic expression. It was in the fates that Bentley's maiden performance as an author should be in other and more obscure society. Amongst the manuscript riches of the Bodleian there was a copy—the one sole* copy in this world—of a certain old Chronicler, about whose very name there has been a considerable amount of learned dust kicked up. Proper-

ly speaking, he ought to be called *Joannes Malēlas Antiochenus*: but, if you are not particular about your Greek, you may call him *Malēla*, without an *s*. This old gentleman, a fellow of infinite dullness, wrote a Chronicle beginning with Adam, and coming down to the 35th year of Justinian. And here lies the necessity of calling him either *Malela* or *Malēlas*; for, strange to say, as there were two Alexander Cunninghams, who at this very time were going about the world mere echoes or mocking-birds of each other, so there were two Johns, both of Antioch, both Chroniclers, both asses, (no distinction there,) and both choosing to start from Adam. The publication of this Chronicle had been twice meditated before, but interrupted by accidents. At length, in 1690, it was resumed under the superintendence of Mill; who claimed from Bentley a promise he had made to throw together any notes which might occur to him upon the proof sheets, as they came reeking from the press. These notes took the shape of an *Epistola ad Millium*: and thus the worthy old jackass of Antioch had the honour of coming forth to the world with the notes of Chilmead, (one of the two early projectors of an edition,) *Prolegomena* by Hody, a learned chaplain of Bishop Stillingfleet's, and this very masterly collection of disquisitions by Bentley upon topics† either closely connect-

* By the way, it should be borne in mind, that, over and above the translations which yet survive into the Arabic, (a resource obviously of little hope, except in the case of scientific books,) there are in all three avenues by which we may have a chance for recovering any of the lost classics: 1st, The Palimpsests, as in repeated instances of late in the Ambrosian Library; 2d, The Pompeii MSS. (for the sensible way of dealing with which, see a letter of Lord Holland to Dr Parr); and, 3d, *The great chests of Greek MSS. in the Sultan's Library at Constantinople*, packed up ever since the triumph of the Crescent in 1453.

† Amongst these is the name *Malelas*, which Hody disputed, contending for *Malēla*. Bentley replies by arguing the case on two assumptions: 1st, *That the names were Greek*. Here the sum of his pleading is this—that naturally the Latin language had no such termination as that of *as* with a parasyllabic genitive; that, in compliance with this original structure, all Greek names in *as*, were in early Latin rendered *a*; and that this conformity to the popular idiom might be looked for the more certainly, as the situation of the usage was one which appealed to the populace: whence it is that, in the comic drama of Rome, we meet with Phœdria, Cheria, Sosia, &c., to so great an extent. But in proportion as literature prevailed, a practice arose of giving to Greek names in *as* their real Greek termination, without any Roman deflexion. Hence even Varro, though somewhat of an antiquarian bigot in old Romanisms, has Archytas, Athenagoras, &c.; and Cicero is overrun with such names. One exception, however, in even Cicero's usage, is alleged upon the authority of Quintilian, viz.

ed with the work, or remotely suggested by it.

Here, by the way, we have a crow to pluck with Dr Monk. How he came to make such a mistake we know not; *prima facie*, one would suppose he had not read the work. But this is impossible, for he states very well the substance of the most important discussions in the epistle: yet certainly in the following sentence he prefers a charge against Bentley, which is altogether without foundation:—"In addressing his learned correspondent," says Dr Monk, "he is not satisfied with marking their intimacy by the terms $\phi\lambda\eta\kappa\iota\phi\alpha\lambda\eta$, *Milli jucundissime, suavissime*, &c.; but in one place he accosts him $\delta\iota\iota\omega\alpha\nu\theta\iota\sigma\iota\nu$ —an indecorum which neither the familiarity of friendship, nor the license of a dead language, can justify towards the dignified head of a house." Certainly Dr Monk *aliud agbat* when he wrote this censure, which at any rate from him, who elsewhere attempts to cheapen the dignity of Academic heads, would come with a peculiar want of grace. The case is this:—From a long digression, which Bentley confesses to be too discursive, he suddenly recalls himself to the old Chronicler—*Sed ad Antiochensem redeo*, (p. 486 of Lennep's republication;) and then, upon an occasion of an allusion to Euripides, he goes on to expose some laughable blunders of Malelas: one

of these is worth mentioning;—the passage,

"Ἡκουσεν εἰς τὴν κυανεῖαν Συμπληγάδων
Πέτρων φύβουτος"—

it seems, the old boy had so construed, as to make *κυανεαν* not a genitive but an accusative, and thus made a present to geography of the yet undiscovered country of the Cyanean land. Upon this, and a previous discovery of a "*Scythian† Aulis*," by the sharp-sighted man of Antioch, Bentley makes himself merry; rates the geographers for their oversights; and clapping *old Malelas* on the back, he thus apostrophizes him—"Euge vero, $\omega\iota\omega\alpha\nu\theta\iota\sigma\iota\nu$; profecto aptus natus es ad omnia abdita et retrusa contemplanda!" (*Well done, Johnny! you are the boy for seeing through a mill-stone!*) Manifestly, then, the I. M. that he is here addressing is not his correspondent John Mill, but the subject of his review, John Malelas, the absurd old jackass of Antioch. This passage, therefore, in mere justice, Dr Monk will cancel in his next edition: in fact, we cannot conceive how such a mistake has arisen with a man of his learning.

We must also very frankly state our disagreement with Dr Monk upon the style (meaning the temper) of this epistle. He charges it with "slippancy," and thinks some of the expressions "boastful." We have lately read it carefully with a view to these

Hernagora. "Ego vero," says Bentley, "Cicronem ita scripsisse ne ipsi quidem Ciceroni affirmanti crediderim." And certainly the dismal hiatus of *Hernagora inventor*, makes it probable that Cicero wrote *Hernagoras*. Bentley grants, however, that Cicero wrote *Phania Appii libertus*; but why? Because names of slaves, being household words, naturally followed the mother idiom, and not the learned idiom of books. 2dly, However, let it be assumed, that the name is not Greek, but Barbarous, like that of $\delta\ \Sigma\iota\epsilon\rho\alpha$ in the Old Test., $\delta\ \Sigma\alpha\rho\alpha$ in the New. Bentley argues the case on this footing. But this, says he, I marvel at, "quod, ut de Græco nomine cognitio habeatur, ad barbaras nationes provocant"—(that, although the judicial investigation we are holding concerns a Greek name, yet the appeal is made to barbarians.) "However, no matter," says he, "as they choose to take the Huns for umpires, to the Huns we will go." And he then shews that the name of *Attila* became in Greek always $\delta\ \Lambda\tau\tau\iota\lambda\alpha\varsigma$. Yet here again he makes a subtle distinction. The ancient patriarchal names of the Old Test., as $\iota\alpha\kappa\omega\beta$, $\iota\omega\sigma\epsilon\phi$, $\Sigma\alpha\delta\lambda$, &c., are retained in Greek unmodified. But the very same names, borne by modern persons, become $\iota\alpha\kappa\omega\beta\epsilon\varsigma$, $\iota\omega\sigma\epsilon\phi\epsilon\varsigma$, $\Sigma\alpha\delta\lambda\epsilon\varsigma$, &c. Upon that analogy also, semi-barbarous names in α , as Abdalla, Mustapha, Juba, &c., which, had they been ancient, would have retained their final α , being modern, all become $\alpha\varsigma$ in Greek. Such is the outline of the refinements in this piece of learned special pleading, which is universally allowed to have settled the question.

* An emendation of Bentley's for $\Pi\lambda\acute{\alpha}\tau\eta\ \phi\iota\lambda\acute{\omicron}\nu\tau\iota\varsigma$.

† This blunder of Jack's grew out of the confusion between the two Iphigenias of Euripides—that in Aulis, and in Tauris. Jack was thinking of Tauris, no doubt.

censures; and we cannot find any foundation for them in a single instance. *Se faire valoir* is peculiarly the right of a young man on making his *début*. The mere history of the case obliges Bentley sometimes to make known the failure of Isaac Casaubon suppose, of Vossius, or of Gataker, when he had himself brilliantly succeeded: and supposing that the first of these heroes had declared a corruption desperate which Bentley restored with two strokes of his pen, was it altogether his duty to dissemble his exultation? Mere criticism, and a page covered with Greek, do not of themselves proclaim the pretensions of a scholar. It was almost necessary for Bentley to settle his own rank, by bringing himself into collision with the Scaligers, with Salmasius, and Pearson. Now, had this been done with irreverence towards those great men, we should have been little disposed to say a word in his behalf. But far otherwise. In some passage or other, he speaks of all the great critics with filial duty. *Erravit in re levi*, says he of one, *gravioribus opinor studiis intentus, rursus amulationem nostram longissime positus*. Of Pearson, in like manner, at the very moment of correcting him, he said on another occasion, *that the very dust of his writings was gold*. *Æmilius Porcius*, indeed, he calls *hominum futilissimus*, justly incensed with him for having misled a crowd of great writers in a point of chronology. But speaking of himself, he says—*Nos pusilli hominuli*; and that is always his language when obliged to stand forward as an opponent of those by whose labours he had grown wise.

On this work, as Bentley's first, and that which immediately made him known to all Europe, we have spent rather more words than we shall be able to do on the rest. In dismissing it, however, we cannot but express a hope, that some future editor will republish this and the other critical essays of Bentley, with the proper accuracy and beauty: in which case, without at all disturbing the present continuity of the text, it will be easy, by marginal figures and titles, to point out the true divisions and subdivisions of this elaborate epistle; for want of which it is at present troublesome to read.

It sometimes happens to men of extraordinary attainments, that they are widely talked of before they come forward on the public arena. Much "buzz" is afloat about them in private circles: and as in such cases, many are always ready to aid the marvellous, a small minority are sure, on the other hand, to affect the sceptical. In so critical a state of general expectation, a first appearance is every thing. If this is likely to be really splendid, it is a mistaken policy which would deprecate the raising of vast expectations. On the contrary, they are of great service, pushed even to the verge of extravagance, and make people imagine the splendour of the actual success even greater than it was. Many a man is read by the light of his previous reputation. Such a result happened to Bentley. Unfathered rumours had been wandering through "the circles," about an astonishing chaplain of the Bishop of Worcester; and so great was the contrast of power and perfect ease in his late work, that his trumpeters and heralds were now thought to have made proclamation too faintly. This state of public opinion was soon indicated to Bentley by a distinction which he always looked upon as the most flattering in his long life. Robert Boyle had died on the last day but one of the year 1691. By his will this eminent Christian left an annual stipend of 50*l.* for the foundation of a lecture in defence of religion against infidels. The appointment to this lectureship has always been regarded as a mark of honour: *à fortiori*, then, the first appointment. That there could have been little hesitation in the choice, is evident; for, on the 13th of February, 1692, Bentley was nominated to this office. The lectures which he preached in discharge of this duty, are deservedly valued—presenting as much, as various, and as profound philosophy as perhaps was compatible with the popular treatment of the subject. Bentley flattered himself that, after this assault, the atheists "were silent, and sheltered themselves under deism." But this was imaginary. Spinoza, in particular, could not have had that influence, which Bentley, Sam. Clarke, and so many others have fancied: for *B. D. S. Opera Posthuma*, 1677, where only his philosophic system

can be found, has always been a very rare book;* and it was never reprinted until Professor Paulus, in our own days, published a complete edition of Spinoza's works. Bayle, it is true, gave some account of the philosophy, but a most absurd, and besides a contemptuous one. In fact, Bayle—spite of the esteem in which his acuteness was held by Warburton, and even by Leibnitz—must be now classed as a spirited *litterateur* rather than philosopher. Hobbists, however, we may believe Bentley, that there were in abundance: but they were a weak cattle; and on Bentley's particular line of argument, even their master hardly knew his own mind.

The lectures answered their end. They strengthened the public opinion of Bentley's talent, and exhibited him in a character more intimately connected with his sacred calling. Once only they were attacked from a quarter of authority. Dr Monk, it appears to us, undervalues the force of the attack, and, perhaps unduly, ascribes it to an impulse of party zeal. Keill, a Scotchman of talent, whose excellent lectures on Natural Philosophy are still quoted as a textbook in Germany, was led, (and—our impression is—led naturally,) in his Examination of Burnet's Theory of the Earth, to notice two errors of Bentley,—one of which, as Dr Monk puts it more on the footing of a verbal ambiguity than our impression of it would have warranted, we will not insist on. The other, unless our memory greatly deceives us, was this: Bentley, having heard that the Moon always presents the same face to our earth, inferred, from that fact, that she had no revolution upon her own axis; upon which, Keill told him, that the fact he stated was a ground for the very opposite inference; since the effect of the Moon's motion about the earth to bring a different face before us could not be counteracted but by a coincident revolution on her own axis. Keill was a coarse man, who called a spade a spade, as was afterwards sufficiently shewn in his almost brutal treatment of Leibnitz

on behalf of his friend Sir Isaac Newton. And it is possible, undoubtedly, that, being a Professor at Oxford, he might have conceived some personal pique to Bentley while resident in that university. But we really see no reason for ascribing to any ungenerous motive a criticism, which, though preevishly worded, was certainly called for by the conspicuous situation of the error which it exposed.

In this year, Bentley was appointed a Prebendary at Worcester, and, in April 1694, Keeper of all the King's Libraries. During the same year, he was a second time summoned to preach the Boyle Lecture; and in the following year, was made one of the Chaplains in ordinary to the King.

Early in the year 1696, Bentley quitted the town house of the Bishop of Worcester, and commenced house-keeping in his own lodgings as Royal Librarian. These lodgings, had he reaped nothing else from his office, were, to him, as a resident in London, a royal preferment. They were in St James's palace, adjoining to those of the Princess (afterwards Queen) Anne, and looked into the Park. In this year, Bentley took the degree of Doctor of Divinity; and somewhere about the same time appeared the edition of Callinachus by his friend Greavius, with contributions from himself, of memorable splendour.

In 1697 commenced, on Bentley's part, that famous controversy about the Epistles of Phalaris, which has chiefly conferred immortality on his name. The circumstances in which it originated are briefly these: The well-known dispute in France, upon the intellectual pretensions in a comparison with each other of the Ancients and Moderns, had been transferred to England by Sir William Temple. This writer, just then at the height of his popularity, had declared for the ancients with more elegance than weight of matter; and, by way of fortifying his judgment, had alleged the Epistles of Phalaris and the Fables of Æsop as

* How rare is evident from this, that at a great book sale in London, which had congregated all the *Fancy*, on a copy occurring, not one of the company but ourself knew what the mystical title-page meant.

proofs that the oldest parts of literature are also the best. Sir William was aware that both works had been challenged as forgeries. However, the suspicions of scholars were as yet unmaturing; and, in a matter of taste, which was the present shape of the question, Sir William Temple's opinion seemed entitled to some consideration. Accordingly, the Honourable Charles Boyle, nephew to the illustrious philosopher of that name, who was at this time pursuing his studies at Christ Church, in Oxford, and, upon the suggestion of Aldrich, the head of that college, had resolved to undertake an edition of some Greek book, as an academic exercise, was directed to Phalaris in particular, by this recent opinion of a friend, to whom he looked up with filial confidence and veneration. To ensure as much perfection to his edition as was easily within his reach, Boyle directed Bennet, his London publisher, to procure a collation of a MS. in the King's Library. This brought on an application to Bentley, who had just then received his appointment as librarian; and his behaviour, on this occasion, scandalously misrepresented to Mr Boyle, furnished the first ground of offence to Boyle. How long a calumny can keep its ground, after the fullest refutation, appears from the Preface to Lennep's Latin version of Bentley's Dissertation, (edit. of 1781,) where, in giving a brief history of the transaction, the writer says,—“*Bentleius tergiversari primum; et ægre quod sæpius efflagitatum erat concedere;*” and again,—“*ecce subito Bentleius iter parans Londino, maxima ope contendere a Benneto*

ut codex ille statim redderetur.” All this is false. Let us here anticipate the facts as they came out on both sides some years after. Bentley, by the plainest statements, has made it evident that he gave every facility for using the MS.; that he reclaimed it only when his own necessary absence from London made it impossible to do otherwise; that this necessity was foreseen and notified at the time of lending it; and that, even on the last day of the term prefixed for the use of the MS., sufficient time for dispatching the business twice over^t was good-naturedly granted by Bentley, after his first summons had been made in vain.

These facts are established. That he lent the MS. under no sort of necessity to do so, nay, at some risk to himself, is admitted by Bennet; that he reclaimed it, under the highest necessity to do so, is not denied by any body. At what point of the transaction is it, then, that the parties differ? Simply as to the delay in lending, and on the matter of giving notice, that on such a day it would be resumed. A little procrastination in lending, and forgetting to give notice, would not have justified a public stigma, had either one or the other been truly imputed to Bentley. But both imputations he solemnly denied. It is painful that the stress of any case should rest upon a simple comparison of veracity between two men; yet, as Mr Bennet has made this inevitable, let us state the grounds of comparison between himself and Dr Bentley. In external respectability there was, in the first place, a much greater interval between[†] them than the same stations would imply

* Bentley ascertained, by an experiment upon one-third of the MS., that, without any extraordinary diligence, it could be collated throughout in a space of four hours. Now, his first summons was at noon; but he indulgently extended the term to “candle-light.” How soon was that? The day has since been ascertained to be Saturday, May 23. But as the year was upwards of half a century before the English reformation of the calendar, that day would correspond to the 2d of June at present. Being, therefore, within three weeks of the longest day, we may assume, that, in the latitude of London, “candle-light” could not be understood as earlier than 9 o'clock P. M. Allowing the collator, therefore, one hour for any other sort of collation, he had just double the time requisite for the collation of the MS.

† No two classes have, within the last century, so much advanced in social consideration as Bankers and Booksellers, (meaning *Publishers*.) The bankers of that day were merely goldsmiths; whence the phrase, hardly yet obsolete among elderly people, of “*bankers' shops*.” Booksellers, again, having rarely stood forward until Pope's time in the character of enlightened co-operators with literary men, naturally took their place amongst the mechanical agents of the press. At present, an influen-

at this day. Dr Bentley, in the next place, was never publicly convicted of a falsehood; whereas Beunet was, in this case at any rate, guilty of *one*. Thirdly, whilst the Doctor had no interest at stake which required the protection of a falsehood, (since, without a falsehood, he was clear of the discourtesy charged upon him,) Bennet had the strongest: he had originally brought forward a particular statement, in a private letter, as a cloak for his own and his collator's indolence, without any expectation that it would lead to public consequences; but now, what he had begun in policy, he clung to from dire necessity; since, unless he could succeed in fastening some charge of this nature upon Dr Bentley, his own excuse was made void; his word of honour was forfeited; and, from the precipitate attack on Bentley, into which he had misled his patron, all colour of propriety vanished at once.

However, Bennet's private account was, as yet, uncontradicted; and, on the faith of *that*, Boyle acquainted the public, in the Preface to his edition of Phalaris, that, up to the 40th Letter, he had taken care to have the book collated with the King's MS.; but that, beyond *that*, the librarian had denied him the use of it, *agreeably to his peculiar spirit of courtesy*. Upon the very first publication of the book, Bentley saw it, and immediately wrote to Mr Boyle, explaining the matter in a polite and satisfactory manner. Boyle replied in gentlemanly terms, but did not give him that substantial redress, which Bentley had reason to expect, of cancelling the leaf which contained the affront. No further steps were taken on either side for some time; nor does it certainly appear that any would have been taken, but for an accidental interference of a third

party. This was Wotton, Bentley's college friend. His book on *Ancient and Modern Learning*, originally published in 1694, and called out by Sir W. Temple's Essay on the same subject, was now (1697) going into a second edition; and as a natural means of increasing its interest, he claimed of Bentley an old promise to write a paper exposing the spurious pretensions of Phalaris and Æsop. This promise had been made before the appearance of Mr Boyle's book, and evidently had a reference to Sir William Temple's strange judgment upon those authors. But, as matters had altered since then, Bentley endeavoured to evade a task which would oblige him to take a severe notice of Mr Boyle's incivility and injustice. Wotton, however, held him to his engagement, and Bentley (*perhaps* reluctantly) consented.—Here again the foreign editor of Leuvenp is too rash: he says of Bentley, that "*cupide occasionem amplexus est*." But we are not to suppose that the sincerity with which a man declines a fierce dispute, is always in an inverse ratio to the energy with which he may afterwards pursue it. Many a man shrinks with all his heart from a quarrel, for the very reason that he feels too sensibly how surely it will rouse him to a painful activity, if he should once embark in it, and an irritation fatal to his peace. In the following year, Boyle, or the Christ-Church faction who used his name, replied at length. And certainly a more amusing* book, upon a subject so unpromising, has rarely been written. In particular, we agree with Dr Monk, that few happier efforts of pleasantry exist, than that piece of raillery upon Bentley, where his arguments for the spuriousness of Phalaris are turned against himself, some critic of a future age being supposed to

tial publisher belongs to a *profession*, which it belongs to himself to render dignified. In Bennet's time, he had not ceased to be (what a mere seller of books still is) a *tradesman*. After all, Gibson, the collator, has confessed in Bentley's favour.

* Hardly less amusing is the *first* Dissertation of Bentley, as published in the second edition of Wotton, (but in the third edition, 1705, and all subsequent ones, omitted.) This, where the heads only of the arguments are touched, without that elaborate array of learning which was afterwards found necessary, and where the whole is treated with irresistible fun and merriment, is a most captivating piece of criticism. A general reader, therefore, who is careless of the minute learning of the case, should read merely this first Dissertation, and Boyle's answer.

argue for the spuriousness of the Doctor's dissertation, as a work obviously impossible to have proceeded from a great scholar and a person of dignified station. As to learning, certainly the joint-stock of the company made but a poor exchequer for defraying a war upon Bentley; yet it was creditable to wits and men of fashion: and in one point of view it was most happily balanced, for it was just shallow enough to prevent them from detecting their own blunders; yet, on the other hand, deep enough to give them that colourable show of being sometimes in the right, which was indispensable for drawing out Bentley's knowledge. Had it been a little deeper, they would have forborne their attack on Bentley: had it been a little shallower, Bentley could have had no motive for replying to them. Partly from the real merit of the book in those points which the public could best appreciate, partly from the extensive and brilliant connexions of the writers, it was eagerly read—a second edition was immediately demanded, and Bentley was supposed to have been defeated. He, meantime, "hushed in grim repose," was couchant; and, with his eye upon the gambols of his victims, was settling himself at leisure for his fatal spring. Spite of the public applauses, some ominous misgivings were muttered: one or two of the Boyle party began to "funk;" they augured no good from the dead silence of Bentley; and Boyle, in particular, who was now in Ireland,

sent to Atterbury some corrections furnished by his earliest tutor Gale, the Dean of York; an intimation of error, which Atterbury, who had been a chief contributor to the book, deeply resented. But errors, or corrections, were now alike past notice. Pelides was now armed for the field: the signal was given; and at length, with the fullest benefit of final revision, which left no room for friend or foe to point out a flaw, that immortal Dissertation (*immortalis ista Dissertatio*, to speak the words of Porson) descended like a thunder-bolt upon the enemy,

—————"And in one night
The trumpets silenced, and the plumes laid
low."

In 1699, being then in his 38th year, Bentley received that main preferment which was at once his reward and his scourge for the rest of his life. At the latter end of that year, Dr J. Montague was transferred (we cannot say, with Dr Monk, promoted) from the Mastership of Trinity College, Cambridge, to the Deanery of Durham. Learning, services to religion, and (according to one rather scandalous tradition*) the firmness which he had manifested in governing the family of Bishop Stillingfleet, all conspired to point out Bentley as a person pre-eminently eligible to this station. Accordingly, he received the appointment; and on the first day of February, 1700, he was solemnly installed in his office. It is evident that he rated its value somewhat differently† from Dr Monk; for he refused, in

* The story is this:—Bishop Stillingfleet is reported to have said, "We must send Bentley to rule the turbulent Fellows of Trinity College. If any body can do it, he is the person; for I am sure that he has ruled my family ever since he entered it." Upon this Dr Monk argues, that the anecdote is doubly refuted; first, by the fact that Stillingfleet had been some time dead when the vacancy occurred; secondly, because the Fellows had not been turbulent before Bentley's accession to the headship. Now, a little consideration will shew, that the anecdote may be substantially true for all that, and probably was so (since it rests on too pointed and circumstantial an allusion to have been invented). Full two years before Bentley's instalment, it appears that a vacancy had been anticipated, and a canvass made, upon the rumoured appointment of Dr Montague to the see of Worcester. That was the occasion, no doubt, of Stillingfleet's remark. Then, as to the word *turbulent*, besides that allowance must be made for the laxity of an oral story, the Fellows might be riotous in another sense than that of resisting the master's authority; and throughout Dr Montague's time, who perhaps was as riotous as they, it is pretty certain that they were so.

† Dr Monk's undervaluation of college headships is so pointedly affected, and really so extravagant, that we cannot but suspect some personal pique or jealousy, how caused we pretend not to guess, as the foundation of it. Everywhere he speaks

after years, to exchange it for the poor Bishopric of Bristol; and, being asked by the Minister what preferment he would consider worth his acceptance, wisely replied, that which would leave him no reason to wish for a removal.

This appointment was made under the unanimous recommendation of an Episcopal Commission, to whom King William, better fitted for a guard-room than the civil duties of the cabinet, had delegated the disposal of all church preferment within the gift of the crown. By the public it could not but have been approved; but it was unpopular in the college, composed chiefly of indolent sots, who were not likely to anticipate with pleasure the disadvantageous terms on which they would stand with so accomplished a head. And our own conviction is, that the appointment would hardly have been carried, had it not been backed by the influence of the Princess Anne. Since the death of Queen Mary, whose rancorous quarrel with her sister had never been settled, the natural influence of the Princess had been allowed to revive. That excellent lady regarded with particular favour the learned

champion of Christianity; and had designed that her son, the Duke of Gloucester, should be sent, at a proper age, to the college over which so meritorious a person presided. In this scheme so much stress was laid on the personal co-operation of Bentley, that, by an arrangement unheard of in English universities, his Royal Highness was to have resided under the master's roof. But these counsels were entirely defeated by the hand of Providence, which then lay heavy upon that illustrious house: in six months after Bentley's installation, the young Prince was summoned to the same premature death which had carried off all the children of his parents.

Finding himself now able to offer a suitable establishment to the woman of his heart, on the 4th of January, 1701, Bentley married Mrs (or, in modern language, Miss) Joanna Bernard, daughter of Sir John Bernard of Brampton, in the county of Huntingdon. This lady, whom he had been accustomed to meet in the family of Bishop Stillingfleet, brought him four children, two daughters and two sons, of whom one died in infancy. He found her a most faith-

of deaneries as *of course* superior in dignity to headships, forgetting that he himself has occasion to mention one dean (a dean of York) who looked to the mastership of Trinity as an object of ambition. And in one place he takes a slight beyond our comprehension: for, according to him, in a dispute between the head of a college and an archbishop, the parties stand "upon such unequal ground," that it is matter of astonishment to find it lasting beyond a moment. How! is it in England that we hear such language, and in 1830? Why, but the other day, we had the edifying spectacle of an archbishop descending to a newspaper altercation with a mob orator, on the subject of his own money concerns! There *was* unequal ground. But, with justice on his side, we really see nothing alarming in an archdeacon and a head of a college maintaining a controversial correspondence with a prince of the blood. A Master of Trinity Coll. Cambridge, presumptuous in disputing with an archbishop on a matter of literature and academic interest!! What false impressions would a foreigner carry away on the relations of English dignities from Dr Monk's book! The fact is, that, in popular consideration, a head of one of the smaller colleges, in either Cambridge or Oxford, is equal at the least to a dean; and the head of Christ Church *in* Oxford, or Trinity in Cambridge, (perhaps some of the other colleges in both,) and the heads of the single colleges, which constitute the whole university in Dublin, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, are equal to bishops. We appeal to Dr Monk himself, to say candidly which is the greater man in Oxford—the Dean of Christ Church, or the Bishop of Oxford? But Oxford is a poor bishopric. True; and *that* introduces a fresh ground of comparison. As stations of profit, sometimes the headships have the advantage (united, as they often are, with complementary livings,) sometimes the bishoprics. As stations of comfort, however, they stand in no comparison. A college head has the most delightful sinecure in the world; whereas bishoprics, by those who are determined to do the work of them, are found to be the most laborious situations in the whole establishment. But here there are secrets: See the very opposite reports, for instance, of the see of Worcester, when held by bishops of different character.

ful companion through the storms of his after life; and as her family connexions were of considerable distinction, and two years afterwards emerged into a blaze of court favour, she had the happiness of giving a powerful assistance to her husband at a moment of imminent danger. There is a story current, that during his courtship Bentley had nearly forfeited her favour by speaking sceptically of the Book of Daniel—a story resting, it seems, on the slight authority of “wicked” Will. Whiston,* and which, as Dr Monk observes, is “exceedingly improbable.”

About five months after his marriage, he was collated to the Archdeaconry of Ely, which brought with it not only honour, but two church livings.

After this, Dr Bentley never actively solicited any further preferment, except once. This was in 1717, when the Regius Professorship of Divinity, by far the richest in Europe, became vacant by the death of Dr James. It was held that Bentley was indigible as head of Trinity; for it might have happened, by the letter of the statutes, that he himself, in one character, would become judge of his own delinquencies in the other. However, there was at least one precedent in his favour; and as the real scruples of his opponents grew out of any thing but principle, whilst his very enemies could not deny that his qualifications for the place were unrivalled, it is agreeable to record, that the intrigues for defeating him were met and baffled by far abler intrigues of his own; and, on the 2d of May, 1718, he was installed in this most lucrative office.

Referring to the earlier years of his connexion with Trinity College, we may characterise his conduct generally as one continued series of munificent patronage to literature, beneficial reforms in college usages and discipline, many of which are still retained at this day with gratitude, and, finally, by the most splendid and extensive improvements of the college buildings. His acts of the first class were probably contemplated by the Fellows with indifference; but those of the second, as cutting off abuses from which they had a personal benefit, or as carried with too high a hand, and by means not always statutable, armed the passions of a large majority against him, whilst the continued drain upon their purses for public objects, which, it must be confessed, was in some instances immoderately lavish, sharpened the excitement against him by the irritation of immediate self-interest. Hence arose a faction so strongly organized for the purpose of thwarting him in future, and of punishing him for the past, as certainly no delinquencies of the most eminent state criminal have ever yet called forth in any nation. Bentley, however, resisted with one hand, and continued to offend with the other. The contest soon became a judicial one; and as it was the most memorable one in every respect that England has ever witnessed—for duration, and the inexhaustible resources of the person whose interest was chiefly at stake upon its issue—we shall give a faithful abstract of all its revolutions, condensed from many scores of pages in Dr Monk's quarto. In any life of Bentley, this affair must occupy a

* This epithet, bestowed playfully upon Whiston by Swift, in ridicule of his sanctimony, would almost seem to have been seriously justified by his general bad faith in scattering injurious anecdotes about every body who refused to fall in with his follies. His excuse lies in the extreme weakness of his brain. Think of a man, who had brilliant preferment within his reach, dragging his poor wife and daughter for half a century through the very mire of despondency and destitution, because he disapproved of Athanasius, or because the *Shepherd of Hermas* was not sufficiently esteemed by the Church of England! Unhappy is that family over which a fool presides. The secret of all Whiston's lunacies may be found in that sentence of his Autobiography, where he betrays the fact of his liability, from youth upwards, to flatulency. What he mistook for conscience was flatulence, which others (it is well known) have mistaken for inspiration. This was his original misfortune: his second was, that he lived before the age of powerful drastic journals. Had he been contemporary with Christopher North, the knout would have brought him to his senses, and extorted the gratitude of Mrs Whiston and her children.

foremost place; and, considering the extreme intricacy of Dr Monk's account, and the extreme falsehood of that in all former biographies, we hope to earn the thanks of our readers by the closeness of our analysis.

On the 21st of December, 1709, the feuds of Trinity College, which had been long ripening to a crisis, were first brought under the eye of a competent manager. On that day, Mr Edmund Miller, a Fellow of Trinity, coming on a Christmas visit to his old friends, happened to enter the College at the very moment when a fresh encroachment of Dr Bentley's had flung the whole society into agitation. To Miller, as a lawyer and a Fellow, their grievances were submitted by the College; and as he lost no time in avowing himself their champion, and in very insolent terms, Dr Bentley lost as little in forcibly dispossessing him of his Fellowship—an act of violence which was peculiarly mistimed; for it did not lessen Miller's power, stimulated his zeal, and added one more to the colourable grounds of complaint. Miller's name was struck off the College boards on the 18th of January; on the 19th, it was restored by the Vice-master and some senior Fellows; and on the 24th, it was again struck off by Bentley. Matters, it may be supposed, were now coming to extremities: and about this time it was that Bentley is said to have exclaimed—"Henceforward, farewell peace to Trinity College!"

For all important disputes which can arise in the different colleges (about 45 in number) which compose the English universities, the final appeal lies to the *Visitor* of each college. But in the present case a previous question arose, "Who was the visitor?" the Crown, or the Bishop of Ely? Two separate codes of statutes, each in force, held a language on this point inconsistent with each other; and the latter code was even inconsistent with itself. However, as it happened that the particular statute which met the present case spoke unequivocally of the Bishop as visitor, it was resolved to abide by that assumption. And therefore, after communicating with the Bishop, a formal petition was addressed to his lordship, and on the 6th of February, 1710, signed by the

Vice-master and twenty-nine Fellows. The Bishop, having received the petition without delay, made as little in sending Bentley a copy of it. And to this Bentley replied in a printed letter to his lordship. The two general heads, under which the charges against Bentley had been gathered, were dilapidation of the College-funds, and violation of the statutes. These charges in the present letter are met circumstantially; and in particular on that principal attempt of Bentley's to effect a new and different distribution of the college income, which had in fact furnished the determining motive to the judicial prosecution of the quarrel, Dr Monk admits that he makes out a very powerful case. Mortified vanity and disappointed self-interest, Bentley describes as the ruling impulses of his enemies: "Had I," says he, "herded and sotted with them; had I suffered them to play their cheats in their several offices, I might have done what I would; I might have devoured and destroyed the College, and yet come away with their applauses for a great and good master." Bentley, in fact, was a most unpopular head succeeding to a very popular one. From whatsoever motive, he had not courted the society of his Fellows: that of itself was a thing that could not be forgiven; and perhaps it is true that from pure mortified *amour propre*, united with those baser impulses which Bentley points out, fastening upon such occasions as the rashness of Bentley too readily supplied, the prosecution against him *did* radically take its rise.

What was the prevailing impression left by Bentley's pamphlet we do not learn. However, as it was well understood to be really his, it did not fail to provoke numerous answers; amongst which Mr Miller's was eminent for the closeness of its legal arguments, and Blomer's for wit and caustic personality. After the petition, however, with the exception of some attempts on Bentley's side to disunite his enemies by holding out temptations which, as often as they failed, were immediately carried to account by the opposite faction as meditated breaches of the statute—it does not appear that either side made any movement until the

11th July, 1710, when the charges against Bentley were finally digested into fifty-four separate articles. These, having first been presented to the Bishop of Ely, were published in the shape of a pamphlet—supported by such extracts from the statutes as seemed necessary to illustrate or substantiate the charges. The Bishop's first step was to send a copy of the articles to Bentley, who on his part appears "to have taken no notice of them whatever." This, be it observed, for many a good year continued to be a right-hand mode of manœuvring with Bentley: unless stirred up by a very long pole, he would not roar for any man.

Meantime, in this year, 1710, had occurred that most memorable of all intrigues, which, out of no deeper root than the slippery tricks of a waiting woman, had overset the policy of Europe. The Whigs were kicked out: the Tories were kicked in; so far the game went just the wrong way for Bentley, his name being always for fancy borne on the Whig lists—but that was a trifle. All the public disadvantages of his party being ousted, were compensated a thousand times over by the private benefit, that his wife happened to be related in blood to Lord Boliughbroke, (then Mr Secretary St John,) and also to Mr Masham, husband of the favourite. "On this hint" he moved. By one or both of these channels he reached the ear of Mr Harley, the Lord Treasurer. The Queen was already won over to his cause; for she had been acquainted of old with the Doctor; and Mrs Bentley's court connexions took care that the scandalous lives of some amongst Bentley's opponents should lose nothing in the telling. The Doctor was "invited" by the Prime Minister to sketch a scheme of conciliation; and in obedience he drew up the *projet* of a Royal Letter, which has since been found amongst the Harleian papers. Let it not offend the reader to hear, that in this letter each separate point in dispute was settled in favour of the Doctor himself. Reasonable as that was, however, *Dis aliter visum est*: the Minister was far too tortuous himself to approve of such very plain dealing. Indeed, as a les-

son upon human nature, the "Royal Letter" must have been a perfect curiosity: for by way of applying a remedy to the Master's notorious infirmity of excessive indulgence and lax discipline, the letter concluded with strictly enjoining him "to chastise all license among the Fellows," and promising royal countenance and co-operation in the discharge of duties so salutary.

Whether this bold stroke came to the knowledge of the enemy, is hard to say; for Dr Monk gives us reason to think that it did, and did not, in the very same sentence. Certain it is that Bentley's Royal Letter was forwarded to the Premier on the 10th November, 1710; and on the 21st of that month he received a peremptory summons from the Bishop of Ely to answer the articles against him by the 18th of December. At one time Bentley avowed a design of appealing to the Convocation; but for this, when steps were taken to baffle him, he substituted a petition to the Queen, explaining that her Majesty was the true visitor of Trinity College, that the Bishop of Ely was usurping her rights, and that Richard Bentley, resisting this usurpation, threw himself on her royal protection.

This petition met with immediate attention, and was referred by Mr Secretary St John to the Attorney and Solicitor-General, who meantime stayed the Bishop's proceedings. Five months were spent in hearing all parties; and on May 29, 1711, the two officers made their report, which was favourable to the Bishop's claim as respected Bentley, but pointed out to the Queen and the Doctor a legal mode of resisting it. As this decision left Bentley to no more than a common remedy at law, he determined to obtain higher protection; and on July 12, he addressed a letter to Harley, now Earl of Oxford, congratulating him on his recent escape from assassination, stating his own situation, and concluding with the offer of dedicating to his lordship the edition which he had been long preparing of Horace. This appeal obtained for him the Minister's active protection; the Bishop was again directed to stay proceedings; and on the 8th of December the Horace was published, with a dedication, taking due notice

of Harley's honours* of descent from the Veres and Mortimers. Bentley avowed his own change of party by saying, that "Horace was not less in favour with Mæcenæ from his having once served under the banners of Brutus and Cassius."

In 1712, after above seven months' deliberation, the crown lawyers made a report on the question of—*Who was Visitor?* It was unfavourable to Bentley; for though declaring the Crown visitor in a general sense, it decided, notwithstanding, for the Bishop of Ely, in the single case of delinquency charged upon the Master—the very case in question; and one of the lawyers, Sir Joseph Jekyll, declared for the Bishop unconditionally. Now, then, it was expected that the interdict on the Bishop would be immediately taken off. However, it was not; and some speculations arose at that time upon this apparent mystery, which have since appeared to be unfounded. Mrs Bentley's influence was supposed to be at work. But the secret history of the intrigue was very different. The truth was this: Bentley's enemies had now found their way to Lord Oxford's ear; this should naturally have operated to Bentley's ruin; but fortunately for him, the Treasurer viewed the whole case as one not unworthy of his own management upon Machiavelian principles. A compromise of the dispute was probably what the Minister proposed; and if that were found impossible, an evasion, by a timely removal of Bentley to some other situation.

Meantime, these conciliatory intentions on the part of the Premier were suddenly defeated by a strong measure of Bentley's. In the winter of 1712, he refused his consent to the usual division of the College funds. Attacked in this quarter, the Fellows became desperate. Miller urged an application to the Court of Queen's Bench, with a view to compel the Bishop of Ely to proceed as Visitor; for it was believed that the royal interdict would not be recognised by that court. Upon this the

Ministers shrank from the prospect of being publicly exposed as partisans in private cabals; and Lord Bolingbroke wrote hastily to the Bishop of Ely, giving him the Queen's permission to proceed "as far as by law he was empowered." Thus warranted, the Fellows brought their cause before the Queen's Bench, and before the end of Easter term, 1713, obtained a rule for the Bishop to shew cause why a mandamus should not issue to compel him to discharge his judicial functions.

Two considerable advantages had been obtained by Bentley about this time; he had been able to apply the principle of *divide et impera* in the appointment to an office of some dignity and power: a success which, though it really amounted to no more than the detaching from his enemies of that single member who benefited by the bribe, he had dexterously improved into a general report that the party arrayed against him were repentant and disunited. The other advantage was of still higher promise. Early in the summer of 1712, the negotiations then pending at Utrecht had furnished the Whigs with an occasion for attack upon Ministers which was expected to unseat them. How sanguine were the hopes embarked upon this effort, appears by the following passage from Swift's *Journal to Stella*—"We got a great victory last Wednesday in the House of Lords, by a majority, I think, of twenty-eight; and the Whigs had desired their friends to bespeak places to see Lord Treasurer carried to the Tower." In this critical condition, it was important to Oxford and Bolingbroke that their security should appear to stand not merely upon Parliamentary majorities, but also on the general sense of the country. Addresses, therefore, expressing public confidence, were particularly welcome at court; and Bentley managed one for them at Cambridge, which he was deputed to present.

But these were advantages which could avail him nothing in the new posture of the dispute. The Court

* We know not how true Harley's pretensions in this particular may be; certainly Lord Bolingbroke ridicules them harshly, in his Letter to Sir William Wyndham, as mere jovial inspirations from the fumes of claret.

of Queen's Bench had relieved the Bishop of Ely from the royal interdict. The Bishop lost no time in throwing Bentley upon his defence. Bentley replied laconically (June 18, 1713); and after some further interchange of written pleadings with his accusers, he attempted to bring the whole affair to an abrupt issue at Cambridge; in which case, for want of mature evidence, an acquittal must have followed. But the Bishop was on his guard. He had engaged the late Whig Lord Chancellor, (Lord Cowper,) and Dr Newton, an eminent civilian, as his assessors; and he replied dryly, that if it suited their convenience, November would be the time of trial; but at all events, London would be the place, as best furnished for both sides with the proper legal aids.

However, it happened, from the political agitations of that period, that the trial did not in fact come on until May, 1714. The great hall of Ely House was the court-room, and eight of the most eminent lawyers of the day assisted on one side or other as counsel. On the charge of wasting the College goods, Bentley made out a strong case. He produced the sanction of a majority; and the funds, it appeared, had been applied, at any rate, to the adorning and repairing of the College. As to the other charge of violating the statutes, it had been Bentley's custom to palliate his strong measures by shifting between the statute and the practice, just as either happened to afford him most countenance; but there were some acts oppressive beyond the countenance of either precedent or statute. Public opinion, and, it is supposed, the private opinion of the Bishop, had hitherto powerfully favoured Bentley, but forsook him as the trial advanced; and tradition records, that on some remarkable expression of this, Bentley fainted away. At length, after six weeks' duration, the Visitor was satisfied that the case had been established, and ordered a sentence of ejection from the Mastership to be drawn up. This was done, and the sentence was afterwards found amongst his papers. Meantime, the good Bishop Moore had caught cold during the long sittings; and on the 31st of July, before any of his apparitors could execute the sentence, he was himself

summoned away by a sterner apparitor, to the other world. On the day following died Queen Anne; and in one moment the favour of Oxford and Bolingbroke had become something worse than worthless. Thus suddenly did Bentley see both friends and foes vanish from the scene, and the fine old quarrel of Trinity College fell back to the *status quo ante bellum*, and was welcome to begin the world again.

So passed the first five years of the feud. Fleetwood, the new Bishop of Ely, declined to act as Visitor of the Master, unless he could also visit the Fellows. Upon this significant hint, the prosecutors of Bentley, now reduced by six who had died during the struggle, acceded to a compromise. Sensible, however, that so long as Miller continued to be a Fellow, the stifled fire would be continually rekindled, Bentley applied the whole force of his mind to eject him. A former pretext had been quashed; he now found a new one, but all in vain. The result for the present was simply to refresh the fury of Miller. He was now become a Sergeant; and he laid fresh articles before the Bishop, who persisted, however, in declining to act.

At this point of the history, a new actor came upon the stage, who brought to the management of the quarrel, self-devotion like that of a Christian martyr, and malignity like that of a Pagan persecutor. This was Dr Colbatch, Professor of Casuistry. As a Fellow of Trinity College, he had unavoidably taken some interest in the affair from the first; but from duty or gratitude he had supported the Master; or had passed into a state of strict neutrality; or, finally, had acquiesced with reluctance in the measures of Miller. At length, however, it is said that some affair of college leases, in the terms of which Bentley seemed to sacrifice reversionary to present interests, put an end to his languor; and he parted from the Master in a state of enmity that in this life was destined to no repose.

Now, then, the College was in perfect anarchy; yet the Bishop of Ely still refused to interfere, unless ordered by the King. In this dilemma the Archbishop of Canterbury, Wake, (the same, we think, who en-

tertained the mad project for some sort of union with the Popish or Gallican Church,) pointed out the steps to be taken, amongst which the first was a petition to the King in Council. His Grace had himself lately received an affront from Bentley, and he now declared the jolly old Doctor to be "the greatest instance of human frailty that he knew of." After some delay, caused by the weakness of the Fellows in neglecting a prudent caution of the Archbishop, the petition was called for by the council and read. Then came a scene, in the history of public business, worthy of Swift. The council remits the case to Sir Edward Northey, at that time Attorney-General; Mr Attorney remits to the Bishop of Ely; the Bishop back again to Mr Attorney; and finally exit Mr Attorney in a hurry with all the papers in a bundle; for Sir Edward was soon dismissed from office, and carried off the quarrel in his pocket. This was in 1716: for the three years which succeeded, Colbatch allowed himself to be amused with the merest moonshine by the Chancellor, Lord Macclesfield, who secretly protected Bentley. In 1719 the Petition came again to light; and being read at the Council board, was referred by the Lords Justices, who represented the absent King, to a committee of the Privy Council. This resurrection from Sir Edward Northey's pocket, was a sad blow to Bentley: three years' slumber gave him hopes that the petition had been applied to some "culinary or post-culinary purpose," in which case he was well assured that another of equal weight could no longer be substituted. However, the next step was to get it *laid*, and that could be done only by a compromise with Sergeant Miller. This had been attempted in vain some years back, as it happened that the Sergeant was at that time discharging his wrath in a book against the Doctor. That book, however, hurt nobody but its author; and the Sergeant now listened favourably to an overture, which offered him a profitable retreat. He retired for ever from the contest, with the reputation of a traitor, and 528 pounds sterling in his purse; he rose afterwards to be a member of Parliament, and a Baron of Exchequer in Scotland, but in

Cambridge he never retrieved his character.

For eleven years the quarrel had now raged in the courts; for the next seven, in consequence of this compromise with Miller and the Bishop of Ely's *inertia*, it was conducted by the press; and strange it is to record, that all attempts in this way of Bentley's enemies, though practised authors, recoiled heavily on themselves—How many pamphlets, so many libels. Sergeant Miller had already paid dearly for *his*. Next came Conyers Middleton, who, in two particular sentences, seemed to intimate that justice could not be had (or even a hearing) from the King in Council. In November, 1721, the King and Richard Bentley taught him in Westminster Hall to take a new view of the subject. He was compelled to ask pardon, and heavily amerced in costs. Colbatch, with this warning before his eyes, committed exactly the same fault in a more dangerous shape. He was prosecuting Bentley as the supposed author of a supposed libel on himself in the University Courts; and in support of the University jurisdiction, he published a book called *Jus Academicum*. Circumstances arose, however, to convince him that more danger was at hand to himself than his antagonist, and he declared himself willing to drop the proceedings. "Are you so?" said Bentley; "but so am not I." There is a vulgar story of a gentle Quaker, who, finding a dog in the act of robbing his larder, declined rough modes of punishment, but said he would content himself with a parting admonition; upon which, opening the door to the dog, he cried after him—"Mad dog! good people, a mad dog!" In the same fashion did Bentley, not troubling himself to institute prosecutions, quietly beg leave, by his counsel, to read a sentence or two from the *Jus Academicum* before the Judges of the King's Bench. That was enough: the Judges bounced like quicksilver, for their jurisdiction was questioned; and Dr Colbatch, in Mr Thurtell's language, was "book-ed." The troubles he went through in skulking from justice, and running after great men's intercession, would really make a novel. The following extracts from Dr Monk's account,

lift up the veil upon the wretched condition of him who is struggling in the meshes of the law. After mentioning that the two Secretaries of State had promised their intercession with the Chief Justice, the account goes on thus :—

"He himself preferred his application to the Lord Chancellor, now Earl of Macclesfield, who, however great might be his faults, was remarkably accessible and affable. He indulged Colbatch with many interviews; and although he condemned, without reserve, the offending passages of his book, promised him his good offices with the Chief Justice, to make the consequences light. But the patronage of these great ministers was not calculated to render the unfortunate divine any real service. The distinguished judge, who presided on the bench, entertained a high notion of the dignity of his court. He had also too just an opinion of the sanctity of the judicial character, not to be jealous of the interference of persons in power with the administration of justice. He therefore heard the representations of the Cabinet ministers, without the least disposition to attend to them; insomuch, that the Premier accounted for his inflexibility by observing, that *Pratt had got to the top of his preferment, and was, therefore, refractory, and not to be governed by them.*"

Soon after this the publisher, Wilkin, was brought to the bar :—

"The affrighted bookseller made an effort to save himself, by declaring that Dr Colbatch was the author; but the Chief Justice told him that he might do as he pleased about giving up the author, for it should not save him from the punishment due to the offence of circulating the pamphlet; and that his fate should be a warning to other publishers; adding, that the court would serve the author in the same way if brought before them. Wilkin's terrors were greatly augmented, when, upon applying in the evening at the chambers of Mr Justice Fortescue to be bailed, he was informed by his lordship that he had that day taken as bail, of the publisher of the *Freeholder's Journal*, (a treasonable paper.) £1000, and £500 for each of his sureties; and he was actually required to produce the same amount, the Judge saying that his offence was as great, or greater."

The danger now thickened, and Colbatch was advised to keep out of the way, and with the utmost speed to procure the King's pardon, which had been promised him by *both Secretaries of State*. In what manner

great men kept their promises in those days, the reader shall hear:

"When he renewed his application for the interference of the great Ministers in his favour, he found their tone much altered. Lord Carteret, in particular, had at first been profuse in his assurances of protection in case of the worst; *Should the Doctor be sent to prison, here, said he, brandishing his pen, is Mercury's wand which will soon fetch him out.* Now, however, his lordship's language was altered; he advised so and so, and he would undertake that nothing should hurt him. But Dr Friend, whose heart misgave him on this point, begged his lordship to pledge his word, that, in case of the worst, *Mercury's wand* should be put in operation. He encouraged by a fresh promise, the delinquent, who had changed his lodgings to escape notice, now put on his gown, and appeared publicly in the streets and in Westminster Hall. But here some lawyers, upon learning the grounds of his security, told him to *despair his charm*, for that, if he confessed himself the author of *Jus Academicum*, the King himself could not hinder his being sent to prison."

In this trying situation, Colbatch in 1722 strengthened himself by new friends, such as the Archbishop of York, the President of the Council, and many others; but at length he discovered "that there was a lion in the path, which intercepted all his prospects of powerful mediation." And who should this lion be? Why, simply that friend, the Chancellor, to wit, who was the warmest of all in professions. What a picture of courts does the following passage expose!

"The minister (Lord Townshend) then sent him to wait upon the Chief Justice, with a message from himself, intimating that the Crown would interfere to stay proceedings, and wishing to know in what manner that object could most properly be effected. Colbatch proceeded immediately to Sir John Pratt's, but found that he was just gone out; whereupon an unfortunate idea came across his mind, that he ought to go and communicate the Minister's designs to the Lord Chancellor, lest he should appear to distrust the promise of the latter. This wily lord, having learnt the state of the case, determined to counteract what was doing; and, under pretence of smoothing the way, made the Doctor promise not to deliver Lord Townshend's message to the Chief Justice, till he had himself seen him upon the subject. Colbatch, how-

ever, presently perceiving that he had been surprised and tricked by this exalted personage, went back to Lord Townshend, and candidly told him what had passed. The Minister revived his spirits, by promising to procure him the King's pardon the next day, and directed him to call upon him again in the evening at his office, when he should see and talk with the Chancellor. Going at the time appointed, he found a cabinet meeting just broken up. Lord Townshend, as soon as he saw him, ordered Lord Macclesfield to be recalled, and the two great men held a long conversation apart, in which the Chancellor contrived to intercept the favour designed for the unfortunate Colbatch. They then joined him, and Lord Macclesfield urged that nothing more was required of him but to make a reasonable apology to the court, and that he would be committed to satisfy form; that this would be only nominal, as he would regain his liberty the next day; and earnestly advised him to undergo this trivial ordeal. Lord Townshend then joined in the recommendation, saying—*Do, good Doctor, do.* Thus pressed, he had no alternative but to acquiesce, although he was no longer deceived, but saw himself the victim of a hard-hearted policy."

Certainly, if the Doctor's friends were knaves, *ou à-peu-pres*, the Doctor himself was a fool, *ou à-peu-pres*. And the very perfection of folly—pig-headed folly, (opposed to equal pig-headedness in the judge,)—appears in the final scene of this little drama, which we transcribe as a fair rival to any of the same kind in Gil Blas:—

"After, &c. &c. Dr Colbatch was again brought up before the King's Bench, to petition for his discharge; whereupon Sir Littleton Powis, the senior puisne judge, delivered him his final objurcation. His lordship had just been reading *Jus Academicum*, and was master of its contents; but, unfortunately for the author, he considered some of the reflections, intended for Dr Bentley, as levelled against the Court. He termed the appeals made to foreign lawyers quite foreign to the purpose;—a conceit which took his lordship's fancy so much, that he repeated it three or four times in the course of his speech. But the most disastrous point was the motto of the book,—*Jura negat sibi nata, nihil non arrogat*. He accused Colbatch of applying to the Court of King's Bench the most virulent verse in all Horace,—*Jura negat sibi nata, nihil non arrogat*. The culprit immediately

set him right as to Horace's word; and told him besides, that the motto was intended to apply, not to the Judges, but to Dr Bentley. Sir Littleton, however, would not be driven from what he considered his stronghold; he thrice recurred to this unhappy quotation, which accused their lordships of *abrogating* the laws; and each time Colbatch was imprudent enough to interrupt and correct him. At last the Court remarked to his counsel, Kettelbey, that his client did not appear to be sensible of his being in contempt; and, to convince him of that fact, sentenced him to pay £50, to be imprisoned till it was paid, and to give security for his good behaviour for a year."

It will appear like judicial infaturation in Bentley's enemies, that, on that same day when this scene took place in the King's Bench, another process was commenced against Conyers Middleton for a libel upon the same Court. "The pamphlet being handed to the Bench, the Chief Justice pronounced, that, if Dr Middleton was really the author, he must be the most ungrateful man alive, considering that the Court had already treated him with so much lenity." In fact, this unhappy coincidence in time of the two cases, gave to the reverend libellers the appearance of being in a conspiracy. However, though Middleton would not take a lesson from his friend to avoid his offence, he *did* as regarded the management of his defence. He applied to no Lord Macclesfields or Secretaries of State; and, in consequence, he met precisely the same punishment as Colbatch, without the same protracted suffering. And so ended the sixth suit which Bentley had prosecuted to a triumphant issue, within three years, in the King's Bench, himself enjoying all the time the most absolute *otium cum dignitate*, whilst his malicious enemies were mere footballs to the fury of law.

These, however, were no more than episodes in the great *epos* of the original quarrel. In the latter end of 1727, after a seven years' rest, this began to revive. Bishop Fleetwood had been succeeded in the see of Ely by Greene, who was willing to act, provided his expenses were guaranteed, and certain legal questions answered favourably. His demands were granted; and five eminent lawyers, having separately returned satisfactory answers, preparations were

making for assault. Though managed silently, Bentley heard of them; and immediately petitioned the King, telling him that the Bishop of Ely was going to rob him of his rights. After three months' waiting for the result, the Bishop in turn petitioned the King to be heard on behalf of his See. A committee of the Privy Council was then appointed. Delays, as usual, were devised by Bentley; and it was not before March 1729, that the committee decided, that "they could not advise his Majesty to interfere at all, but that the Bishop was at liberty to proceed as he thought proper."

Richard Bentley had come to a different decision, as he soon made Bishop Greene understand. In November, his lordship began to stir; but Bentley soon pulled him up by moving the King's Bench for a prohibition, on the ground, that before he could be "visited," he must be twice admonished by the Vice-master; now, as he took care to have a Vice-master of his own choosing, this was not likely to happen before the Greek calends. The judges at length refused the prohibition, holding that the preliminary admonition was required only in cases of petty delinquencies. Bishop Greene was therefore once more declared at liberty to proceed; and at last it was thought, says Dr Monk, "that all Bentley's resources were at an end."

Little did they know of Richard Bentley who thought thus. On the 2d June, 1729, steps were again taken at Ely House, and a further day assigned. Before that day came, again had Bentley put a spoke in the Bishop's wheel. He applied to the King's Bench for a writ of prohibition on new grounds; and this time he succeeded. Next term, the Bishop applied to have the prohibition taken off. But that was more easily asked than granted. Bentley had bothered the judges with a paper which cost a week even to copy. The judges had no time to read it, and were obliged to continue the prohibition; and then came the long vacation. In November, 1729, the campaign opened again; but the Court declared that no case like this had ever come before them, and declined to pronounce judgment until it had been argued by way of declaration and answer.

In 1730, with the vernal resurrection of nature, up rose the everlasting process. "Up rose the sun, and up rose Emily." Bishop Greene put in his plea. Bentley took no notice of it; nor would to this hour, had not a rule been applied for to compel him. At the last minute of the time allowed, he replied, by asking for time,—a month, for instance. The Court granted a week. At the last minute of the week he put in a *replikation*, which, in Strange's Reports, is described as "immaterial."

Upon this the Bishop, in technical phrase, *demurred*. But here, again, Bentley got Bishop Greene under his arm, and "fibbed" him. It is presumed in law, that, for his own interest, a plaintiff will proceed quickly; so that, if he should not, the rules of Court make no provision for compelling him. Now, it is true that Bentley was defendant on the main case; yet, on that part of it which came before the Court of King's Bench, he was plaintiff; of course he made no sign of proceeding. In Trinity term measures were taken to compel him. But next came another step, which also belongs to plaintiff. Plaintiff failed. As this was no more than making up what is called a "paper book," defendant did it for him. But this Bentley would not hear of. "By no means," said he; "it is my duty to do it. I have failed; and I insist on being compelled to do my duty." And in this way again he whiled away the year until the long vacation arrived, when all men rest from their labour. Who will deny that his friends in Cambridge did right in giving the unconquerable old man a triumphal reception, meeting him at Bourn Bridge, and preparing him a welcome in Trinity College, in a manner similar to that of his Majesty's late reception in Cambridge?

Michaelmas term, 1730, the judges, after hearing three days' argument, gave judgment against two of Bentley's pleas; on the third, they postponed their decision.

Easter term, 1731, arrived, and new light dawned for Bentley. The charges against him all went upon a presumed validity of certain statutes, known as Queen Elizabeth's, which had superseded the elder statutes of Edward VI., and no question had

arisen, but as to which set of statutes were valid for this particular case. Suddenly the judges themselves started a question. Were these statutes valid for *any case*? Counsel on neither side had heard a whisper in that direction. Being uninstructed, they were silent. The judges differed amongst themselves, and the result seemed doubtful. But all at once they discovered a screw loose in another quarter. It was this: The Bishop had described himself as "Visitor especially authorized and appointed by the 40th of Queen Elizabeth's statutes." Now, waving the other question, at any rate it was the elder statutes which had created his jurisdiction, the Elizabethan (supposing them valid) having at most recognised it. This flaw was held fatal by the whole bench, in other respects not unanimous, and a sufficient reason for continuing the prohibition.

So terminated this stage of the interminable process; damages to the prosecutors—little less than L.1000; and to Bentley, whose costs fell on the College, (and in their proportion, therefore, upon the prosecutors,) L.1300. Prosecutors had to pay Bentley L.269, as costs contracted in discussing objections of *his* raising, notwithstanding every one of these objections had been dismissed. Such a result of their malice it is delightful to record.

How Dr Monk reconciles it with the fact of the continued prohibition, we pretend not to guess; so it is, however, that we now find him speaking of Bishop Greene, as being at liberty to proceed "at discretion." However, we must take things as we find them. In July, 1731, Bentley, on suspicion that Bishop Greene was meditating a choice of courses, resolved to spare Bishop Greene any course at all. With that view he petitioned the King to prohibit him by a *stat* of the Attorney-General. This new attack exhausted Bishop Greene's entire stock of patience. Bishop Greene began to sing out furiously; and, when the petition, after two hearings, was dismissed as illegal in its prayer, his lordship resolved to go in to his man, and finish him in as few rounds as possible. Yet how? After much deliberation, it was resolved to adopt the plan of an appeal to the House of Lords for

a reversal of the late judgment of the King's Bench.

It is ludicrous to mention, that whilst this grand measure was pending, a miniature process occurred, which put all the parties to the great one through what had now become regular evolutions. Bentley had expelled a gentleman from Trinity College. Of course, the man appealed to the Bishop of Ely;—of course, the Bishop of Ely cited Bentley before him;—of course, Bentley treated the citation with contempt, and applied to the King's Bench for his old familiar friend—the rule to prohibit;—and, of course, the Court granted it. Upon which this feud merged quietly into the bosom of the main one, which now awaited the decision of the Upper House of Parliament.

On the 6th of May, the case opened before this illustrious Court, who were now to furnish a *perpetuum* to an affair which had occupied and confounded all sorts of courts known to the laws or usages of this kingdom. "The interest attached to the cause, and the personage whose fortunes were at stake," says Dr Monk, "produced full houses on almost every day that it was argued." The judges were ordered to attend the House during its continuance; and, from the novelty of the case, or some other reason, it was followed by the Peers with singular zest and attention.

On the 8th of May, the judgment of the King's Bench was reversed, chiefly (it is believed) through a speech of Bishop Sherlock's. The House then undertook, after some debate, to deliberate separately upon all the articles of accusation preferred against Bentley. This deliberation extended into the next session; and, upon the 15th of February, 1733, final judgment was pronounced, giving to the Bishop of Ely permission to try the Master of Trinity on twenty of the sixty-four articles. The first court was held at Ely-House on the 13th of June, 1733; and, on the 27th of April, 1734, the whole trial being concluded, Bishop Greene, unsupported, however, by his assessors, both of whom, it is known, were for a sentence of acquittal, "in terms of great solemnity," declared that Dr Bentley was proved guilty both of dilapidating the goods of his College,

and violating its statutes; and, accordingly, pronounced him to be deprived of the Mastership of Trinity College.

At length, then, after infinite doubles through a chase of five-and-twenty years, the old fox is hunted to earth: but who shall be the man to smoke him out? Bentley saw no reason why the matter of execution might not be made to yield as good sport as the matter of trial. He had already provided an evasion; it was this: the statute says, that when convicted, the Master shall, without delay, be stripped of his office by the Vice-master. He only was authorized to execute the sentence. The course then was clear: a Vice-master was to be provided who would *not* do his duty. The Bishop had a sort of resource in such a case. But Bentley had good reasons for believing, that it would be found unserviceable. Wanted therefore immediately, for Trinity College, a stout-hearted son of thunder, able to look a bully in the face. How ardently must Bentley have longed to be his own Vice! As that could not be, he looked out for the next best on the roll.

Meantime the Bishop issued three copies of his sentence—one to Dr Bentley, one for the college gates, and a third to Dr Hacket, the Vice-master, requiring him to see it executed. The odious Colbatch already rioted in his vengeance: more than delay he did not suspect; yet even this exasperated his venom, and he worried the poor Vice with his outcries.

Bentley, be it remembered, was now in his seventy-third year: his services to Trinity College, to classical literature, to religion, were greater than can be readily estimated. Of his prosecutors and judge, on the other hand, with a slight change in Caligula's wish, any honest man might desire for the whole body one common set of posteriors, that in planting a single kick he might have expressed his collective disdain of them, their acts, and their motives. Yet old as Bentley was, and critical as he found his situation, he lost no jot of his wonted cheerfulness: "He maintained," says his biographer, "not only his spirits, but his accustomed gaiety;" and in allusion to his own predicament, gave the can-

didates, as a subject for a theme, the following words of Terence—

—"hoc nunc dicis
Ejectos hinc nos: omnium rerum, heus,
vicissitudo est!"

Hacket, however, was not a man to depend upon; he "felt uneasy, and had no mind to become a victim in defence of one whom he regarded with no affection." Luckily he was willing to resign: luckily, too, just then, Dr Walker became eligible—a devoted friend, of whom Dr Monk believes, that he "would have cheerfully risked his life in the protection of his master."

Dr Walker was elected. He was not a man to be terrified by ugly words, nor by grim faces. Bishop Greene sent his mandate to Dr Walker, requiring him immediately to deprive the Master: *no attention was paid*. Colbatch put bullying questions: Dr Walker "*declined to give any reply*." Then Bishop Greene petitioned the House of Lords, the very court which had directed him to try the Doctor: the House kicked the petition out of doors. Then Bishop Greene turned to the Court of King's Bench; and the Court granted a mandamus to Dr Walker to do his duty. But that writ was so handled by Bentley's suggestions, that the judges quashed it. Then Bishop Greene procured another *mandamus* in another shape, viz. a mandamus to himself to compel Dr Walker to do his duty. But that writ was adjudged, after long arguments, to be worse than the other. Then Bishop Greene obtained a third mandamus, which included some words that were thought certain to heal all defects: but upon argument it was found, that those very words had vitiated it. And in this sort of work Bentley had now held them in play four years since the sentence. Now, then, all mankind, with Bishop Greene at their head and Colbatch at their tail, verily despaired. Dr Bentley had been solemnly sentenced and declared to be ejected; yet all the artillery of the supreme courts of the kingdom could not be so pointed as to get him within their range. Through four consecutive years after his sentence, writ upon writ, *mandamus* after *mandamus*, had been issued against him; but all in vain: budge he would not

for gentle or simple: the smoke of his pipe still calmly ascended in Trinity Lodge. And like the care-hating old boy of Beaumont and Fletcher, he argued that *it always had been so, and doubtless it always would be so*. At length, when the third writ was quashed by the Judges of the King's Bench, after a solemn hearing on the 22d of April, 1738, his enemies became finally satisfied that "this world was made for Cæsar;" and that to dislodge Dr Bentley, by any forms of law yet discovered amongst men, was a problem of sheer desperation. From this day, therefore, that idle attempt was abandoned by all human beings, except Colbatch, who could find nobody to join him: and from this date, twenty-nine years from the opening of the process, and about thirty-eight from the opening of the quarrel, its extinction may be dated. The case appears to have been fatal to the See of Ely; for Bishop Moore had lost his life in trying Bentley; Bishop Fleetwood saved his by letting him alone; and Bishop Greene, after floundering in his own sentence for four years, departed this life in a few days after finding out that it never would be executed.

Thus ended this great affair, which occupied about two-thirds of Dr Bentley's manhood.* After this, he amused himself with prosecuting old Colbatch for 3s. 6d. which Colbatch (upon principles of ecclesiastical polity) vehemently desired to cheat him of. It is gratifying to add, that he trounced Colbatch, who was sentenced to pay 3s. 6d., together with 2s. 6d. arrears, and L.20 costs.† Colbatch talked of applying to a higher court: but afterwards thought better on that subject, and confined his groans to a book—which, it is to be hoped, no mortal ever read.

This last of his thousand-and-one

lawsuits terminated in 1740: after which, he enjoyed a clear space of more than two years for assailing himself from the irritation of earthly quarrels, and preparing for his end. His last appearance of a public nature, was on occasion of something which we must not call foolery in the offending parties, since Dr Monk considers it "alarming;" and here it was that he delivered his final jest. A youth, whose name has not reached posterity with much lustre, one Strutt, had founded a sect of atheists, by a book published in 1732. The Struttian philosophy had been propagated by Mr Tinkler Duckett, a Fellow of Caius College. Tinkler, ambitious (it seems) of martyrdom in the cause of Struttism, privately denounced his own atrocities: a great fuss ensued: bishops and archbishops were consulted: and, finally, Tinkler was brought to trial upon a charge of Strutting. He was fully proved to have Strutted, though he attempted to deny it: and on the last day of trial, Dr Bentley being wanted to make up a *quorum* of heads, and by way of paying honour to the father of the university, who could not easily go to *them*, the court, with its appendages, atheist and all, adjourned to *him*. Court being seated, Bentley begged to know which was the atheist: and upon Tinkler being pointed out to him, who was a little meagre man, "Atheist!" said he, "how! is that the atheist? Why, I thought an atheist would be at least as big as Burrough the beadle!" Burrough, it may readily be supposed, was a burly personage, fitted to enact the part of leader to a defying philosophy.

This incident occurred early in 1739. Some time further on in the same year, is fixed, conjecturally, as the period of a paralytic attack, from which it is certain that he suf-

* As evidence of the violent and unjust hostility to Bentley which prevailed in Cambridge, it ought to be mentioned, that, during the progress of this main feud, without a trial, and on the merest *ex parte* statement, Bentley was solemnly degraded and stripped of his degrees, to which he was restored only after a struggle of five and a half years, by a peremptory *mandamus* from the King's Bench.

† By the way, Colbatch must have been pretty well cleaned out by this time, which is pleasing to believe; for Dr Monk, by examining the bursary books of Trinity College, has found, that the costs of the suit were nominally L.3657, but really not less than L.4000: so that, at one time, a pleasant prospect of starvation was before the College. Over and above his share of all this, Colbatch had little pet libels of his own to provide for. Well is it that malice is sometimes a costly luxury!

fered at *some* time in his latter years. That it was a slight one, is evident from the fact, that he acted as an examiner for a scholarship within a month of his death.

About the beginning of the next year he lost his wife, in the fortieth year of a union memorably happy. His two daughters, both married, united their pious attentions to soothe his old age, and to win his thoughts from too painful a sense of this afflicting trial: and one of them, Mrs Cumberland, having four children, filled his else desolate mansion with the sounds, long silent, of youthful mirth and gladness.—“Surrounded with such friends, the Doctor experienced the joint pressure of old age and infirmity as lightly as is consistent with the lot of humanity. He continued to amuse himself with reading; and, though nearly confined to his arm-chair, was able to enjoy the society of his friends, and several rising scholars, (Markland, John Taylor, Thomas Bentley, &c.,) who sought the conversation of the veteran Grecian: with them he still discussed the readings of classical authors, recited Homer, and expounded the doctrine of the Digamma.”

Mr Cumberland's portrait of his grandfather's amiable old age, we forbear to quote, as probably familiar to most of our readers: but one or two peculiarities in the domestic habits of his latter years, as less known, we add from Dr Monk:—“It is recorded that Bentley enjoyed smoking with his constant companion (Dr Walker); a practice which he did not begin before his seventieth year: he is stated also to have been an admirer of good port wine, while he thought contemptuously of claret; *which*, he said, *would be port if it could*. He generally wore, while sitting in his study, a hat with an enormous brim—as a shade to protect his eyes; and he affected more than ever a fashion of addressing his familiars

with the singular pronouns *thou* and *thee*.”

There is, it seems, a tradition in Cambridge, that Bentley was accustomed to describe himself as likely to attain the age of fourscore years; but on what particular ground, is not said. In making this remark, he would observe, by way of parenthesis, that a life of that duration was long enough to read every thing worth reading; and then reverting to the period he had anticipated for himself, he would conclude—

“*Et tunc magna mei sub terris ibit imago.*”

If this anticipation were really made by Bentley, it is a remarkable instance of that unaccountable spirit of divination which has haunted some people, (Lord Nelson, for instance, in the obstinate prediction before his final victory—that the 21st of October would be his day:) Bentley did accomplish his eightieth year, and a few months more. About the 10th of July, he was seized with what is supposed to have been a pleuritic fever. Dr Heberden, at that time a young physician in Cambridge, for some reason not stated, (perhaps the advanced age of the patient,) declined to bleed him—a measure which Bentley himself suggested, and which is said to have been considered necessary by Dr Wallis. That the indications of danger were sudden and of rapid progress, is probable from the fact, that Dr Wallis, who was summoned from Stamford, arrived too late. Bentley expired on the 14th of July, 1742; and in his person England lost the greatest scholar by far that she ever has produced; greater than she *will* produce, according to all likelihood, under the tendencies of modern education. Some account of his principal works, and a general estimate of his services to literature, and of his character and pretensions as a scholar, we reserve to a separate paper.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

No. VI.

SIX WEEKS OF A NEW REIGN.

THERE is no transformation in the whole of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, comparable to that which a man undergoes, who passes from the expectancy of a crown to the possession of it. In the former state, he is a mere mortal; he eats and drinks, walks, talks, and sleeps, like the rest of God's creatures; but, in the latter, there is something of the miraculous and wonderful, appertaining to the exercise of all his functions, bodily and mental. Before he is a king, he challenges no more observation than the sun, so "common-hackney'd in the eyes of men;" the moment he ascends a throne, he is the comet, at which the amazed vulgar gaze with mingled awe and astonishment. He no longer eats, or drinks, or walks, as he was wont; at least, it must be presumed so, because then, for the first time, during a life of more than threescore years, perhaps, circumstances are discovered connected with each of those operations deemed worthy of special record. Above all, the change wrought in the words he utters is most remarkable; and resembles the gift bestowed by the good fairy upon some deserving little girl, whose name we really forget, so that whenever she opened her mouth to speak, nothing but pearls and diamonds fell from it. If such august personages were to reason upon their two states of being, their surprise must sometimes partake of that which was felt by Christophero Sly, when he had to forget he ever knew "Cicely Halket," and "old John Naps of Greece;" or ever said he would "present Marian Hacket, the fat alewife of Wincot," at "the leet, because she brought stone jags, and no sealed quarts."

Somewhat of these strong contrasts may be found in every accession; but it is hardly possible for any monarch to present them in a more striking degree, than our beloved Sovereign William the Fourth. The transformation seems to have been alike sudden and perfect. Sudden, because it took place in a few hours only, (those which elapsed between going to bed on Friday night, June 25, as Duke of Clarence, and

getting up at six o'clock the next morning, no longer Duke of Clarence, but King William;) and perfect, because from that same moment it appears to have struck every one with a concurrent and unanimous conviction of its reality. We know what his Royal Highness was during the fifty years, or thereabouts, that his many princely virtues, his affable demeanour, and his intellectual qualities, attracted public attention; we might consequently give a shrewd guess as to what he would have continued to be, so long as he remained Duke of Clarence; but it was beyond all human calculation to foresee what William the Fourth was to prove. Nevertheless, although the fact be now indisputable, it is not a whit the less mysterious or incomprehensible; for it would be at once peevish and illiberal to call it delusion, or, with the poet, ascribe it to the influence of station:—

" 'Tis from high life high characters are drawn :

A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn;
A judge is just; a chancellor juster still;
A gownman learn'd; a bishop—what you will :

Wise, if a minister; but, if a king,

More wise, more learn'd, more just, MORE EVERY THING !"

It is mortifying to reflect, however, that great, and good, and beloved, and magnanimous, and condescending, and wise, and paternal, and glorious, and popular, and "every thing," as his Majesty has proved himself during his auspicious reign of six weeks, (*all these epithets have already been bestowed upon him.*) there is a lurking spirit of envy and detraction, a disloyal and ungenerous spirit, (in quarters which might be named,) on the watch to pervert and calumniate these very virtues. That the malignants will be disappointed—that their machinations will be frustrated—and that they will be made to "digest the venom" of their own spleen, "though it do split them," I most fervently hope and most dutifully pray. At the same time, as there is nothing which so surely tends to discomfit an enemy,

as to fathom his plans and cripple his means, I shall avail myself of my knowledge of both, to throw a timely shield between our new King and his *old friends*.

I have seen it stated, for example, in several of the daily papers, with a sort of insidious ostentation, and I have heard the circumstance animadverted upon in private society with fastidious reprobation, that the Fitzclarences, male and female, are obtruded upon public notice; that they are brought within the circle of the court; that Colonel Fitzclarence was "dispatched on a special mission to the continent;" that "the barony of De Lisle will be conferred upon Mr Sydney, son-in-law to his Majesty;" that, "in a private interview with Captain Adolphus Fitzclarence of the Royal Navy, his Majesty stated his intention of dining on board his ship," (the Pallas,) adding, "here, my boy, is a five hundred pound note to defray your expenses;" that "Colonel Fitzclarence has been nominated by his Majesty Deputy-ranger of Bushy Park;" that "his Majesty, accompanied by the Queen, Miss Fitzclarence, &c., left Frogmore, &c., in a pony phaeton;" that "his Majesty, when Duke of Clarence, often expressed his determination, if ever it were in his power, to bestow a peerage upon Colonel Fitzclarence," &c. &c. &c. Heaven knows whether any, or all, or none of these statements, be true; but the purpose for which they are so indefatigably made, is not only too obvious, but too successful. There are some who already talk of the immoralities of the reign of Charles II., when *his* natural children were elevated to the rank of peers, and whose descendants still sit in Parliament as hereditary legislators; and of the appointments, in the gift of the crown, which were lavished upon *them*. Others injuriously contrast the alleged conduct of his Majesty with that of our late Sovereign, who studiously abstained from parading *his* illegitimate offspring in the eyes of his subjects, though it is well known he never neglected his paternal duties towards them. These are among the mischievous consequences of assertions made by those who pretend to be his Majesty's friends. I know it is mere hypocritical cant, overstrained prudery, in those who

affect to be scandalized; and that nothing would be easier to prove the difference between Charles II. and his Majesty in this respect, independently of the strong ground of defence which may be taken in reference to the parental affections of the latter, as compared with the profligate sensuality of the former. But, then, it is so difficult to make some people comprehend the force of the clearest reasonings; while it must always be a matter of regret, to see our Sovereign wantonly and maliciously placed in a situation to need apology or defence. Besides, it must, after all, be confessed, there are causes which are best served by discreet silence; and therefore I shall say no more.

It is an old proverb, that "the King's chaff is better than other folk's corn." This may be true for aught I know; but it cannot be true that Kings deal in nothing but chaff; and it is neither just nor politic, consequently, in his Majesty's friends, to invent for his Majesty such speeches as it is quite impossible his Majesty could have made. Is it to be supposed, for example, that when his Majesty went down to Woolwich, to review the artillery and engineers, and happened to go into one of the rooms in the barracks, where a party of soldiers' wives were taking their tea, who were frightened out of their wits at the royal intrusion, he would, after calling to them in the kindest and most affable manner to remain, finish by observing, "that if there were no women, there could be no good soldiers?" It is not to the physical truth, or the philosophical acumen, of this assertion that I object. They are beyond all dispute. But will it be contended, that if his Majesty designed to say something appropriate to the occasion, he would have balked his own design by saying that which was absurdly inappropriate? Impossible!

Again. When Sir John Sinclair was introduced to kiss hands at the first court held by his Majesty, (a few hours after his brother's death,) it is pretended that he said to him, "in the most emphatic manner," "Be assured, Sir John, I shall ever be friendly to the Land of Cakes and agriculture." I know there are some who affect to admire the frank, unceremonious simplicity of this style of address; and it is simple enough, I admit. But it

is too far removed from that dignity which is associated with our ideas of a King, and therefore incompatible with the known character and habits of our beloved Monarch. I would as soon believe, if Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, or Sir John Newport, had kissed hands, that his Majesty would have said to the former, "Be assured I shall ever be friendly to the Land of Leeks;" or to the latter, "Be assured I shall ever be friendly to the Land of *Praties* and *Shillelugs*." I am equally incredulous, thank God, and for the same loyal reasons, with regard to the statements, that our Gracious Monarch takes a walk by himself now and then, through the streets, "attired in a black coat and white trowsers;" that he "prefers riding on the dicky of his carriage to boxing himself within;" that, instead of signifying his royal commands, desiring the attendance of the friends whom he honours with his intimacy, he invites them after this fashion—"G——, come and dine with me to-day, *if you have nothing better to do with yourself*;" that he "chats with the guard in the stable-yard;" that when "the loyal acclamations of his people are heard at his presence, he by no means *whispers* his acknowledgments;" and that he wrote to Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt, the Usher of the Black Rod, "Dear Sir Tom—I am determined to prorogue the House myself on Friday, so take care to have all ready." Neither can I believe, when his Majesty received the *corps diplomatique*, that upon their retiring from the royal presence, he had nothing better to say to them than "that he hoped frequently to see them at his court, and to find them the bearers of good news." These, and a multitude of similar absurdities, which are in every mouth, have no other origin, I am persuaded, than the lurking spirit of envy and detraction to which I have already alluded.

Far different are those traits of the royal mind, (equally in every mouth,) which carry with them their own impress of authenticity, which are at once recognised as its emanations, or worthy of being its characteristics. I have no doubt, for instance, that "Brighton is *convulsed* with joy,"—in absolute hysterics of loyal delight, in consequence of the "gracious message sent by its High Constable," in

these few and empathic words—"Tell the inhabitants of Brighton that I shall soon be with them;" or that Colonel D'Aguilar (I don't know who he is) is "the most deserving object of patronage in the whole army," after reading the following conversation between him and his Majesty at the horse Guards: "What service have you seen?" The gallant Colonel was in the middle of his answer—"Well, Colonel, that will do—that will do—I'll take care of you. How many children have you?"—"Three."—"I'll take care of *them* too; the eldest shall be one of my pages." Happy Colonel D'Aguilar! Had you no brothers and sisters—no uncles and aunts—no cousins—nothing but yourself and three children for his most gracious Majesty to take care of? What a mere luncheon, in the way of benevolence, to set before the royal appetite! It is said, however, the gallant Colonel was so overpowered by the unexpected kindness, that he could not help exclaiming, in the words of Macduff—"What! all my pretty ones? Did you say all?"

It would be tedious, if not impossible, to mention every circumstance that has happened since the 26th of June, confirmatory of my hypothesis, as to the transformation effected by passing from the expectancy of a crown to the possession of it. I shall select a few, however; but first, I must advert to one fact by itself, because I do not know exactly under what general head it can be classed. I allude to the pilosity of chin which used to distinguish their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of Sussex and Cumberland. "They have been the first," we are informed, "to testify their respect to his Majesty's wishes," by being clean shaved. Our admiration may here be divided: between the fraternal affection of the two illustrious individuals, and the minute objects which find a place in his Majesty's mind, amid all the vast and solemn cares of sovereignty. And now for my selection.

During the many years there was a Duke of Clarence, we knew nothing—positively nothing—about the following curious facts, all of which have been duly ascertained, and diligently promulgated, since the memorable 26th of June. *His Majesty*

rises at eight o'clock—breakfasts at nine—half an hour after goes into his library—eats a hearty luncheon at two—cares little for dinner—drinks about a pint of small sherry—seldom eats of any made dish—has discharged three French cooks, because he is “perfectly satisfied with English fare”—amuses himself in cheerful conversation with men of all parties when not engaged in business—goes to bed early—and is constitutionally subject to the asthma—but “may live to a very old age,” which God grant! Moreover, *his Majesty* “has cast aside his French kid gloves, and wears Woodstock doe;” has “expressed himself in terms of the most unqualified regard towards the Established Church;” was pleased to say, in the presence of several prelates, that “he wished to impress upon them a *firm conviction*, that of *all* the Sovereigns who had preceded him on the throne of England, not one would be found to *exceed him* in regard for the church;” has “commanded the orders requiring officers of the Navy to wear white breeches, &c., to be annulled,” from a “just sense of what confers real splendour on the throne,” and a “kind consideration for the means of individuals;” intends to “throw open the walks and drives of Windsor Great Park;” has “ordered a passage to be made from Waterloo Place to St James’s Park,” for which the House of Commons gave his Majesty three cheers, when Sir Robert Peel assured it, in his gravest manner, that the munificent act was positively, however incredible it might seem, “the spontaneous suggestion of his Majesty himself, without the aid of any of his Ministers!!” that at the Chapel Royal, “he pronounced the responses in an audible tone, and seemed to pay the greatest attention to the sermon;” that at a review in Hyde Park, he “commanded the guards by no means to injure the people, and, in particular, to take care of the females;” that at the levee, he told Sir Alured Clarke “he was happy to see him, as it gave him an opportunity of communicating to him in person that he should be made a field-marshal on Friday;” that he read the speech from the throne “with astonishing energy, emphasis, and almost exultation,” as if “he wished the

public to know and feel, a royal speech was not to be considered as part of a mere state ceremony, but as the sacred pledge of a constitutional sovereign to his people;” that “with the affability and condescension for which he has ever been distinguished,” he was pleased to address one of his dinner guests, (in London) thus:—“Though we shall be somewhat farther apart, if you will come and see me at Windsor, I daresay we shall be able to find you a bed in the Castle;” and, lastly, that when the Duke of Norfolk called upon him at Bushy, (I believe on the very 26th of June, or soon after,) as his Grace was leaving, his Majesty, in the most familiar manner possible, said, “You have not seen the Queen;” then ringing the bell, “Tell the Queen,” he added, to the servant who answered, “that I want to speak with her.”

If it had so happened that his Majesty had dropped from the clouds on the 26th of June, to take upon himself the government of these realms, as William the Fourth,—if we had never known or heard of such a person till that day, then it would be natural enough that every thing he said and did should be observed, by those who heard or saw him, and listened to with eager curiosity, by those who had no opportunities of either. But when we know that the William the Fourth of the month of July, was the Duke of Clarence of the month of June, and not of that month only, but of the last fifty years nearly, there is no other way of accounting for the sudden change, except from that metamorphosis which is wrought *in* the head, by putting a crown *on* the head.

Most sincerely do I wish that these transformations were the only features of the new reign that challenge observation. But they are not so: And if, in what I am about to say, I assume a graver tone, it is because (to my mind, at least) the subjects themselves are of a graver character. I own, too, when I see William the Fourth specially singled out for unqualified praise by such persons as Sir Francis Burdett, Mr Brougham, and Mr Hunt, I am irresistibly impelled to pause, and to examine, not merely what are the peculiar merits which distinguish his Majesty from his late royal brother and father, (neither of whom was so fortunate

as to obtain these zealous panegyrics,) but whether there may not be just cause to doubt the real value of merits which are of a quality to win applause from such eulogists. We are already blest with a Tory Administration acting upon Whig principles, according to my Lord Darlington; and we *may* be upon the eve of a discovery equally profound with regard to the crown.

Far, very far, be it from me to impute to the royal mind the *intention* of doing that which seems, however, to be the legitimate conclusion, from the things that are done; I mean a desire of indirectly stigmatizing certain acts of the last reign by an almost indecorous haste in reversing them in the present. That the reversal *has* taken place, in manifold instances, (some of them trivial enough, but therefore the more seemingly indicative of premeditation,) cannot be denied; while the construction put upon it is equally undeniable. It is very true, a sovereign may observe too much state—he may maintain too austere and ceremonious a reserve—he may live in too great seclusion;—all these, perhaps, were the faults of George IV.;—but it is no less true, that the error is signal and mischievous which mistakes for their dignified converse, not a relaxation, but an abjuration almost, of all the imposing attributes of majesty. The times are passed in which any “divinity” is supposed “to hedge a king;” and they have been succeeded by an age, in which there is a much greater disposition to scrutinize the utility, than to acquiesce in the necessity, of that costly affair, a monarchy. Hence, the friends and supporters of monarchy, when any attempt is made to abridge the revenues of the crown, by applying the principle of economy to the income of the civil list, zealously and

wisely resist the attempt, on the ground that it is essential to the maintenance of monarchy itself to surround it with adequate pomp and splendour. But why, it will surely be asked in the next Parliament, when the future amount of the civil list is discussed, why continue this magnificent scale of expenditure, when the throne is happily filled by a sovereign of such primitive and simple habits, that it is his delight, on every possible occasion, to lay aside the royalties of his august station; a sovereign who prefers to walk out alone, unattended by lords, grooms, or equerries; who takes his unostentatious seat in the dicky of his own carriage; who breakfasts, dines, and sups in the most friendly way with this or that minister, or this or that acquaintance—even my Lord Holland—and who shews, in every thing, a decided predilection for the freedom and simplicity of private life? And *if* these questions be asked, it will be as difficult to answer them, as it would be to prove that the true interests of the throne are consulted in shewing how useless and cumbersome are its trappings; or its true dignity maintained in paying morning and evening visits to the King of Wirtemberg at a common tavern, to the admiration of the waiters and delight of the chambermaids.* It was not thus George IV., when Prince Regent, did the honours of a British monarch to his illustrious visitors, the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, and their distinguished suite of princes and victorious generals. These amiable condescensions naturally charm the populace; but the populace is alike fickle and vulgar in its tastes, and when the first novelty of popping upon a king at the corner of every street has worn off, it will sicken at the repetition. That populace, too,

* I find the following almost incredible statement in the papers: “About half past four, (Wednesday, July 28, after holding a levee,) the King, attended by Lord Glenlyon and Lord Combermere, went to Grillon’s hotel to take leave of the King of Wirtemberg, but his Majesty was absent!!!” and so his Britannic Majesty’s horses turned their tails and went home again; just as a doctor’s lady might have done who paid a morning visit to Mrs Shuffbottom, the wife of Mr Shuffbottom the dentist. How Mr Grillon himself, if there be such a person, must have wondered! and more especially as he doubtless knew that the King of Wirtemberg had gone to the levee, for the express purpose of taking his leave; a circumstance which exonerates his Majesty from any charge of disrespect, as he could not expect a second leave-taking at the hotel.

has a shrewd discerning quality of its own. I heard an adust carpenter, in his shirt-sleeves, to whom one of his companions had been giving some account of the royal ubiquity and locomotive energies, very quietly remark, "I think his Majesty is just as fond of shewing himself because he is a king, as I should be, for a bit, if they were to make a king of me."

Sir Robert Wilson, too! he has been restored to honours of which he was deprived, and, as I think, justly deprived, by the late King. A vindictive sovereign, or a stern and severe ministry, would have dealt less leniently with him. Never did an officer, holding his Majesty's commission, commit a grosser outrage—a more flagrant insult, than he did on the memorable occasion of the funeral of Queen Caroline. Yet, within a month of his death, whom he so outraged and insulted, he is reinstated! Why, I again ask, are these things done? In what spirit are they done? What is the opinion they are meant to convey? What popularity is sought to be raised, in derision and contempt, as it were, over the grave of George IV.? I put *these* questions with the less hesitation, because I find the restoration of the "starless knight" has been the act of his Majesty's responsible advisers; the same advisers, I presume, that counselled the general order from the Horse Guards, (July 28th,) appointing "Colonel George Fitzclarence Deputy Adjutant-General to the Forces!" It has been publicly stated, and, as the statement remains uncontradicted, it is doubtless authentic, that when *Lieutenant-General* Sir Robert Wilson was presented to the King at the levee, his Majesty, "after shaking him cordially by the hand," was thanked by Sir Robert in a short speech for his kindness and gracious condescension in restoring him to his rank in the army. "His Majesty," says the account, "who continued to hold Sir Robert by the hand, addressed him thus: 'Sir Robert, do not thank me—I never tell an untruth. [Was there an emphasis, I wonder, upon the *I*, to mark any distinction as to royal untruths?] Your restoration was so strongly recommended to me by my ministers, that it was my duty to comply; for God forbid that I should ever stand in the way

of the favours of the crown to a brave officer. I have now the satisfaction of congratulating you on your restoration, because I know, that if ever your services should be wanted, I shall find in you a brave officer, and a loyal subject!'"

It was certainly as honourable to his Majesty's feelings, as it is creditable to his high moral sense never to tell an untruth, thus to give the credit where it was due—to his ministers: as his ministers, on a former occasion, (delightful reciprocation of candour!) gave his Majesty all the credit of having ordered a passage to be made from St James's Park to Waterloo Place. But let that pass. *Who* are the ministers that so strongly recommended to William the Fourth the restoration of Sir Robert Wilson? *The very same ministers*, (with few exceptions, and those unimportant,) who as strongly recommended to George IV. that Sir Robert Wilson should be deprived of his rank. Consistent counsellors! Obsequious advisers! If you did your duty to your dead master, you have betrayed it to your living one. If you have advised justice in 1830, you advised injustice in 1821. But perhaps you have an escape from this dilemma—worthy of the dilemma itself—and are prepared to say, Sir Robert has been sufficiently punished for his offence; like a criminal sentenced to seven years' transportation, who, having served out his sentence, is entitled to return to that society from which he had been banished. If this be your defence, tell me how long is it since you made the discovery—and how much longer you might have lived *without* making the discovery, had it pleased Heaven to spare the monarch we have lost?

But, "is there no sequel at the heels" of these things? Would I had the power to make his Grace the Duke of Wellington, and Sir Robert Peel, and the rest of the cabinet, turn their thoughts inside out. Then should we see those secret springs, whose true movements, however, are sufficiently denoted to my mind in what is visible. Then should we behold the attainment of political objects, the reiteration of power, the enjoyment of place, balanced against servile subserviency

to frivolous whims and puerile caprice. Then should we know the *real* cause of Sir Robert Wilson's restoration; of his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex's reappearance at court, after an eclipse of nearly twenty years; of the promotion and introduction of the Fitzclarences; of that round of festivities, parades, visitings, and court gaieties, triumphing, (in bitter mockery of all our better feelings) the state grief of the morning, where an address of condolence is to be replied to, with the merriment of the evening, when the palace rings with rejoicings; and of that ceaseless exhibition in the public eye, from parade to parade, from levee to levee, and from Apsley House to Downing Street, Whitehall, and Privy Gardens. But it will all fail. Burdett may tell us, "we have

now a King of England, and not the King of a faction;" that the "present King, in the short time he has been upon the throne of his forefathers, has displayed more true English feeling than has been displayed by any British sovereign for reigns past." (Poh!) Hunt may say the same things—Brougham, in talking to the Yorkshire freeholders, may dilate upon the glorious beginnings "of the new reign"—yet, a ministry essentially weak in itself, and rendered still weaker by its divisions and heart-burnings, will not be able to stand against public opinion, singly supported by the King's countenance. The Parliament you have to meet, will *not* be the Parliament, thank God! which assisted you in breaking in upon the Constitution!

THE SILENT MEMBER.

THE SHEPHERD POET OF THE ALPS.

BY MRS HEMANS.

God gave him reverence of laws,
Yet stirring blood in Freedom's cause—
A spirit to his rocks akin,
The eye of the hawk, and the fire therein!
COLERIDGE.

SINGING of the free blue sky,
And the wild-flower glens that lie
Far amidst the ancient hills,
Which the fountain-music fills;
Singing of the snow-peaks bright,
And the royal eagle's flight,
And the courage and the grace
Foster'd by the chamois-chase;
In his fetters, day by day,
So the Shepherd-poet lay.

Wherefore, from a dungeon-cell
Did those notes of freedom swell,
Breathing sadness not their own,
Forth with every Alpine tone?
Wherefore!—can a tyrant's ear
Brook the mountain-winds to hear,
When each blast goes pealing by
With a song of liberty?

Darkly hung th' oppressor's hand
O'er the Shepherd-poet's land;
Sounding there the waters gush'd,
While the lip of man was hush'd;
There the falcon pierced the cloud,
While the fiery heart was bow'd:
But this might not long endure,
Where the mountain-homes were pure;
And a valiant voice arose,
Thrilling all the silent snows;

His—now singing far and lone,
Where the young breeze ne'er was known;
Singing of the glad blue sky,
Wildly—and how mournfully!

Are none but the Wind and the Lammer-Geyer
To be free where the hills unto heaven aspire?
Is the soul of song from the deep glens past,
Now that their Poet is chain'd at last?—
Think of the mountains, and deem not so!
Soon shall each blast like a clarion blow!
Yes! though forbidden be every word
Wherewith that Spirit the Alps hath stirr'd,
Yet even as a buried stream thro' earth
Rolls on to another and brighter birth,
So shall the voice that hath seem'd to die,
Burst forth with the Anthem of Liberty!

And another power is moving
In a bosom fondly loving:—
Oh! a sister's heart is deep,
And her spirit strong to keep
Each light link of early hours,
All sweet scents of childhood's flowers!
Thus each lay by Erni sung,
Rocks and crystal caves among,
Or beneath the linden-leaves,
Or the cabin's vine-hung eaves,
Rapid though as bird-notes gushing,
Transient as a wan cheek's flushing,
Each in young Teresa's breast
Left its fiery words impress'd;
Treasured there lay every line,
As a rich book on a hidden shrine.
Fair was that lone girl, and meek,
With a pale transparent cheek,
And a deep-fringed violet eye
Seeking in sweet shade to lie,
Or, if raised to glance above,
Dim with its own dews of love;
And a pure, Madonna brow,
And a silvery voice, and low,
Like the echo of a flute,
Even the last, ere all be mute.
But a loftier soul was seen
In the orphan sister's mien,
From that hour when chains defiled
Him, the high Alps' noble child.
Tones in her quivering voice awoke,
As if a harp of battle spoke;
Light, that seem'd born of an eagle's nest,
Flash'd from her soft eyes, unrepress'd;
And her form, like a spreading water-flower,
When its frail cup swells with a sudden shower,
Seem'd all dilated with love and pride,
And grief for that brother, her young heart's guide.
Well might they love!—those two had grown
Orphans together and alone:
The silence of the Alpine sky
Had hush'd their hearts to piety;
The turf, o'er their dead mother laid,
Had been their altar when they pray'd;
There, more in tenderness than woe,
The stars had seen their young tears flow;

The clouds, in spirit-like descent,
 Their deep thoughts by one touch had blent,
 And the wild storms link'd them to each other—
 How dear can peril make a brother!

Now is their hearth a forsaken spot,
 The vine waves unpruned o'er their mountain-cot;
 Away, in that holy affection's might,
 The maiden is gone, like a breeze of the night;—
 She is gone forth alone, but her lighted face,
 Filling with soul every secret place,
 Hath a dower from heaven, and a gift of sway,
 To arouse brave hearts in its hidden way,
 Like the sudden flinging forth on high,
 Of a banner that startleth silently!
 She hath wander'd through many a hamlet-vale,
 Telling its children her brother's tale;
 And the strains, by his spirit pour'd away,
 Freely as fountains might shower their spray,
 From her fervent lip a new life have caught,
 And a power to kindle yet bolder thought;
 While sometimes a melody, all her own,
 Like a gush of tears in its plaintive tone,
 May be heard 'midst the lonely rocks to flow,
 Clear through the water-chimes—clear, yet low.

"Thou'rt not where wild flowers wave
 O'er crag and sparry cave;
 Thou'rt not where pines are sounding,
 Or joyous torrents bounding—
 Alas, my brother!

"Thou'rt not where green, on high,
 The brighter pastures lie;
 Ev'n those, thine own wild places,
 Bear of our chain dark traces:
 Alas, my brother!

"Far hath the sunbeam spread,
 Nor found thy lonely bed;
 Long hath the fresh wind sought thee,
 Nor one sweet whisper brought thee—
 Alas, my brother!

"Thou, that for joy wert born,
 Free as the wings of morn!
 Will aught thy young life cherish,
 Where the Alpine rose would perish?
 Alas, my brother!

"Canst thou be singing still,
 As once on every hill?
 Is not thy soul forsaken,
 And the bright gift from thee taken?—
 Alas, alas, my brother!"

And *was* the bright gift from the captive fled?
 Like the fire on his hearth, was his spirit dead?
 Not so!—but as rooted in stillness deep,
 The pure stream-lily its place will keep,
 Though its tearful urns to the blast may quiver,
 While the red waves rush down the foaming river,
 So freedom's faith in his bosom lay,
 Trembling, yet not to be borne away!

He thought of the Alps and their breezy air,
 And felt that his country no chains might bear;
 He thought of the hunter's haughty life,
 And knew there must yet be noble strife;
 But, oh! when he thought of that orphan maid,
 His high heart melted—he wept and pray'd!
 For he saw her not as she moved e'en then,
 A wakener of heroes in every glen,
 With a glance inspired which no grief could tame,
 Bearing on Hope like a torch's flame,
 While the strengthening voice of mighty wrongs
 Gave echoes back to her thrilling songs;
 But his dreams were fill'd by a haunting tone,
 Sad as a sleeping infant's moan;
 And his soul was pierc'd by a mournful eye,
 Which look'd on it—oh! how beseechingly!
 And there floated past him a fragile form,
 With a willowy droop, as beneath the storm;
 Till wakening in anguish, his faint heart strove
 In vain with its burden of helpless love!
 —Thus woke the dreamer one weary night—
 There flash'd through his dungeon a swift strong light;
 He sprang up—he climb'd to the grating-bars,
 —It was not the rising of moon or stars,
 But a signal flame from a peak of snow,
 Rock'd through the dark skies, to and fro!
 There shot forth another—another still—
 A hundred answers of hill to hill!
 Tossing like pines in the tempest's way,
 Joyously, wildly, the bright spires play,
 And each is hail'd with a pealing shout,
 For the high Alps waving their banners out!
 Erni, young Erni! the land hath risen!
 —Alas! to be lone in thy narrow prison!
 Those free streamers glancing, and thou not there!
 —Is the moment of rapture, or fierce despair?
 —Hark! there's a tumult that shakes his cell,
 At the gates of the mountain citadel!
 Hark! a clear voice through the rude sounds ringing!
 —Doth he know the strain, and the wild, sweet singing?

“ There may not long be fetters,
 Where the cloud is earth's array,
 And the bright floods leap from cave and steep,
 Like a hunter on the prey!

“ There may not long be fetters,
 Where the white Alps have their towers;
 Unto eagle-homes, if the arrow comes,
 The chain is not for ours!”

It is she!—She is come like a day-spring beam,
 She that so mournfully shadow'd his dream!
 With her shining eyes and her buoyant form,
 She is come! her tears on his cheek are warm
 And O! the thrill in that weeping voice!
 “ My brother, my brother! come forth, rejoice!

—Poet! the land of thy love is free,
 —Sister! thy brother is won by thee!

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A LATE PHYSICIAN.

CHAP. II.

Cancer ;—The Dentist and the Comedian ;—A Scholar's Death-Bed ;—Preparing for the House ;—Duelling.

ONE often hears of the great firmness of the female sex, and their powers of enduring a degree of physical pain which would utterly break down the stubborn strength of man. An interesting exemplification of this remark will be found in the short narrative immediately following. The event made a strong impression on my mind at the time, and I thought it well worthy of an entry in my Diary.

I had for several months been in constant attendance on a Mrs St——, a young married lady, of considerable family and fortune, who was the victim of that terrible scourge of the female sex—a cancer. To great personal attractions, she added uncommon sweetness of disposition: and the fortitude with which she submitted to the agonizing inroads of her malady, together with her ardent expressions of gratitude for such temporary alleviations as her anxious medical attendants could supply, contributed to inspire me with a very lively interest in her fate. I can conscientiously say, that during the whole period of my attendance, I never heard a word of complaint fall from her, nor witnessed any indications of impatience or irritability. I found her, one morning, stretched on the crimson sofa in the drawing room; and though her pallid features, and gently corrugated eyebrows, evidenced the intense agony she was suffering,—on my enquiring what sort of a night she had passed, she replied in a calm but tremulous tone, “Oh, Doctor, I have had a dreadful night—but I am glad Captain St—— was not with me—for it would have made him very wretched!” At that moment a fine flaxen-haired little boy, her first and only child, came running into the room, his blue laughing eyes glittering with innocent merriment. I took him on my knee, and amused him with my watch, in order that he might not disturb his mother. The poor suf-

ferer, after gazing on him with an air of intense fondness for some moments, suddenly covered her eyes with her hand (oh, how slender—how snowy—how almost transparent was it!)—and I presently saw the tears trickling through her fingers—but she uttered not a word. There was the mother!—The aggravated malignity of her disorder rendered an operation at length inevitable. The eminent surgeon, who, jointly with myself, was in regular attendance on her, feelingly communicated the intelligence, and asked whether she thought she had fortitude enough to submit to an operation. She assured him, with a sweet smile of resignation, that she had for some time been suspecting as much, and had made up her mind to submit to it—but on two conditions—that her husband (who was then at sea) should not be informed of it till it was over; and that during the operation she should not be in any wise bound, or blindfolded. Her calm and decisive manner, convinced me that remonstrance would be useless. Sir —— looked at me with a doubtful air. She observed it; and said, “I see what you are thinking, Sir ——; but I hope to shew you that a woman has more courage than you seem willing to give her credit for.” In short, after the surgeon had acquiesced in the latter condition—to which he had especially demurred—a day was fixed for the operation—subject, of course, to Mrs St——’s state of health. When the Wednesday arrived, it was with some agitation that I entered Sir ——’s carriage, in company with himself, and his senior pupil, Mr —— . I could scarce avoid a certain nervous tremor—unprofessional as it may seem—when I saw the servant place the operating case on the seat of the carriage. “Are you sure you have every thing ready, Mr ——?” enquired Sir ——, with a calm and business-like air, which somewhat irritated me. On

being assured of the affirmative, and after cautiously casting his eye over the case of instruments,* to make assurance doubly sure, we drove off. We arrived at Mrs St—'s,—who resided a few miles from town,—about two o'clock in the afternoon, and were immediately ushered into the room in which the operation was to be performed—a back parlour, the window of which looked into a beautiful garden. I shall be pardoned, I hope, for acknowledging, that the glimpse I caught of the pale and disordered countenance of the servant, as he retired, after shewing us into the room, somewhat disconcerted me; for in addition to the deep interest I felt in the fate of the lovely sufferer, I had always an abhorrence, for the operative part of the profession, which many years of practice did not suffice to remove. The necessary arrangements being at length completed,—consisting of a hateful array of instruments,—cloths,—sponge,—warm water, &c., &c.,—a message was sent to Mrs St—, to inform her all was ready.

Sir — was just making a jocular and not very well-timed allusion to my agitated air, when the door was opened, and Mrs St— entered, followed by her two attendants. Her step was firm—her air composed—and her pale features irradiated with a smile—sad, however, as the cold twilight of October. She was then about twenty-six or seven years of age—and under all the disadvantageous circumstances in which she was placed, looked at that moment a beautiful woman. Her hair was light auburn, and hung back neglectedly over a forehead and neck white as marble. Her full blue eyes, which usually beamed with a delicious pensive expression from beneath

—“the soft languor of the drooping lid,”

were now lighted with the glitter of a restlessness and agitation, which the noblest degree of self-command could not entirely conceal or repress. Her features were regular—her nose

and mouth were exquisitely chiselled—and her complexion fair, almost to transparency. Indeed, an eminent medical writer has remarked that the most beautiful women are generally the subjects of this terrible disease. A large Indian shawl was thrown over her shoulders, and she wore a white muslin dressing-gown. And was it this innocent and beautiful being who was doomed to writhe beneath the torture and disfigurement of the operating knife? My heart ached. A decanter of port-wine and some glasses were placed on a small table near the window; she beckoned me towards it, and was going to speak.

“Allow me, my dear madam, to pour you a glass of wine,” said I.

“If it would do me good, Doctor,” she whispered. She barely touched the glass with her lips, and then handed it to me, saying, with assumed cheerfulness, “Come, Doctor, I see you need it as much as I do, after all. Yes, Doctor,” she continued with emphasis, “you are very, very kind and feeling to me.” When I had set down the glass, she continued, “Dear Doctor, do forgive a woman's weakness—and try if you can hold this letter which I received yesterday from Captain St—, and in which he speaks very fondly—so that my eyes may rest on his dear hand-writing all the while I am sitting here—without being noticed by any one else—will you?”

“Madam, you must really excuse me—it will agitate you—I must beg”—

“You are mistaken,” she replied with firmness; “it will rather compose me. And if I *should*—” expire, she was going to have said—but her tongue refused utterance. She then put the letter into my hand—hers was cold, icy cold, and clammy—but I did not perceive it tremble.

“In return, madam, you must give me leave to hold your hand during the operation.”

“What—you fear me, Doctor?” she replied with a faint smile, but

* I once saw the life of a patient lost, merely through the want of such laudable precaution as that of Sir —, in the present instance. An indispensable instrument was suddenly required, in the middle of the operation; and to the dismay of the operator and those around him, there was none at hand!

did not refuse my request. At this moment, Sir — approached us with a cheerful air, saying, "Well, madam, is your tête-à-tête finished? I want to get this little matter over, and give you permanent ease." I do not think there ever lived a professional man who could speak with such an assuring air as Sir —!

"I am ready, Sir —. Are the servants sent out?" she enquired from one of the women present.

"Yes, madam," she replied, in tears.

"And my little Harry?" Mrs St — asked, in a fainter tone. She was answered in the affirmative.

"Then I am prepared," said she, and sat down in the chair that was placed for her. One of the attendants then removed the shawl from her shoulders, and Mrs St — herself, with perfect composure, assisted in displacing as much of her dress as was necessary. She then suffered Sir — to place her on the corner side of the chair, with her left arm thrown over the back of it, and her face looking over her right shoulder. She gave me her right hand; and with my left, I endeavoured to hold Captain St —'s letter, as she had desired. She smiled sweetly, as if to assure me of her fortitude; and there was something so indescribably affecting in the expression of her full blue eyes, that it almost broke my heart. I shall never forget that smile as long as I live! Half closing her eyes, she fixed them on the letter I held—and did not once remove them till all was over. Nothing could console me at this trying moment, but a conviction of the consummate skill of Sir —, who now, with a calm eye, and a steady hand, commenced the operation. At the instant of the first incision, her whole frame quivered with a convulsive shudder, and her cheeks became ashy pale. I prayed inwardly that she might faint, so that the earlier stage of the operation might be got over while she was in a state of insensibility. It was not the case, however—her eyes continued riveted in one long burning gaze of fondness on the beloved handwriting of her husband; and she moved not a limb, nor uttered more than an occasional sigh, during the whole of the pro-

tracted and painful operation. When the last bandage had been applied she whispered almost inarticulately, "Is it all over, Doctor?"

"Yes, madam," I replied, "and we are going to carry you up to bed."

"No, no—I think I can walk—I will try," said she, and endeavoured to rise; but on Sir — assuring her that the motion might perhaps induce fatal consequences, she desisted, and we carried her, sitting in the chair, up to bed. The instant we had laid her down, she swooned—and continued so long insensible, that Sir — held a looking-glass over her mouth and nostrils, apprehensive that the vital energies had at last sunk under the terrible struggle. She recovered, however; and under the influence of an opiate draught, slept for several hours.

* * * * *

Mrs St — recovered, though very slowly; and I attended her assiduously—sometimes two or three times a-day, till she could be removed to the sea-side. I shall not easily forget an observation she made at the last visit I paid her. She was alluding, one morning, distantly and delicately to the personal disfigurement she had suffered. I, of course, said all that was soothing.

"But, Doctor, my husband—" said she, suddenly, while a faint crimson mantled on her cheek—adding falteringly, after a pause—"I think St — will love me yet!"

THE DENTIST AND THE COMEDIAN.

Friday, — 18—. A ludicrous contretemps happened to-day, which I wish I could describe as forcibly as it struck me. Mr —, the well-known comedian, with whom I was on terms of intimacy, after having suffered so severely from the tooth-ach, as to be prevented for two evenings from taking his part in the play, sent, under my direction, for Mons. —, a fashionable dentist, then but recently imported from France. While I was sitting with my friend, endeavouring to "screw his courage up to the sticking-place," Monsieur arrived, duly furnished with the "tools of his craft." The comedian sat down with a rueful

visage, and eyed the dentist's formidable preparations with a piteous and disconcerted air. As soon as I had taken my station behind, for the purpose of holding the patient's head, the gum was lanced without much ado; but as the doomed tooth was a very formidable broad-rooted molar, Monsieur prepared for a vigorous effort. He was just commencing the dreadful wrench, when he suddenly relaxed his hold, retired a step or two from his patient, and burst into a loud fit of laughter! Up started the astounded comedian, and with clenched fists demanded furiously, "What the d—! he meant by such conduct?" The little bewhiskered foreigner, however, continued standing at a little distance, still so convulsed with laughter, as to disregard the menacing movements of his patient; and exclaiming, "Ah, mon Dieu!—ver good—ver good—bien! ha, ha!—Be Gar, Monsieur, you pull one such d— queer, extraordinaire comique face—Be Gar, like one big fiddle!" or words to that effect. The dentist was right: Mr —'s features were odd enough at all times; but, on the present occasion, they suffered such excruciating contortions—such a strange puckering together of the mouth and cheeks, and upturning of the eyes, that it was ten thousand times more laughable than any artificially distorted features with which he used to set Drury-Lane in a roar.—Oh that a painter had been present!—There was, on one side, my friend, standing in menacing attitude, with both fists clenched, his left cheek swelled, and looking as if the mastication of a large apple had been suddenly suspended, and his whole features creating a grotesque expression of mingled pain, indecision, and fury. Then there was the operator beginning to look a little startled at the probable consequences of his sally; and, lastly, I stood a little aside, almost suffocated with suppressed laughter! At length, however, —'s perception of the ridiculous prevailed; and after a very hearty laugh, and exclaiming, "I *must* have looked d—d odd, I suppose!" he once more resigned himself into the hands of Monsieur, and the tooth was out in a twinkling.

A SCHOLAR'S DEATH-BED.

[The following short but melancholy narrative, will, it is hoped, be perused with additional interest, when the reader is assured that it is *fact*. Much more might have been committed to press; but as it would have related chiefly to a mad devotion to *alchemy*, which some of Mr —'s few posthumous papers abundantly evidence, it is omitted, lest the reader should consider the details as romantic or improbable. All that is worth recording is told; and it is hoped, that some young men of powerful, undisciplined, and ambitious minds, will find their account in an attentive consideration of the fate of a kindred spirit.—*Bene facit, qui ex aliorum erroribus sibi exemplum sumat.*]

Thinking, one morning, that I had gone through the whole of my usual levee of home-patients, I was preparing to go out, when the servant informed me there was one yet to be spoken with, who, he thought, must have been asleep in a corner of the room, or he should not have failed to summon him in his turn. Directing him to be shewn in immediately, I retook my place at my desk. The servant in a few moments ushered in a young man, who seemed to have scarce strength enough, even with the assistance of a walking-stick, to totter to a chair opposite me. I was much struck with his appearance, which was that of one in reduced circumstances. His clothes, though perfectly clean and neat, were faded and threadbare; and his coat was buttoned up to his chin, where it was joined by a black silk neck-kerchief, in such a manner as to lead me to suspect the absence of a shirt. He was rather below than above the average height, and seemed wasted almost to a shadow. There was an air of superior ease and politeness in his demeanour; and an expression about his countenance, sickly and sallow though it was, so melancholy, mild, and intelligent, that I could not help viewing him with peculiar interest.

"I was afraid, my friend, I should have missed you," said I, in a kind tone, "as I was on the point of going

out.”—“I heard your carriage drive up to the door, doctor, and shall not detain you more than a few moments; nay, I will call to-morrow, if that would be more convenient,” he replied faintly, suddenly pressing his hand to his side, as though the effort of speaking occasioned him pain. I assured him I had a quarter of an hour at his service, and begged he would proceed at once to state the nature of his complaint. He detailed—what I had anticipated from his appearance—all the symptoms of a very advanced stage of pulmonary consumption. He expressed himself in very select and forcible language; and once or twice, when at a loss for what he conceived an adequate expression in English, chose such an appropriate Latin phrase, that the thought perpetually suggested itself to me, while he was speaking—“*a starved scholar!*”—He made not the most distant allusion to poverty, but confined himself to the leading symptoms of his indisposition. I determined, however, (*hanc præteritorum inmemor!*) to ascertain his circumstances, with a view, if possible, of relieving them. I asked if he ate animal food with relish,—enjoyed his dinner,—whether his meals were regular. He coloured, and hesitated a little, for I put the question searchingly; and replied, with some embarrassment, that he did not, certainly, *then* eat regularly, nor enjoy his food when he did. I soon found that he was in very straitened circumstances; that, in short, he was sinking rapidly under the pressure of want and harassing anxiety, which alone had accelerated, if not wholly induced, his present illness; and that all he had to expect from medical aid, was a little alleviation. I prescribed a few simple medicines, and then asked him in what part of the town he resided.

“I am afraid, doctor,” said he modestly, “I shall be unable to afford your visiting me at my own lodgings. I will occasionally call on you here, as a morning patient,”—and he proffered me half a guinea. The conviction that it was probably the very last he had in the world, and a keen recollection of similar scenes in my own history, almost brought the tears into my eyes. I refused the fee, of

course; and prevailed on him to let me set him down, as I was driving close past his residence. He seemed overwhelmed with gratitude; and with a blush, hinted, that he was “not quite in carriage costume.” He lived in one of the small streets leading from May-fair; and after having made a note in my tablets, of his name and number, I set him down, promising him an early call.

The clammy pressure of his wasted fingers, as I shook his hand at parting, remained with me all that day. I could not dismiss from my mind the wild and sorrowful countenance of this young man, go where I would; and I was on the point of mentioning the incident to a most excellent and generous nobleman, whom I was then attending, and soliciting his assistance,—but the thought that it was premature, checked me. There *might* be something unworthy in the young man; he might *possibly* be an-impostor. These were hard thoughts—chilling and unworthy suspicions, but I could not resist them; alas! an eighteen years’ intercourse with a deceitful world has alone taught me how to entertain them!

As my wife dined a little out of town that evening, I hastily swallowed a solitary meal, and set out in quest of my morning patient. With some difficulty I found the house; it was the meanest, and in the meanest street, I had visited for months. I knocked at the door, which was open, and surrounded by a babbling throng of dirty children. A slatternly woman, with a child in her arms, answered my summons. Mr —, she said, lived there, in the top floor; but he was just gone out for a few moments, she supposed, “to get a mouthful of victuals, but I was welcome to go up and wait for him, since there was not much to make away with, howsoever,” said the rude and vulgar creature. One of her children led me up the narrow, dirty staircase, and having ushered me into the room, left me to my meditations. A wretched hole it was in which I was sitting! The evening sun streamed in discoloured rays through the unwashed panes, here and there mended with brown paper, and sufficed to shew me that the only furniture con-

sisted of a miserable, curtainless bed, (the disordered clothes shewing that the weary limbs of the wretched occupant had but recently left it)—three old rush-bottomed chairs—and a rickety deal table, on which were scattered several pages of manuscript—a letter or two—pens, ink, and a few books. There was no chest of drawers—nor did I see any thing likely to serve as a substitute. Poor Mr — probably carried about with him all he had in the world! There was a small sheet of writing paper pinned over the mantel-piece, (if such it deserved to be called,) which I gazed at with a sigh; it bore simply the outline of a coffin, with Mr —'s initials, and “*obit* — 18 —,” evidently in his own handwriting. Curious to see the kind of books he preferred, I took them up and examined them. There were—if I recollect right—a small Amsterdam edition of *Plautus*—a *Horace*—a much be-fingered copy of *Aristophanes*—a neat pocket edition of *Æschylus*—a small copy of the works of *Lactantius*—and two odd volumes of English books. I had no intention of being impertinently inquisitive, but my eye accidentally lit on the uppermost manuscript, and seeing it to be in the Greek character, I took it up, and found a few verses of Greek sapphics, entitled—*Εἰς τὴν νύκτα τελευταίαν*—evidently the recent composition of Mr —. He entered the room as I was laying down the paper, and started at seeing a stranger, for it seems the people of the house had not taken the trouble to inform him I was waiting. On discovering who it was, he bowed politely, and gave me his hand; but the sudden agitation my presence had occasioned, deprived him of utterance. I thought I could almost hear the palpitation of his heart. I brought him to a chair, and begged him to be calm.

“You are not worse, Mr —, I hope, since I saw you this morning?” I enquired. He whispered almost inarticulately, holding his hand to his left side, that he was *always* worse in the evenings. I felt his pulse; it beat 130! I discovered that he had gone out for the purpose of trying to get employment in a neighbouring printing-office, but having failed, was returned in a state of deeper depression

than usual. The perspiration rolled from his brow almost faster than he could wipe it away. I sate by him for nearly two minutes, holding his hand, without uttering a word, for I was deeply affected. At length I begged he would forgive my enquiring how it was that a young man of talent and education like himself could be reduced to a state of such utter destitution? While I was waiting for an answer, he suddenly fell from his chair in a swoon. The exertion of walking, the pressure of disappointment, and, I fear, the almost unbroken fast of the day, had completely prostrated the small remains of his strength. When he had a little revived, I succeeded in laying him on the bed, and instantly summoned the woman of the house. After some time, she sauntered lazily to the door, and asked me what I wanted. “Are you the person that attends on this gentleman, my good woman?” I enquired.

“Marry come up, sir!” she replied in a loud tone. “I’ve no manner of cause for attending on him, not I; he ought to attend on himself: and as for his being a *gentleman*,” she continued with an insolent sneer, for which I felt inclined to throw her down stairs, “not a stiver of his money have I seen for this three weeks for his rent, and”—— Seeing the fluent virago was warming, and approaching close to my unfortunate patient’s bedside, I stopped her short by putting half a guinea into her hand, and directing her to purchase a bottle of port wine; at the same time hinting, that if she conducted herself properly, I would see her rent paid myself. I then shut the door, and resumed my seat by Mr —, who was trembling violently all over with agitation, and endeavoured to soothe him. The more I said, however, and the kinder were my tones, the more was he affected. At length he burst into a flood of tears, and continued weeping for some time, like a child. I saw it was hysterical, and that it was best to let his feelings have their full course. His nervous excitement at last gradually subsided, and he began to converse with tolerable coolness.

“Doctor,” he faltered, “your conduct is very—very noble—it *must* be

disinterested," pointing, with a bitter air, to the wretched room in which we were sitting.

"I feel sure, Mr —, that you have done nothing to *merit* your present misfortunes," I replied, with a serious and enquiring air.

"Yes—yes, I have!—I have indulged in wild ambitious hopes—lived in absurd dreams of future greatness,—been educated beyond my fortunes—and formed tastes, and cherished feelings, incompatible with the station it seems I was born to—beggary or daily labour!" was his answer, with as much vehemence as his weakness would allow.

"But, Mr —, your friends—your relatives—they cannot be apprized of your situation."

"Alas, doctor, friends I have none—unless you will permit me to name the last and noblest, yourself; relatives, several."

"And they, of course, do not know of your illness and straitened circumstances?"

"They do, doctor—and kindly assure me I have brought it on myself. To do them justice, however, they could not, I believe, efficiently help me, if they would."

"Why, have you offended them, Mr —? Have they cast you off?"

"Not avowedly—not in so many words. They have simply refused to receive or answer any more of my letters. Possibly I may have offended them, but am content to meet them hereafter, and try the justice of the case—*there*," said Mr —, solemnly pointing upwards—"Well I know, and so do you, doctor, that my days on earth are very few, and likely to be very bitter also." It was in vain I pressed him to tell me who his relatives were, and suffer me to solicit their personal attendance on his last moments. "It is altogether useless, doctor, to ask me further," said he, raising himself a little in bed,—"*my father and mother are both dead, and no power on earth shall extract from me a syllable further. It is hard*," he continued, bursting again into tears, "*if I must die amid their taunts and reproaches.*" I felt quite at a loss what to say to all this. There was something very singular, if not reprehensible, in his manner of alluding to his relatives, which led me to fear

that he was by no means free from blame. Had I not felt myself very delicately situated, and dreaded even the possibility of hurting his morbidly irritable feelings, I felt inclined to have asked him how he thought of *existing* without their aid, especially in his forlorn and helpless state; having neither friends, nor the means of obtaining them. I thought, also, that short as had been my intimacy with him, I had discerned symptoms of a certain obstinacy, and haughty imperiousness of temper, which would sufficiently account, if not for occasioning, at least for widening, any unhappy breach which might have occurred in his family. But what was to be done? I could not let him starve; as I had voluntarily stepped in to his assistance, I determined to make his last moments easy—at least as far as lay in my power.

A little to anticipate the course of my narrative, I may here state what little information concerning him was elicited in the course of our various interviews. His father and mother had left Ireland, their native place, early, and gone to Jamaica, where they lived as slave-superintendents. They left their only son to the care of the wife's brother-in-law, who put him to school, where he much distinguished himself. On the faith of it, he contrived to get to the college in Dublin, where he stayed two years: and then, in a confident reliance on his own talents, and the sum of £50 which was sent him from Jamaica, with the intelligence of the death of both his parents in impoverished circumstances, he had come up to London, it seems, with no very definite end in view. Here he had continued for about two years; but in addition to the failure of his health, all his efforts to establish himself proved abortive. He contrived to glean a scanty sum, God knows how, which was gradually lessening at a time when his impaired health rather required that his resources should be augmented. He had no friends in respectable life, whose influence or wealth might have been serviceable; and at the time he called on me, he had not more in the world than the solitary half-guinea he proffered to me as a fee. I never learnt the names of any

of his relatives; but from several things occasionally dropped in the heat of conversation, it was clear there must have been unhappy differences.

To return, however. As the evening was far advancing, and I had one or two patients yet to visit, I began to think of taking my departure. I enjoined him strictly to keep his bed till I saw him again, to preserve as calm and equable a frame of mind as possible, and to dismiss all anxiety for the future, as I would gladly supply his present necessities, and send him a civil and attentive nurse. He tried to thank me, but his emotions choked his utterance. He grasped my hand with convulsive energy. His eye spoke eloquently—but, alas! it shone with the fierce and unnatural lustre of consumption, as though, I have often thought in such cases, the conscious soul was glowing with the reflected light of its kindred element—eternity. I knew it was impossible for him to survive many days, from several unequivocal symptoms of what is called, in common language, a galloping consumption. I was as good as my word, and sent him a nurse, (the mother of one of my servants), who was charged to pay him the utmost attention in her power. My wife also sent him a little bed-furniture, linen, preserves, jellies, and other small matters of that sort. I visited him every evening, and found him on each occasion verifying my apprehensions, for he was sinking rapidly. His mental energies, however, seemed to increase in an inverse ratio with the decline of his physical powers. His conversation was animated, various, and, at times, enchainingly interesting. I have sometimes sat at his bedside for several hours together, wondering how one so young (he was not more than two or three and twenty) could have acquired so much information. He spoke with spirit and justness on the leading political topics of the day; and I particularly recollect his making some very noble reflections on the character and exploits of Bonaparte, who was then blazing in the zenith of his glory. Still, however, the current of his thoughts and language was frequently tinged with the enthusiasm and

extravagance of delirium. Of this he seemed himself conscious; for he would sometimes suddenly stop, and pressing his hand to his forehead, exclaim, "Doctor, doctor, I am failing here—*here!*" He acknowledged that he had from his childhood given himself up to the dominion of ambition; and that his whole life had been spent in the most extravagant and visionary expectations. He would smile bitterly when he recounted some of what he justly stigmatized as his insane projects. "The objects of my ambition," he said, "have been vague and general; I never knew exactly where, or what, I would be. Had my powers, such as they are, been concentrated on one point—had I formed a more just and modest estimate of my abilities—I might possibly have become something.*.*.* Besides, doctor, I had no *money*—no solid substratum to build upon—there was the rotten point!—Oh, doctor," he continued, with a deep sigh, "if I could but have seen these things three years ago, as I see them *now*, I might at this moment have been a sober and respectable member of society; but now I am dying a hanger-on—a fool—a beggar!" and he burst into tears. "You, doctor," he presently continued, "are accustomed, I suppose, to listen to these death-bed repinings—these soul-scourings—these wallings over a badly-spent life!—Oh, yes—as I am nearing eternity, I seem to look at things—at my own mind and heart, especially—through the medium of a strange, searching, uncouthly light. Oh, how many, many things it makes distinct, which I would fain have forgotten for ever! Do you recollect the terrible language of Scripture, doctor, which compares the human breast to a *cage of unclean birds!*"—I left him that evening deeply convinced of the compulsory truths he had uttered; I never thought so seriously before. It is some Scotch divine who has said, that one death-bed preaches a more startling sermon than a bench of bishops.

* * * * *

Mr — was an excellent and thorough Greek scholar, perfectly well versed in the Greek dramatists, and passionately fond, in particular, of Sophocles. I recollect his reci-

ting, one evening, with great force and feeling, the touching exclamation of the chorus, in the *Œdipus Tyrannus*—

Ω πόποι—ἀναρίθμητα γὰρ
φίρω πάματα,
νοσῶ δὲ μοί πρόπας στόλος,
οὐδ' ἐνὶ Φροντίδος ἔγχος
ᾧ τις ἀλλέγεται.*

&c. &c. 167-171.

—which, he said, was never absent from his mind, sleeping or waking. I once asked him, if he did not regret having devoted his life almost exclusively to the study of the classics. He replied, with enthusiasm, “No, doctor—no, no! I should be an ingrate if I did. How can I regret having lived in constant converse, through their works, with the greatest and noblest men that ever breathed! I have lived in Elysium—have breathed the celestial air of those hallowed plains, while engaged in the study of the philosophy and poetry of Greece and Rome. Yes, it is a consolation even for my bitter and premature death-bed, to think that my mind will quit this wretched, diseased, unworthy body, imbued with the refinement—redolent of the eternal freshness and beauty of the most exquisite poetry and philosophy the world ever saw! With my faculties quickened and strengthened, I shall go confidently, and claim kindred with the great ones of Eternity. They know I love their works—have consumed all the oil of my life in their study, and they will welcome their son—their disciple!” Ill as he was, Mr — uttered these sentiments (as nearly as I can recollect, in the very words I have given) with an energy, an enthusiasm, and an eloquence, which I never saw surpassed. He faltered suddenly, however, from this lofty pitch of excitement, and complained bitterly that his devotion to ancient literature had engendered a morbid sensibility, which had rendered him totally unfit for the ordinary business of life, or intermixture with society. * * *

Often I found him sitting up in

bed, and reading his favourite play, the *Prometheus Vinculus* of *Æschylus*, while his pale and wasted features glowed with delighted enthusiasm. He told me, that, in his estimation, there was an air of grandeur and romance about that play, such as was not equalled by any of the productions of the other Greek dramatists; and that the opening dialogue was peculiarly impressive and affecting. He had committed to memory nearly three-fourths of the whole play! I on one occasion asked him, how it came to pass that a person of his superior classical attainments had not obtained some tolerably lucrative engagement as an usher or tutor? He answered, with rather an haughty air, that he would rather have broken stones on the highway.

“To hear,” said he, “the magnificent language of Greece—the harmonious cadences of the Romans, mangled and disfigured by stupid lads and duller ushers—oh, it would have been such a profanation as the sacred groves of old suffered, when their solemn silence was disturbed by a rude unhallowed throng of Bacchanals. I should have expired, doctor! I told him, I could not help lamenting such an absurd and morbid sensitiveness—at which he seemed exceedingly piqued. He possibly thought I should rather have admired than reprobated the lofty tone he assumed! I asked him if the stations, of which he spoke with such supercilious contempt, had not been joyfully occupied by some of the greatest scholars that had ever lived? He replied simply, with a cold air, that it was his misfortune—not his fault. He told me, however, that his classical acquirements had certainly been capable of something like a profitable employment; for that about two months before he had called on me, he had nearly come to terms with a bookseller, for publishing a poetical version of the comedies of *Aristophanes*; that he had nearly completed one—the *ΝΕΦΕΑΙ*, if I recollect right—when the great difficulty of the task, and the wretched

* Ah, me! I groan beneath the pressure of innumerable sorrows; truly my substance is languishing away, nor can I devise any means of bettering my condition, or discover any source of consolation.

remuneration offered, so dispirited him, that he threw it aside in disgust.* His only means of subsistence had been the sorry pay of an occasional reader for the press, as well as a contributor to the columns of a daily paper. He had parted with almost the whole of his slender stock of books, his watch, and all his clothes, except what he wore when he called on me. "And you never try any of the magazines?" I enquired; "for they afford to many young men of talent a fair livelihood." He said he had indeed struggled hard to gain a footing in one of the popular periodicals, but that his communications were invariably returned, "with polite acknowledgments." One of these notes I saw, and have now in my possession. It was thus:

"Mr M—— begs to return the enclosed '*Remarks on English Versions of Euripides*,' with many thanks for the writer's polite offer of it to the E—— M——; but fears that, though an able performance, it is not exactly suited for the readers of the E—— M——."

To Δ. Δ.

A series of similar disappointments, and the consequent poverty and embarrassment into which he sunk, had gradually undermined a constitution

naturally feeble; and he told me with much agitation, that had it not been for the trifling but timely assistance of myself and family, he saw no means of escaping literal starvation! Could I help sympathizing deeply with him? Alas! his misfortunes were very nearly paralleled by my own. While listening to his melancholy details, I seemed living over again the four first wretched years of my professional career.

* * * *

I must hasten, however, to the closing scene. I had left word with the nurse, that when Mr —— appeared dying, I should be instantly summoned. About five o'clock, in the evening of the 6th July, 18—, I received a message from Mr —— himself, saying that he wished to breathe his last in my presence, as the only friend he had on earth. Unavoidable and pressing professional engagements detained me until half past six; and it was seven o'clock before I reached his bedside.

"Lord, Lord, doctor, poor Mr —— is dying, sure!" exclaimed the woman of the house, as she opened the door. "Mrs Jones says he has been picking and clearing the bed-clothes awfully, so he must be dying!"† On entering the room, I found

* Among his papers I found the following spirited and close version of one of the choral odes in the *Nubes*, commencing,

Ἄμφι μὲν αὖτε Φοῖβ' ἄναξ
Δῖλ'ι, &c,

"Thee, too, great Phæbus, I invoke,
Thou Delian King,
Who dwel'st on Cynthia's lofty rock!
Thy passage hither wing,
Blest Goddess! whom Ephesian splendors hold
In temple bright with gold,
'Mid Lydian maidens nobly worshipping!
And thee, our native deity,
Pallas, our city's guardian, thou!
Who wieldst the dreadful Ægis. Thee,
Thee, too, gay Bacchus, from Parnassian height,
Ruddy with festive torches' glow—
To crown the sacred choir, I thee invite!"

Those who are conversant with the original, will perceive that many of the difficult Greek expressions are rendered into literal English.

† This very prevalent but absurd notion is not confined to the vulgar; and as I have, in the course of my practice, met with hundreds of respectable and intelligent people, who have held that a patient's "picking and clearing the bed-clothes" is a symptom of death, and who consequently view it with a kind of superstitious horror, I cannot refrain from explaining the philosophy of it to the numerous unprofessional readers of this Magazine, in the simple and satisfactory words of Mr C. Bell:—

"It is very common," he says, "to see the patient picking the bed-clothes, or catching at the empty air. This proceeds from an appearance of *motes* or *flies* passing be-

he had dropt asleep. The nurse told me he had been wandering a good deal in his mind. I asked what he had talked about? "*Larning*, doctor," she replied, "and a proud young lady." I sate down by his bedside. I saw the dews of death were stealing rapidly over him. His eyes, which were naturally very dark and piercing, were now far sunk into their sockets; his cheeks were hollow, and his hair matted with perspiration over his damp and pallid forehead. While I was gazing silently on the melancholy spectacle, and reflecting what great but undisciplined powers of mind were about soon to be disunited from the body, Mr — opened his eyes, and seeing me, said, in a low, but clear and steady tone of voice—"Doctor—the last act of the tragedy!" He gave me his hand. It was all he could do to lift it into mine. I could not speak—the tears were nearly gushing forth. I felt as if I were gazing on my dying son.

"I have been dreaming, doctor, since you went," said he, "and what do you think about? I thought I had squared the circle, and was to perish for ever for my discovery."

"I hope, Mr —," I replied, in a serious tone, and with something of displeasure in my manner—"I hope that, at this awful moment, you have more suitable and consolatory thoughts to occupy your mind with than those?" He sighed. "The clergyman you were so good as to send me," he said, after a pause, "was here this afternoon. He is a good man, I dare say, but weak, and has his head stuffed with the quibbles of the schools. He wanted to discuss the question of *free will* with a dying man, doctor!"

"I hope he did not leave without administering the ordinances of religion?" I enquired.

"He read me some of the church prayers, which were exquisitely touching and beautiful, and the fif-

teenth chapter of Corinthians, which is very sublime. He could not help giving me a rehearsal of what he was shortly to repeat over my grave!" exclaimed the dying man, with a melancholy smile. I felt some irritation at the light tone of his remarks, but concealed it.

"You received the sacrament, I hope, Mr —?" He paused a few moments, and his brow was clouded. "No, doctor, to tell the truth, I declined it!"—

"Declined the sacrament!" I exclaimed, with surprise.

"Yes—but, dear doctor, I beg—I entreat you not to ask me about it any further," replied Mr —, gloomily, and lapsed into a fit of abstraction for some moments. Unnoticed by him, I dispatched the nurse for another clergyman, an excellent and learned man, who was my intimate friend. I was gazing earnestly on Mr —, as he lay with closed eyes; and was surprised to see the tears trickling from them.

"Mr —, you have nothing, I hope, on your mind, to render your last moments unhappy?" I asked, in a gentle tone.

"No—nothing material," he replied with a deep sigh; continuing, with his eyes closed, "I was only thinking what a bitter thing it is to be struck down so soon from among the bright throng of the living—to leave this fair, this beautiful world, after so short and sorrowful a sojourn. Oh, it is hard!" He shortly opened his eyes. His agitation had apparently passed away, and delirium was hovering over and disarranging his thoughts.

"Doctor, doctor, what a strange passage that is,"—said he suddenly, startling me with his altered voice, and the dreamy, thoughtful expression of his eyes,—"*in the chorus of the Medea—*

*"Αν ποταμῶν ἱερῶν χωροῦσι παγαὶ
καὶ δῖα καὶ πάντα πάλιν στρέφεται.**

fore the eyes, and is occasioned by an affection of the retina, producing in it a sensation similar to that produced by the impression of images; and what is deficient in sensation, the *imagination supplies*: for although the resemblance betwixt those diseased affections of the retina, and the idea conveyed to the brain, may be very remote, yet, by that slight resemblance, the idea usually associated with the sensation will be excited in the mind."—*Bell's Anatomy*, vol. iii. pp. 57-58.

The secret lies in a disordered circulation of the blood, forcing the *red globules* into the minute vessels of the retina.

Is not there something very mysterious and romantic about these lines? I could never exactly understand what was meant by them." Finding I continued silent,—for I did not wish to encourage his indulging in a train of thought so foreign to his situation,—he kept murmuring at intervals, metrically,

ὄντο παταμῶν ἱερῶν,

in a most melancholy, monotonous tone. He then wandered on from one topic of classical literature to another, till he suddenly stopped short, and turning to me, said, "Doctor, I am raving very absurdly. I feel I am; but I cannot dismiss from my thoughts, even though I know I am dying, the subjects about which my mind has been occupied nearly all my life through.—Oh!" changing the subject abruptly, "tell me, doctor, do those who die of my disorder generally continue in the possession of their intellects to the last?" I told him I thought they generally did.

"Then I shall burn brightly to the last! Thank God!—And yet," with a shudder, "it is shocking, too, to find oneself gradually ceasing to exist.—Doctor, I should recover, I am sure I should, if you were to bleed me," said he—his intellects were wandering.

The nurse now returned, and, to my vexation, unaccompanied by Dr —, who had gone that morning into the country. I did not send for any one else. His frame of mind was peculiar, and very unsatisfactory; but I thought it, on the whole, better not to disturb or irritate him by alluding to a subject he evidently disliked. I ordered candles to be brought, as it was now nearly nine o'clock. "Doctor," said the dying young man, in a feeble tone, "I think you will find a copy of Lactantius lying on my table. He has been a great favourite with me. May I trouble you to read me a passage—the eighth chapter of the seventh book—on the immortality of the soul? I should like to die thoroughly convinced of that noble truth—if truth it is—and I have often read that chapter with much satisfaction." I went to the table and found the book—a pocket copy—the leaves of which were ready turned down to the very page I wanted. I therefore read him,

slowly and emphatically, the whole of the eighth and ninth chapters, beginning, "*Num est igitur summum bonum immortalitas, ad quam capiendam, et formati a principio, et nati sumus.*" When I had got as far as the allusion to Cicero's vacillating views, Mr — repeated with me, sighing, the words, "*harum inquit sententiarum, quæ vera sit, Deus aliquis viderit.*"—As an instance of the

"Ruling passion, strong in death,"

I may mention, though somewhat to my own discredit, that he briskly corrected a false quantity which slipped from me. "Allow me, doctor—'*expetit*,' not '*expetit*.'" He made no other observation, when I had concluded reading the chapters from Lactantius, than, "I certainly wish I had early formed fixed principles on religious subjects—but it is now too late." He then dropped asleep, but presently began murmuring very sorrowfully—"Emma, Emma! haughty one! Not one look?—I am dying—and you don't know it—nor care for me! * * How beautiful she looked stepping from the carriage! How magnificently dressed! I *think* she saw—*why* can't she love me? She cannot love somebody else—No—madness—no!"—In this strain he continued soliloquizing for some minutes longer. It was the first time I had ever heard any thing of the kind fall from him. At length he asked, "I wonder if they ever came to her hands?" as if striving to recollect something. The nurse whispered that she had often heard him talk in the night time about this lady, and that he would go on till he stopped in tears. I discovered, from a scrap or two found among his papers, after his decease, that the person he addressed as Emma, was a young lady in the higher circles of society, of considerable beauty, whom he first saw by accident, and fancied she had a regard for him. He had, in turn, indulged in the most extravagant and hopeless passion for her. He suspected himself, that she was wholly unconscious of being the object of his almost frenzied admiration. When he was asking "if something came to her hands," I have no doubt he alluded to some copy of verses he had sent to her—of which the following fragments, written in pencil,

on a blank leaf of his Aristophanes, probably formed a part. There is some merit in them, but more extravagance.

"I could go through the world with thee,
To spend with thee eternity!"

* * * * *
"To see thy blue and passionate eye,
Light on another scornfully,
But fix its melting glance on me,
And blend"——

"Read the poor heart that throbs for thee,
Imprint all o'er with thy dear name—
Yet withering 'neath a lonely flame,
That warms *thee* not, yet *me* consumes!"

* * * * *
"Aye, I would have thee all my own,
Thy love, thy life, mine, *mine* alone;
See nothing in the world but me,
Since nought *I* know, or love, but thee!"

"The eyes that on a thousand fall,
I would collect their glances all,
And fling their lustre on my soul,
Till it imbibed, absorb'd the whole."

These are followed by several more lines; but these will suffice. This insane attachment was exactly what I might have expected from one of his ardent and enthusiastic temperament. To return, however, once more. Towards eleven o'clock, he began to fail rapidly. I had my fingers on his pulse, which beat very feebly, almost imperceptibly. He opened his eyes slowly, and gazed upwards with a vacant air.

"Why are you taking the candles away, nurse?" he enquired feebly. They had not been touched. His cold fingers gently compressed my hand—they were stiffening with death. "Don't, *don't* put the candles out, doctor," he commenced again, looking at me, with an eye on which the thick mists and shadows of the grave were settling fast—they were filmy and glazed.

"Don't blow them out—don't—don't!" he again exclaimed, almost inaudibly.

"No, we will not!—My dear Mr —, both candles are burning brightly beside you, on the table," I replied, tremulously—for I saw the

senses were forgetting their functions—that life and consciousness were fast retiring!

"Well," he murmured almost inarticulately, "I am now quite in darkness!—Oh, there is something at my heart—cold, cold!—*Doctor, keep them off!* *—Why—oh, death—" He ceased. He had spoken his last on earth. The intervals of respiration became gradually longer and longer; and the precise moment when he ceased to breathe at all could not be ascertained. Yes; it was all over. Poor Mr — was dead. I shall never forget him.

PREPARING FOR THE HOUSE!

"Do, dear doctor, be so good as to drop in at — Place, in the course of the morning, *by accident*—for I want you to see Mr —. He has, I verily believe, bid adieu to his senses—for he is conducting himself very strangely. To tell you the truth, he is resolved on going down to the House this evening, for the purpose of speaking on the — bill, and will, I fear, act so absurdly, as to make himself the laughing-stock of the whole country—at least I suspect as much, from what I have heard of his preparations. Ask to be shewn up at once to Mr —, when you arrive, and gradually direct the conversation to politics—when you will soon see what is the matter. But mind, doctor, not a word of this note! Your visit will be quite *accidental*, you know. Believe me, my dear doctor, yours, &c. &c."—Such was the note put into my hands by a servant, as my carriage was driving off on my first morning round. I knew Mrs —, the fair writer of it, very intimately—as, indeed, the familiar and confidential strain of her note will suffice to shew. She was a very amiable and clever woman—and would not have complained, I was sure, without reason. Wishing, therefore, to oblige her by a prompt attention to her request, and in the full expectation, from what I knew of the worthy member's eccentricities, of encountering some singular

* I once before heard these strange words fall from the lips of a dying patient—a lady. To me they suggest very unpleasant, I may say, fearful thoughts. What is to be kept off?

scene, I directed the horses' heads to be turned towards — Place. I reached the house about twelve o'clock, and went up stairs at once to the drawing-room, where I understood Mr — had taken up quarters for the day. The servant opened the door and announced me.

"Oh—shew Dr — in." I entered. The object of my visit, I may just say, was the very *beau ideal* of a county member; somewhat inclined to corpulency, with a fine, fresh, rubicund, good-natured face—and that bluff old English frankness of manner, which flings you back into the age of Sir Roger De Coverley. He was dressed in a long, grey woolen morning-gown; and, with his hands crammed into the hind pockets, was pacing rapidly to and fro from one end of the spacious room to the other. At one extremity was a table, on which lay a sheet of foolscap, closely written, and crumpled as if with constant handling—his gold repeater, and a half-emptied decanter of sherry, with a wine-glass. A glance at all these paraphernalia convinced me of the nature of Mr —'s occupation; he was committing his *speech* to memory!

"How d'ye do—how d'ye do, doctor?" he exclaimed, in a hearty but hurried tone; "you must not keep me long: busy—very busy indeed, doctor." I had looked in by accident, I assured him, and did not intend to detain him an instant. I remarked that I supposed he was busy preparing for the House.

"Ah, right, doctor—right! Aye, by —, a d—d good hit, too! I shall peg it into them to-night, doctor! D—e, I'll let them know what an English County member is! I'll make the House too hot to hold them!" said Mr —, walking to and fro, at an accelerated pace. He was evidently boiling over with excitement.

"You are going to speak to-night, then, on the great — question, I suppose?" said I, hardly able to repress a smile.

"Speak, doctor? I'll burst on them with such a view-halloo as shall startle the whole pack! I'll shew my Lord — what kind of stuff I'm made of—I will, by —! He was pleased to tell the House, the other evening—curse his impudence!—that the two members for —shire were

a mere couple of dumb-bells—he did, by —! But I'll shew him whether or not I, for one of them, am to be jeered and flamm'd with impunity! Ha, doctor—what d'ye think of this?" said he, hurrying to the table, and taking up the manuscript I have mentioned. He was going to read it to me, but suddenly stopped short and laid it down again on the table, exclaiming, "Nay, d—e, I know it off by this time—so listen! Have at ye, doctor!"

After a pompous hem! hem! he commenced, and with infinite energy and boisterousness of manner, recited the whole oration. It was certainly a wonderful—a matchless performance—parcelled out with a rigid adherence to the rules of ancient rhetoric. As he proceeded, he recited such astounding absurdities—such preposterous, high-flown, Bombastes-furioso declamations—as, had it but been uttered in the House, would assuredly have procured the triumphant speaker six or seven distinct rounds of convulsive laughter! Had I not known well the simplicity and sincerity—the perfect *bonhomie*—of Mr —, I should have supposed he was hoaxing me—but I assuredly suspected he was *himself* the hoaxed party—the joking-post of some witty wag who had determined to afford the House a night's sport at poor Mr —'s expense! Indeed I never in my life listened to such pitifully puerile—such almost idiotic *gallimatia*. I felt certain it could never have been the composition of fox-hunting Mr —! There was a hack-nied quotation from Horace—from the Septuagint, (!) and from Locke; and then a scampering through the whole flowery realms of rhetorical ornament—and a glancing at every topic of foreign or domestic policy that could conceivably attract the attention of the most erratic fancy. In short there never before was such a speech composed since the world began! And this was the sort of thing that poor Mr — actually intended to deliver that memorable evening in the House of Commons! As for myself, I could not control my risible faculties; but accompanied the peroration with a perfect shout of laughter! Mr — laid down the paper, (which he had twisted into a sort of scroll) in an ecstasy, and joined me

in full chorus, slapping me on the shoulder, and exclaiming—"Ah! d—e, doctor, I *knew* you would like it! It's just the thing—isn't it? There will be no standing me at the next election for —shire, if I can only deliver all this in the House to-night! Old Turnpenny, that's going to start against me, backed by the manufacturing interest—won't come up—and you see if he does!—Curse it! I thought it was in me—and would come out, some of these days.—They shall have it all to-night—they shall, by —! Only be on the look-out for the morning papers, doctor—that's all!" and he set off, walking rapidly, with long strides, from one end of the room to the other. I began to be apprehensive that there was too much ground for Mrs —'s suspicions, that he had literally "taken leave of his senses." Recollecting, at length, the object of my visit, which the amusing exhibition I have been attempting to describe had almost driven from my memory, I endeavoured to think, on the spur of the moment, of some scheme for diverting him from his purpose, and preventing the lamentable exposure he was preparing for himself. I could think of nothing else than attacking him on a sore point—one on which he had been hipped for years, and not without reason—an hereditary tendency to apoplexy.

"But, my dear sir," said I, "this excitement will destroy you—you will bring on a fit of apoplexy, if you go on for an hour longer, in this way—you will indeed!" He stood still, changed colour a little, and stammered "What! eh, d—e, apoplexy! You don't say so, doctor? Hem! how is my pulse?" extending his wrist. I felt it—looked at my watch, and shook my head.

"Eh—what, doctor! *Newmarket*, eh?" said he, with an alarmed air—meaning to ask me whether his pulse was beating rapidly.

"It is, indeed, Mr —. It beats upwards of one hundred and fifteen a minute," I replied, still keeping my fingers at his wrist, and my eyes riveted on my watch—for I dared not trust myself with looking in his countenance. He started from me without uttering a syllable; hurried to the table, poured out a glass of wine, and gulped it down instantly. I sup-

pose he caught an unfortunate smile or a smirk on my face—for he came up to me, and in a coaxing but disturbed manner, said—"Now, come, come, doctor—doctor, no humbug! I feel well enough all over! D—e, I *will* speak in the House to-night, come what may, that's flat! Why, there'll be a general election in a few months, and it's of consequence for me to do something—to make a figure in the House. Besides—it is a great constitutional!"—

"Well, well, Mr —, undoubtedly you must please yourself," said I, seriously; "but if a fit *should*—you'll remember I did my duty, and warned you how to avert it!"—"Hem, ahem!" he ejaculated, with a somewhat puzzled air. I thought I had succeeded in shaking his purpose. I was, however, too sanguine in my expectations. "I must bid you good morning, doctor. I *must* speak! I *will* try it, to-night, at all events;—but I'll be calm—I will! And if I *should* die—but d— that's impossible, you know! But if I *should*—why, it will be a martyr's death; I shall die a patriot—ha, ha, ha! Good morning, doctor." He led me to the door, laughing, as he went, but not so heartily or boisterously as formerly. I was hurrying down stairs, when Mr — reopened the drawing-room door, and called out, "Doctor, doctor, just be so good as to look in on my good lady before you go. She's somewhere about the house—in her *boudoir*, I dare say. She's not quite well this morning—a fit of the vapours—hem! You understand me, doctor?" putting his finger to the side of his nose, with a wise air. I could not help smiling at the reciprocal anxiety for each other's health simultaneously manifested by this worthy couple.

"Well, doctor, am not I right?" exclaimed Mrs —, in a low tone, opening the dining-room door, and beckoning me in.

"Yes, indeed, madam. My interview was little else than a running commentary on your note to me."

"How did you find him engaged, doctor?—Learning his *speech*, as he calls it—eh?" enquired the lady, with a chagrined air, which was heightened, when I recounted what had passed up stairs.

"Oh, absurd! monstrous! Doc-

tor, I am ready to expire with vexation to see Mr — acting so foolishly. But it is all owing to that odious Dr —, the village rector, who is up in town now, and an immense crony of Mr —'s. I suspected there was something brewing between them; for they have been laying their wise heads together for a week past. Did not he repeat the *speech* to you, doctor?—the whole of it?"

"Yes, indeed, madam, he did," I replied, smiling at the recollection.

"Ah—hideous rant it was, I dare say!—I'll tell you a secret, doctor. I know it was every word composed by that abominable old addle-head, Dr —, a doodle that he is!—(I wonder what brought him up from his parish!)—And it is he that has inflamed Mr —'s fancy with making a *great hit* in the House, as they call it. That precious piece of stuff which they call a speech, poor Mr — has been learning for this week past; and has several times woke me in the night with ranting snatches of it." I begged Mrs — not to take it so seriously.

"Now, tell me candidly, Dr —, did you ever hear such nonsense in your life? It is all that country parson's small-beer trash! I'm sure our name will run the gauntlet of all the papers in England, for a fortnight to come!" I said, I was sorry to be compelled to acquiesce in the truth of what she was saying.

"Really," she continued, pressing her hand to her forehead, "I feel quite poorly myself, with agitation at the thought of to-night's farce. Did you attempt to dissuade him? You might have frightened him with a hint or two about his tendency to apoplexy, you know."

"I did my utmost, madam, I assure you; and certainly startled him not a little. But, alas, he rallied, and good-humouredly sent me from the room, telling me, that, if the effort of speaking killed him, he should share the fate of Lord Chatham, or something of that sort."

"Preposterous!" exclaimed Mrs

—, almost shedding tears with vexation. "But, *entre nous*, doctor, could not you think of any thing—hem!—something in the medical way—to prevent his going to the House to-night?—A—a sleeping draught—eh, doctor?"

"Really, my dear madam," said I, seriously, "I should not feel justified in going so far as that."

"Oh, dear, dear doctor, what possible harm can there be in it? Do consent to my wishes for once, and I shall be eternally obliged to you. Do order a simple sleeping draught—strong enough to keep him in bed till five or six o'clock in the morning—and I will myself slip it into his wine at dinner."—In short, there was no resisting the importunities and distress of so fine a woman as Mrs —; so I ordered about five-and-thirty drops of laudanum, in a little sirup and water. But, alas, this scheme was frustrated by Mr —'s, two hours afterwards, unexpectedly ordering the carriage, (while Mrs — was herself gone to procure his *quietus*,) and leaving word he should dine with some members that evening at Brookes's. After all, however, a lucky accident accomplished Mrs —'s wishes, though it deprived her husband of that opportunity of wearing the laurels of parliamentary eloquence; for the ministry, finding the measure against which Mr — had intended to level his oration, to be extremely unpopular, and anticipating that they should be dead beat, wisely postponed it *sine die*.

DUELLING.*

I had been invited by young Lord —, the nobleman mentioned in my former chapter, to spend the latter part of my last college-vacation with his lordship at his shooting-box in —shire. As his destined profession was the army, he had already a tolerably numerous retinue of military friends, several of whom were engaged to join us on our arrival at —; so that we anticipated a very

* The melancholy facts on which the ensuing narrative is founded, I find entered in the Diary as far back as nearly twenty-five years ago; and I am convinced, after some little enquiry, that there is no one now living whose feelings could be shocked at reading this month's Blackwood.

gay and jovial season. Our expectations were not disappointed. What with shooting, fishing, and riding, abroad—billiards, songs, and high feeding, at home, our days and nights glided as merrily away as fun and frolic would make them. One of the many schemes of amusement devised by our party, was giving a sort of military subscription-ball at the small town of —, from which we were distant not more than four or five miles. All my Lord —'s party, of course, were to be there, as well as several others of his friends, scattered at a little distance from him in the country. On the appointed day all went off admirably. The little town of — absolutely reeled beneath the unusual excitement of music, dancing, and universal feting. It was, in short, a sort of miniature carnival, which the inhabitants, for several reasons, but more especially the melancholy one I am going to mention, have not yet forgotten. It is not very wonderful, that all the rustic beauty of the place was there. Many a village belle was there, in truth, panting and fluttering with delighted agitation at the unusual attentions of their handsome and agreeable partners; for there was not a young military member of our party but merited the epithets. As for myself, being cursed—as I once before hinted—with a very insignificant person, and not the most attractive or communicative manners—being utterly incapable of pouring that soft delicious nonsense—that fascinating, searching, small-talk, which has stolen so often right through a lady's ear, into the very centre of her heart—being no hand, I say, at this, I contented myself with dancing a set or two with a young woman, whom nobody else seemed inclined to lead out; and continued, for the rest of the evening, more a *spectator* than a partaker of the gaieties of the scene. There was one girl there—the daughter of a reputable retired tradesman—of singular beauty, and known in the neighbourhood by the name of “*The Blue Bell of —*.” Of course, she was the object of universal admiration, and literally besieged the whole evening with applications for “the honour of her hand.” I do not exaggerate, when I say, that, in my opinion, this young woman

was perfectly beautiful. Her complexion was of dazzling purity and transparence—her symmetrical features of a placid bust-like character, which, however, would perhaps have been considered insipid, had it not been for a brilliant pair of large, languishing, soft, blue eyes, resembling —“blue water-lilies, when the breeze Maketh the crystal waters round them tremble,”

which it was almost madness to look upon. And then her light auburn hair, which hung in loose and easy curls, and settled on each cheek like a soft golden cloud flitting past the moon! Her figure was in keeping with her countenance—slender, graceful, and delicate—with a most exquisitely turned foot and ankle. I have spent so many words about her description, because I have never since seen any woman that I thought equalled her; and because her beauty was the cause of what I am about to relate. She riveted the attention of all our party, except my young host, Lord —, who adhered all the evening to a sweet creature he had selected on first entering the room. I observed, however, one of our party, a dashing young captain in the Guards, highly connected, and of handsome and prepossessing person and manners, and a gentleman, of nearly equal personal pretensions, who had been invited from — Hall, his father's seat, to exceed every one present in their attentions to sweet Mary —; and as she occasionally smiled on one or the other of the rivals, I saw the countenance of either alternately clouded with displeasure. Captain — was soliciting her hand for the last set—a country dance—when his rival, (whom, for distinction's sake, I shall call *Trevor*, though that, of course, is very far from his real name,) stepping up to her, seized her hand, and said, in rather a sharp and quick tone, “Captain —, she has promised me the last set; I beg, therefore, you will resign her.—I am right, Miss —?” he enquired of the girl, who blushing replied, “I think I did promise Mr *Trevor*—but I would dance with both, if I could. Captain, you are not angry with me; are you?” she smiled, appealingly.

“Certainly not, madam,” he re-

plied, with a peculiar emphasis; and after directing an eye, which kindled like a star, to his more successful rival, retired haughtily a few paces, and soon afterwards left the room. A strong conviction seized me, that even this small and trifling incident would be attended with mischief between those two haughty and undisciplined spirits; for I occasionally saw Mr Trevor turn a moment from his beautiful partner, and cast a stern enquiring glance round the room, as if in search of Captain —. I saw he had noticed the haughty frown with which the Captain had retired.

Most of the gentlemen who had accompanied Lord — to this ball were engaged to dine with him the next Sunday evening. Mr Trevor and the Captain (who, I think, I mentioned, was staying a few days with his lordship) would meet at this party; and I determined to watch their demeanour. Captain — was at the window, when Mr Trevor, on horseback, attended by his groom, alighted at the door, and on seeing who it was, walked away to another part of the room, with an air of assumed indifference; but I caught his quick and restless glance invariably directed at the door through which Mr Trevor would enter. They saluted each other with civility—rather coldly, I thought—but there was nothing particularly marked in the manner of either. About twenty sat down to dinner. All promised to go off well—for the cooking was admirable—the wines first-rate, and conversation brisk and various. Captain — and Mr Trevor were seated at some distance from each other—the former was my next neighbour. The cloth was not removed till a few minutes after eight—when a dessert and a fresh and large supply of wine were introduced. The late ball, of course, was a prominent topic of conversation; and after a few of the usual bachelor toasts had been drunk with noisy enthusiasm, and we all felt the elevating influence of the wine we had been drinking, Lord — stood up, and said—“Now, my dear fellows—I have a toast in my eye that will delight you all—so, bumpers, gentlemen—bumpers!—up to the very brim,—so make sure your glasses are full—while I propose to you the health of a beautiful—nay, by —!

the most beautiful girl we have any of us seen for this year—Ha! I see all anticipate me—so, to be short—here is the health of Mary —, the Blue Bell of —!” It was drunk with acclamation. I thought I perceived Captain —’s hand, however, shake a little, as he lifted his glass to his mouth.

“Who is to return thanks for her?” —“Her favourite beau, to be sure.” —“Who is he?” —“Legs—rise—legs—whoever he is!” was shouted, asked, and answered, in a breath. “Oh—Trevor is the happy man—there’s no doubt of that—he monopolized her all the evening—I could not get her hand once,” exclaimed one near Mr Trevor—“Nor I!” —“Nor I!”—echoed several. Mr Trevor looked with a delighted and triumphant air round the room, and seemed about to rise, but there was a cry—“No—Trevor is not the man—I say Captain — is the favourite!” —“Aye—ten to one on the Captain!” roared a young hero of Ascot. “Stuff—stuff!” muttered the Captain, hurriedly cutting an apple to fritters,—and now and then casting a fierce glance towards Mr Trevor. There were many noisy maintainers of both Trevor and the Captain.

“Come—come, gentlemen,” said a young Cornish baronet, good-humouredly, seeing the two young men appeared to view the affair very seriously—“The best way, since I dare be sworn the girl herself does not know which she likes best, will be to *toss up* who shall be given the credit of her beau!” A loud laugh followed this droll proposal; in which all joined except Trevor and the Captain. The latter had poured out some claret while Sir — was speaking, and sipped it with an air of assumed carelessness. I observed, however, that he never removed his eye from his glass—and that his face was pale—as if from some strong internal emotion. Mr Trevor’s demeanour, however, also indicated considerable embarrassment; but he was older than the Captain, and had much more command of manner. I was amazed, for my own part, to see them take up such an insignificant affair so seriously; but these things generally involve so much of the strong passions of our youthful nature,—especially our va-

nity and jealousy, that, on second thoughts, my surprise abated.

"I certainly fancied you were the favourite, Captain; for I saw her blush with satisfaction when you squeezed her hand," I whispered. "You are right, —," he answered, with a forced smile.—"I don't think Trevor can have any pretensions to her favour." The noisiness of the party was now subsiding—and nobody knew why an air of blank embarrassment seemed to pervade all present.

"Upon my honour, gentlemen, this is a vastly silly affair altogether, and quite unworthy such a stir as it has excited," said Mr Trevor; "but as so much notice has been taken of it, I cannot help saying, though it is monstrously absurd, perhaps, that I think the beautiful 'Blue Bell of —' is mine—mine alone! I believe I have good ground for saying I am the sole winner of the prize, and have distanced my military competitor," continued Mr Trevor, turning to Captain —, with a grim air, which was very foreign to his real feelings, "though his bright eyes—his debonaire demeanour—that fascinating *je ne sais quoi* of his" —

"Trevor! Don't be insolent!" exclaimed the Captain sternly, reddening with passion.

"Insolent! Captain?—What the deuce do you mean? I'm sure you don't want to quarrel with me—oh, it's impossible! If I have said what was offensive, by —, I did not mean it—and, as we said at Rugby, *indictum puta*—and there's an end of it. But as for my smart little Blue Bell, I know—am perfectly certain—aye, spite of the Captain's dark looks—that I am the happy man. So, gentlemen, *de jure* and *de facto*—for her, I return you thanks." He sat down. There was so much kindness in his manner, and he had so handsomely disavowed any intentions of hurting Captain —'s feelings, that I hoped the young Hotspur beside me was quieted. Not so, however.

"Trevor," said he, in a hurried tone, "you are mistaken—you are, by —! You don't know what passed between Mary — and myself that evening. On my word and honour, she told me she wished she could be off her engagement with you."

"Nonsense! nonsense! She must have said it to amuse you, Captain—she *could* have had no other intention. The very next morning she told me" —

"The very next morning!" shouted Captain —, "why, what the — could you have wanted with Mary — the next morning?"

"That is my affair, Captain—not yours. And since you *will* have it out, I tell you, for your consolation, that Mary and I have met every day since!" said Mr Trevor, loudly, even vehemently. He was getting a little *flushed*, as the phrase is, with wine, which he was pouring down, glass after glass, or of course he could never have made such an absurd—such an unusual disclosure.

"Trevor, I must say you act very meanly in telling us,—if it really is so," said the Captain, with an intensely chagrined and mortified air; "and—if you intend to ruin that sweet and innocent creature—I shall take leave to say, that you are a—a—a—curse on it, it will out—a villain!" continued the Captain, slowly and deliberately. My heart flew up to my throat, where it fluttered as though it would have choked me. There was an instant and dead silence.

"A villain—did you say, Captain? and accuse me of meanness?" enquired Mr Trevor, coolly, while the colour suddenly faded from his darkening features; and rising from his chair, he stepped forward, and stood nearly opposite to the Captain, with his half-emptied glass in his hand, which, however, was not observed by him he addressed. "Yes, sir, I *did* say so," replied the Captain, firmly—"and what then?"

"Then, of course, you will see the necessity of apologizing for it instantly," rejoined Mr Trevor.

"As I am not in the habit, Mr Trevor, of saying what requires an apology, I have none to offer," said Captain —, drawing himself up in his chair, and eyeing Mr Trevor with a steady look of composed intrepidity.

"Then, Captain, don't expect me to apologize for *this*!" thundered Mr Trevor, at the same time hurling his glass, wine and all, at the Captain's head. Part of the wine fell on me, but the glass glanced at the ear of Captain —, and cut it slightly; for he had

started aside on seeing Mr Trevor's intention. A mist seemed to cover my eyes, as I saw every one present rising from his chair. The room was, of course, in an uproar. The two who had quarrelled were the only calm persons present. Mr Trevor remained standing on the same spot with his arms folded on his breast; while Captain —— calmly wiped off the stains of wine from his shirt-ruffles and white waistcoat, walked up to Lord ——, who was at but a yard or two's distance, and enquired, in a low tone of voice, "Your Lordship has pistols here, of course? We had better settle this little matter now, and here. Captain V——, you will kindly do what is necessary for me?"

"My dear fellow, be calm! This is really a very absurd quarrel—likely to be a dreadful business, though!" replied his Lordship, with great agitation. "Come, shake hands, and be friends!—Come, don't let a trumpery dinner brawl lead to bloodshed—and in my house, too!—Make it up like men of sense!"

"That, your Lordship of course knows as well as I do, is impossible. Will you, Captain V——, be good enough to bring the pistols? You will find them in his Lordship's shooting gallery—we had better adjourn there, by the way, eh?" enquired the Captain, coolly—he had seen many of these *affaires*!

"Then, bring them—bring them, by all means!"—"In God's name, let this quarrel be settled on the spot!" exclaimed ——, and ——, and ——.

"We all know they *must* fight—that's as clear as the sun—so the sooner the better!" exclaimed the Honourable Mr ——, a hot-headed cousin of Lord ——'s.

"Eternal curses on the silly slut!" groaned his Lordship; "here will be bloodshed for her!—My dear Trevor!" said he, hurrying to that gentleman, who, with seven or eight people round him, was conversing on the affair, with perfect composure; "do, I implore—I beg—I supplicate, that you would leave my house! Oh! don't let it be said I ask people here to kill one another! Why may not this wretched business be made up?—By ——, it *shall* be," said he, vehemently; and, putting his arm into that of Mr Trevor, he en-

deavoured to draw him towards the spot where Captain —— was standing.

"Your Lordship is very good, but it's useless," replied Mr Trevor, struggling to disengage his arm from that of Lord ——, "Your Lordship knows the business *must* be settled, and the sooner the better. My friend Sir —— has undertaken to do what is correct on the occasion. Come," addressing the young baronet, "away! and join Captain V——." All this was uttered with *real* nonchalance! Somebody present told him, that the Captain was one of the best shots in England—could hit a sixpence at ten yards' distance. "Can he, by ——?" said he with a smile, without evincing the slightest symptoms of trepidation. "Why, then, I may as well make my will, for I'm as blind as a mole!—Ha! I have it." He walked out from among those who were standing round him, and strode up to Captain ——, who was conversing earnestly with one or two of his brother officers.

"Captain ——," said Mr Trevor, firmly, extending his right hand, with his glove half drawn on. The Captain turned suddenly towards him with a furious scowl. "I am told you are a dead shot—eh?"

"Well, sir, and what of that?" enquired the Captain, haughtily, and with some curiosity in his countenance.

"You know I am short-sighted, blind as a beetle, and not very well used in shooting matters"—— Every one present started, and looked with surprise and displeasure at the speaker; and one muttered in my ear—"Eh—d——!—Trevor shewing the white feather? I am astonished!"

"Why, what do you mean by all this, sir?" enquired the Captain, with a contemptuous sneer.

"Oh, merely that we ought not to fight on unequal terms. Do you think, my good sir, I will stand to be shot at without having a chance of returning the favour? I have to say, therefore, merely, that since this quarrel is of your own seeking—and your own d——n folly only has brought it about—I shall insist on our fighting breast to breast—muzzle to muzzle—and across a table. Yes," he continued, elevating his voice to nearly a shout; "we will go down

to hell together—if we go at all—that is some consolation.”

“Infamous!”—“Monstrous!” was echoed from all present. They would not, they said, hear of such a thing—they would not stand to see such butchery! Eight or ten left the room abruptly, and did not return. Captain —— made no reply to Trevor’s proposal, but was conversing anxiously with his friends.

“Now, sir, who is the coward?” enquired Mr Trevor, sarcastically.

“A few moments will shew,” replied the Captain, stepping forward, with no sign of agitation, except a countenance of an ashy hue; “for I accede to your terms—ruffianly—murderous as they are; and may the curse of a ruined house overwhelm you and your family for ever!” faltered Captain ——, who saw, of course, that certain death was before both. “Are the pistols preparing?” enquired Mr Trevor, without regarding the exclamation of Captain —— . He was answered in the affirmative, that Captain V—— and Sir —— were both absent on that errand. It was agreed that the distressing affair should take place in the shooting gallery, where their noise would be less likely to alarm the servants. It is hardly necessary to repeat the exclamations of “Murder!—downright, savage, deliberate murder!” which burst from all around. Two gentlemen left abruptly, saddled their horses, and galloped after peace-officers; while Lord ——, who was almost distracted, hurried, accompanied by several gentlemen, and myself, to the shooting-gallery, leaving the Captain and a friend in the dining-room, while Mr Trevor, with another, betook themselves to the shrubbery walk. His Lordship informed Captain V—— and the Baronet of the dreadful nature of the combat that had been determined on since they had left the room. They both threw down the pistols they were in the act of loading, and, horror-struck, swore they would have no concern whatever in such a barbarous and bloody transaction. A sudden suggestion of Lord ——’s, however, was adopted. They agreed, after much hesitation, and doubt as to the success of the project, to charge the pistols with powder only, and put them into the hands of the Captain and Mr Trevor, as

though they were loaded with ball. Lord —— was sanguine enough to suppose that, when they had both stood fire, and indisputably proved their courage, the affair might be settled amicably. As soon as the necessary preparations were completed, and two dreary lights were placed in the shooting-gallery, both the hostile parties were summoned. As it was well known that I was preparing for the medical profession, my services were put into requisition for both.

“But have you any instruments or bandages?” enquired some one.

“It is of little consequence;—we are not likely to want them, I think, if our pistols do their duty,” said Mr Trevor.

But a servant was mounted on the fleetest horse in Lord ——’s stable, and dispatched for the surgeon, who resided at not more than half a mile’s distance, with a note, requesting him to come furnished with the necessary instruments for a gun-shot wound. As the principals were impatient, and the seconds, as well as the others present, were in the secret of the blank charge in the pistols, and anticipated nothing like bloodshed, the pistols were placed in the hands of each, in dead silence, and the two parties, with their respective friends, retired to a little distance from each other.

“Are you prepared, Mr Trevor?” enquired one of Captain ——’s party; and, being answered in the affirmative, in a moment after the two principals, pistol in hand, approached one another. Though I was almost blinded with agitation, and was, in common with those around, quaking for the success of our scheme, my eyes were riveted on their every movement. There was something solemn and impressive in their demeanour. Though stepping to certain death, as they supposed, there was not the slightest symptom of terror or agitation visible—no swaggering—no affectation of a calmness they did not feel. The countenance of each was deadly pale and damp; but not a muscle trembled.

“Who is to give us the word?” asked the Captain, in a whisper, which, though low, was heard all over the room; “for, in this sort of affair, if one fires a second before the other, he is a murderer.” At that moment

there was a noise heard ;—it was the surgeon who had arrived, and now entered breathless. “ Step out, and give the word at once,” said Mr Trevor, impatiently. Both the Captain and Mr Trevor returned and shook hands with a melancholy smile with their friends, and then re-took their places. The gentleman who was to give the signal then stepped towards them, and closing his eyes with his hands, said, in a tremulous tone, “ Raise your pistols !”—the muzzles were instantly touching one another’s breasts—“ and, when I have counted three, fire. One—two—three !”—They fired—both recoiled with the shock several paces, and their friends rushed forward.

“ Why, what is the meaning of this !” exclaimed both in a breath. “ Who has dared to mock us in this way ? There were no balls in the pistols !” exclaimed Trevor, fiercely. Lord —— and the seconds explained the well-meant artifice, and received an indignant curse for their pains. It was in vain we all implored them to be reconciled, as each had done amply sufficient to vindicate their honour. Trevor almost gnashed his teeth with fury. There was something fiendish, I thought, in the expression of his countenance. “ It is easily remedied,” said Captain ——, as his eye caught several small swords hanging up. He took down two, measured them, and proffered one to his antagonist, who clutched it eagerly.—“ There *can* be no deception here, however,” said he ; “ and now”—each put himself into posture—“ stand off there !”

We fell back, horror-struck at the relentless and revengeful spirit with which they seemed animated. I do not know which was the better swordsman ; I recollect only seeing a rapid glancing of their weapons, flashing about like sparks of fire, and a hurrying about in all directions, which lasted for several moments,

when one of them fell. It was the Captain ; for the strong and skilful arm of Mr Trevor had thrust his sword nearly up to the hilt in the side of his antagonist. His very heart was cloven ! The unfortunate young man fell without uttering a groan—his sword dropped from his grasp, he pressed his right hand to his heart, and with a quivering motion of the lips, as though struggling to speak, expired ! “ Oh, my great God !” exclaimed Trevor, in a broken and hollow tone, with a face so blanched and horror-stricken, that it froze my very blood to look upon, “ what have I done ? *Can all this be REAL !*” He continued on his knees by the side of his fallen antagonist, with his hands clasped convulsively, and his eyes glaring upwards, for several moments.

* * * * *

A haze of horror is spread over that black transaction ; and if it is dissipated for an instant, when my mind’s eye suddenly looks back through the vista of years, the scene seems rather the gloomy representation—or picture—of some occurrence, which I cannot persuade myself that I *actually witnessed*. To this hour, when I advert to it, I am not free from fits of incredulousness. The affair created a great ferment at the time. The unhappy survivor (who in this narrative has passed under the name of Trevor) instantly left England, and died in the south of France, about five years afterwards, in truth, broken-hearted. In a word, since that day, I have never seen men entering into discussion, when warming with wine, and approaching never so slowly towards the confines of formality, without reverting, with a shudder, to the trifling, the utterly insignificant circumstances, which wine and the hot passions of youth kindled into the fatal brawl which cost poor Captain —— his life, and drove Mr —— abroad, to die a broken-hearted exile !

NARRATIVE OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE RUSSIAN MISSION, FROM ITS DEPARTURE FROM TABREEZ FOR TEHRAN ON 14TH JUMMADE 2D, (DEC. 20TH, 1828,) UNTIL ITS DESTRUCTION ON WEDNESDAY THE 6TH OF SHAHBAN, FEB. 11TH, 1829.

HOLDING the offices of scribe and accountant to the Mehmender, selected by his Royal Highness Abbas Meerza to attend upon the Mission, I left Tabreez on the 16th of the month of Jummaadee ul Saunce, in the suite of the Khan, to join M. Grebayedoff, at the village of Tickmadash, who had quitted the city two days previously to our departure.

The appointment of my chief to this situation was suddenly determined upon, Meerza Moossa Khan, the brother of H. E. the Cayim Mukam, having been originally directed to conduct the Mission to the capital. The Meerza, either from aversion to the charge, or conceiving it to be one derogatory to his rank and character of son-in-law to the king, evaded the task, by pleading the delicate state of his health, which rendered him unequal to it. It was on this resignation of the office that my chief was unexpectedly called upon to act in his place.

We were provided with every document of authority in the shape of rakums and orders to procure lodgings, provisions, and respectful treatment, from the different government officers and heads of villages on the road. The Prince was intimate in his instructions to the Khan at his audience of leave, that the Elchee should on no head have the slightest cause of complaint; and, to assist the Khan in the fulfilment of his highness's wishes, there were attached to him Mahomed Alli Beg, assistant to the Ferash Bashee, with six inferior Ferashes.

The Khan had previously a slight personal acquaintance with the Envoy, but on arrival at Tickmadash, the reception he met with was not very cordial, nor did he gain his good will or confidence, until services and more frequent intercourse during the journey had in some degree merited and gained his favour. This early coldness arose from the displeasure felt by M. Grebayedoff on the absence of Meerza Moossa Khan, whose rank was so superior to my chief's.

The state of the roads, as well as the severity of the weather, rendered our progress both tedious and painful. The country was deeply covered with snow; yet we did our best to administer to the comforts of the Mission, and to diminish the inconveniences travellers must be subjected to during the winter season.

The Mission formed rather a numerous body. Besides M. Grebayedoff, there were M. Maltzoff, the first secretary, M. Adelung, the second, a physician, Meerza Nerriman, Armenian interpreter, a Georgian prince, Dadash Beg and Rustum Beg, chief domestics, (the former absent at Resht,) a guard of sixteen cossacks of the line (Kuban,) and a retinue of about thirty servants, composed of Mahomedans, Russians, Georgians, and Armenians.

I had early cause to observe, that the domestics of the Mission were not held under strict control. The behaviour of the Armenians and Georgians was in general overbearing, and not conciliatory, towards my countrymen.

The duties of a mehmender are disagreeable and harassing; moreover it is difficult to give satisfaction, because each individual is to be kept in good humour. We had every day to procure from the villages a plentiful supply of provisions. For these my chief gave a receipt in full, which enabled the peasantry to make an equivalent deduction from the amount of their annual payments to the government. Rustum Beg was the person who received charge of, and distributed, these supplies.

For the use of the Mission we daily procured—

- 1 ox.
- 1 calf.
- 5 sheep.
- 30 fowls.
- 200 eggs.
- 84 lbs. or 14 muns of rice.
- 36 lbs. or 6 muns of butter.
- 36 lbs. or 6 muns of sour milk.
- 12 lbs. or 2 muns of cheese.
- 24 lbs. or 4 muns of sugar-candy.
- 3 lbs. or $\frac{1}{2}$ mun of spices.

240 lbs. or 40 muns of bread.
 6 lbs. or 1 mun of sour grape juice.
 6 lbs. or 1 mun of vinegar.
 1 bottle lime juice.
 6 lbs. or 1 mun raisins.
 3 lbs. or $\frac{1}{2}$ mun almonds.
 60 lbs. or 10 mun fruits.
 18 lbs. or 3 muns onions.
 3,600 lbs. or 600 muns wood.
 120 lbs. or 20 muns charcoal.
 1,800 lbs. or 300 muns barley.
 3,600 lbs. or 600 muns straw.
 18 lbs. or 3 muns candles.
 6 lbs. or 1 mun milk.
 300 lbs. or 50 muns wine and spirits.

The value of these articles arose to more than sixty tomans, or seventy-five Dutch ducats. They exceeded the wants of the Mission; besides, in the villages it was impossible to procure many of the items. In their stead money was frequently levied; and for the surplus, Rustum often received from ten to fifteen tomans in cash. This mode of proceeding appeared to us irregular; but as we conceived that M. Grebayedoff was aware of this conversion of his rations into money, it passed unnoticed by us.

However, I made a memorandum of the different sums paid to Rustum Beg in the journey. Their amount equalled one hundred and fifty tomans.

At Meana, Meerza Futha, the civil administrator of the district, and a son of Jehan Geer Khan, chief of the Shuggaguer tribe, came out of the town to meet the envoy.

The passage over the Kaslan Koh was difficult and painful, from the depth of snow on the surface of the mountain.

At Zunjaun, the Mission was lodged in the house of Nujjife Kooli Beg, son of Nussur Oollah Khan Afshar, who, at the head of a numerous cavalcade, advanced from the town to greet the envoy's arrival. He held the situation of deputy-governor. Meerza Ruffee, the Prince's minister, waited upon the envoy, who returned his visit.

On the day after arrival, M. Grebayedoff was introduced to the Prince Abdullah Meerza, who behaved towards him with kindness and attention. Besides frequent complimentary presents of sweetmeats, fruits,

and eatables, prepared in his own kitchen, his Highness bestowed upon him a very good horse. To the servant, who brought the steed, a sum of sixteen ducats was distributed. We here procured from Abdullah Meerza, fifteen horses for the use of the Mission, in lieu of those furnished by Abbas Meerza. The hire of the forty-five beasts of burden was also defrayed by the Zunjaun government to the city of Kuzveen.

Officers of Abdullah Meerza had joined my chief immediately on crossing the Kaslan Koh, to assist him in providing for the comforts of the Mission, and in collecting the daily supply of provisions. They continued with us until we quitted Abdullah Meerza's country. On reaching the Kuzveen boundary at Sealdahun, we were met by similar people in the employ of Alli Nuggee Meerza, whose services were at our command to the vicinity of Tehran. To these subordinate officers, M. Grebayedoff never gave any present in recompense for their trouble and attendance. The envoy's means were probably small, which precluded the exercise of much liberality. To the proprietors of the houses in which he daily lodged during the journey, it was customary for him to give one or two ducats, and those, to my knowledge, were the only sums he ever gave away gratuitously.

I shall never forget the sufferings we endured, and the risks we encountered, whilst traversing the plains of Sooltaneeh in their whole extent. The cold was intense, our horses could scarcely proceed, from the great depth of the snow, and our safety was often endangered by violent storms of wind, accompanied by sleet. One morning we thought the envoy was lost. He had, with two cossacks, strayed from the road, and did not rejoin his party till late in the evening. Sometimes, with the greatest portion of his mounted suite, he would complete the day's march at a hurried pace. Of the horses, several often were unequal to the exertion, and used to knock up. We then replaced them by seizing the cattle of travellers whom we chanced to meet on the road.

The behaviour of the envoy towards the Khan and myself had gradually become more kind. He now

treated my chief with familiarity and confidence; with me he frequently entered into conversation.

I could observe that he was a person of great abilities and acquirements; yet he appeared new in office, unaccustomed to command, and without dignity of manners. His retinue was also badly composed, and, certainly, they were kept under no control.

At Sealdahun, Mahomed Khan Afshar joined M. Grebayedoff on the part of the Shah. He had in the autumn been sent to Azerbejaun, to receive M. Grebayedoff on crossing the Arras, and had conducted him to Tabreez; but as M. Grebayedoff's delay there was longer than at first anticipated, he had returned to the court.

A numerous deputation left Kuzween to meet us. The principal personage was Meerza Nubbee Khan, the minister, who had in his train several chiefs of the military tribes, with nearly 300 horsemen. Five shaters, (running footmen,) and ten ferashes, (tent-pitchers,) had likewise been sent out to increase the envoy's cortège. A horse, richly caparisoned, was brought from the Prince's stable for his use.

The lodging assigned for M. Grebayedoff, was an entire new house adjacent to Meerza Nubbee's, which had been just completed for the reception of a daughter of the Prince, who was on the eve of becoming the wife of the Meerza's brother. The marriage festivals and feastings had already commenced, and of these M. Grebayedoff partook during a dinner that was given to him in the *Peringhee* style.

It was at Kuzween, however, that circumstances occurred which might have been productive of much evil. The envoy had a list of slaves of both sexes, who had been carried off from the Russian territories. Several Georgians or Armenians had joined his suite, for the express purpose of liberating, through his aid, their relatives.

Rustum Beg was generally the agent employed in the search of slaves. It had been ascertained, that a groom of Hoosain Khan, the late governor of Erivan, had brought a young German woman to Kuzween. The captive was demanded of this

person, who stated he had sold her to a certain merchant of the city. The merchant, being called upon to produce the girl, explained that he had disposed of her to a *sied* (descendant of the Prophet) named Shaikh Abdul Ayzceez, cousin to the chief priest of Kuzween.

The *sied* was found, and brought by Rustum Beg, some cossacks, and two *ferashes* in the service of Meerza Nubbee Khan. In the open space before Meerza Nubbee's house, the *sied* was urged to give up the German woman, who had become his wife, and borne him two children. This he refused to do; menaces were used in vain, until Rustum Beg ordered him to be beaten, to induce him to give up the prisoner. A number of people, collected to witness the marriage entertainments, now thronged round the *sied*, and began to murmur. Meerza Nubbee, being informed of the proceedings, hastily quitted his house, to prevent the occurrence of any violence, and ordered Rustum Beg no longer to ill-treat the *sied*, as he should not be able to restrain the rising indignation of the bystanders. My chief was sent to M. Grebayedoff to apprise him of what had passed, whilst Meerza Nubbee persuaded the *sied* to produce his wife. She came with her two children, and was taken into the apartment of the envoy. Her husband remained in the court opposite the window, with a drawn dagger in his hand, declaring he would kill himself, should he by force be deprived of his wife; but if she wished to go, he would, without regret, relinquish his rights over her.

M. Adelung, the German assistant, appeared most anxious that the woman should express a wish to return to Georgia. The Khan had had some previous conversation with M. Grebayedoff, who, on entering the room where the woman was, asked her whether she wished to return to her country, or to remain in Persia; she replied, that if permitted, she would continue with her husband, as she could not separate herself from her children. The envoy then informed the *sied* that he restored her to him. This act produced a great sensation; for it was immediately communicated without doors to the people, who had crowd-

ed about with angry feelings, to see the termination of this affair.

At Kuzween also, after much trouble, was recovered a little girl, of about seven or eight years old, whom the envoy took much notice of, and used to treat as his own child.

Meerza Nubbee, at the dinner-party afterwards given to the envoy, frequently repeated how grateful the inhabitants of Kuzween were for his behaviour towards their sired.

Three days was the duration of our residence at Kuzween; we left the city attended by Meerza Nubbee, and a large cavalcade. Servants of the Prince accompanied us, to assist in collecting the soursant.

It was at Russeabad, a village of Kuzween, that an occasion was afforded to my chief to deliver a message on the part of Abbas Meerza. Rustum, as usual, had demanded money for the surplus quantity of provisions, or for articles of the daily supply that were not procurable. In this instance, eleven tomans were required. The villagers are always anxious to avoid this species of exactions, whether able to pay them or not; and an old man, instead of eleven, brought only seven tomans. He was, in consequence, struck violently over the head by Rustum, and playing deeply the part of a riant, (peasant,) shammed insensibility. The instantaneous uproar amongst the villagers, reached the ears of the envoy, who left his apartments to learn the cause; my chief informed him that the old man, having brought a sum less than required for a deficiency in the daily supply of provisions, had been beaten by Rustum.

M. Grebayedoff expressed his astonishment that Rustum received money, being perfectly ignorant that he did so. He likewise reprehended the Khan for not having before mentioned to him that money was ever taken from the villagers. The Khan answered, he imagined that the exaction of the price of articles of the daily rations was with the minister's knowledge, as this system had been pursued from the very commencement of the journey, and that his Meerza had a regular account of a sum of 160 tomans paid at the different villages to Rustum. The vexation of M. Grebayedoff was excessive. He declared his intention, on

his return from Tehran, to repay at every stage the money that had been thus levied.

The Khan thought the moment opportune to deliver the sentiments of the Prince, expressed to him on the eve of departure, which were to this effect:—"You will mention to M. Grebayedoff the great satisfaction I have derived, both from his mode of conducting public business, and from his society; and, conscious of his talents and experience, I feel confident that nothing will arise from him to disturb the harmony existing between the governments. But I am apprehensive of his retinue; let him keep them under every restraint; in their feelings, there is much of party spirit, both religious and personal. He must recollect, that I was several years ago obliged to demand the dismissal of Dadash Beg from Tabreez, on account of his litigious behaviour towards the citizens. Rustum Beg is alike a very worthless character; and I cannot but be fearful that these individuals will involve M. Grebayedoff in quarrels and unpleasant disputes." The communication was received in good part, and M. Grebayedoff said he would cease to employ Armenians and Georgians on his return to Tabreez, but until then he could not dismiss them his service.

I had by this time gained a place in the envoy's good opinion. Whilst on horseback, during the day's journey, he frequently conversed with me. Amongst other topics, the difficulty of keeping servants in due subordination was mentioned. I observed, that menials in Persia were obliged to observe the greatest outward respect and distance towards their masters, which was productive of manifest advantages. This system not only kept them in their proper sphere, but tended to raise their employers in the estimation of the natives of the country. The English, with whom I had at times been intimately connected, understood perfectly the management of their followers. In proof of this assertion, I cited the establishments of the British ambassador and his suite, which, though very numerous, and formed of various tribes and inhabitants of different countries, yet were so overawed by the watchfulness of their masters, that they seldom ventured

to harass others by the licentiousness so habitual to followers of personages in the enjoyment of high rank.

At length we reached the vicinity of the capital. Instead of going direct from *Selleemania* to *Tehran*, we proceeded to the village of *Kund*, still distant eight miles, to prepare for our entry. Much brushing and washing was here necessary. The best apparel was produced, and four or five horses were got in readiness to be led before the envoy.

The sun was in the constellation of *Scorpion*, a period highly unpropitious. It was Sunday the fifth of *Rujjub*. To the Khan, I noticed the evil tendency of the hour; but he remarked, "that the *Feringhees* had no faith in astrology; therefore it would only be a loss of words to attempt, from such causes, the postponement of their departure."

Within two or three miles of the city, we were met by several of the Shah's grooms, having in hand horses covered with the richest furniture, some running-footmen, and other attendants.

The appearance of the Mission, in consequence, became rather imposing and grand. *Mahomed Wallee Khan*, the chief of the *Afshar* tribe, with a vast body of horsemen, was sent out by the Shah to receive the envoy. He was attended by his relations, *Umman Oollah* and *Hab-beeb Oollah Khan*, both officers of the highest rank. A separate party was also conducted by *Meerza Mahomed Alli Khan*, minister of the Prince-Governor, and several of the most respectable inhabitants of the city.

The envoy descended at the spacious mansion of the late *Mahomed Khan Zumborickchee Bashee*, which had been entirely given up for his accommodation, with its bath and other conveniences.

In the principal rooms were placed various trays, covered with a profusion of fruits, sweetmeats, and sugar. It took some time to settle the members of the Mission in their respective apartments, particularly as the house was divided into several courts of different sizes.

Meerza Abdul Hoosain Khan, nephew of the foreign minister, was introduced in the character of *Meh-mender* on the part of the Shah's

government. His uncle in reality was the person who superintended all the arrangements. He passed through the house during the day in a cursory manner, to see the due execution of his orders.

A company of *Furahan* infantry of about 80 men, nominally 100, commanded by *Mahomed Alli Sultan*, was placed over the house as a guard of honour; and his brother, *Haddee Beg*, Major of the same corps, came daily to inspect their conduct. Fifteen of the Shah's *ferashes* were likewise in attendance, to keep the premises from intruders. The Khan and myself had apartments allotted to us in the house, though his duties as *Mehmender* terminated on entering the city.

On the day after arrival, the first visit of ceremony took place. *Meerza Abul Hussan Khan*, the minister of foreign affairs, was the chief personage. Almost his equals in rank were *Meerza Mahomed Alli Khan*, *Wuzzeer* of the Prince-Governor *Alli Shah*; his brother, *Mahomed Baucker Khan*; and *Mahmood Khan*, commander of the guards, and chief master of the ceremonies. The interview passed off with great decorum, and with the proper exchange of compliments and civilities. Confectionery and sweetmeats, and abundance of fruits, were presented to the envoy in the course of the day.

The observances of the audience of presentation to the Shah having been satisfactorily arranged, it was, I think, on Wednesday the 9th day of *Rujjub* that this important event took place.

An hour before mid-day, the master of the ceremonies, *Mahmood Khan*, came to conduct the envoy from his house to the palace. He had in his suite eight *Nussuckchees*, fifteen *Zarchees*, eleven *Ferashes*, and a horse from the royal stables, on which *M. Grebayedoff* mounted. These attendants were furnished for the purpose of doing honour to the Mission. As the procession moved slowly along the extensive bazars, the shopkeepers stood erect, saluting the envoy in the *Feringhee* style, by doffing their caps. Whilst moving along the passages and courts of the palace, previously to reaching the glass-saloon, where his majesty was

seated in state, every demonstration of respect was shewn by the Shah's servants in attendance. I could only follow the envoy to the door of the garden of the glass-saloon. Full fifty minutes elapsed ere the envoy reappeared. I gathered from reports that he delivered his credentials to the Shah, and that the ceremony was completed to the utmost satisfaction of all parties. It was indeed whispered that M. Grebayedoff remained too long seated in the presence, in the chair placed for his accommodation. The Shah had on his crown, and was arrayed in his finest jewellery; their weight was so oppressive, that, after the envoy retired, his majesty was obliged speedily to cast off these ensigns of royalty.

M. Grebayedoff, on quitting the palace, was desirous to wait upon H. H. Alli Shah, the Prince-governor. However, a postponement of the visit was requested, on the ground that the king's permission to receive him had not been obtained. He then proceeded to the house of the Ummeen-ed-Dowleh, whom, as I afterwards learned, the envoy supposed to be the first minister of the empire. Nothing could exceed the politeness of his reception. The visits of ceremony were thus nearly completed. Two or three days were allowed to elapse before the envoy went to the house of Meerza Abul Hussan Khan, the minister of foreign affairs. It was deemed strange that no communication was opened with Meerza Abdul Wahab, the Moatemed-ed-Dowleh, a minister of the first rank, highly respected for his learning and accomplishments, who was the Ummeen's rival, both in precedence and power.

The Prince-governor attempted to evade the honour of a visit. He requested it might take place on any day that the Shah was absent from the city on horseback; but yielded the point, on reiterated expression of the envoy's wishes to wait upon him.

A series of grand entertainments were given to the Mission at the houses of the Ummeen-ed-Dowleh, Meerza Abul Hussan Khan, and Meerza Mahomed Alli Khan. A spirit of emulation prevailed between these personages; each endeavoured to gratify their guests by unbounded

attention, by the excellence of the repast, display of their choicest services of china, glass-ware, and household apparatus, by illuminations and by fireworks.

Till the second interview with the Shah, which happened on the twelfth or fourteenth day after our arrival, the attention of the Court was solely occupied in displaying every species of consideration towards the envoy. But from that period I perceived that the anxiety to please, gradually, though almost imperceptibly, diminished. At this audience the ratified copy of the treaty of peace was delivered. The envoy's prolonged use of the chair was again noticed. The word *murrahkus* (depart), used towards the envoy by the Shah, when his majesty considered the audience had been of sufficient duration, gave deep offence. The impropriety of this expression, when applied to the representative of his Imperial Majesty, was strongly commented on in an official note to the minister of foreign affairs; although it was explained that this word, from its general usage, meant neither indignity nor discourtesy. This explanation was not, however, considered satisfactory. On the other hand, the manner the envoy, in his correspondence, made mention of the king, by the simple title of (*be hidmtee Shah*) Shah, did not pass unnoticed by the Persian minister.

I had no opportunity of learning the precise nature of any of the discussions on public affairs. It was said that the king objected to several articles of the treaty, as being of a complexion too harsh to be executed; but that M. Grebayedoff at once declared that he could not be instrumental to any changes or modifications. The engagements, whether onerous or not, had undergone the fullest consideration, had been ratified by both parties, and had thus become irrevocable.

Quarrels between the townspeople and the envoy's servants, on two or three occasions, happened. A nobleman's camel-drivers were guilty of severely beating the envoy's favourite Russian servant and foster brother, Alexander. They escaped unpunished by immediately leaving the city. A cossack had his bottle of spirits broken in the bazar by

some wild character, perhaps intentionally, because the demeanour of the envoy's people had highly displeased in some respects the citizens. The man who committed the offence was seized, and severely beaten publicly by the officers of the police.

Provisions of every description were each day delivered over by Meerza Abul Hussan Khan to the envoy's people. He had, however, on reaching the capital, diminished the quantity to nearly the half of that he received on the road.

On first arrival, the Armenian inhabitants of the city did not frequent the envoy's house; indeed, the *ferashes*, placed over the premises, prohibited their entrance; yet, by degrees, this injunction was evaded. Meerza Nerriman's acquaintances were permitted to visit him; to these succeeded Rustum's, until all who liked came. The Georgian merchants, dwelling in the caravansaræe, were frequently in attendance.

Dadash Beg had been sent from Tabreez to the seaport of Anzellee, to superintend the transport of the Emperor's presents to the Shah. These by right should have reached Tehran before the envoy. But by some accident they had suffered detention at Astrakan, or elsewhere; and I did learn that the vessel, in which they were embarked, had appeared at Lankeroun; but, from circumstances unknown to me, had landed the packages of presents at Sarree Poochtah. Though unavoidable, it was unfortunate that the arrival of the presents was thus retarded. They would have kept the Shah and his ministers in good-humour; at least, would have diverted their attention from various other trifling occurrences. To my countrymen nothing is so pleasing as a present, whatever may be its value. The article comes without any cost, and gratifies personal vanity; it soothes the soul; it has an indescribable effect over the whole frame.

M. Grebayedoff being extremely anxious to rejoin his family at Tabreez, it was arranged between him and the Shah's ministers, that he should quit the capital as early as possible, leaving his first assistant, M. Maltzoff, and Meerza Nerriman, the interpreter, to deliver the presents on their arrival from Resht.

I do not think that the envoy was provided even with any trifles to give away as occasion might require. It was mentioned that he presented to the Shah twenty-five of the new *platina* coins of Russia, fifteen to the Ummeen, ten to Meerza Mahomed Alli Khan, and five to Meerza Abul Hussan Khan.

Our residence at Tehran had now continued for twenty days. The extreme anxiety to please had evidently subsided to a point, that Meerza Nerriman observed to me, in allusion to the change of feeling, "It has become cold—we must depart, for it is time."

In one respect, certainly, the duties of the envoy were most perplexing. He had been accompanied from Tabreez by nine or ten Armenians, whose relations had been carried into captivity. These people continually pestered him by entreaties to rescue the captives. He could not leave his chamber for a moment, without being importuned by them on this subject. No sooner was one slave released, than she gave information respecting several others. The slaves were never given up, without kindling considerable angry feelings. Several had been recovered, both here, at Kuzween, and at Zunjaun.

The envoy did not much extend the range of his visits. A meeting between him and Meerza Abdul Wahab could not be arranged. The mother of Manoochehr Khan having been polite in sending sweetmeats and making enquiries, he called on her, but not on her son, the chief eunuch.

There was a certain Eusofe, native of Erivan, relation of the eunuch Meerza Yakooob, who frequented the house. He came out to meet us the first day, and was particularly intimate with Meerza Nerriman.

27th Rujjub. The period of M. Grebayedoff's departure from Tehran having been previously fixed, Zohraub Khan, the treasurer of the household, brought to the envoy's house the presents destined by the Shah for himself and suite.

Upon M. Grebayedoff was bestowed,

1 decoration, in diamonds, of the first class of the order of the Lion and Sun.

1 gold enamelled collar for the same.

- 1 Cashmir shawl-pelisse, embroidered.
- 2 handsome shawls.
- 1 fine string of pearls.
- 1 bag, containing 1000 Dutch ducats.
- 1 horse, with gold bridle, studded with precious stones, gold chain, and saddle, covered with thin plates of gold.

To the 1st Secretary, M. Maltzoff.

- 1 decoration, in diamonds, of the second class of the order of Lion and Sun.
- 2 shawls.

To the 2d Secretary.

- 1 decoration, in diamonds, of the second order.
- 2 shawls.

To the Georgian Prince.

- 1 decoration, in diamonds, of the second order.
- 2 shawls.

To Meerza Nerriman.

- 2 shawls.

To Dadash Beg.

- 1 decoration.
- 1 Cashmir shawl.

The officers of the cossacks received gold, the privates silver, medals.

There was much joy throughout the Mission, during the day of the distribution of these various and valuable tokens of his majesty's bounty and favour. One person of the suite appeared alone gloomy and discontented. This was Rustum, the converted Georgian, who had thrice changed his religion. He held himself equal to Dadash Beg. He had received neither decoration nor shawl. In my hearing, in a paroxysm of rage, he exclaimed, "Well, am I not fully as worthy of consideration as that blind blinking chaff, Dadash? It shall be seen what kind of stuff I am made of. I'll create such a scene of confusion, that its head shall reach to the clouds."

To Zohraub Beg, who brought the kalaat, the envoy gave 200 ducats.

Next day the audience of leave took place. The officers of the Mission wore their decorations. The interview passed off tolerably well; but the king repeated, in a more

audible voice, the objectionable word *murrakhus*. This word was as offensive to the envoy, as the envoy's constant use of the chair, and *degagé* manner, whilst in the presence, were disliked by the Shah.

Happy were we at the idea of departure; all business had terminated. Every honour, every possible distinction, had been shewn towards the Emperor's representative; satisfaction was apparent in every countenance.

I myself was happy at the thought of getting away; for, on mixing with my countrymen, I could perceive that no favourable impression had been made on their minds.

I also concluded, from the following circumstance, that there existed a coldness of feeling between the court and the envoy. I wished to buy a horse for M. Maltzoff from an officer of the king's personal attendants. The subject had been before broached; and I took with me the price of the horse in money, and a gun in a present. On the plea, that the Shah might not altogether approve of the transaction, he declined the sale, with many polite apologies; kept the gun for a few days, to avoid incivility, and then sent it to me to be returned.

The preparations for our departure were made, the day fixed, and the baggage-cattle were hired. Meerza Nerriman shewed me a memorandum of the sum M. Grebayedoff had in view to distribute to the Mehmen- ders, the inferior attendants, and the guard. It amounted to seventeen hundred ducats.

With us all was gladness, all was sunshine. The envoy's countenance beamed with delight at the thought of rejoining his beloved and beautiful bride, the Georgian princess. She was frequently the theme of his conversation. Yet suddenly our atmosphere became darkened, even as that of the most dreary winter's night.

Late on the evening of the same day on which the kalaats (Shah's presents) were received, Meerza Yakob, the eunuch, with one servant, entered the house. He went to the apartments of Meerza Nerriman, who shortly afterwards reported to M. Grebayedoff, "That Meerza Yakob had thrown himself under the Russian protection, and was desirous to

return to his native province, Erivan." M. Grebayedoff replied, "That he received no one coming like a thief in the dead of night; that he should for the present quit the premises, and, if he continued in the same mind, might return in the morning." Meerza consequently departed.

Early the next morning, Meerza Nerriman left the house, and returned with Meerza Yakooob, who was accompanied by one servant. Apartments were assigned to him in a court adjoining the one occupied by M. Grebayedoff.

This person, whose appearance amongst us proved so awfully sinister, was a native of Erivan, where his relations still resided. He was of low birth. His father, an Armenian, was gardener to Mahomed Khan, hereditary chief of Erivan province. He had been carried into slavery about the time Erivan was besieged by General Sisianoff, in the year 1226, (1808,) and had been brought up as an attendant on the seraglio of the famous Golden Ismael Khan. On this chieftain's disgrace, he became, after a lapse of some years, the property of the Shah. For a long period he had enjoyed his majesty's peculiar favour and confidence, as a domestic of the seraglio; and, at the moment of relinquishing the Shah's service, held the responsible appointment of treasurer, and superintendent of the jewellery of the harem.

We, who well knew the feelings of our countrymen towards this class of persons, and were convinced that his Majesty would, in point of honour, more willingly allow one of his wives to obtain forcibly from him a divorce, were fearfully alarmed at the consequences that inevitably must ensue from his (Meerza Yakooob's) reception by the envoy. We pondered intensely on the subject. We knew that, by the late treaty, the Russian minister had a right to afford his protection to persons desiring to return into the Russian territories; yet by no arguments could we reconcile ourselves to suppose, that the pride of the King of Kings, and the suspicion with which all those are regarded who are in attendance on the harem, would permit his majesty patiently to submit to a cir-

cumstance so completely at variance with his sentiments of propriety, and so liable to debase him in the eyes of his subjects. It would be to him humiliation of the deepest tinge; already, from the result of the last war, had the king sunk low in their estimation, he had lately delivered (it might be said, with his own hands) a vast portion of his hoarded wealth, and now he was called upon to resign his rights over a servant, whose duties in his household were of the most delicate nature; one who was most intimately acquainted with all his domestic concerns; one who could afford the minutest information regarding his treasures, and valuables of every description.

The Russian government could obtain no accession of power by the possession of the person of an unhappy mortal like Meerza Yakooob; we could therefore only imagine, that he was received by the minister to serve purposes detrimental to the welfare of Persia. And if sincerely anxious to befriend him, why was the Meerza not advised to remain in his situation, where he enjoyed affluence and high consideration? On thoughts became totally bewildered while dwelling on this subject.

When it became publicly known that Meerza Yakooob had sought refuge in the envoy's house, messages were delivered on the part of the ministers and Manoochehr Khan, the chief council, to expose the impropriety of affording him protection—and various arguments were used to effect the object in view.

Meerza Yakooob, however, continuing unmoved, either by the advice of M. Grebayedoff, or the assurances of forgiveness held out to him, was sent with the first secretary, M. Maltzoff, and the interpreter, Meerza Nerriman, to the house of Manoochehr Khan, for the purpose of declaring his intention of returning to his native country, Erivan. Nothing disagreeable happened during this interview; indeed, it was imagined that the persuasions of Manoochehr Khan had been efficacious. Meerza Yakooob, instead of returning to the envoy's, went to his own quarters; but in the evening again appeared, with several articles of furniture, keleaus, beddings, &c. &c. &c.

He perfectly established himself

with the Mission. The storm appeared to thicken around, as Meerza Yakooob's house the next day was sealed by the king's orders; and it was officially notified to the envoy, that the refugee had unsettled accounts to the amount of 30 or 40,000 to-mans. In these moments of agitation I did not place on memory events exactly to the hour or day as they occurred. Rustum, late in the evening, made a fruitless endeavour to bring off the property remaining in Meerza Yakooob's house. He took with him some mules, and several domestics, and broke the seals off the doors. Already were some articles prepared for removal, when notice of the attempt being conveyed to those in charge, they interfered with threats and angry words, until Rustum, perceiving they would be followed by blows, retired without effecting his purpose.

It was on the 28th or 27th of Rujjub, that M. Grebayedoff assented to send Meerza Yakooob to Manoochehr Khan's, accompanied by my chief and Meerza Nerriman, where would be present Meerza Abul Hussan Khan, the minister for foreign affairs, and Zohroaub Khan, the treasurer, to sift the questions of the Meerza's accounts. Ere this measure was agreed to, M. Grebayedoff had shewed every disposition to meet the wishes of the ministers as far as was consistent with his duty. Apprehensions of punishment or of death could not be removed from Meerza Yakooob's mind, should he return to his duty; and he objected with equal pertinacity to the suggestions of M. Grebayedoff to proceed to Tabreez, to be placed in the service of Abbas Meerza.

My chief proceeded alone to Manoochehr Khan's; he found the party assembled. Meerza Yakooob was much irritated by the treatment he had received on passing through some passages leading to the rooms, where some menials of the harem had spit upon him, and reviled him in the grossest terms. The clothes of Meerza Nerriman had also been moistened.

On being accused of purloining money and jewels, Meerza Yakooob retorted in these words—"Have you neither faith nor religion, that you charge me with dishonesty?" Fuel

was added to the fire. Language so unguardedly used was at once severely reprobated, and the Khan, perceiving that the difficulties would only be increased by further discussions between impassioned people, directed Ramazaun Beg, a ferash of the Shah, to take Meerza Yakooob home, and to be careful that he met no further molestation or insult. The Khan followed. M. Grebayedoff's indignation at the insults offered to the two Meerzas was extreme. "It is not on Meerza Yakooob they have spitten; they have, I consider, spit upon the Emperor in the first place, then spit upon me. Such conduct is past endurance!" The Khan endeavoured to assuage his just vexation, by saying that it was the act of low ignorant people, and might as readily be overlooked as the attack made by Meerza Yakooob on the religion of those with whom he was confronted—persons of no mean rank. M. Grebayedoff then, with evident displeasure, demanded of this unfortunate being—"Why he had the audacity to make any comments on religious belief, and why he had allowed the word 'religion' to pass from his mouth?" The Meerza repelled the charge, by saying he had thus given vent to his feelings—"But have you neither religion nor faith, that you thus wrongfully accuse me?"

After this scene, accommodation was hopeless by any friendly interference. About the 29th of Rujjub, M. Grebayedoff had a private audience with the Shah, but nothing satisfactory ensued from it. The claims against Meerza Yakooob, it was arranged, were to be decided at the tribunal of Meerza Musseeh, the chief priest of Tehran. To this many objections were offered by the Meerza, who with truth asserted, that according to the Mahomedan tenets, a person renouncing the faith (Islam) was entitled to no consideration, as he by that act committed a crime, of which death was the forfeit. Unfortunately Meerza Yakooob was permitted to talk in a manner most disrespectful both of the domestic life of the king, and of his numerous family, and to animadvert on the rectitude and sanctity of the priesthood. Whilst relating one day indelicate anecdotes respecting the inmates of

the harem, I interrupted his discourse by remarking, that the favours he had received from the Shah for a length of time, should at least be repaid by silence on the circumstances he was thus wantonly divulging. The envoy acted imprudently in treating the Meerza with too much consideration. He sometimes dined at his table, was furnished with eatables from his kitchen, and would no longer partake of food from us, from the unconcealed apprehension of being poisoned.

It rather appeared that the king had relinquished the idea of recovering the deserters. M. Grebayedoff was informed that his majesty's assent to the continued residence of M. Maltzoff and Meerza Nerriman at the capital, after his departure, was withdrawn, as he felt apprehensive that some further unpleasant occurrences might happen from their inexperience in the conduct of affairs.

On the 1st of Shahban, Meerza Yakooob, attended by M. Maltzoff and Meerza Nerriman, went, according to appointment, to the house of Meerza Musseeh. They remained seated in an apartment for at least an hour, when they were informed that the chief priest was too unwell to listen to the cause. A concourse of people was assembled in the premises; and I heard that Meerza Musseeh avoided the interview, on the ground, that, unable to restrain his feelings, he might perhaps use the epithet of infidel (Kuffur) towards Meerza Yakooob, which authorized the populace to lapidate or treat him with violence. This visit, therefore, proved of no utility.

By information received from Meerza Yakooob, a strict enquiry after slaves was renewed; a deep anxiety was portrayed to obtain possession of a Christian captive called Taallan, whose personal attractions were highly spoken of. Mahtee Kouli Khan, the son of Hoosain Khan, late governor of Erivan, was incessantly urged to give up some female slaves, who it was known had been brought by him, or sent by his father, from Erivan. Two he had given to Alli Yar Khan, the late prime minister; and he now begged that Alli Yar Khan would permit M. Grebayedoff to ascertain if they were willing to return to their native country,

and that thus he (Mahtee Kouli Khan) would be relieved from further importunities on the part of the Russian envoy. The late premier, desirous to shew that he still recollected the many acts of kindness he received from M. Grebayedoff during his confinement at Tabreez, readily assented to the proposal. Accordingly several of the Armenians who were in the suite of the envoy for the purpose of recovering their relatives, went with Rustum, and Aga Mahomet Alli, the Prince (Abbas Meerza's) deputy Ferash Bashee, to Alli Yar Khan's residence. A young woman, and a girl of thirteen or fourteen, were brought from the inner apartments; but they were neither recognised by the parties concerned, nor did they express a desire to leave their present protector.

Alli Yar Khan, to prevent the necessity of a second production of the females, had taken the precaution to have present during the interview some persons of respectability, to give evidence on the result of the investigation.

The deputy Ferash Bashee begged me, on the evening of the same day, to advise my chief to warn M. Grebayedoff against any proposals that Rustum might make respecting these women, as he had, without reserve, expressed his determination either to lose his life, or to effect the liberation of the youngest female. Early on the ensuing day, I know not if with M. Grebayedoff's knowledge, Rustum carried a request from the envoy to Alli Yar Khan that the captives might be sent to his house, in order that he might in person learn their inclinations. Without much hesitation, they were conducted to his residence under the protection of several servants, and a Mahomed Tahur Beg, to whom the youngest was under engagements of marriage. On reaching the premises, the entrance of other attendants was prohibited. The females, on being questioned by M. Grebayedoff, explicitly mentioned that they were not solicitous to leave Tehran; but in an evil moment he listened to the suggestion of Rustum to detain them for a day or two, when, relieved from awe and apprehension, the love of their primitive faith, and attachment

to their native country, would predominate in their minds over every other consideration.

They were accordingly lodged under the care of Meerza Yakoob, in an apartment adjoining, over which were stationed two sentries of the Ferra-haun infantry, to prevent the intrusion of any one. The servants of Alli Yar Khan remonstrated vehemently against this breach of good faith, and, bewailing the misplaced confidence of their master, were obliged to return without their charge.

To M. Grebayedoff we felt a sincere attachment, that made us most uneasy on witnessing these violent proceedings. We were acquainted with the state of the public opinion towards him, and were conscious that, without fresh causes, excitement enough had been created to render his situation imminently dangerous. Our nation is wild, cruel, and thoughtless—to-morrow seldom comes under contemplation—like the flint, when struck, fire is instantaneously produced.

My chief no longer concealed his apprehensions, but earnestly entreated M. Grebayedoff to allow the women to return to Alli Yar Khan's house. He dwelt upon the expediency of doing so, until M. Grebayedoff, with warmth, told him that his interference was very disagreeable. The Khan, after this reproof, did not wait upon the envoy till two or three days, when he was sent for, and they were reconciled. Meerza Mahtee, the Shah's manuscript-writer, frequently visited the envoy on the part of Alli Yar Khan, to request that the women might be restored. Meerza Abul Hussan Khan, the minister of foreign affairs, with equal earnestness repeatedly endeavoured to effect some arrangement respecting Meerza Yakoob. The representations of one or the other were unheeded.

On the third day since their admittance into the house, the two women expressed a willingness to return to their country, which was Karakelleseah, a village on the frontier of the province of Erivan. It is impossible to assert that they were sincere in this declaration, for, by means of the Persian sentries placed over their apartment, they kept up a constant communication with the fol-

lowers of Alli Yar Khan, who continually hovered about the house.

Mahomed Tahur Beg, the betrothed of the young girl, with another servant of respectability, used to frequent my room, until Meerza Yakoob informed me that their reception was contrary to the wishes of the envoy.

Our departure was positively fixed for the 7th or 8th of Shahban; and on mid-day of the 5th, by the directions of Rustum, the women were conducted to a bath, which, though distinct, formed a part of the premises. No step could have been more highly injudicious. The bath, or bathing, is one of the most important ceremonies before a Mahomedan marriage. The domestics of Alli Yar Khan endeavoured to carry off the women by force, on their return from the Hummam. If M. Grebayedoff was ignorant that the women had been taken to the bath, the scuffle that ensued on their quitting it apprized him of the circumstance. I learnt that he menaced and uttered vain reproaches against those of his retinue, whom he should have perceived were daily, even hourly, rendering his situation more perilous. Like wild-fire, reports were spread throughout the city unfavourable to the reputation of the envoy. The priesthood were at length appealed to; and Meerza Musseeh, on the same evening, held a meeting of the Moolahs at one of the principal mosques. They declared, that further forbearance was impossible; their religion had been reviled, their monarch insulted, their most sacred rights trampled upon, and unanimously it was decided, that a portion of the Moolahs should immediately wait on the Prince-governor Alli Shah, to inform him, that if the Russian envoy could not be induced to surrender Meerza Yakoob and the two females, they would be forcibly dragged from his house by the populace. His highness requested that all acts of violence might be postponed until he had held further communication with the envoy.

Apprized of what had passed in the mosques, I made my report to Meerza Nerriman in such terms as I conceived likely to impress him with the approaching danger. I was laughed at for my pains. "We," he said, "are camels of the Zomburuk" (a

small piece of artillery) "corps, who are accustomed to the report of gunpowder."

Well do I recollect another conversation I held with this ill-fated person. Being a scribe by profession, he shewed me an official note he had, at the envoy's request, addressed to the ministers of the court. The subject was of little importance, but the word *Shah*, without any preceding titles, caught my eye. I observed, "that surely there would be no impropriety in writing 'His Majesty the Shah,' or 'The King of Kings,' or 'The Protector of the World,'—epithets used in mere courtesy, and assumed by the monarchs of Persia from days of antiquity. Other European nations, particularly the English, always mentioned the king's name with every proper respect. Why should not the agents of Russia be equally courteous?"

"Ah!" replied the Meerza, "you do not fully comprehend the business. Russia is in a situation to command, while England can only obtain her objects by courtship and obsequiousness."

In the course of the day, (Tuesday,) the 5th of Shahban, Meerza Abdul Wahaub expressed a wish to meet the envoy at the house of Mahomed Wullec Khan Afshar, by which arrangement all question of the first visit would be put aside. "He was deeply anxious," he said, "to prevent a rupture between two mighty powers, and the consequent loss of many valuable lives, on account of a miserable creature like Meerza Yakoob and two unfortunate women."

The events of this day, (Wednesday,) the 6th of Shahban, of most agonising fear and dire calamity, will never be effaced from my memory. They rushed on in such rapid succession, that it has required a lengthened composure to enable me to commit them to paper.

It must have been with the sunrise, that a servant of the Prince-governor Alli Shah, came to require the immediate presence of my chief and Meerza Nerriman, on business of the most vital importance. M. Grebayedoff was then enjoying his last earthly repose; and more than an hour and a half, or nearly two hours, elapsed ere Meerza Nerriman obtained the minister's instructions

and permission to attend the summons. My chief having to arrange the meeting agreed to the previous evening between Meerza Abdul Wahaub and M. Grebayedoff, left the house very early, directing Meerza Nerriman to join him at the Prince's palace.

Scarcely had an hour of the day passed by, when I was informed of the assemblage of people at the principal mosque, where the priests had again held council. They ordered the closure of all shops in the bazar, and then enjoined their congregation to proceed to the Russian quarters, to demand the delivery of, or obtain by force, the persons of Meerza Yakoob and the two women.

Two Georgian merchants of respectability hastened from their caravansaræe, where they had been apprised of the commotion, to the envoy's house, to give intelligence of the premeditated attack; and Manoochehr Khan, in consequence of an order received the night before from the Shah, sent his nephew, Meerza Selliman Malleykafi, to describe, in the plainest terms, the troubled state of the public feeling, and to persuade M. Grebayedoff to withdraw his protection from those sheltered under his roof.

A crowd of four or five hundred persons, preceded by boys, and some worthless desperate men, who, with frantic gestures, brandished their clubs and naked swords in the air, had advanced from the mosque to the envoy's habitation. Meerza Selliman with difficulty made his way through them, and gave warning, too late, of the violent resolution that had been adopted. In attempting to quit the premises, to wait upon the Prince-governor, Meerza Nerriman was obliged to return in dismay to the envoy's apartments, where my attendance had been required, to arrange some business preparatory to our departure. Showers of stones now descended into the court; the voices of the mob were from time to time raised in a general shout. We listened in dread, uncertain of what violence would next occur.

The strangers were encircled by the web of fate. I could neither see them display the stern resolution to expire in desperate defence, nor sufficient presence of mind, by instan-

taneous compliance with the known purpose of the mob, to avert the impending danger.

There were present in the room, besides M. Grebayedoff, M. Adelung the second secretary, the physician, the Georgian prince, cousin to Madam Grebayedoff. Meerza Nerriman, the two Georgian merchants, myself, Rustumi, Aga Mahomed Alli, Abbas Meerza's deputy Ferash Bashee, and many of the domestics, with the cossacks of the guard, were collected in the court and adjoining apartments.

The house of Mahomed Khan is of great extent, divided into several distinct courts, having on one side of each a range of apartments. The suite occupied by M. Grebayedoff consists of a large centre saloon, with open anterooms on either side of it, and beyond each, one smaller room. The roof and court of this range adjoined that assigned to Meerza Yakooob.

Every moment the uproar became more vehement; several guns were fired, and suddenly we were conscious of a rush of people into the adjoining court. I heard a voice exclaim, "Take Meerza Yakooob, and begone!" It was, I afterwards learnt, that of Hadjee Beg the Meerza, who endeavoured to appease the mob, by delivering up to them a victim. The unhappy creature clung to his garments for protection; he was dragged to slaughter, and fell under numerous wounds, cruelties, and indignities. Alli Yar Khan's servants were no less active in carrying off the two females.

During the calm which succeeded to these acts of violence, we were informed of Meerza Yakooob's fate, of the death of Dadash Beg, a cossack, and one or two servants; in defending themselves, two or three of the townspeople were killed. Their bodies were carried to an adjacent mosque, and served to exasperate the people to complete madness. It was at this moment that an immediate neighbour, named Alli Wurdee, a confectioner by trade, in the service of Manoochehr Khan, hastily entered the apartment to rescue from the fury of the populace the relative of his employer. Whilst time permitted, he besought Meerza Selliman to accompany him to his house by the way he would direct,

and, with almost equal ardour, offered shelter and safety to the envoy. Neither would listen to his entreaties. Meerza Nerriman loudly exclaimed, that no one would venture to touch the person of the Emperor's representative. "The noise of your guns," he said, "does not startle us. Have we not heard them at Ganja, Abbasabad, and Erivan?" M. Grebayedoff declined the offer, either from reluctance to desert his comrades, or from ignorance of his danger; and the confectioner was allowed to depart, regretting, no doubt, the inutility of his endeavours to serve his benefactor.

The cossacks and domestics had now leisure to prepare their arms for defence, in case of a second attack.

In less than half an hour, our conjectures respecting the termination of the riot were falsified. We were assailed by increased numbers, and with great vigour. A larger portion of the people were provided with fire-arms, and were of a different class to the common shopkeepers and ragamuffins of the city. Men of the military tribes must have joined in the attack; yells loud and frenzied rent the air, and the showers of stones were so thick and incessant, that we were obliged to keep ourselves close within the right-side room of the court, which was M. Grebayedoff's sleeping apartment.

Vain attempts were made by M. Grebayedoff to address the populace. No mortal voice could have quelled a tumult so furious. The order then given to the cossacks to fire their pieces with powder, was alike unavailing. Death was at our portal; its victims herded together, helpless, panic-struck, and struggled to avoid their fate, like sheep beset by wolves, fierce and ravenous.

The cossacks treated the danger-like men determined if possible to defend their chief, and to sell their lives dearly. Some of the domestics shewed great presence of mind and courage, particularly a courier of the Mission, by name Hoachatoor. This brave lad, sword in hand, rushed on the assailants, and cut down two of their number; they gave way before him. By a staircase, he mounted and attempted to clear the walls; he was struck with stones,—twice he staggered, yet pushed on, till a stone,

by hitting the blade of his weapon, broke it in two, and thus defenceless, he was cut to pieces.

For some time the success of the attack was doubtful. An effort was made to clear the court; but though the foremost retired, those on the tops of the walls continued to discharge their arms, and the window of the room was beaten in with stones and bricks.

During this state of the contest, hope still remained that the king would send some troops to our succour. The guard of Furahan infantry had dispersed on the first attack, without any strenuous exertion to save us. However, the roof of the house commenced to shake; it was speedily perforated, and, by the first shots from above, the envoy's foster-brother was mortally wounded. In distress of soul, he (M. Grebayedoff) exclaimed, "Look! look! they have killed Alexander!" Ere we moved into the large centre-room, two more of the party were lifeless; but it was so exposed from the one we had left, now in possession of the townspeople, and from the large size of its window, that to remain in it long was impossible. I would here, in shifting rooms, have mingled with the mob, as did the Prince Abbas Meerza's servant, Aga Mahomed Alli; but escape could not be accomplished.

I had still presence of mind to mark the horrors of our situation depicted on the countenances of many. In some, animation was almost suspended, others were frantic with despair, and few besides the cossacks persevered in desperate resistance. The envoy, with arms crossed, paced the floor, and at times he passed his hands in perturbation through his hair. His forehead was bloody, from a blow he had received on the right side of his head. In a tone of enquiry he accosted me; "They will kill us," he said, "Meerza,—they will kill us!" I could only reply in the affirmative. The last words I heard him utter were, "Futh Alli Shah! Futh Alli Shah! jensoudre, jensoudre!" or some such expression.

I witnessed with the deepest awe and admiration the death of the physician. From the commencement of the attack, he had been active in stimulating his companions to defend themselves to the last. His only wea-

pon was a small European sabre. He must have judged there was no hope of preservation, for he made his way into the court, menacing those opposed to him, till he met a stout young man, who would not turn to fly; they exchanged at the same time blows with their swords. The Russian raised up his arm to shield his head, and his left hand dropped on the pavement. Not dismayed, he gained the apartment, tore a curtain off one of the doors, which he wrapped round his maimed limb, and, although we endeavoured to oppose his project, he jumped from the window, and fell, overpowered by numbers, having been previously struck to the ground by stones thrown from the tops of the walls.

Ere we relinquished the saloon for the farthest side-room, four or five of our number were shot. This was divided by a partition, behind which all who could sought shelter. Meerza Selliman and Meerza Nerriman did not gain this last retreat, but were cut down from behind on the portal.

From the window and doorway we were assailed; the cossacks had nearly all perished, and two of the most forward of the assailants attempted to make their way into the hinder part of the room. In their hands were swords or daggers; they were irresolute, and despairing of life. I rushed out, flourishing a large knife, and as they retired, I so closely followed them, that I threw myself amongst the foremost of the combatants, who thought me to be one of their number. It was in vain that I struggled to gain the court. I could not penetrate the crowd, and was pushed again into the room, to see the lifeless bodies of seventeen of my late companions. The envoy had been pierced through and through by a blow on the left breast from a knife; and an athletic phalwan, or public wrestler, named —, in the service of a citizen of Tehran, was shewn to me as the person who had inflicted it. At M. Grebayedoff's feet lay extended a cossack, in all probability the officer of the party. This devoted being had, throughout the fray, shielded with his own body that of M. Grebayedoff. He shrunk neither from stone nor sabre-cut, but all his movements were calculated to ward off danger from his chief.

Exhausted by extreme agitation, fear, and horror, stupified by severe contusions from stones in various parts of my body, I had to make a final exertion to prevent myself from falling inanimate on the floor.

The evil spirits of hell must this day have been let loose, to urge the Tehran people to commit atrocities which I fancied human nature would have shrunk from.

Not content with foul dastardly murder,—not appeased by dipping their hands in the blood of so many unprotected persons, these worse than demons commenced an indiscriminate plunder. The gory carcases were stripped to the skin; in a state of nudity they were cast from the room into the open air, under horrid grins, laughter, and derision; one a-top of the other they were piled, forming a pyramid of human flesh, cemented by the blood oozing from their wounds!

Almighty God! can these acts go unpunished? I never supposed that the human frame contained so much liquid. The blood had gushed in streams from the bodies, covered the floor deeply, then found its way in a torrent into the court.

It was after mid-day that I reached my own quarters. Our servants, by explaining that the apartments were occupied by Mahomedans only, prevented the populace from breaking into them. They served also for a place of refuge to M. Maltzoff, the first secretary. His own rooms were widely separated from M. Grebayedoff's, and when the house was forcibly entered, he was unable to join his companions.

Frequent enquiries had been made by the townspeople in search of concealed members of the Russian Mission. By dint of entreaties, and the distribution of a large sum of money, M. Maltzoff induced some of the Shah's *ferashes*, and a small party of the *Purahan* infantry that had retired into our quarters, to attend to his safety. When the commotion had somewhat subsided, we sent information to the Prince Alli Shah that M. Maltzoff was alive. A company of infantry was in consequence ordered up to the house, under the pretext of taking charge of it; and, late in the evening, M. Maltzoff was dressed in the uniform of a Persian soldier, and marched in their ranks to

the palace. This disguise was thought necessary to preserve him from the still unappeased fury of the populace.

His situation had been most perilous, since every corner and nook of the house, even by the light of candles, had been searched, which could have served as a place of concealment to any individual of the Russian Mission.

The system of extermination was so closely adhered to, that the mob invaded the premises of the British palace; they murdered there seven or eight Russians, lodged in the stables, and carried off the whole of the horses belonging to the envoy.

On the commencement of the attack, vain attempts were made by the order of the Shah to quell the disturbance.

Meerza Mahomed Alli Khan, with a number of his personal attendants, had, about the time of the seizure of Meerza Yakooob, hastened to the scene of action. His efforts were, from necessity, confined to urgent precautions and entreaties to those who were deaf to reason. The *Nessuckchee* Bashee, and several other officers of the court, were in succession dispatched to appease the riot; and lastly, the Princes Alli Shah and Imaum Wurdie Meerza issued from the ark, supported by such followers as they could hastily assemble. The innumerable multitude of the assailants prevented their near approach to the house. Instead of being able to succour the Mission, the Princes became justly alarmed for their own safety. They were reviled, menaced, and pelted. "Go," they said, to Alli Shah, "pander your wives to the Russians! It is worthy your long beard, on which you sprinkle so much rose-water. Your brother Abbas Meerza has sold himself, body and soul, to the Emperor!—Begone, Govraum Saug, or we will make mincemeat of you!"

The Princes were obliged to retire before a concourse of citizens, who drove them to the ark, the gates of which were manned, and speedily closed, to prevent the forced entrance of their pursuers.

I learnt from my domestics, that the mangled corpse of Meerza Yakooob had been dragged through the city and flung into the ditch of the ark. A body, supposed to be that of M. Grebayedoff, underwent simi-

ar treatment. To the legs, ropes were attached, and a mock procession was put in movement, which moved along the principal streets and bazars of the city. A frantic mob formed the retinue, and at intervals voices exclaimed—"Make way, oh citizens! for the Russian ambassador on his way to visit the Shah! Stand up, out of respect; salute him in the Feringhee style, by taking off your caps. He is thirsty for the love you bear his master the Imperatoor—spit freely in his face!"

The body was in this manner pulled along the ground, and at last exposed to the public gaze before the rappook (flag-staff), in the open space before the principal gateway of the citadel. After dusk, it was removed, by the Prince-governor's orders, to the house of Mahomed Khan.

The night passed by without any further acts of violence; and on the morning, Kerim Khan, the Ferash Bashee, came to superintend the removal of the bodies. It was ascertained, that of the Russian Mission

forty-four individuals had been put to death.

Search was made for the remains of M. Grebayedoff. His body was found amongst the heap of slain, before the window of his own apartment. I recognised his altered features, and was fully satisfied that, after death, the corpse had been subjected to no indignities. Armenian priests performed the last offices. The body was deposited in the church; the remains of the other sufferers were interred in a large pit, without the walls of the city.

Of the Telran people, it is said about twenty-six or twenty-seven were killed and wounded. Certainly, if a well-regulated posture of defence had been assumed, and if the whole of the retinue of the Mission had been assembled, many more of the assailants would have perished; under such circumstances, it is even probable that the attack would have been repulsed.

But who can avoid the decrees of fate, or venture to scrutinize the will of Providence?

JOCKE TAITTIS EXPEDITIOUNE TILL HELLE.

COMPILIT BEE MAISTER HOUERGE.

JOCKE TAITTE hee satte on yonne hille syde,
And wow but his herte wals sore,
For hee hadde weiped so long and loudde,
That hee cold weipe no more.

The scaldyng teris his chekis did smerte,
Quhille bathe his eene ranne dric;
The sobbis were bobbyng at his herte,
And his mouthe was sore awrie.

He toke his bonnette off his heide
And threwe it on the greine,
And aye he clawit his burlye powe,
And gair ane raire betweine:

"Och, woe is me," sayit the grefous youth,
"That evir I once wals borne,
For I haif lost my owne true lofe,
And myne herte is left forlorne!"

"I lofit hir better nor my breidde,
Far better than myne lyffe;
I would haif given this bullet heide
To haif halde hir for myne wyffe!"

"Sho wals the sonne-blink on the brae,
Als sweite and als deire to mee;
Far sweiter nor the lychte of daye
To the weiry waikryffe ee.

" Sho wals the raynbow among the cluddis,
The lyllye among the dewe,
The bonnye moorehenne amang the menne,
Of all the burdis that flewe.

" Ane roz-budde grewe withynne her mouthe,
Which manne colde nevir espye
But the breize out of the vernalle southie
Wals sweite quhan sho wals nighe.

" Sho wals the roz among the flouris,
The cherrie amang the hawis,
The starre of lofe amang the starris,
The sea-mawe 'mang the crawis.

" It wals hir power, it wals hir parte,
The soulis of men to thralle,
But, och ! she halde ane wycked herte,
And that was worst of alle !

" Sho garrit me waire myne pennye fee,
And nevir thochte it synne,
On sylken cloke of cramasie
To rowe her beautye in.

" Sho garrit me selle myne collye true,
My last lamb on the le,
To dekke her all in the skarlette hue,
Aue comelie sight to see ;

" And nowe the ende of all myne geire,
It grefeth mee to telle ;
It hathe sente my bonnye lasse to the deille ;
I woulde rather haif gone myselle !"

With that Jocke Taitte hee heerit ane lauche,
Some quhair abone his heide,
And hee lokit eiste, and hee lokit weste,
For his herte wals fillit with dreide ;

Hee lokit ower his lefte sholdere
To se quhat hee colde se ;
There he behelde the muckil deille
Comyng stendyng ower the le !

He wore ane boustrous shepherdis plaidde,
That wauffit als hee were wudde ;
And the blue bonnette on his heide
Wals lyke ane thonder cludde.

His lockis were lyke the hedder cowe,
And swarthy wals his hue,—
It wals of that derke and feirsum tinte,
Betwene the blacke and blue.

In sothe he wals ane goustye galste
Als anie eye colde se,
And jollye mischieffe on his face
Wals prentit stamphishlye.

The shepherde wals astoundit sore,
And he courit him downe for feare :
" O quha are you, ye boustrous kairle,
Or quhatte are you selking heire ?"

" I am Gil-Moullis, the shepherdis deille,
And ane heavye chairge haif I,
For they are the moste rampaungent raice
That braithes benethe the skie.

" They thynke of wemyng nychte and daye,
And nothyng els thaye mynde,
Quhille theyre verrye soullis doe falle ane preye
To the lofe of womankynde.

" I wille not clayme the comelye daime
Which you galf owre to mee ;
For ane lychte recklesse deidde of shalme,
Myne scho wille nevir bee.

" But your kynde offir in hir plaice,
I taik with herte and hande,
For wee lyke to se ane shepherdis faice
Better nor alle the lande.

" I half wemyng enewe, of rozie hue,
Alle rathe and rubycounde ;
I cannot stirre myne fote at home,
Theyre numberis so abounde.

" But ane shepherdie is theyre greate delychte,
Theyre is none they lyke soe weille,
For he touzillis them bothe daye and nychte,
And garris them lauch and squeille.

" And hee syngis them queire and funnie sangis,
Which maikie theyre hertis fulle gladdie,
And tellis them melting tailles of lofe,
Which almalst puttis them madde."

Then the shepherdie clawit his burlie hede,
And girnit and leuche amayne,
And he pullit the fogge up fro the hille,
For he coulede not refrayne.

Quod he, " You are ane funnye deille,
Be more couthate'er you maye ;
Faythe I wolde lyke to se the jaddis,
And heire what theye walde saye !"

" I trowit als moche," sayit the muckelle deille,
" That garrit me come with spelede ;
For it is ane halme will suite you weille,
In all youre tymis of neidde.

" It wals maide for you, and you for it,
And monie more besyde ;
There is nathyng happenis in nature brade,
That wysdome can deryde."

Hee rowit the shepherdie in his plaidde,
And hee toke him on his backe
Als I wolde do ane poore blynde whalpe,
The lytteltest of the packe.

And awaye and awaye went the muckle deille,
Stryding ower hille and daille ;
It wals soche ane awsum sychte to se,
That the shepherdis herte did falle.

The mountains were his stepping stouls,
While far ower firthe and floode,
His bonnette bobbit yont the skle,
Ane derke and trobilit clude.

He walked lyke colonne sterke and stoure
On toppis of mountainis greinne;
For aye he spangit frae hille to hille,
Though twentye mylis betwinne.

And the frychtenit morefoulis fledde amayne
All shymmering on the wynde;
And the ptarmigandis theye lefte the heichte,
And nevir lokit behynde.

And ower the mountayne and the mayne
He helde his mychtie waye,
Quhille they lefte the daylychte far behynde,
And enterit ane twilychte graye.

And the sonne went downe into the Eiste,
And the mone into the mayne;
And the lyttill byrning lampis of hevin,
Theye vainishit ane bee ane.

At length theye calme to the deillis halle yette,
And tirlyt at the pynne,
And ane jollye porter openit the dore,
And smudgit als theye came in.

"Maistere Gill-Moullis," then sayit Jocke Taitte,
"Is this youre lustie haimc?
I will thanke you then to talke mee backe,
To the plaice fro whence I caime.

"For heire I cannot se ane styme,
And darre not gang for feirre;
But I heire the yelpc of womannis tungis,
Which I lyke welle tille heirre."

"Och!" sayit the deille, "the lychte is goode
Quhan heire a quhille you dwelle;
It is rather sombere at the fyrste,
But sutis exceedyng welle.

"For it is the bagnio of helle,
Ane braif and gallante plaice,
The grandiste gaimc that evir wals fraimit
For synneris of human ralce.

"For wee haif kyngis, and dukis, and lordis,
That daylie come in pairis;
But the jollye shepherdis and the prestis
Are our best customeris.

"'Tis strainge wee haif no ladyis heire,
Scairce one our hallis withynne;
Thes are alle pryncsessis and quenis,
And lymmeris of vulgar kynne.

"But you shalle find them loffyng and kynde,
Rychte blythesum, franks, and fre,
And aye the longer you love them,
The madder in love you'll bee."

"Coulede I but se," the shepherde sayit,
 "To maikie myne choyce arycht,
 This is the very plaice for mee,
 In which I wolde delychte."

Then the deille he flung the shepherde downe
 Als hee were ane deidde sheippe,
 And hee lychtit on ane feddir bedde,
 Betweine two queanis asleippe.

But hee colde not se quhat theye were lyke,
 So up he sprang withe speidde;
 But he hearit them gigglyng, als he ranne
 In darknesse and in dreidde.

Hee spyit the Lord of — suppyng
 His kaille out throughe the reike,
 And the doughtye chieftaine of M——
 Wals playing at hydde-and-seike.

And he sawe the lordis and lemanis gaye
 Syttand bebbyng at the wyne,
 And aye theye dronke theyre merrye tostis
 With oggylle and with sygne.

And everilke draughte they swallowit downe
 More greidillye nor the fyrste;
 For aye the langer that theye dronke,
 The hotter grewe theyre thyrste.

Enjoymente there brought no alloie,
 Desyre stille waikyt anewe;
 The more that theye indulgit in synne,
 The madder on synne theye grewe.

For mony a yeirre and mony a daye
 Our shepherde did remayne;
 But nought of pleissure caime his waye
 But quhat grewe byttere payne.

For he wals fairlye stawit of lofe—
 Of routte and revelrye;
 Hee haitit the wemyng from his soull,
 Yet colde not let them bee.

And hee thocht upon his owne firste lofe
 With alle his earlye flaime,
 Who though she had fallen in ane snaire,
 Hir herte wals nevir to blaine.

And ofte he sayit unto himselle,
 Withe the teirre blynding his ee,
 "Och had I hir on the greine hille syde,
 And nevir ane eye to se!

" 'Tis sweitte to se the lasse we lyke
 Come lynking ower the le;
 'Tis sweitte to se the earlye budde
 First nodding fro the tre;

" 'Tis sweitte to se the mornying belme
 Kyssing the sylver dewe;
 But forgiveness is the sweeteste thyng
 That evir ane kynde herte knewe.

" Yes, I wolde kysse her blushyng chelke,
And grante forgiveness free;
For if I dinna forgive myne lofe,
Then quha can pardon mee ?

" But heirre may I in shaine and synne
For evir more remayne,
For I'll nēvir se the greine hille syde,
Nor my true lofe agayne !

" Bay-hay ! bay-hay !" quod the shepherde lad,
Als loude als he coulede raire;
And " Bouff !—houff !" quod his colley dogge,
For it wonderit quhat wals there.

The shepherde started to his feitte
In terroure and in teene;
For hee laye upon the greine hille syde,
Nor farder had evir beine.

He soughte his lofe that verye nychte,
And at his calle sho caime,
And hee toulde hir of his dreidful dreime
Of sorrow, synne, and shaine.

And hir wee errour with the lairde
Wals alle forgiven fre;
And I wals at theyre weddyng yestreinne,
And ane merrie nycht hald wee !

ALTRIVE LAKE, 18th August, 1830.

THE HOUR OF THOUGHT.

BY DELTA.

THE orb of day is sinking,
The star of eve is winking,
The silent dews
Their balm diffuse,
The summer flowers are drinking;
The valley shades grow drearer,
The atmosphere grows clearer,
Around all swim,
Perplex'd and dim,
Yet the distant hills seem nearer,—
O'er their tops the eye may mark
The very leaves, distinct and dark.

Now eastern skies are lightening,
Wood, mead, and mount are brightening,
Sunk in the blaze
The stellar rays,
The clouds of heaven are whitening;
Now the curfew-bell is ringing,
Now the birds forsake their singing,
The beetle fly
Hums dully by,
And the bat his flight is winging;
While the glowing, glorious moon,
Gives to night the smile of noon.

Oh! then in churchyards hoary,
 With many a mournful story,
 'Tis sweet to stray,
 Mid tombstones gray,
 And muse on earthly glory!
 Thoughts—deeds—and days departed,
 Up from the past are started,
 Time's noon and night,
 Its bloom and blight,
 Hopes crown'd with bliss, or thwarted;
 Halcyon peace or demon strife,
 Sweetening or disturbing life.

Then wake the dreams of childhood,
 Its turbulent or mild mood—
 The gather'd shells,
 The fox-glove bells,
 The bird-nest in the wild wood;
 The corn fields greenly springing;
 The twilight blackbird singing
 Sweetly, unseen,
 From chestnut green,
 Till all the air is ringing;
 Restless swallows twittering by,
 And the gorgeous sunset sky.

Then while the moon is glancing,
 Through murmuring foliage dancing,
 Wild fancy strays
 Amid the maze
 Of olden times entrancing;—
 She scans each strange tradition
 Of dim-eyed Superstition,—
 The monk in hood
 With book and rood,
 And Nun in cell'd contrition;
 Horsemen winding through the dale,
 Morious dark, and shining mail.

Ah! where are they that knew us,
 That then spake kindly to us?
 Why thus should they
 In evil day
 So frigidly eschew us?
 We call them—they appear not;
 They listen not, they hear not;
 Their course is run;
 Their day is done;
 They hope not, and they fear not:
 Past for them are heat and cold,
 Death hath penn'd them in his fold!

Above their bones unknowing,
 Wild flowers and weeds are growing,
 By moon or sun
 Is nothing done
 To them a thought bestowing:
 In dark repose they wither,
 Like weeds blown hither—thither—
 Alone, alone,
 The Last Trump's tone
 Shall call them up together.
 Thou shalt hear it, Silence drear!
 Grave oblivious, thou shalt hear!

A DAY AT WINDERMERE.

OLD and gouty, we are confined to our chair; and occasionally, during an hour of rainless sunshine, are wheeled by female hands along the gravel-walks of our Policy, an unrepinning and philosophical valetudinarian. Even the crutch is laid up in ordinary, and is encircled with cobwebs. A monstrous spider has there set up his rest; and our still Study ever and anon hearkens to the shrill buzz of some poor fly expiring between those formidable forceps—just as so many human ephemerals have breathed their last beneath the bite of his indulgent master. 'Tis pleasant to look at Domitian—so we love to call him—sallying from the centre against a wearied wasp, lying, like a silkworm, circumvoluted in the inextricable toils, and then, seizing the sinner by the nape of the neck, like Christopher with a Cockney, to see the emperor haul him away into the charnel-house. But we have often less savage recreations:—such as watching our bee-hives when about to send forth colonies—feeding our pigeons, a purple people that dazzle the daylight—gathering roses as they choke our small chariot-wheels with their golden orbs—eating grapes out of vine-leaf-draperyed baskets beautifying beneath the gentle fingers of the Gentle into fairy network graceful as the gossamer—drinking elder-flower frontiniae from invisible glasses, so transparent in its yellowness seems the liquid radiance—at one moment eyeing a page of *Paradise Lost*, and at another of *Paradise Regained*, for what else is the face of her who often visiteth our Eden, and whose coming and whose going is ever like a heavenly dream! Then laying back our head upon the cushion of our triumphal car, and with half-shut eyes, subsiding slowly into haunted sleep or slumber, with our fine features up to heaven, a saint-like image, such as Raphael loved to paint, or Flaxman to embue with the soul of stillness in the life-lushed marble. Such, dearest reader, are some of our pastimes—and so do we contrive to close our ears to the sound of the scythe of Saturn, ceaselessly sweeping over the earth, and leaving, at every stride of the mower,

a swathe more rueful than ever, after a night of shipwreck, did strew with ghastliness a lee sea-shore!

Thus do we make a virtue of necessity—and thus contentment wreathes with silk and velvet the prisoner's chains. Once were we—long, long ago—restless as a sunbeam on the restless wave—rapid as a river that seems enraged with the rocks, but all the while, you blockhead—(beg your pardon)—in love

“Doth make sweet music with th' enamell'd stones”—

strong as a steed let loose from Arab's tent in the oasis to slake his thirst at the desert well—fierce in our harmless joy as a red-deer belling on the hills—tameless as the eagle sporting in the storm—gay as the “dolphin on a tropic sea”—“mad as young bulls”—and wild as a whole wilderness of adolescent lions. But now—alas! and alack-a-day! the sunbeam is but a patch of sober verdure—the river is changed into a canal—the “desert-born” is foundered—the red-deer is slow as an old ram—the eagle has forsook his cliff and his clouds, and hops among the gooseberry bushes—the dolphin has degenerated into a land-tortoise—without danger now might a very child take the bull by the horns—and though something of a lion still, our roar is, like that of the nightingale, “most musical most melancholy”—and, as we attempt to shake our mane, your grandmother—fair subscriber—cannot choose but weep!

It speaks folios in favour of our philanthropy, to know that, in our own imprisonment, we love to see all life free as air. Would that by a word of ours we could clothe all human shoulders with wings! Would that by a word of ours we could plume all human spirits with thoughts strong as the eagle's pinions, that they might winnow their way into the empyrean! Tories! Yes! we are Tories. Our faith is in the Divine right of kings,—but easy, my boys, easy—all free men are kings, and they hold their empire from heaven. That is our political—philosophical—moral—religious creed. In its spirit we have lived—and in

its spirit we hope to die—not on the scaffold like Sidney—no—no—not by any manner of means like Sidney on the scaffold—but like ourselves on a hair-mattress above a feather-bed, our head decently sunk in three pillows and one bolster, and our frame stretched out unagitatedly beneath a white counterpane! But meanwhile—though almost as unlocomotive as the dead—in body—there is perpetual motion in our souls. Sleep is one thing, and stagnation is another—as is well known to all eyes that have ever seen, by moonlight and midnight, the face of Christopher North, or of Windermere.

Windermere! Why, at this blessed moment, we behold the beauty of all its intermingling isles! There they are—all gazing down on their own reflected loveliness in the magic mirror of the air-like water, just as many a holy time we have seen them all agaze, when, with suspended oar and suspended breath—no sound but a ripple on the Naiad's bow, and a beating at our own heart—motionless in our own motionless bark—we seemed to float midway down that beautiful abyss, between the heaven above and the heaven below, on some strange terrestrial scene composed of trees and the shadows of trees by the imagination made indistinguishable to the eye, and as delight deepened into dreams, all lost at last, clouds, groves, water, air, sky, in their various and profound confusion of supernatural peace! But a sea-born breeze is on Bowness Bay; all at once the lake is blue as the sky; and that evanescent world is felt to have been but a vision. Like swans that had been asleep in the airless sunshine, lo! where from every shady nook appear the white-sailed pinnares! For on merry Windermere—you must know—every breezy hour has its own Regatta!

But intending to be useful, we are becoming ornamental; of this article it must not be said, that

“Pure description holds the place of sense”—

therefore, let us be simple, but not silly, as plain as is possible without being prosy, as instructive as is consistent with being entertaining, a cheerful companion and a trusty guide.

We shall suppose that you have left Kendal, and are on your way to Bowness. Forget, as much as may be, all worldly cares and anxieties, and let your hearts be open and free to all genial impulses about to be breathed into them from the beautiful and sublime in nature. There is no need of that foolish state of feeling called enthusiasm. You have but to be happy; and by and by your happiness will grow into delight. The blue mountains already set your imaginations at work; among those clouds and mists, you fancy many a magnificent precipice—and in the valleys that sleep below, you image to yourselves the scenery of rivers and lakes. The landscape immediately around gradually grows more and more picturesque and romantic; and you feel that you are on the very borders of Fairy-Land. The first smile of Windermere salutes your impatient eyes, and sinks silently into your heart. You know not how beautiful it may be—nor yet in what the beauty consists; but your finest sensibilities to nature are touched—and a tinge of poetry, as from a rainbow, overspreads that cluster of islands that seems to woo you to their still retreats. And now

“Wooded Windermere, the river-lake,”

with all its bays and promontories, lies in the morning light serene as a Sabbath, and cheerful as a Holiday; and you feel that there is loveliness on this earth more exquisite and perfect than ever visited your slumbers even in the glimpses of a dream. The first sight of such a scene will be unforgotten to your dying day—for such passive impressions are deeper than we can explain—our whole spiritual being is suddenly awakened to receive them—and associations, swift as light, are gathered into one Emotion of Beauty which shall be imperishable, and which, often as memory recalls that moment, grows into genius, and vents itself in appropriate expressions, each in itself a picture. Thus may one moment minister to years; and the life-wearied heart of old age, by one delightful remembrance, be restored to primal joy—the glory of the past brought beamingly upon the faded present—and the world that is obscurely passing away from our eyes, re-illuminated with the visions of its

early morn. The shows of nature are indeed evanescent, but their spiritual influences are immortal; and from that grove now glowing in the sunlight, may your heart derive a delight that shall utterly perish but in the grave!

But now you are in the White Lion, and our advice to you—perhaps unnecessary—is immediately to order breakfast. There are many parlours—some with a charming prospect, and some without any prospect at all; but remember that there are other people in the world besides yourselves,—and therefore, into whatever parlour you may be shewn by a pretty maid, be contented, and lose no time in addressing yourselves to your repast. That over, be in no hurry to get on the Lake. Perhaps all the boats are engaged—and Billy Balmer is at the Waterhead. So stroll into the churchyard, and take a glance over the graves. Close to the oriel-window of the church is one tomb over which one might meditate half an autumnal day! Enter the church, and you will feel the beauty of these fine lines in the *Excursion*—

“ Not raised in nice proportions was the pile,
But large and massy; for duration built;
With pillars crowded, and the roof upheld
By naked rafters extricately cross'd,
Like leafless underboughs, mid some thick grove,
All wither'd by the depth of shade above!”

Go down to the low terrace-walk along the Bay. The Bay is in itself a Lake, at all times cheerful with its scattered fleet, at anchor or under weigh—its villas and cottages, each rejoicing in its garden or orchard—its meadows mellowing to the reedy margin of the pellucid water—its heath-covered boat-houses—its own portion of the Isle called Beautiful—and beyond that silvan haunt, the sweet Furness Fells, with gentle outline undulating in the sky, and among its spiral larches shewing, here and there, groves and copses of the old unviolated woods. Yes, Bowness-Bay is in itself a Lake; but how finely does it blend away, through its screens of oak and sycamore-trees, into a larger Lake—another, yet the

same—on whose blue bosom you see bearing down to windward—for the morning breeze is born—many a tiny sail! It has the appearance of a race. Yes—it is a race; and the Liver-poolian, as of yore, is eating them all out of the wind, and without another tack will make her anchorage. But hark—Music! 'Tis the Bowness Band playing “See the conquering Hero comes!”—and our old friend has carried away the gold cup from all competitors.

Now turn your faces up the hill above the village school. That green mount is what is called a—Station. The villagers are admiring a grove of parasols, while you—the party—are admiring the village—with its irregular roofs—white, blue, grey, green, brown, and black walls—fruit-laden trees so yellow—its central church-tower—and environing groves variously burnished by autumn. Saw ye ever banks and braes and knolls so beautifully bedropt with human dwellings? There is no solitude about Windermere. Shame on human nature, were Paradise uninhabited! Here, in amicable neighbourhood, are halls and huts—here rises through groves the dome of the rich man's palace,—and there the low roof of the poor man's cottage beneath its one single sycamore! Here are hundreds of small properties hereditary in the same families for many hundred years—and never, never, O Westmoreland! may thy race of *statesmen* be extinct—nor the virtues that ennoble their humble households! See, suddenly brought forth by sunshine from among the old woods—and then sinking away into her usual unobtrusive serenity—the lake-loving Rayrig, almost level, so it seems, with the water, yet smiling over her own quiet bay from the grove-shelter of her pastoral mound! Within her walls may peace ever dwell with piety—and the light of science long blend with the lustre of the domestic hearth. Thence to Calgarth is all one forest—yet glade-broken, and enlivened by open uplands, so that the roamer, while he expects a night of umbrage, often finds himself in the open day, beneath the bright blue bow of heaven haply without a cloud. The eye travels delighted over the multitu-

dinous tree-tops—often dense as one single tree—till it rests, in sublime satisfaction, on the far-off mountains, that lose not a woody character, till the tree-sprinkled pastures roughen into rocks—and rocks tower into precipices, where the falcons breed. But the lake will not suffer the eye long to wander among the distant glooms. She wins us wholly to herself—and restlessly and passionately for a while—but calmly and affectionately at last—the heart embraces all her beauty, and wishes that the vision might endure for ever, and that here our tent were pitched—to be struck no more during our earthly pilgrimage! Imagination lapses into a thousand moods. O for a fairy pinnace to glide and float for aye over those golden waves! A hermit-cell on sweet Lady-Holm! A silvan shieling on Loughrig side! A nest in that nameless dell, which sees but one small slip of heaven, and longs at night for the reascending visit of its few loving stars! A dwelling open to all the skyey influence on the mountain-brow, the darling of the rising or the setting sun, and often seen by eyes in the lower world glittering through the rainbow!

All this seems a very imperfect picture indeed, or panorama of Windermere, from the hill behind the schoolhouse in the village of Bowness. So, to put a stop to such nonsense, let us descend to the White Lion—and enquire about Billy Balmer. Billy has arrived from Waterhead—seems tolerably steady—Mr Ullock's boats may be trusted—so let us take a voyage of discovery on the Lake. Let those who have reason to think that they have been born to die a different death from drowning, hoist a sail. We to-day shall feather an oar. Billy takes the stroke—Mr William Garnet's at the helm—and "row, vassals, row! for the pride of the Lowlands," is the choral song that accompanies the Naiad out of the bay, and round the north end of the Isle called Beautiful, under the wave-darkening umbrage of that ancient oak. And now we are in the lovely straits between that Island and the mainland of Furness Fells. The village has disappeared, but not melted away; for, hark! the church-tower tolls ten,

—and see the sun is high in heaven. High, but not hot—for the first September frosts chilled the rosy fingers of the morn as she bathed them in the dews, and the air is cool as a cucumber. Cool but bland—and as clear and transparent as a fine eye lighted up by a good conscience. There were breezes in Bowness Bay—but here there are none—or, if there be, they but whisper aloft in the tree-tops, and ruffle not the water, which is calm as Louisa's breast. The small isles here are but few in number—yet the best arithmetician of the party cannot count them—in confusion so rich and rare do they blend their shadows with those of the groves on the Isle called Beautiful, and on the Furness Fells! A tide imperceptible to the eye, drifts us on among and above those beautiful reflections—that downward world of hanging dreams! and ever and anon we beckon unto Billy gently to dip his oar, that we may see a world destroyed and recreated in one moment of time. Yes! Billy! thou art a poet—and canst work more wonders with thine oar than could he with his pen who painted "heavenly Una with her milk-white lamb," wandering by herself in Fairy-Land. How is it, pray, that our souls are satiated with such beauty as this? Is it because 'tis unsubstantial all—senseless, though fair—and in its evanescence unsuited to the sympathies that yearn for the permanencies of breathing life? Dreams are delightful only as delusions within the delusion of this our mortal waking existence—one touch of what we call reality dissolves them all—blissful though they may have been, we care not when the bubble bursts—nay, we are glad again to return to our own natural world, care-haunted, though, in its happiest moods, it be—glad as if we had escaped from glamoury—and, oh! beyond expression sweet it is once more to drink the light of living eyes—the music of living lips—after that preternatural hush that steepes the shadowy realms of the imagination, whether stretching along a sunset-heaven, or the mystical imagery of earth and sky floating in the lustre of lake or sea.

Therefore "row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Lowlands," and as

rowing is a thirsty exercise, let us land at the Ferry, and each man refresh himself with a horn of ale.

There is not a prettier place on all Windermere than the Ferry-House, or one better adapted for a honeymoon. You can hand your bride into a boat almost out of the parlour window, and be off among the islands in a moment, or into nook or bay where no prying eye, even through telescope, (a most unwarrantable instrument,) can overlook your happiness; or you can secrete yourselves, like buck and doe, among the lady-fern on Furness Fells, where not a sunbeam can intrude on your sacred privacy, and where you may melt down hours to moments in chaste connubial bliss, brightening futurity with plans of domestic enjoyment, like long lines of lustre streaming across the lake. But at present, let us visit the Fort-looking Building among the cliffs, called The Station, and see how Windermere looks as we front the east. Why, you would not know it to be the same lake. The Isle called Beautiful, which heretofore had scarcely seemed an isle, appearing to belong to one or other shore of the mainland, from this point of view is an isle indeed, loading the lake with a weight of beauty, and giving it an ineffable character of richness which nowhere else does it possess, while the other lesser isles, dropt "in nature's careless haste" between it and the Furness Fells, connect it still with those lovely shores from which it floats a short way apart, without being disunited—one spirit blending the whole together within the compass of a fledgling's flight. Beyond these

" Sister isles that smile
Together like a happy family
Of beauty and of love,"

the eye meets the Rayrig-woods, with but a gleam of water between, only visible in sunshine, and is gently conducted by them up the hills of Appletwhaite diversified with cultivated enclosures "all green as emerald," to their very summits, with all their pastoral and arable grounds besprinkled with stately single trees, copses, or groves. On the nearer side of these hills is seen, stretching far off to other lofty regions—Hill-bell

and High-street conspicuous over the rest—the long vale of Troutbeck, with its picturesque cottages, in "numbers without number, numberless," and all its sable pines and sycamores—on the farther side, that most silvan of all silvan mountains, where lately the Heinans warbled her native wood-notes wild in her poetic bower, fitly called Dovenest, and beyond, Kirkstone Fells and Rydal Head, magnificent giants looking westward to the Langdale Pikes, (here unseen,)

" The last that parley with the setting sun."

Immediately in front, the hills are low and lovely, sloping with gentle undulations down to the lake, here grove-girdled along all its shores. The elm-grove that overshadows the Parsonage is especially conspicuous—stately and solemn in a green old age—and though now silent, in spring and early summer clamorous with rooks in love or alarm, an ancient family, and not to be expelled from their hereditary seats. Following the line of shore to the right, and turning your eyes unwillingly away from the bright and breezy Belfield, they fall on the elegant architecture of Storrs-hall, gleaming from a glade in the thick woods, and still looking southward, they see a serene series of the same forest scenery, along the heights of Gillhead and Gummer's-How, till Windermere is lost, apparently narrowed into a river, beyond Townhead and Fellfoot, where the prospect is closed by a beaoned eminence clothed with shadowy trees to the very base of the Tower. The points and promontories jutting into the lake from these and the opposite shores—which are of a humbler, though not tame character—are all placed most felicitously—and as the lights and shadows keep shifting on the water, assume endless varieties of relative position to the eye, so that often during one short hour, you might think you had been gazing on Windermere with a kaleidoscopic eye that had seemed to create the beauty which in good truth is floating there for ever on the bosom of nature.

That description, perhaps, is not so very much amiss; but should you

think otherwise, be so good as give us a better—meanwhile let us descend from The Station—and its stained windows—stained into setting sunlight—frost and snow—the purpling autumn—and the first faint vernal green—and re-embark at the Ferry-House pier. Berkshire Island is fair—but we have always looked at it with an evil eye since unable to weather it in our old schooner, one day when the Victory, on the same tack, shot by it to windward like a salmon. But now we are half-way between Storr's Point and Rawlinson's Nab—so, my dear Garnet, down with the helm and let us put about (who is that catching crabs?) for a fine front view of the Grecian edifice. It does honour to the genius of Gandy—and say what people choose of a classic clime, the light of a Westmoreland sky falls beautifully on that marble-like stone, which, whether the heavens be in gloom or glory, “shines well where it stands,” and flings across the lake a majestic shadow. Methought there passed along the lawn the image of one now in his tomb! The memory of that bright day returns, when Windermere glittered with all her sails in honour of the great Northern Minstrel, and of him the Eloquent, whose lips are now mute in the dust. Methinks we see his smile benign—that we hear his voice silver-sweet!

“But away with melancholy,
Nor doleful changes ring”—

as such thoughts came like shadows, like shadows let them depart—and spite of that which happeneth to all men—“this one day we give to merriment.” Pull, Billy, pull—or we will turn you round—and in that case there is no refreshment nearer than Newby-bridge. The Naiad feels the invigorated impulse—and her cut-water murmurs to the tune of six knots through the tiny cataract foaming round her bows. The woods are all running down the lake—and at that rate, by two post meridiem will be in the sea.

Commend us—on a Tour—to lunch and dinner in one. 'Tis a saving both of time and money—and of all the dinner-lunches that ever were set upon a sublunary table, the *facile principes* are the dinner-lunches you may devour in the White Lion,

Bowness. Take a walk—and a seat on the green that overlooks the village, almost on a level with the lead-roof of the venerable church—while Hebe is laying the cloth for a repast fit for Jove, Juno, and the other heathen gods and goddesses—and if you must have politics—why, call for the Standard or Sun, (Heavens! there is that Whig already at the Times,) and devote a few hurried and hungry minutes to the new French Revolution. Why, the Green of all Greens—often traced by us of yore beneath the midnight moonlight—till a path was worn along the edge of the low wall, still called “North's Walk”—is absolutely converted into a reading-room, and our laking party into a political club. There is Louisa with the Leeds Intelligencer—and Matilda with the Morning Herald—and Harriet with that York paper worth them all put together—for it tells of Priam, and the Cardinal, and St Nicholas,—but, hark! a soft footstep! And then a soft voice—no dialect or accent pleasanter than the Westmoreland—whispers that the dinner-lunch is on the table—and no leading article like a cold round of beef—or a veal-pie! Let the Parisians settle their Constitution as they will—meanwhile let us strengthen ours—and after a single glass of Madeira—and a horn of home-brewed—let us off on foot—on horseback—in gig—car—and chariot—to Troutbeck.

It is about a couple of miles, we should think, from Bowness to Cook's House—along the turnpike road—half the distance lying embowered in the Rayrig woods—and half open to lake, cloud, and sky. It is pleasant to lose sight now and then of the lake along whose banks you are travelling, especially if during separation you become a Druid. The water woos you at your return with her bluest smile, and her whitest murmur. Some of the finest trees in all the Rayrig woods have had the good sense to grow by the roadside, where they can see all that is passing, and make their own observations on us deciduous plants. Few of them seem to be very old—much older than Christopher North—and, like him, they wear well, trunk sound to the core, arms with a long sweep, and head in fine proportions of cerebral development, fortified against all

storms—perfect pictures of oaks in their prime. You may see one—without looking for it—near a farmhouse called Miller-ground—himself a grove. His trunk is clothed in a tunic of moss, which shews the ancient Silvan to great advantage—and it would be no easy matter to give him a fall. Should you wish to see Windermere in all her glory, you have but to enter a gate a few yards on this side of his shade, and ascend an eminence called by us Green-bank—but you had as well leave your red mantle in the carriage, for an enormous white, long-horned Lancashire bull has for some years established his head-quarters there, and you would not wish your wife to become a widow, with six fatherless children. But the royal road of poetry is often the most splendid—and by keeping the turnpike, you soon find yourself on a terrace to which there was nothing to compare in the hanging gardens of Babylon. There is the widest breadth of water—the richest foreground of wood—and the most magnificent back-ground of mountains—not only in Westmoreland, but—believe us—in all the world. That blue roof is Calgarth—and no traveller ever pauses on this brow without giving it a blessing—for the sake of the Illustrious Dead—for there long dwelt in the body Bishop Watson, the Defender of the Faith, and there within the shadow of his memory still dwell those dearest on earth to his beatified spirit. So pass along in high and solemn thought, till you lose sight of Calgarth in the lone-road that leads by St Catherine's, and then relapse into pleasant fancies and picturesque dreams. This is the best way by far of approaching Troutbeck. No ups and downs in this life were ever more enlivening—not even the ups and downs of a bird learning to fly. Sheep-fences, seven feet high, are admirable contrivances for shutting out scenery; and by shutting out much scenery, why, you confer an unappreciable value on the little that remains visible, and feel as if you could hug it to your heart. But sometimes one does feel tempted to shove down a few roods of intercepting stone-wall higher than the horse-hair on a cuirassier's casque—though sheep should eat the suckers and scions, protected as they there shoot, at the price of the

concealment of the picturesque and the poetical from beauty-searching eyes. That is a long lane, it is said, which has never a turning; so, this must be a short one, which has a hundred. You have turned your back on Windermere—and our advice to you is, to keep your face to the mountains. Troutbeck is a jewel—a diamond of a stream—but Bobbin-mills have exhausted some of the most lustrous pools, changing them into shallows, where the minnows rove. Deep dells are his delight—and he loves the rugged scaurs that intrench his wooded banks—and the fantastic rocks that tower-like hang at intervals over his winding course, and seem sometimes to block it up—but the miner works his way out beneath galleries and arches in the living stone—sometimes silent—sometimes singing—and sometimes roaring like thunder—till subsiding into a placid spirit, ere he reaches the wooden-bridge in the bonny holms of Calgarth, he glides graceful as the swan that sometimes sees its image in his breast, and through alder and willow banks murmurs away his life in the Lake.

Yes—that is Troutbeck Chapel—one of the smallest—and to our eyes the very simplest—of all the chapels among the hills. Yet will it be remembered when more pretending edifices are forgotten—just like some mild, sensible, but perhaps somewhat too silent person, whose acquaintanceship—nay, friendship—we feel a wish to cultivate—we scarce know why—except that he is mild, sensible, and silent—whereas we would not be civil to the *brusque*, upsetting, and loquacious puppy at his elbow, whose information is as various as it is profound, were one word or look of courtesy to save him from the flames. For heaven's sake, Louisa, don't sketch Troutbeck Chapel! There is nothing but a square tower—a horizontal roof—and some perpendicular walls. The outlines of the mountains here have no specific character. That bridge is but a poor feature—and the stream here very commonplace. Put them not on paper. Yet alive—is not the secluded scene felt to be most beautiful? It has a soul. The pure spirit of the pastoral age is breathing here—in this utter noiselessness there is the oblivion of all

turmoil—and as the bleating of flocks comes on the ear, along the fine air, from the green pastures of the Kentmere range of soft undulating hills, the stilled heart whispers to itself “this is peace!”

The worst of it is, that of all the people that on earth do dwell, your Troutbeck *statesmen* are the most litigious—and most quarrelsome about straws. Not a footpath in all the parish that has not cost a hundred pounds in lawsuits. The most insignificant stile is referred to a full bench of magistrates. That gate was carried to the Quarter Sessions. No branch of a tree can shoot six inches over a march-wall without being indicted for a trespass. And should a frost-loosened stone tumble from some *skrees* down upon a neighbour's field, he will be served with a notice to quit before next morning. Many of the small properties hereabouts have been mortgaged over head and ears to fee rascally attorneys. Yet the last hoop of apples will go to the land-sharks—and the statesman, driven at last from his paternal fields, will sue for something or another *in forma pauperis*, were it but the worthless wood and second-hand nails that may be destined for his coffin. This is a pretty picture of pastoral life—but we must take pastoral life as we find it. Nor have we any doubt that things were every whit as bad in the time of the Patriarchs—else, whence the satirical sneer, “sham Abraham?” Yonder is the Village straggling away up along the hillside, till the farthest house seems a rock fallen with trees from the mountain. The cottages stand for the most part in clusters of twos or threes—with here and there what in Scotland we should call a *clachan*—many a sma' toun within the ae lang toun—but where in all braid Scotland is a mile-long scattered congregation of rural dwellings, all dropt down where the Painter and the Poet would have wished to plant them, on knolls, and in dells, and on banks and braes, and below tree-crested rocks, and all bound together in picturesque confusion, by old groves of ash, oak, and sycamore, and by flower-gardens and fruit-orchards, rich as those of the Hesperides?

If you have no objections—our

pretty dears—we shall return to Bowness by Lowood. Let us form a straggling line of march—so that we may one and all indulge in our own silent fancies—and let not a word be spoken—virgins—under the penalty of two kisses for one syllable—till we crown the height above Briary-Close. Why, there it is already—and we hear our musical friend's voice-accompanied guitar. From the front of his cottage, the head and shoulders of Windermere are seen in their most majestic shape—and from nowhere else is the long-withdrawing Langdale so magnificently closed by mountains. There at sunset hangs “Clondland, Gorgeous-land,” to gaze on which for an hour might almost make a Sewell Stokes a Poetaster. Who said that Windermere was too narrow? The same critic who thinks the full harvest moon too round—and despises the twinkling of the evening star. It is all the way down—from head to foot—from the Brathay to the Leven—of the proper breadth precisely—to a quarter of an inch. Were the reeds in Poolwyke Bay—on which the birds love to balance themselves—at low or high water, to be visibly longer or shorter than what they have always been in the habit of being on such occasions, since first we brushed them with an oar, when landing in our skiff from the Endeavour, the beauty of the whole of Windermere would be impaired—so exquisitely adapted is that pellucid gleam to the lips of its silvan shores! True, there are flaws in the diamond—but only when the squalls came—and as the blackness sweeps by, that diamond of the first water is again sky-bright and sky-blue, as an angel's eyes. Lowood Bay—we are now embarked in Mr Jackson's prettiest pinnacle—when the sun is westerling—which it now is—surpasses all other bays in freshwater Mediterraneans. Eye loves to see her pensive face reflected in that serenest mirror. To flatter such a divinity is impossible—but sure she never wears a smile so divine as when adjusting her dusky tresses in that truest of all glasses, set in the chastest of all rich frames. Pleased she retires—with a wavering motion—and casting “many a longing, lingering look behind”—

fades indistinctly away among the Brathay woods; while Night, her elder sister, or rather her younger—we really know not which—takes her place at the darkening mirror, till it glitters with her crescent-moon-crown, wreathed perhaps with a white cloud, and just over the silver bow the lustre of one large yellow star.

As none of the party complain of hunger—let us crack among us a single bottle of our worthy host's choice old Madeira—and then haste in the barouche (ha! here it is) to Bowness. It is right now to laugh—and sing—and recite poetry—and talk all manner of nonsense. Didn't ye hear something crack? (Can it be a spring—or merely the axletree? Our clerical friend from Chester assures us 'twas but a string of his guitar—so no more shrieking—and after coffee we shall have

‘Rise up, rise up, Xarifa, lay your golden cushion down!’

And then we two, my dear sir, must have a contest at chess—at which, if you beat us, we shall leave our bed at midnight, and murder you in your sleep. “But where,” murmurs Matilda, “are we going?” To Oresthead, love,—and Elleray—for you must see a sight these sweet eyes of thine never saw before—a *scENER*.

We have often wondered if there be in the world one woman indisputably and undeniably the most beautiful of all women—or if, indeed, our first Mother were “the loveliest of her daughters, Eve.” What human female beauty is all men feel—but few men know—and none can tell—farther than that it is perfect spiritual health, breathingly embodied in perfect corporeal flesh and blood, according to certain god-framed adaptations of form and hue, that, by a familiar, yet inscrutable mystery, to our senses and our souls express sanctity and purity of the immortal essence enshrined within, by aid of all associated perceptions and emotions that the heart and the imagination can agglomerate round them as instantly and as unhesitatingly as the faculties of thought and feeling can agglomerate round a lily or a rose, for example, the perceptions and emotions that make them—by divine right of inalienable beau-

ty—the Royal Families of Flowers. This definition—or description rather—of human female beauty, may appear to some, as indeed it appears to us—something vague; but all profound truths—out of the exact sciences—are something vague; and it is manifestly the design of a benign and gracious Providence, that they should be so till the end of time—till mortality has put on immortality—and earth is heaven. Vagueness, therefore, is no fault in philosophy—any more than in the dawn of morning, or the gloaming of eve. Enough, if each clause of the sentence that seeks to elucidate a confessed mystery, has a meaning harmonious with all the meanings in all the other clauses—and that the effect of the whole taken together is musical—and a tune. Then it is Truth. For all Falsehood is dissonant—and verity is concert. It is our faith, that the souls of some women are angelic—or nearly so—by nature and the Christian religion—and that the faces and persons of some women are angelic—or nearly so—whose souls, nevertheless, are seen to be far otherwise—and, on that discovery, beauty fades or dies. But may not soul and body—spirit and matter—meet in perfect union—at birth; and grow together into a creature, though of spiritual mould, “beautiful exceedingly,” as Eve before the Fall? Such a creature—such creatures—may have been—but the question is—did you ever see one? We almost think that we have; but

“She is dedde,
Gone to her death-bedde
All under the willow-tree,”

and it may be that her image in the moonlight of memory and imagination, may be more perfectly beautiful than she herself ever was, when

“Upprew that living flower beneath our eye.”

Yes—’tis thus that we form to ourselves—incommunicably within our souls—what we choose to call Ideal Beauty—that is, a life-in-death image or Eidolon of a Being whose voice was once heard, and whose footsteps once wandered among the flowers of this earth. But it is a mistake to believe that such beauty as this can visit the soul only after the original in which it once breathed is dead.

For as it can only be seen by profoundest passion—and the profoundest are the passions of Love, and Pity, and Grief—why may not each and all of these passions—when we consider the constitution of this world and this life—be awakened in their utmost height and depth by the sight of living beauty, as well as by the memory of the dead? To do so is surely within “the reachings of our souls,”—and if so, then may the virgin beauty of his daughter, praying with folded hands and heavenward face when leaning in health on her father’s knees, transcend even the ideal beauty which shall afterwards visit his slumbers nightly, long years after he has laid her head in the grave. If by ideal beauty, you mean a beauty beyond what ever breathed and moved, and had its being on earth—then we suspect that not even “that inner eye which is the bliss of solitude” ever beheld it; but if you merely mean by ideal beauty, that which is composed of ideas, and of the feelings attached by nature to ideas, then, begging your pardon, my good sir, all beauty whatever is ideal—and you had better begin to study metaphysics.

But what we were wishing to say is this—that whatever may be the truth with regard to human female beauty—Windermere, seen by sunset from the spot where we now stand, Elleray, is at this moment the most beautiful scene on this earth. The reasons why it must be so are multitudinous. Not only can the eye take in, but the imagination, in its awakened power, can master all the component elements of the spectacle—and while it adequately discerns and sufficiently feels the influence of each, is alive throughout all its essence to the divine agency of the whole. The charm lies in its entirety—its unity, which is so perfect—so seemeth it to our eyes—that ’tis in itself a complete world—of which not a line could be altered without disturbing the spirit of beauty that lies recumbent there, wherever the earth meets the sky. There is nothing here fragmentary; and had a poet been born, and bred here all his days, nor known aught of fair or grand beyond this liquid vale, yet had he sung truly and profoundly of the shows of nature. No rude and

shapeless masses of mountains—such as too often in our own dear Scotland encumber the earth with dreary desolation—with gloom without grandeur—and magnitude without magnificence. But almost in orderly array, and irregular just up to the point of the picturesque, where poetry is not needed for the fancy’s pleasure, stand the Race of Giants—mist-veiled transparently—or crowned with clouds slowly settling of their own accord into all the forms that Beauty loves, when with her sister-spirit Peace she descends at eve from highest heaven to sleep among the shades of earth. Sweet would be the hush of lake, woods, and skies, were it not so solemn! The silence is that of a temple, and, as we face the west, irresistibly are we led to adore. The mighty sun occupies with his flaming retinue all the region. Mighty yet mild—for from his disk awhile insufferably bright, is effused now a gentle crimson light, that dyes all the west in one uniform glory, save where yet round the cloud-edges lingers the purple, the green, and the yellow lustre, unwilling to forsake the violet beds of the sky, changing, while we gaze, into heavenly roses; till that prevailing crimson colour at last gains entire possession of the heavens, and all the previous splendour gives way to one glory, whose paramount purity, lustrous as fire, is in its steadfast beauty sublime. And, lo! the lake has received that sunset into its bosom! It, too, softly burns with a crimson glow—and as sinks the sun below the mountains, Windermere, gorgeous in her array as the western sky, keeps fade-fading away as it fades, till at last all the ineffable splendour expires, and the spirit that has been lost to this world in the transcendent vision, or has been seeing all things appertaining to this world in visionary symbols, returns from that celestial sojourn, and knows that its lot is, henceforth as heretofore, to walk wearily, perhaps, and wobegone, over the no longer divine but disenchanted earth!

It is very kind in the moon and stars—just like them—to rise so soon after sunset. The heart sinks at the sight of the sky, when a characterless night succeeds such a blaze of light—like dull reality dashing the last

vestiges of the brightest of dreams. When the moon is "hid in her vacant interlunar cave," and not a star can "burst its cerements," in the dim blank imagination droops her wings—our thoughts become of the earth earthly—and poetry seems a pastime fit but for fools and children. But how different our mood, when

"Glow the firmament with living sapphire!"

and Diana, who has ascended high in heaven, without our having ever once observed the divinity, bends her silver bow among the rejoicing stars, while the lake, like another sky, seems to contain its own luminaries, a different division of the constellated night! 'Tis merry Windermere no more! Yet we must not call her melancholy—though somewhat sad she seems, and pensive, as if the stillness of universal nature did touch her heart. How serene all the lights—how peaceful all the shadows! Steadfast alike—as if there they would brood for ever—yet transient as all loveliness—and at the mercy of every cloud! In some places, the lake has disappeared—in others the moonlight is almost like sunshine—only silver instead of gold! Here spots of quiet light—there lines of trembling lustre—and there a flood of radiance chequered by the images of trees! Lo! the Isle called Beautiful has now gathered upon its central grove all the radiance issuing from that celestial Urn! And almost in another moment it seems blended with the dim mass of mainland, and blackness enshrouds the woods. Still as seems the night to unobservant eyes, it is fluctuating in its expression as the face of a sleeper overspread with pleasant but disturbing dreams. Never for any two successive moments is the aspect of the night the same—each smile has its own meaning, its own character—and Light is felt to be like Music, to have a melody and a harmony of its own—so mysteriously allied are the powers and provinces of eye and ear, and by such a kindred and congenial agency do

they administer to the workings of the spirit.

Well, that is very extraordinary—Rain—rain—rain! All the eyes of heaven were bright as bright might be—the sky was blue as violets—that braided whiteness, that here and there floated like a veil on the brow of night, was all that recalled the memory of clouds—and as for the moon, no faintest halo yellowed round her orb that seemed indeed "one perfect chrysolite;"—yet while all the winds seemed laid asleep till morn, and beauty to have chained all the elements into peace—overcast in a moment is the firmament—an evanishing has left it blank as mist—there is a fast, thick, pattering on the woods—yes—rain—rain—rain—and ere we reach Bowness, the party will be wet through to their skins. Nay—matters are getting still more serious—for there was lightning—lightning! Ten seconds! and hark, very respectable thunder! With all our wisdom, we have not been weather-wise—or we should have known—when we saw it—an electrical sunset. Only look now towards the West. There floats Noah's Ark—a magnificent spectacle—and now for the Flood. That far-off sullen sound is the sound of cataracts. And what may mean that sighing and moaning, and muttering up among the cliffs? See—see how the sheet lightning shews the long lake-shore all tumbling with foamy breakers. A strong wind is there—but here there is not a breath. But the woods across the lake are bowing their heads to the blast. Windermere is in a tumult—the storm comes flying on wings all abroad—and now we are in the very heart of the hurricane. See in Bowness is hurrying many a light—for the people fear we may be on the lake—and Billy, depend on't, is launching his life-boat to go to our assistance. Well, this is an adventure.—But soft—what ails our Argand Lamp! Our Study is in such darkness, that we cannot see our paper—and therefore in the midst of a thunder-storm we conclude our Article.

A NEW REIGN.

KINGS are mighty disagreeable people to write on, and we always wish to avoid them as much as possible. Our readers will testify, that it has been our practice to give this wish almost boundless indulgence. There are, however, moments when we are compelled, however great our reluctance may be, to disobey it, and this is one of them, from the following reasons:—

In the first place, a new reign is commencing: at such a time the compact is renewed between the sovereign and his subjects; and it is the solemn duty of the latter to tender to the new King, along with their allegiance, all the instruction which the history of his predecessors, and an examination of his own conduct, can supply. It is the time when they are called on to “fly from petty tyrants to the Throne,”—to look above the Cabinet and Legislature,—and, in once more surrendering themselves to its authority, to urge on the Crown itself the removal of sorrows, the redress of wrongs, the adoption of example, and the granting of stipulation, without sparing either dead or living Majesty. They are commanded to do this by what they owe to the new Monarch, as well as to themselves. He is inexperienced, and therefore needs information and advice;—he is anxious for popularity, and therefore willing to listen to them;—he is unpledged, and therefore free to choose his policy; and he is surrounded by flatterers and intriguers, and therefore in danger of falling into every error. It is the only moment of his reign, in which his people can reasonably hope to make an impression on him: when he is once fully committed in advisers and measures, they are excluded from all effectual access to his ear and heart.

In the second place, his Majesty ascends the Throne under circumstances in the highest degree peculiar. In general, a king, on his accession, finds his people either prosperous, or, at the worst, only enduring ordinary and transient suffering; a proper Ministry is in existence, or materials abound for forming one;

parties base their contention on efforts to promote the public good, and the community can trust to them for remedy and benefit;—and public men are bound by the laws of honour, and are compelled to seek fame and profit in serving the interests of their country. But to the present King the case is reversed. He finds his people enduring such loss and misery as they never before knew in the history of his family, and which have assumed a permanent character. Relief, from the existing Ministry, cannot be expected, and the formation of another differing from it in other things than name and person is scarcely practicable; parties virtually compose a conspiracy against the administering of effective remedy, and public men make a sordid trade of principle, and regard the sacrifice of national interest as a matter of duty and wisdom. For the first time, the annals of England present the portentous fact of rulers, merely to produce some distant, speculative, undefined good, doing that which they know and confess will bring loss and wretchedness on hundreds of thousands and millions. It is to the King alone that his people must look for the removal of their distress, and the restoration of the sources of good government; they cannot, as heretofore, hope in Parliament and the Ministry.

In the third place, the most mischievous doctrines have been for some time fashionable, touching the powers and duties of the King. At one time we are called on to yield servile obedience to prerogative; we are commanded to laud and support the Ministry, merely because it is the King's; it is a crime to oppose “the King's government.” Here he is converted into a despot. Then faction has some measure to carry, to which he is hostile; therefore we are assured that he ought to be the tool of Ministers, and that they have a right to coerce him into such tool by every means in their power. Here he is virtually deposed. In truth, the real object in both cases is to make him a cipher touching the Ministers; the despotic power given him in the first,

is only to enable him to make them despots over both him and the community. Farther, the responsibility of Ministers is spoken of as though it ought to shield him from all responsibility and all duty. He is placed, not only above the rules and regulations which govern society, but also above remark and animadversion in such exercise of his kingly trust as his advisers have not to account for. However gross and pernicious his private vices may be, it is called unconstitutional to notice them; no matter what evils his use of prerogative may produce, censure of it is denounced as little better than treason. Even where party and faction have no motive for spreading delusion, the King is looked on, during his life, as little better than a nominal public functionary. He is regarded as an ornament to the political edifice; a something requisite for giving it the proper finish, pomp, and magnificence, but useful chiefly in appearance—as a state officer, having small power, influence, and will, and existing principally to give the sanction of his name to the opinions and acts of others. The tendency of the whole is to deprive the King of the sceptre on all occasions when he ought to wield it—to incapacitate him for discharging the more grave of his duties—to throw him practically out of the Constitution—to tempt him to violate his obligations—and to extract from him, in his official character, the greatest measure of abuse and evil. History, indeed, avoids the error; in examining a reign, she calls the King himself to her tribunal, and treats Ministers and Parliaments as his agents and subordinates; without condescending to notice the responsibility of his servants, she makes him responsible for the losses, miseries, and disgraces inflicted on the empire. In this she righteously discharges her duty; but, alas! she only brings forward truth when it is too late, for every thing save despised example. A new King ascends the Throne, and so long as he can, and does, produce evil, his misconduct is charged on others; history only appears to make him accountable when the hour for reclaiming and reforming him has passed for ever.

In the fourth place, either his present Majesty must act in the manner

prescribed by the Constitution—must exercise his functions with equal assiduity and firmness, or the most terrible calamities must soon fall on the British empire.

In the fifth place, some ground for hope is found in his Majesty's character and conduct. Almost a stranger to party and political life, it may be presumed that he is the more free from bonds and bias, and the more attached to his country. The sterling English sentiments which he has displayed on certain minor matters, afford reason for hoping, that on leading ones he may feel like a right-hearted Englishman. His anxiety to make himself popular, may justify the opinion that he wishes to deserve as well as to enjoy popularity—that he desires to be loved as a friend, as well as to be cheered as a spectacle—that he intends not only to conciliate his people, but to give them the utmost measure of prosperity and happiness.

The King's office transcends all others much more in greatness of power and importance of duty, than in dignity. No other part of the fabric of government is more essential and beneficial, or exercises such overpowering influence over the whole. We speak of it in its separate character, and to the extent in which it is not, and cannot be, under the guidance of Ministers. It depends on the King, whether Parliament and the Constitution shall have real being, and shall not operate as a public scourge; this is more especially the case in the present days of Parliamentary servility and profligacy. If he err, all is error and evil below him; if he neglect his duty and abuse his trust, other public functionaries do the same. A wise and virtuous Cabinet and Legislature, can only exist with a wise and virtuous King; both must be imbecile and corrupt, if he be so. Parliament cannot, or will not, exercise the power it is endowed with for directing and controlling him; but from him it takes its character in despite of duty.

The King is emphatically called the Father of his People, and the title is no empty one: he is clothed with the power, and bound by the obligations, of the Father. To style him merely the Chief Magistrate, is, not only to degrade him, but to ex-

empt him from the discharge of many of the most weighty of his duties. His paternal care is to watch incessantly over the whole conduct and circumstances of his people; and it is not only to provide and enforce laws, but to display examples, bestow reward, dispense bounty,—in a word, to do every thing which can repress evil, and produce good. The head of the Church, he is bound to promote, by all the means in his power, religion and morals; the fountain of honours and dignities, he is bound to encourage and reward virtue and ability; the master of the Cabinet, he is bound to do his utmost towards assuaging sorrow, banishing want, employing industry, and increasing prosperity and happiness. His obligations to exercise the parent's active and affectionate discretion, comprehend the beggar as well as the peer—the hovel as well as the princely mansion.

These obligations are not the less sacred and imperative, because the King has to discharge them by means of others. He has to discharge them through his Ministers, that he may do it the more effectually, but not that he may be released from them.

Much is said of the responsibility of his advisers, but what is it in reality? The unofficial part of them cannot be reached, and as to the remainder, he alone can give it effect, save in such violent infractions of law, as no Minister would be guilty of. The King, in right of his office, selects the Ministry; in this he selects the principles and policy on which the empire is to be governed, and the men who are to give them operation. If his choice be the very worst, where is the remedy? It cannot be found in the punishment of advisers, or the responsibility of Ministers. Parliament has in effect a veto on his selection, but he has means for rendering it useless. If such creed and Ministers are forced on him as he is hostile to, he soon contrives to get rid of them, and to replace them with his own. The history of every reign abundantly proves, that his choice, however baleful it may be, must be acquiesced in. To what tribunal are his Ministers responsible? One, the decisions of which they influence and govern; and which, putting this out of sight

judges them with any thing rather than impartiality and justice. If they be arraigned on sufficient charge and proof, they can commonly command a triumphant acquittal in Parliament. The King alone can terminate their evil doings, and dismiss them; without him, their responsibility is but a name.

Nothing, of course, could be more erroneous than the idea, that because his Ministers are responsible, he ought to be their passive confederate and instrument—that because they are to appear and act for him, he ought to give his sanction to every thing they may advise. The responsibility would be by this virtually destroyed. It is intended to restrict them to the giving of proper advice, but not to make them more than advisers; it interferes not with his duty of exercising his judgment and discretion on their advice, and instantly inspecting their conduct as a master. It is so far from divesting him of responsibility, that the Constitution empowers his people to address complaint and remonstrance to himself; and, if these fail, to withhold from him the means of carrying on the government.

Thus, although the King is associated and confounded with his Ministers, his character and duties differ essentially from theirs. The constitution makes them his servants, merely restricting him from causing them to do what they ought not; and with such restriction he is to act as their master. He is to judge their proceedings with jealous vigilance; in duty he is much more associated with Parliament, than with them; the head of the Executive, his functions are still essentially deliberative ones, to be exercised like those of Parliament, in sitting in judgment on the acts of the Executive.

To qualify the King for being the real Father of his People, these matters seem necessary. He ought most scrupulously to avoid being the member of any party or faction. Having to decide between parties, he must favour the right—he must prefer and support the best principles and men as the arbiter, but beyond this he must not go. If he sink into the partisan, he virtually deposes himself; he gives his sceptre to his party, and becomes its subject. The very best party, in respect of

both creed and character, cannot rule the King without losing that which makes it meritorious and useful, and becoming highly mischievous. Acting from selfish interests and feelings, involved in strife,—blinded by enthusiasm and animosity, nothing but the King can place on it the proper restrictions.

This, of course, includes principles and measures, in regard to both of which it is of the very highest importance that the King should act as the impartial judge. The choice in these rests with him either for good or evil; it is only through his power over the Ministry, the just can be adopted, and the pernicious abandoned. If he commit himself as the partisan or parent, his people lose all security against destructive misgovernment.

The Ministry is necessarily comprehended, as consisting of the heads and essence of the favoured party. It cannot possess dominion over him without being led by the circumstances in which it is placed into almost every kind of misrule. It not only has a deep private interest in abusing its power, but it is impelled to do so unintentionally, or from good intentions. However ruinously its principles and measures may operate, it is sure to adhere to them with the utmost pertinacity, because their evil fruits cannot be so injurious to it as its abandonment of them would be: if it persevere, it can charge these fruits on other causes; but the abandonment would be a confession of error and incapacity destructive to it. In addition, the infirmity of human nature makes it blind and deaf to all proof that it is in the wrong. The history of late years affords deplorable testimony, that after public men pledge themselves to principles and measures, no evidence can make an impression on them, and they will persist in them even to the ruin of the empire. Parliament and public opinion can do nothing against the Ministry if it have the King as its instrument; he must take the lead in restraining it; and it is by him alone that good principles and measures can be substituted for bad ones.

To prevent his Ministers from obtaining undue influence over the King, it seems essential that they should not be numbered amidst his

private friends; he should have no intercourse with them beyond what is required by official duty. If he become their friend, he sinks into their partisan and dupe; he decides between rival candidates for office and systems of policy on the reverse of the grounds which ought to govern his decision. A Minister can never, in the true sense of the word, be a friend to the King; he must use any friendship that may subsist between them as a source of profit to himself. Independently of the improper favour which Ministers must draw from the King's friendship, it must enable them to impose on him in the most pernicious manner touching public affairs.

All this is sanctioned by the Constitution, which assumes the King to be incapable of being a partisan; to be free from bonds and partialities, and to be always ready, when the public good may require it, to change his Ministers and their policy. It does not allow that he can pledge himself, or act from the influence of friendship.

It is utterly impossible for the King to discharge his momentous duties properly, or in any other than the most injurious manner, if he be not correctly informed in respect of the condition and feelings of his people, the character of his Ministers, and the fruits of the policy acted on by the latter. How can he gain the information? His private friends will conceal from him the truth; they will shape their words to suit his prejudices and their own interests; they will blind and deceive him. His Ministers will necessarily labour to keep him in ignorance and delusion; if they be even upright men, they will still plead their own cause to him, and therefore do their utmost to mislead him. If he look at the debates in Parliament, he will find one side stoutly denying what the other asserts in respect of fact; parties will be vehemently at issue touching the causes of admitted effects; and the Opposition will labour as strenuously to suppress, misrepresent, and delude on one side the question, as the Ministry will on the other. If he turn to the newspapers, they will act like Parliament; perhaps if Parliament be the same, they may be about all on one side denying the

existence of distress, when it overwhelms the whole community, or ascribing it to erroneous causes, and fiercely warring against remedy.

How then can the King gain the necessary information? He ought to converse frequently and much with able, intelligent, impartial men, who can speak from their own knowledge. They will supply him with accurate facts, and communicate to him the feelings of society; they will make him acquainted with that legitimate public opinion which is not to be found in the press, and which he must know and follow, to do right. They will teach him to participate in the spirit and sentiments of his people, and to treat with due discrimination the assertions of party and faction.

Another essential is, the King ought to employ his influence to keep the great constitutional parties of the State in due opposition to each other. If they combine, Parliament and the press employ themselves in concealing facts, stifling discussion, suppressing public opinion, and inculcating error. Their contention draws forth much truth and argument, and enables the independent to speak with effect, although it is so prolific of falsehood and misrepresentation; and proper intelligence, on the part of the King, can separate the good from the evil. But their union ranges all the falsehood and misrepresentation on one side, makes them infinitely more unscrupulous, and puts down all opposition to them: it afflicts the country with moral lunacy, and not only deprives the King of the sources of knowledge, but combines every thing to misinform and delude him.

The proper division of the great constitutional parties is not more essential for enabling the King to judge righteously between men and principles, than it is for enabling him to give the needful effect to his judgment. It was a capital error in his late Majesty that he was always anxious to combine these parties; from the moment when he became the Regent, almost to the time of his death, he was continually labouring to accomplish it by means of a "broad-bottomed Ministry." Divide and rule—is as true touching the King and parties, as it is in any case whatever; he must divide parties, or be their impotent subject and slave; the ty-

ranny of their union must be as grinding to him as to the community. The union can only be compassed by the destruction of principle amidst public men; both sides must sacrifice either creed or integrity; and thus they acquire despotic power over both King and people, and escape from moral restraint on the exercise of it, at the same moment.

Such union cannot, in the nature of things, have long existence. Those who enter into it are actuated by sordid selfishness, which it cannot gratify! They do not intend it to continue, but they resort to it as a more effectual means of subduing each other than open hostility; each party is from the first determined to separate as soon as it can extract the strength from, and expel the other. But in the short period of its existence, it is sure to involve the King, as well as the country, in appalling difficulties. Public affairs are managed by party fanaticism, in utter contempt of fact and evidence; and the community is soon plunged into misery; in this state of things the King has no resource, for the union has pledged all public men against change; if parties separate, the one which goes into opposition, protests against different measures, and merely inflames the passions of the ignorant, to make the evils produced by the distress, and the King's embarrassments, as great as possible.

It is of the very highest importance, that the King should always be able to change his Ministers, and their policy, when public need calls for it—that he should be able to exercise his prerogative effectually, as well as nominally, and to appoint a Ministry fully capable of managing public affairs on opposite principles. It is his solemn duty, when the community endures nothing but suffering under one system of policy, to call an opposite one into action. Without this, he is no King, according to the constitution, and he cannot discharge the obligations of one. To ensure it, parties ought to be divided, as we have said, and the division should be resolutely maintained by himself. Whenever his Ministers are unable to carry on the government on their own principles, and display a wish to adopt those of the

Opposition, he ought at once to dismiss them, and put the Opposition into office. This is called for by many reasons, as well as the necessity for the division of parties.

It is a most pernicious thing for the Opposition to consist always of the same party, although it may be matter of necessity. It keeps the party from official experience and habits of business, and thereby makes it the most useless as an Opposition, and if it be called to power, the most incompetent as a Ministry. The party necessarily addresses itself to the lower orders; it inflames their passions, adopts their wishes, and constitutes itself their leaders; misrepresentation and arguing on the false and mischievous side, enter into its daily occupation. In consequence, the longer it is excluded from office, the more visionary and pernicious its creed becomes; the more influence it obtains over the body of the people, the more it separates this body from the King, the Aristocracy, and public institutions, and the more atrociously it tramples on truth and reason. The proof of this afforded by the history of the Whigs, is not

more curious than melancholy. In the days of Fox and Burke, they were statesmen; they made abstract principle merely a thing of practical use, studied the practical portion of finance, trade, &c., and attended with due ability to every department of government. What are they now? They have declined into visionaries and fanatics. They can speak of nothing save abstract principle, which they strain to the wildest extreme of falsehood and absurdity: public affairs, in regard to detail, and effects to the community, are below their notice; they leave finance to such people as Hume and Maberly; trade they cannot look at; taxes they can only declaim against in the gross; and provided the Ministry adheres to certain general doctrines, it may do any thing it pleases through the whole range of domestic and foreign policy. Never did any other body of men exhibit such complete ignorance of real business—such incomprehensible lack of acquaintance with actual men and things. Mr Brougham,* at York, denounced war as “unchristian,” and professed to doubt whether the difference be-

* The magnificent declamation which Mr Brougham has put forth in Yorkshire, touching liberty, France, and himself, makes it our duty to remind the country, that, in the last session of Parliament, he was perfectly speechless on the “persecutions” of the Press, instituted by his worthy friend and brother-lawyer, Sir J. Scarlett. Other Whigs did their duty like honest men; but he did nothing. If we be told that his crown fee as a lawyer sealed his lips as a legislator, we will reply, What right, then, has such a man to enter Parliament? Let the country remember, too, what his conduct was in the contest between arbitrary Ministers and popular right and feeling, on the Catholic Question. What is his regular conduct in Parliament, in regard to such petitions as are not palatable to him? Through his whole life he has constantly either supported power, or been neutral, in its inroads on national freedom and privileges, unless the interests of his own faction have led him to do the contrary. Perhaps we ought to unadvert on the compound of bombast, egotism and fanaticism, untruth and insult, which he has inserted in the newspapers, as his address of thanks to the Yorkshire freeholders for electing him. Under the pretext of thanking them, he advertises himself and his nostrums, after the fashion of the regular advertising quacks. He is elected, forsooth! because all Yorkshire agrees with him in principle, and supports him!!! Passing by the despicable invention, touching agreement of principle at a preliminary Whig meeting, which took place to discuss the propriety of inviting him to become a candidate, his principal supporters were an editor of a provincial newspaper, and a retired country barrister; the Whig country gentlemen were opposed to him. At the York dinner, he could not refrain from insulting the freeholders; he told them they had done for him what he would not have done for a Yorkshireman in Westmoreland. At another election we trust Yorkshire will vindicate its dignity and character. If the Whigs, in their present hopeful prospects, do not wish Mr Brougham to ruin them as a party, they must either put on him the bridle of discretion, or get rid of him. Age, instead of sobering him, seems only to render him more intemperate and fanatical. Singular, indeed, must the times be, when Yorkshire, the first of counties, has sent this slave of a party to Parliament as a county member!

tween a low price of corn, and a higher one, went to the producer, although he was sure it was taken from the consumer; in plain English—for his doubt amounts to this—he thought it made no difference to the producers whether they sold their corn, or gave it away. How such a man, after uttering such wretched ravings, in contempt of all reason and fact, can hope to occupy a high place in the Cabinet, we cannot conjecture. Yet the Whigs abound in ability. Of Mr Brougham we need not speak. Earl Grey, in natural talent, has no superior in Parliament; if he had studied real life as much as party doctrines, and had laboured as zealously for public interests as for those of party, he would have had no superior in it in any respect. Sir J. Graham has powers equal to any thing: it is lamentable to see these fine powers humbling themselves to party errors, evidently against their conviction, cramped by party bonds into comparative imbecility, compelled by party folly to waste themselves on petty trifles, and warring against things English, at the nod of party despotism, in despite of their wishes and their sterling English nature. Why does not their owner, even if for no other object than to retrieve the fallen character and fortunes of his party, cast from him his chains, and appear before his country in the dignity of freedom! He only injures and disgraces his party by following it; to serve it, he must rise to the rank of leader.

It cannot be doubted that this has been produced in the Whigs principally by their constant exclusion from office; if they had, as a separate party, enjoyed their fair turn of it, they would have been, from experience, far better men of business—they would have been pledged to infinitely more rational, practical opinions—they would have been much more connected with the King, the Aristocracy, the Church, and the independent part of the community—and they would have had far less influence over the passions and prejudices of the multitude.

So long as the Opposition advocates principles which the King, the Cabinet, and the Legislature, decide ought not to be acted on, it ought to

be excluded from power, no matter what may be the consequences; but here the ground for its exclusion ceases. The triumph of their principles forms the best of all reasons for giving them the Cabinet. If the Ministers be the best men, and their principles be the true ones, still, if they cannot maintain themselves in office without apostatising to their opponents, they ought to be dismissed. It is only in Opposition that the men and their principles can regain their supremacy.

Nothing can be more erroneous than the idea, that if the Ministry apostatize to the Opposition from necessity, this will weaken the latter, and render its creed innocuous; it must necessarily have a contrary effect. The Ministry, in going over, destroys its character, suppresses its principles, and forces its party into the ranks of the Opposition. If its new principles produce all manner of evil, the blame is cast, not on them, but on its own incapacity, and it is without resource; instead of being able to limit their application, it is compelled to give them a wider one than the Opposition itself would attempt if in power: the latter soon lowers its creed to find ground of difference, and it drags the Ministry after it. For a number of years the Tories have regularly lowered their creed to approximate it to that of the Whigs; and the effect has been, the Whigs have as regularly lowered theirs, to keep up the difference, until at length we see Whiggism sunk to the confines of Republicanism; compared with it, the faith of Mr Fox was high Toryism.

No matter how distasteful an Opposition may be to the King and the intelligent part of the community, still if it be too powerful for the Ministry, give it office, as the only effectual means of weakening it, and purifying its principles. It will be placed under the potent control of the King; a considerable part of its press will forsake it; the support of the multitude will change into neutrality, and then into hostility; it will be compelled to change its language, to place many of its doctrines on the shelf, and to promulgate different ones: it will, from necessity, falsify many of its professions by its acts; its creed will be properly judged of

by its effects, and its members by their conduct. In addition, much of the strength it loses will be transferred to the dismissed Ministers. While nothing is better calculated to weaken an Opposition, and correct any exaggerated opinion of its character, than office; nothing is better calculated to strengthen a feeble Ministry, and cleanse its reputation from unjust reproach, than the sending it into Opposition. A party in office keeps losing, and in opposition keeps gaining, strength and character, in regard to popular feeling.

If the King suffer his Ministers to embrace the creed of the Opposition, from the hope that it will enable them to retain office, he will find himself grievously mistaken. By so doing, he not only ensures their expulsion, but makes their return to office almost impossible: he deprives them of all strength as a Ministry, and incapacitates them from acting as an Opposition; he makes them the instruments of the Opposition for gaining power, and afterwards retaining it. If he dismiss them with principles unchanged, they at once stand forth as the opponents of the new Ministry, and divide the country against it; they are almost immediately in a condition to re-enter the Cabinet, supported by popular feeling. But after the inevitable dismissal which their apostasy produces, they are pledged to support the Ministry in essentials, and they are deserted by the country. The latter can create no new party in their place; public men are all bound to the same policy, and in consequence, no matter who the electors may send to Parliament, the Members will be unanimous. Thus the King can neither take his favourite Ministers again into office, nor obtain others of their principles; he is bound to those who are forced on him.

We are guilty of no extravagance in assuming that a Ministry will apostatize to the Opposition, as a means of maintaining itself in power. In late years, different Ministers have made a regular system of doing it, and the system has been insisted on as alike wise and necessary. How often has it not been rung in our ears, that Ministers ought to make this or that surrender, merely to keep themselves in office! How often have we

not been assured, that they ought to be supported in adopting the creed of the Opposition, in order to keep office from the latter! With regard to other countries as well as this, the doctrine is inculcated, that Ministers ought to disregard principle and conscience, and to follow the dictates of their opponents, for the purpose of retaining power. The real meaning of it is, that to prevent certain men and principles from holding office constitutionally, and under the action of proper restraints and balances; they ought, in effect, to hold it unconstitutionally, and with despotic power;—that, to prevent one party from doing injury, another party ought to do the same injury, and infinitely more. It is not more false, than it is injurious to every party interested.

What has it produced to the Tory Ministers? It has ruined them; the elections just ending have proved that, in respect of the community at large, it has stripped them of both character and party.

What has it produced to the Tory party? It has ruined it; this party is now lost amidst the Whigs.

What has it produced to the King? It has left him without choice in men and measures, and disabled him for discharging his duties.

And what has it produced to the country? A far wider application of Whig doctrines than could have taken place if the Whigs had been in office. In respect of general policy, it has virtually destroyed Parliament and the Press, and placed the country under a practical despotism; the country has been deprived by it of all means of judging correctly of the measures of government, and of appealing against them. Fortunate, indeed, would it have been for the community at large, if the Tories had been expelled from power, in favour of the Whigs, seven years ago, before their apostasy commenced!

Whatever party the King may be led by choice or necessity to place in office, he ought to make it a rule for his Ministers to be men of the best character, private as well as public. Public character is governed by private; whatever a man is as a private individual, that he will be as a Minister. The Minister who is godless, licentious, and unprincipled in pri-

vate life, will dispose of Church patronage to the irreligious and rapacious; piety, virtue, and inability for becoming political instruments, will be with him disqualifications. He will dispose of civil patronage in the same manner; he will exclude men of honour and integrity, and fill subordinate offices with profligates. Such a Minister's personal connexions will be amidst the vicious; and his mode of conducting public affairs will render it necessary for his subordinates to be regardless of principle. In public, as in private life, virtue and its rules will be despised by him; in the management of the affairs of the country, as in that of his own, he will sacrifice to his interest all the obligations which bind the pure and honourable.

If the leading Ministers display a contempt for religion and morals, honour, public spirit, and virtue, their example must be about as prolific of evil as their deeds. Parliament will imitate them, for the sake of imitation, as well as to gain the bribes they will offer it. From such Ministers must flow a licentious and corrupt Legislature.

Ministers like these can never gain any important share of public esteem and confidence; that part of society which dispenses the latter is shocked and disgusted by their proceedings; it is always in dread of what they may do, and therefore it even tolerates them with reluctance. The fruits of their conduct, sooner or later, fill the land with vice, evils, and discontent. A virtuous Ministry is loved for its virtue; and by promoting general morals, raising the character of the clergy, purifying the general body of public functionaries, and exalting the standard of honour, principle, and public spirit in Parliament, it continually enlarges the sources from which alone governments can draw confidence and affection. The case is the reverse with a vicious one.

The character of the Ministry has a great effect on that of the Opposition. Virtue in a Ministry contributes half to the defeat of an Opposition which is vicious; and in the latter it ensures its triumph over a vicious Ministry. The virtuous Ministry, when it loses place, must

make an Opposition of the same character.

It has been said, and we trust it is true in the rule, that virtue and talent are naturally allied. This, however, is evident to all, that the want of talent in a Ministry must compel it to be vicious; while the possession of it must tempt it to be the contrary. In addition, if a Ministry do not possess the requisite share of ability, it must govern to scourge, and it must soon fall. If, therefore, the King wish his Ministry to do its duty, confer on his people the blessings of good government, and endure, he must use his efforts to make it comprehend the greatest portion possible of talent. He must not be content with two or three gifted leaders, but his care must extend to the subordinates; there must be the rising as well as the mature tree—the future successor, as well as the present possessor.

Contempt of this has had a large share in ruining that party which enjoys his present Majesty's preference. It used its patronage to provide for imbecile connexions, or to buy worthless adherents; and it could spare none for ability; it was to flourish by the corrupt purchase of family influence or apostate opponents, and not by conferring honourable reward on rising talent. It thus repelled such talent into the ranks of its foes; and, when its leaders sunk into the grave, its strength was buried with them; it found itself opposed by nearly the whole talent and eloquence of the country. Imbecility then led it into profligacy, and profligacy into tyranny; and its ruin was completed. Even in its present state, it adheres to the same system; not a single young man has been brought forward in political life by the existing Ministry for the sake of his talents alone.

The King may learn from this that the matter must not be left to his Ministers; they are much more likely, from envy, jealousy, the impotency of supporters, and other causes, to exclude talent, than to secure its alliance. His interest in it is infinitely greater than theirs; they can only hope to hold office for a few years, and they have no inducement for providing proper successors. But

he retains his office for life; and if his Ministers be incapable, or if, when he loses them, he cannot find others duly qualified, it involves him in grievous personal embarrassments. In what is of such vast moment to himself, as well as to the country, his vigilant care must extend to every department of office; he must provide future as well as present Ministers; he must be the Patron, and turn the stream of talent into his service, in utter disregard of fortune and connexions. In past history, most of the errors and misdeeds of governments, the troubles and sufferings of kings, may be ascribed to neglect in this; a Ministry cannot stand long in this country which does not possess commanding ability and eloquence; and it will, in the period of its existence, cover the King, itself, and its creed, with reproach and unpopularity.

It is the duty of the King to give his decided preference and support to right principles in all things. Fashion has about as much influence in principles as in dress; and, in regard to them, it is continually changing. The world casts off one creed because it is old, and despised by the fashionables, and adopts another because it is new, and in vogue, as it does its garments. At one time, it is the fashion to be religious, and at another, to be the contrary; now Toryism is all the rage, and then it is thrown aside in favour of Whiggism. The King must remember, that principles do not change, in their nature and effects, with variations of popular feeling respecting them; they are equally true or false, whether the nation be for or against them: no popular enthusiasm can prevent the adoption of those which are erroneous from bringing every ill on himself and his people.

In regard to such principles as have been demonstrated to be true, the King must adhere to them with unconquerable firmness. He must not follow, but endeavour to lead, fashion: if it set against him, he must labour to turn it by all the means in his power. He must call eloquence to his side, both in the Ministry and the Press; in his disposal of favours and rewards, he must be rigidly guided by principle. If he bend, court, and conciliate—if he shun and

discountenance those who maintain the right, because they are unpopular, and bestow his favour and public honours, without reference to desert, on those who support the wrong, because they have fashion and the multitude with them—if he do this, he will soon find himself forsaken by the good and the wise, the slave of faction, and possessed of no other power than that of injuring himself and his people.

With regard to such principles as are matter of controversy, the King ought to oppose their adoption to the utmost; laws and institutions, property and bread, are not fit objects of experiment. If he have the adoption of them forced on him, he must use every means for causing the trial to be a fair one. Party and faction must be repressed—assertions must be disregarded—both sides must be heard with equal impartiality—and the decision must be according to the results. Every facility ought to be given to Parliamentary enquiry and discussion. The King ought to use every means for making the adoption matter of contention between the great parties of Parliament, in order that he may be able to forsake the principles, if they are proved to be pernicious. Great speculative changes of law and system ought never to be made with the sanction of both parties, because such sanction, however destructive they may prove, disables the country for opposing, and the King for abandoning them. If he cannot prevent them, he has the power, by changing his Ministers, to raise a strong opposition to them, and he ought to exercise it. He must have the fact ever before him, that however warmly he may favour a change, still, if it be an erroneous one, it will involve both his people and himself in troubles; and therefore he ought never to venture on one without first providing the means of retracing his steps if necessary.

We have spoken of some of the leading obligations of the King, which refer more particularly to the circumstances and opinions of the present time; our words, of course, relate to the King in the abstract. We will now say something touching his present Majesty.

He is invested with duties arduous

in the extreme, and with responsibilities to God and his country which set calculation at defiance. That he feels this—that he is too much an Englishman to shelter himself under any constitutional or other fiction, is what we cannot doubt. Neither law, nor any thing besides, can to conscience divide the possession of power from responsibility for its exercise. He is surrounded by such difficulties, as scarcely any king before him had to grapple with, and the fearful burden is cast upon him, of not only selecting but creating the means of subduing them.

As the head of the Church, his Majesty will remark the lamentable decline of religious principle. Practical piety is not to be tolerated—the observance of the common decencies of religion is denounced under the nicknames of Evangelism and Puritanism—and the profanation of the Sabbath in all its forms is openly defended. He will see that the Church is rapidly sinking in possessions as well as power—that the clergy have, to a large extent, lost the confidence of the laity—and that the power of its enemies is increasing in all directions.

We feel assured that the King will not content himself with exhibiting, in the conduct of himself and his Court, that reverence for religion displayed by his father; but that, in addition, he will do his utmost to prevent improper appointments in the Church, promote piety and discharge of duty amidst the clergy, and extend the means of religious instruction amidst his people.

The King will perceive that, as a natural consequence, moral and honourable principle has declined with that of religion; and that from the whole has necessarily flowed a fearful decline of political principle. He will see that public men scoff at the sacred obligations of fidelity, consistency, and integrity—that the prejudice, “our country,” has nearly vanished—that legitimate public spirit has scarcely any existence—that parties not only disregard the public weal, but make the sacrifice of it meritorious—and that political creeds have been brought to bear with equal fierceness against all public and individual possessions. He will observe that old checks and balances

are destroyed—that the beaten host has retired from the contest—that no voice can be heard in the realm save that of combined party and faction—and that all is portentous unanimity in favour of those principles which, under the name of improvement, have undermined every social institution, dissipated or diminished every fortune, and filled every cottage with want and misery.

We cannot doubt that his Majesty will resort to the proper remedies. He will banish from his court, not only the private, but the political, profligate; his displeasure will fall as heavily on the public man who tramples on the obligations of honour and integrity, as on the private one, who violates the laws of virtue. He will leave nothing undone to form his Ministry of men, whose private and public lives are equally spotless; and his care will extend to every class of public functionaries. By thus giving virtue and honour the ascendancy in the Court and Cabinet, he will give them it in the Legislature and the country at large; he will restore to the Crown, the Ministry, and Parliament, public confidence and affection.

His Majesty will exert himself to dissolve the unnatural combination of parties in Parliament. He will see that this combination deprives the independent and patriotic part of the Legislature of both voice and influence, and that it has the same effect on the community—that through it party and faction are rendered omnipotent, and Parliament is placed above the influence of the nation, and prohibited from attempting to remove evil and relieve suffering. To give success to his efforts, he will bind his Ministers to a distinct and tangible creed—make men responsible for principles—and confine the Cabinet to those whose doctrines are to be acted on. By this he will soon separate parties and creeds—bring them into constitutional and beneficial conflict—and give the triumph to the right.

In regard to policy, the King will not be led by the interested Minister, or the party fanatic. When they boast to him of their liberal principles and enlightened views, their ameliorations and improvements, this will be his reply:—“What have the things

which you laud so extravagantly and indecorously produced? The solemn duties which rest on me compel me to call for proof as well as assertion. I am bound by my obligations to God and my people to look at fruits—to judge of truth and error by effects—to take my definitions of right and wrong from the result of experiment. I hold the sceptre, not to promote political fanaticism—to propagate party heresies—to conceal ministerial incapacity—to sanctify factious turpitude—or to sacrifice the empire to abstract opinions; but to give prosperity, virtue, and happiness to my people. Restricted thus as to what my policy is to produce, I am restricted to that only which will produce it. I have sworn as a king, and my oath shall be sacred; I am pledged as a man and an Englishman, and my pledge shall be redeemed.

"Has, then, the policy of which you boast removed loss and want? Has it employed the idle, fed the hungry, and clothed the naked? Has it increased religion and virtue, loyalty, content, and comfort? Has it enlarged the possessions of the rich, and the enjoyments of the poor? Has it added to the stability of public institutions, and to the power, cohesion, and security of the empire? Prove that it has done this, and it is mine;—you incapacitate me from embracing any other.

"Such proof you have not, and in the absence of it I am compelled to resort to the evidence of my senses. For five years your policy has been in comprehensive operation, and had it been founded on truth, its fruits would long since have made this matter of demonstration. I find, however, in these fruits only demonstration of error. Under this policy, loss, want, wretchedness, and barbarism, have increased in an unprecedented manner; the condition of all ranks and callings has suffered grievous injury; and the injury has extended to good feelings and national professions of every kind. At this moment I find the mass of

my people struggling with insolvency and suffering, which, in degree and duration, have no parallel in modern history;—I find them enduring almost every thing which the worst policy and misrule could produce.

"Were I a member of party or faction, I might disregard this, or deny its existence, or ascribe it to any thing rather than the true causes. Were I a private individual, I might content myself with lamenting it; but I am neither. The bonds are upon me—which I cannot, and dare not, break—to observe it, trace it to its sources, and provide the remedies. It is my duty to protect property wherever it may be assailed—to banish hunger and nakedness wherever they may be found—to solace suffering wherever it may exist—and I have no alternative to obedience. I cannot regard your distinctions, and sacrifice one part of my people to another. The claims on me of the landowner, silk weaver, and husbandry labourer, are equal to those of the manufacturer, cotton weaver, and mechanic; and partiality would be guilt which I cannot commit. With severe impartiality, I must restore to the distressed interest and class, no matter what they may be, the means of prosperity—I must give to the starving workman, no matter what may be his calling, employment, and adequate wages. If, in doing this, I have to oppose your dogmas, reverse your policy, destroy your reputation, and cover myself with all kinds of contumely,—if I have to stand alone against the hostility of every party, I must still do it.

"From your party opinions and interests, your specious names and delusive theories, I separate myself—as the King, I can have no connexion with them—I appeal from you to my People."

Such, we confidently hope, will be the conduct of his Majesty. If he act differently, awful will be the history of the reign of William the Fourth.

FRENCH REVOLUTION.

REVOLUTION!—French Revolution!—Dread watchword of mystery and fear!—Augury of sorrow to come!—Record of an Iliad of woes!—Is it then indeed true that another French Revolution has dawned? That its laurels are already mingled with cypress? That its martyrs are already many? That its victims are again seeking their old asylum in England? And is it possible that, by this generation, with the sad recollections of the last forty years, any Revolution whatever—the purest, holiest, most righteous—can be welcomed with transports of sympathizing joy and unmitigated triumph?—Yes, we are told this Revolution was sown in peril and civil conflict: it is reaped in glory and peace. The dangers, it is said, are over and gone: the Revolution is at an end.—Let us enquire.

The comparison is put as between 1830 and 1792-3. Yet why? Speaking without partisanship, the just point of comparison is with 1789 and July 13, 1790. That revolution, even more than this, was won with moderation and civic hands. That also seemed freighted with golden hopes for France, and, through France, for universal Europe. All the earth made sign of gratulation; one voice of glad fraternal acclamation ascended from every land; and if some kings, among the more bigoted of their order, frowned, even from the first, upon the new-born aspirations of liberty, it is certain that they were not supported by the wisest or most timid of their subjects. Many hearts yet linger upon the shore, as it were, of those great remembrances, when men and women, of every climate, felt their common nature exalted; and for the first time in the records of this planet, a jubilee was celebrated, in which, either by hope or by immediate sympathy, the whole family of man, including the most outcast Pariah, seemed entitled to participate.

The spectacle of a mighty king descending halfway down the steps of a throne, consecrated by the superstition of a thousand years, to meet his people in a covenant of

pure elementary justice, fascinated the gaze alike of the thoughtless and the thoughtful. Nor even in the second stage of this great change, when violence began to unfold itself, and the grand dithyrambic transports of the first enthusiasm had passed into a tragic strain, was the favour of good men entirely withdrawn. Allowances were made for the excesses of a zeal, noble in its origin, and as yet virtuously pointed. Hence, when

————— “the dread Bastille,
With all the chambers in its herrid towers,
Fell to the ground, by violence overthrown
Of indignation, and with shouts that
drown'd
The crash it made in falling;”

the very mildest of Christian philosophers responded with unfaltering exultation. Violence, indeed, had triumphed, but over an enormous and hoary abuse. Public order had been wrecked; but in this instance,

————— “from the wreck
A golden palace rose, or seem'd to rise,
The appointed seat of equitable law,
And mild paternal sway.”

How those visions perished, in what manner that dawn of celestial promise was overcast, and deformed by storms such as never had descended upon civilized communities; and how, at last, the billowy agitations of popular frenzy were smitten by the petrific mace of military despotism, and republicanism swallowed up by a power growing out of itself,—all this is recorded in the blood and tears of every nation, and in the debts which cripple the leader of the Anti-Gallican crusade.

Neither let it be said, that the sad revulsions in this original revolution of France were slow of coming, or that they were provoked by foreign aggression. They who speak thus forget, or dissemble the truth. Already, on the 6th October, 1789, the Queen of France had been hunted in her palace, from chamber to chamber, by the bayonets of assassins; and though the agony of her long trial was not consummated until more than two years after, yet from that day it may be said that the throne was undermined. As to fo-

reign aggression, that it *did* call forth the military strength of France, as a matter of fact cannot be denied. But it had no share in producing the civil disunions, or the bloody excesses which attended them: those were the growth of domestic factions, and were the true original provocations to the regal interference. Nor, supposing this to have been less prompt in coming forward, is there any room to think that a nation, suddenly made conscious of her own stupendous strength, and eager as France was (and is) for occasions of military display, would long have wanted pretexts for war upon the thrones of Europe. Who began, where both sides were eager to begin, is a question impertinent to the purpose. Suffice it, that a revolution of republican tendency from the beginning, though drest at first in smiles and festivals, speedily developed a form which, for five-and-twenty years, gave us cause to mourn

“ For wrong triumphant, battle of battle
born,
And sorrow that to fruitless sorrow
clung.”

Forty years are gone, and another revolution succeeds, somewhat less pacific in its outbreak, but otherwise of the same character, and tending by possibility to the same results. In that, perhaps, our experience is a snare to us: too certainly the faith of the enthusiasts, who now master the press, is a snare to *them*. But let us contemplate the case—*calmly* is hardly allowed to us with respect to events so mighty and so near—steadily, however, and in a spirit of truth.

In 1814, the Bourbons were recalled to France:—by what? Was it the voice of the country? Not exactly so, for the country was then too distracted to have any unity of feeling in what regarded *that* question. It burned with shame and wrath to see its soil, its very capital, and military eagles, at the mercy of foreigners. That consideration engrossed it; and it is probable, that had the Allied Sovereigns, instead of addressing their liberal overtures to the persons then uppermost in Paris, sent round a circular invitation through France, authorizing the votes of the people, no determinate answer would

then have resulted. One craving was at their hearts, which, under the pressure of immediate circumstances, could not hope to be gratified. Some momentary exasperation there was, in parts of France a deep one, towards Napoleon, as the man whose intemperance had provoked a ruin from which his utmost energy was found unable to deliver them. Yet how transitory that feeling was, and how soon it recoiled into the master-yearning of the French mind, appears from the immediate organization of the *Violet* conspiracy. Hardly in history is there a more striking fact, nor in a purer cause one more noble, than the mysterious whisper, which, in the winter of 1814, went circling through France, of a restoration which was to blossom when the *Violets returned*. Then, and by the explosion of national enthusiasm which followed the return of Napoleon, whose very breath sufficed to dissipate the Bourbons, a truth was put on record, in respect to the French character, which fifteen years cannot have made obsolete; it is this—that, how much soever the French nation may value civil liberty, they value the national glory still more; that, consequently, a brilliant and fortunate leader will meet with unmeasured indulgence even in his utter abolition of all free institutions; and, on the other hand, that the most conciliatory and popular demeanour, and the most perilous concessions to the cause of civil liberty, will, at the utmost, obtain a toleration (and scarcely a toleration) for a king who is not distinguished by shining personal qualities.

But we are told that Frenchmen are altered, and are no longer the frivolous Frenchmen of Louis XIV. and XV. Heartily we grant it—heartyly we avow our conviction, and our thankfulness, that the noble qualities which belong to the French character have been unfolded and advantageously nursed by the great events of the last half century; and it will be seen, further on, that we are utterly at war with the great stream of German writers in their arrogant estimate of the French as a people essentially below themselves. On the contrary, we hold the Germans to be the meanest and most timid people in Europe; and the French we

view as the only nation, which, in its civil relations, approaches the standard of British character. Still it is undeniable, that the military passion, the taste for showy and uncivic glory, is the perilous infirmity of the French mind. Human possessions are never held in absolute security; nor is it fit they should: a state militant, or something tending that way, is indispensable as a condition for ventilating our minds, irritating our exertions, and preserving us from torpor. Antagonist forces, therefore, there must be; but in France they are in morbid overbalance. Nor is it likely that any effectual remedy can be applied to the case, until a generation entirely new shall have possession of France, disciplined by an education more substantially patriotic, and looking back to the still agitating remembrances of Marengo, Austerlitz, or Eylau, as mere heraldic honours, not as personal concerns. As it was, in 1815 those remembrances extinguished all others; and, but for one obstacle, they would have re-seated Napoleon firmly on his throne. The explosion was premature; the Allies had not dissolved themselves; and, what was still less to have been anticipated, their unity of purpose was entire. Twelve months more, and Napoleon would have found Europe open to his intrigues; and in France, at all events, sooner or later, he would have met no organized resistance to his entire resumption of the old military domination.

Yet, at that very point of time, when, for any French opposition, Napoleon had actually triumphed, France knew, that in the opposite scale, and as the alternative for her choice, she had civil liberty and immunity from the conscription. But these blessings, because they were loaded with a Bourbon, and included a long resignation of warlike splendours and revenge, France enthusiastically renounced. This fact is one which cannot be gainsaid. Not only did France submit, without an effort for throwing off his yoke, to the iron sceptre of a military despot, who would brook no whisper of the popular will; but, when liberated from

this scourge by enemies who dealt with her more beneficially than she with herself, him and his system, without condition of any kind, she re-adopts freely, cheerfully, triumphantly. Doubtless there is something in the way of palliation: the Bourbon, though nominally restored by the choice of France, was regarded as substantially the creature of foreign protection; and he was a continual record of an odious occupation of the land by Prussian and Austrian bayonets. There was even a generosity in sparing capitulations to an unfortunate leader, at the moment of his approaching struggle with enemies who held the language of extermination. So much is true, that compassion, and a sentiment of wounded national honour, did avail Napoleon to an extent inconceivable in other countries. His situation was held a privileged one; and his misfortunes commanded, for the most part, a forbearance which possibly was destined to cease in the event of his victorious return to Paris. But the capital rights of nations cannot safely be waived or transferred from seasons of critical advantage to such as are (in the strict sense of that word) *precarious*—that is, existing by treaty, on whatsoever motive of delicate reserve, generosity, or retaliation upon enemies.* And those who, for reasons so passionate or personal, betray a trust of this nature, must go through a discipline of trial and afflicting consequences visibly traced to their own enormous failure, before they can have a title to the confidence of a steadier nation.

Bonaparte was ruined, and the Bourbons were a second time restored. The charter, however, was not withdrawn. In all respects that boon had been ill advised. It gave too much and too little. Coming exclusively from the crown, it was contemplated by the king, and by every administration whom it was possible that the king would approve, as a capable and ready subject for revision, dispensation, and modifications in every degree. Absolute bounty, it was thought, might resume without wrong what had

* Even for his own sake, Napoleon must have replaced the Bourbon charter, with some imperfect concessions of the same tendency.

been received without gratitude, and was held with a general disposition to abuse it. In any case the royal munificence would remain good for so much as it should leave. Were but a trifle reserved of the original concessions, *lucro ponatur*, that was so much to be thankful for—so much more than justice exacted. On those principles arose the censorship. Yet, as, in its origin and tenure, the charter was too much of an act of grace, and not (as it should have been) a *petition of right* moving upwards from the people—on the other hand, in its substance, it was of a popular cast, beyond all necessity and prudence. There are countries with the very lowest capacities for liberty, to which the charter would have been a less perilous gift than it was to France, simply because it would have been disarmed by the existing institutions, by aristocratic usages, by a spirit of manners favourable to their assertion, by the absence of an overruling capital city, and, above all, by the arrangements of landed property. In France, had there been no other democratic tendency, that single part of the law which regulated the succession to estates would have given to the charter an operation of irresistible weight. Property continually subdivided, nowhere accumulated in abiding masses, made the existence of an aristocracy impossible. Add to this the turbulent—almost the incendiary press—the tone of sentiment prevailing through the chief seminaries of education, the impotence of the priesthood, the concentration in one vast metropolis, and the free communication of general disaffection to the government, combined with great intelligence and republican courage; add finally, the democratic composition of the representative body, and it will be seen that, amongst all the agencies available for a political influence, not one, except the distribution of the revenue, fell into the service of the crown. Titles of honour, and other distinctions of that quality, ceased to have their ancient force; without an organized aristocracy, that branch of the royal functions was defeated; the individual was won, but he brought over no body of dependents. Thus it happened, that of all the prejudices, customs, usages,

institutions of the French nation, not one was found to hang a *sufflamen* or retarding action upon the natural operation of the charter, but united in giving to this democratic constitution an accelerated movement.

With these difficulties the various administrations of Louis XVIII. and Charles X. contended upon various lines of policy, with various ability; and, for the moment, with some variety of success; ultimately there was none, and could be none. All things were rapidly hastening to a crisis, at which the king's government could no longer be conducted by *any* ministry whom the king would have chosen. A representative government, too improvidently created by the charter, had thrown into the hands of the people a power, which, at length, was matured. They were determined to use it; and it was not within the possibilities that government should prevent them. Without the sanction of majorities in the Chamber of Deputies, public business could not move; and majorities, by any means at the disposal of government, were absolutely unattainable. In this wretched dilemma, and before attempting a *coup-d'état*, the French ministry turned their thoughts to a *coup-de-théâtre*. Military success was the one single bait which, in France, could be offered to the public mind. This propitiation was resolved on, and thence came the Algerine expedition. Memorable enough it is, that a measure which the wrongs and indignities of Christendom had invoked for centuries in vain, was at length adopted in good earnest as a ministerial intrigue. The expedition prospered; the resistance had been well calculated, the plans well laid; and it seemed that the ministers were better able to compute the terms of foreign than domestic warfare. As a military success, it could not have been more complete. But whether it were in part that the scale of the affair was too narrow—simply the abatement of a nuisance which it was a dishonour to have tolerated, rather than any glory to have destroyed,—or whether it were entirely and merely that the motive of the expedition became too palpably open to every eye, and, falling out at this particular

season, betrayed too much of the ulterior policy upon which the cabinet reckoned,—certain it is that the effect on the public mind was inconsiderable and evanescent. Attempts were made to sustain the interest by exaggerated accounts of the Algerine treasures; and the several portions, as they arrived, were ostentatiously sounded on the public ear. But the days were gone by when such pantomimic artifices could bribe the French people. The great domestic measure, which the foreign one had been meant to mask, was in progress; and not one eye of any intelligence was drawn off from it for a moment. The refractory Chamber had been dissolved, the elections proceeded, the result was past all doubting, and the popular party—that is the nation—were unable to dissemble their triumph.

Now came the final crisis. Upon any possible issue of that crisis a revolution was at hand. It was inevitable. When the Chambers opened, the mere necessities of public business would have compelled the King to dismiss his ministers. But no change of the individuals would have brought any remedy to the evil. One set of men would have been put forward after another, all alike incapable of commanding the votes of the Deputies. Equally useless would it have been to dissolve the House: the same, or a worse, would continually have been returned. No dilemma ever was more perfect. Could the improvidence of the charter, which in sixteen years had brought about such a dead stop to the course of public affairs, be more strikingly illustrated? Without any change whatsoever, except one, viz. in that article of the Charter which determined the composition of the Electoral Colleges, the oppression which now weighed upon the French Cabinet might have been graded. Such change was very possible a few years earlier: now, when the whole nation had become aware in what particular article it was that the secret of their strength lay, when the jewel in the popular coronet was detected, and every eye directed upon it, the time for that attempt was past.

Let us not do injustice to any party. A revolution, we repeat, was inevitable. For what was the alternative

which a month or two would have offered to the King's choice? Either to renounce the government of France, solemnly to withdraw himself from a collision with democratic forces, in which the King's conscience might make it impossible for him to participate—or to accept a ministry from the popular party much more republican than that of Dinnourier and his colleagues, which was forced upon Louis XVI.? The truth at length had become evident. The Charter was self-destructory. Pre-supposing a king as the giver, by his own gifts it confounded him. Recognising the monarchy as the centre of the French institutions, it tended, by the new rights which it conferred, to create a republic. It was a misgrowth of organs upon one body fitted to the necessities of another. Sixteen years' developement had brought to maturity these fatal errors in the Charter, and left no shadow of doubt that an explosion was now at hand; and the sole question which remained, was from which side the spark would fall.

A decided step was necessary, for no ministry could have advised the King to yield himself a passive tool to the convulsions which were at hand. As a King, capable of giving charters, he was now on the point of falling: the name of King he might retain, but not the character with which the constitution had clothed him. In what attitude should he meet his fate? Resisting, evading by retirement, or acquiescing? Fatal for himself, and for the credit of his good intentions with posterity, was the decision of his ministers. In an evil hour they resolved upon boldly facing the storm, and extinguishing, by unlawful means, the danger which menaced themselves in a form, alas! not contradictory to the constitution. Accordingly, on the 25th of July, they issued the fatal ordinances which “at one fell swoop” annihilated the liberty of the press, the existing House of Representatives, and the elective franchise of their constituents. Perhaps in calmer times, when history shall look back upon this appalling monument of human rashness, she will have reason to pronounce it the very boldest measure in politics which she has to shew upon her rolls. Upon what did the French Cabinet rely? Upon three

props—the army, the fancied merits of their Algerine exploits, and the pauc superstitious which still haunted the dread name of the *French Revolution*. These were the guarantees which they offered to the King for the security of their acts. It is clear, from the time chosen, that they must have built in some degree upon the impression from the affair of Algiers, (it is even alluded to in the ministerial preface to the ordinances,) and were therefore unwilling that it should evaporate; else it would have been more prudent to allow the Chambers to meet, and to have availed themselves of some violence on *their* parts, such as would not have failed to offer, under shelter of which they might have here produced the ordinances with more indulgence from the feeling of Europe. They miscalculated in every thing: even the troops were unprepared, and in some instances wanted ammunition. As to the *prestige* of the word “revolution,” that is now for ever disarmed: and it is strange, at any rate, that they should not have considered how inevitably the young and the poor (the two classes which were chiefly concerned in the three days’ work) would disown that restraint. The levity and the unreflective policy of the French ministers are not the least wonderful features in this stupendous event.

But errors of policy are lost in the guilt of bad faith. At this point we would wish to speak frankly. Whatever were the difficulties of the King’s situation—whatever were the errors of the popular party and the Parisian press, we would be understood to sympathize heartily with the people in their sublime triumph over meditated fraud and perfidy. All is lost, if the rulers of kingdoms are to be tolerated in examples of the vilest treachery. There is an end of confidence amongst men—honour, promises, and religious sanctions become a jest and a mockery, if solemn oaths can be dispensed with for a pretext of expedience. Less than a *moral* purpose would not have justified the French King in entering upon any hazardous enterprise: and how could *that* be served by means so immoral as perjury? One sole resource remained to the unfortunate Prince, if he declined (perhaps

it was his duty to decline) making himself a party to the revolutionary schemes which were on the point of shaking his throne, and, in the mildest event, of changing the relations in which he stood to his people. Seeing that a degradation was at hand, he might with dignity have anticipated his fate—descending voluntarily from the throne, and solemnly loading the French people with the reproach of ingratitude and blind animosity to the elder house of Bourbon, from which house they had received the very privileges which they now applied to its ruin,—Charles would have won the respectful sympathy of all moderate men through Europe. As it is, commiseration for fallen greatness, and awe-struck contemplation of the mighty ruins of time, are the prevailing sentiments of the thoughtful; but personal respect for the King has received a melancholy shock. The deceptions of his ministers may be answerable for his delusion as regards the policy of the orders in council; but no ministers could dupe his conscience on the obligation of his oaths. Hence we fear that his latter days will be doubly clouded. He would at any rate have been a monument of the wrath of Providence, which is now heavy upon his house, as heretofore upon the house of Stuart. But he might have been a victim altogether without blot or reproach: as it is, he will be admonished by the insults of the unfeeling, that he has co-operated to his own calamities, and has furnished that justification to his enemies, which perhaps they did not venture to hope for, and would have bought at any price.

The die was now cast: the recoil of democracy was like an effort of Titans, or of Earth in her heroic ages. In sixty hours the city of Paris had completed her work:

“All power was given her in the dreadful trance;
Those new-born laws she wither’d like a flame.”

In a week from the publication of the orders in council, the reigning house had abdicated. Doubtless, Charles X. was quickened by the remembrance of his unhappy brother Louis XVI. sinking from weakness to weakness, from concession to concession, until

he had nothing more to concede but his own head, and the heads of his dearest friends. The old proverb, "Short is the interval between the prisons of princes and their graves," probably stimulated his determination. But we have no reason to think that he would have shrunk from the trial, had he not been satisfied that it was hopeless. That chapter in the story is therefore closed: Charles X. will perhaps soon hide his "discrowned head" and his af-

flictions in the sanctuary of the grave: his son is too deficient in personal merits to have any chance of profiting by future revolutions in France; and, if they were the only persons* concerned, we might join in the general cry of our English newspapers—"that the great drama is wound up."

The drama wound up! Is it then indeed so? Have the great Æolian caves been again opened to the levanters of revolution, and shall we—the men of 1830, who look back for

* We have continual reason to observe, that matters of familiar notoriety to people of education, who were contemporary with the events which gave an interest to the facts, are imperfectly known to vast numbers, otherwise well informed, who have come forward in life at a later period. On this account, we shall state the divisions of the House of Bourbon, with the certainty that we shall be giving seasonable information to many of our younger readers. Of the Bourbon House there are four families. I. The family of Charles X. Few people can be ignorant that his eldest son, the Duc d'Angoulême, married his cousin, the Princess Royal of France, only daughter of Louis XVI. and the beautiful Marie Antoinette. On the accession of Charles to the crown, his son and daughter-in-law became Dauphin and Dauphiness. They are childless. The Duc de Berri, younger son of Charles X., was assassinated before his father ascended the throne: he left two children, of whom the eldest is a boy, about ten years of age, said to be an interesting, graceful, and well-educated prince. To his single person, as respects the succession to the crown, the entire hopes of this elder family were at length reduced. Secondly comes the Orleans family. The present head of that family, now King of the French, was *Duc de Chartres* at the French Revolution of 1789. Naturally following the impulse of his father, who himself signed by the name of *Egalité*, he escaped the first dangers of the republican era, but was afterwards compelled to emigrate. He lived for a time with Madame Genlis, in Switzerland, (by whom his education had been conducted,) as a protector to her and his young sister, Mademoiselle d'Orleans; and most laudably rose at four o'clock on winter mornings, for the purpose of earning bread for himself and the two ladies, by teaching mathematics. In the *Memoirs* of Madame de Genlis will be found an interesting account of the early sufferings encountered, with so much fortitude and dignity, by the princely brother and sister. On the death of his father on the scaffold, in 1793, he became Duc d'Orleans. In 1809, he married the daughter of that King of Naples who has recently died. By this lady, an exemplary princess, whose character is entirely of a domestic cast, he has eight children—five sons, of whom the eldest is about twenty, and the youngest about six; and three daughters, of whom the eldest is eighteen—all well educated and promising young people. The whole family are agreeable in manners and personal appearance, some of them strikingly so. Thirdly comes the afflicted, and now expiring house of *Condé*. About twenty years ago, this family consisted of three generations,—the Prince de Condé, his son the Duc de Bourbon, and lastly the Duc d'Enghuën, son and grandson to the two former. The murder of d'Enghuën, one of the worst acts of Napoleon, left that family in hopeless prostration, the Duc de Bourbon being at that time nearly sixty years old. Some years after, the Prince de Condé died: but the childless Bourbon, from a noble sentiment of reverence for the consecrated title of *Condé*, refused to assume it. He still lives under his original title. Fourthly, and lastly, (putting out of the question those Bourbons who have long been seated upon thrones,) comes the family of *Conti*. This statement is familiar as the standing and claims of our own royal family, to those who take an habitual interest in politics: but we repeat, that it will be new to scores of thousands, whose attention to such matters has been first awakened by the late events. By the way, every body who can feel indulgently for amiable vanity and egotism, will regret that the garrulous old Comtesse de Genlis was not spared, as well as La Fayette; his exultation is purely in the triumph of principles, hers would have been personal. The old lady might have been depended upon for a round score of volumes upon the elevation of her pupil to a throne.

forty years—presume to measure their strength, or to calculate their course? Not so: experience is not *thus* unlearned. Signs and portents even already arise upon us, before the new kingdom is a fortnight old. Already the ancient mobs have begun to intimidate the course of debate; and La Fayette, that father of revolutions and patriarch of sedition, will not always be at hand, to stretch his Neptunian rod over the rising billows. Even La Fayette could not (supposing that he *would*) have intercepted the organization of a strong republican faction, had the election of a king been delayed for ten days more. For a moment the agitations of irresolute republicanism have been quelled and arrested, by the certainty, that a resolution once taken, under avowed countenance from the prevailing leaders of the state, will and must be maintained. At present, therefore, when an open avowal of republicanism is exposed to the penalties of treason, the ardent young patriots in that school champ their unexpected curb, with as much patience as belongs to their sect and nation. Perhaps also the personal respectability of the Orleans family, for talents, accomplishments, and civic qualities, especially since this family would probably by any party have been placed at the head of affairs under some title or other, may take off the edge of the discontents for a time. Had a republic been immediately established, and had La Fayette been complimented with the titular distinction of First President, he must speedily have resigned a station that would be no sinecure: and who stands forward at this moment prominently enough in public estimation to contest the pretensions of the Duke of Orleans? Even republicans, therefore, satisfied that, under another name, they must have accepted the Duke, will acquiesce for a season; whilst all parties, except those who are careless of consequences, will rejoice that, by such an arrangement, the best course was taken for conciliating foreign powers. The Duke of Orleans, besides all his other advantages, has this, that his position and previous relation to the

crown, makes him a pledge of compromise with the extreme principles in both directions. To the foreign potentates, jealous on the article of legitimate succession, the Duke presents a qualified title in blood. On the other hand, to the purists in republicanism, that is not the title upon which he stands, but his popular election.

To meet an emergency, such expedients may answer. But it is the nature of equivocal and ambidexter expedients, that they apply both ways. At present, when all parties seek a pretext to avoid open ruptures, the wound is tented. But what will happen, when all parties are prepared, and eager for the assertion of consequences? The Orleans title will then be canvassed anew. Hypercritics on both sides will insist on flaws which at present they dissemble. For the college of princes, his title in blood may be found bad. For the democratic clubbists, his title by election may be good, but others may be better. What one election has established, a second may defeat. Indeed, the first election will be found self-defeated at any convenient season; for upon what right, precedent, or construction of jurists, did the Representative House undertake to bestow a king upon France? The House of Peers has *since*, it is true, communicated their approbation. But this act of countersigning was for the satisfaction of their own wounded pride, perhaps their security, rather than to meet any public acknowledged necessity: the instrument was perfect without their concurrence—the patent of creation had passed, and the king was proclaimed. Again, by what privilege, which their constituents could bestow, did that same House annul * the powers of nearly one hundred peers? The late king's authority had been vitiated by the overthrow of the charter: that occurred on, and not before, the 26th of July. All his acts were valid up to that day. The ninety-three disfranchised peers, though yielding partially (for some have protested) to the current of enthusiasm, grew upon as constitutional an origin as those

* The Chamber "proposed," the new King decided. But the measure arose with the Representatives, and virtually was forced upon the King.

who so lightly sported with their rights. It cannot fail to strike every body in France, that if these particular creations of Charles X. were invalid, all were so. This hint will be improved hereafter. Again, if those peers are found null, what becomes of the numerous legislative acts carried by *their* majorities? In this one passionate annulment many retrospective consequences are involved, which a Council of the Sections may afterwards more hardily follow out. Here we have again the old revolutionary taint, and the old inconsequence, denounced in 1790, by the greatest man of that age. "They have little regard," said Edmund Burke, speaking of those who proclaimed all thrones vacant which were not elective,—“they have little regard to the obvious consequences of their doctrine, though they may see that it bears positive authority in very few positive institutions of this country. When such an unwarrantable maxim is once established, no one act of the princes who preceded this era of fictitious elections can be valid. Do these theorists mean to invalidate, annul, or to call into question, together with the titles of the whole line of our kings, that great body of our statute law which passed under those whom they treat as usurpers?—to annul laws of inestimable value to our liberties—of as great value, at least, as any which have passed at or since the period of the revolution? If kings who did not owe their crowns to the choice of their people, had no title to make laws, what will become of the statute *de tallagio non concedendo*? of the *petition of right*? of the act of *habeas corpus*?”* These questions are as pertinent now as then. The same questions will be applied in France, as occasions ripen, in a far different spirit—not for the rescinding of the late acts, but for the fearful enlargement of their operation.

Other changes have been made with equal precipitation, but all tending to impress a republican character upon the constitution, upon the Legislative Body, and the functions of the people. The qualifications both of the electors and the candidates are altered: both the great councils of

the nation, and the preliminary *comitia* of the hustings, (which, by the way, are now to be renewed every five years,) are to be thrown open to the violence of youth. Perhaps the new law, in respect to the deputies, might, for itself, have been a prudent one; but the violence of the change, (sinking from forty to thirty years,) the suddenness, and the season, all mark the force of the revolutionary feeling. A change still more extensive in the pecuniary qualification, which is only not carried at the same moment, in consequence of a struggle about the exact point of the depression, will, at the next election, probably multiply the electors in a fourfold proportion. This concurrent change will give effect to the other change in the age of the electors. For the *existing* qualification in property would not, in any undue extent, have been found in young men of twenty-five. Consequent upon these changes will be an extension of the Chamber itself. And thus a large infusion into the Legislative Body of needy and republican men will soon open such communication with the clubbists and lower democracy of France, as formerly in the States General paved the way to anarchy.

Without the House and within, the same signs are abroad. Banners are already displayed, and these not the transitory ensigns of popular triumph, but the official banners of the commune of Paris, bearing the old watchword—“Liberty and Equality!” The title of *Excellency*, as applied to the ministers of state, has been proscribed by a public order. Under an instinct of prudence, the new king set the example of abandoning the external honours of his station; and receives the applauses of his country for abjuring those safeguards of rank, which, merely upon a principle of good taste, if any thing so important could be placed on so inadequate a footing, assuredly upon every argument of good sense, ought to encompass those, under whatever name—of king, or consul, or president—who represent the majesty of the nation. It is natural that a *roi citoyen* should wear such a spirit of manners, which in

* Burke's Reflections on the Revolution, (Works, vol. v. p. 111.)

him, perhaps, is not more a concession to the temper of modern France than to the plain and unpretending character* of his own mind. But these manners, as they argue and proclaim, will inevitably help forward, the tendencies of the times.

These tendencies run headlong into republicanism. For a time, the character of the king will fall in with that current. But a period will come, when he will and must oppose them. For if he is a plain man, he is also a sincere man, and of upright intentions. Had there been any real grievances under the two last Bourbons, (setting aside the censorship for the few last years, which, if we will deal honestly, was provoked by the intemperance and excesses of the press,) we might seek another origin for the disaffection of the nation. As it is, we know and lament that its true origin was the spirit of change and aspiring democracy in the middle and lower classes, a determination widely spread to obtain a stage for anti-social and disorganizing principles, either by war or by civil confusions, which will find an organ and an opening in the late revolution, but assuredly no final satisfaction. To this spirit, promoted by the infusion of young blood into the national deliberations, every thing will be thought (as it truly may be thought) to have been done upon too narrow a basis. Occasions will be sought or created for external quarrel; and the unquiet spirit of discontent with existing institutions will be called up in every land where civilization enough exists to allow a birth and an evolution to such sympathies. Let us not deceive ourselves; the French are, in many of the elements of that character, a noble people,—brave, martial, high-spirited, generous, and daily becoming more intelligent; but they are not eminently a wise people; and, in defiance of the obstinate insults heaped upon their own country by a particular set of journals among us, they are *not* a moral people, in a degree which will enable them to withstand

the temptations likely to unfold themselves. Meantime it is notorious, that a class of English writers, the most unprincipled as individuals, some of them emphatically proscribed as “scamps” among respectable people, and judging, perhaps, by the character of their own associates, have for several years been attacking the British nation, with all the virulence and sarcasm in their power, on its pretensions to a higher tone of morality. Sheer spite and low-bred insolence are the moving forces in these attacks. On the other hand, sounder theorists, for instance the late Mr Chenevix, conducted the attack upon the French, perhaps, with too much asperity and keenness. For our own parts, we grant that the French are improving, and have made astonishing steps in advance since 1789. Growing more comprehensive and liberal in their literary sensibilities, they have grown more thoughtful; an age of great struggles and great events has had the same exalting tendency; and growing more thoughtful, with more extended sensibilities, it was a necessity that they should become more of a moral people. As proofs of the great enlargement in the French intellectual tastes, we need only refer to the striking revolution on the Parisian stage in all that relates to English acting and the English drama; the prevalence for some years back, and the general toleration, of foreign poetry appealing to the higher passions; the encouragement of English and German literature, and even of Grecian and German philosophy, in its most mystical parts. For illustration of all this, the reader may consult the French *Globe*, a journal conducted by the friends and pupils of Professor Cousin. Still, with all these evidences of increasing depth and reflectiveness of character, it will be long before a solid probity of national character, such as belongs to the English middle orders, a probity triumphant over the temptations of public glory, will be secured. And surely, of the writers we are now alluding to, who insist so much on li-

* Mr Brougham, at the late dinner in celebration of the Yorkshire election, speaking of the new king, declared that “a man more unlike a prince he had never met with.” This was meant as pure praise. But certainly, at the present era, with republicanism so powerfully setting in through every organ in France, a worse present might be conceived to the country than a sovereign whose bias lay in another direction.

nities fatal to the tenure of his empire.

Bavaria is the last country from which an *original* movement of insurrection is to be expected. The king, when prince royal, was popular in the highest degree ; and being a truly enlightened man, with intentions thoroughly patriotic, he has improved the condition of his people, and discerned the signs of the times, so far as was possible for an eye looking downwards from the elevation of a throne. A popular influence, however, more fully sustained by the reaction upon Bavaria of the tumults which can hardly fail to arise in neighbouring countries, will assuredly discover wants not visible to the most benignant king. Such reforms have, in that favoured land, a chance for being pacific.

In Saxony and Prussia it is that we may look for a fiery struggle. The government in both is stern and military ; the jealousy mutual between the court and the people ; and the diffusion of political knowledge prodigious, in spite of every discountenance from the public authorities, (from the Court of Dresden, in particular, a discountenance which is continually increasing in harshness.) The intelligent population of these lands, it must be remembered, are sustained by vindictive feelings, gloomily cherished for sixteen years, as well as by the animating hopes of freedom. They conceive that promises were made to them at the time of the great coalition in 1814, as bribes to their cordial co-operation in the service of those days. That was a service upon which kings and their people embarked with an equal interest ; and it is well known, that in the enquiry which afterwards settled the general claims, considerations were granted to each crown in the ratio of the efforts made. Upon this arrangement the sovereigns carried off the whole rewards, though some share was confessedly due to their subjects. *That* was to have been redeemed by the performance of their liberal engagements, which as yet have been blankly disowned, or disingenuously evaded. A day of vengeance has been long looked to ; secret societies, with the view of forwarding that event, under a disguise of misleading names, have been ex-

tensively formed ; many preparations have been made. We must not deceive ourselves ; the contagion of the scenes in Paris—the power of the example—the overwhelming success—the frenzy of the joy—the thundering applause reverberated from England, will overset all restraints of prudence ; and if the strongest military demonstrations, on the part of the Prussian government, do not overawe the movement, there will be an *immediate* explosion in that quarter of Europe. The newspapers have given us an article, under the date of Maestricht, which professes to be a cabinet order from Berlin, abjuring all interference with the affairs of France, and allowing a free course to the expression of public opinion along the line of the Prussian frontiers. This article, though generally accredited by the journals, foreign and domestic, wears some appearance of forgery. Supposing it to be authentic, what a concession to the spirit of the age, as contrasted with the policy pursued by Prussia forty years ago ! What a proclamation of her panic !

Still more perilously situated are the Netherlands. So many ties of neighbourhood, familiar use of the French language, and old political connexions, unite the Low Countries with France, that it will require something stronger than the Orange sceptre to repress the progress of the new opinions. Wherever the Rhine flows, we venture to predict, that within eighteen months this great river will water a country changed, or changing, in the spirit of its institutions. The cabinets of the continent are all in one and the same perplexing dilemma ; resisting the freest intercourse with France, and the most liberal expression of sympathy with France, they fall at once into an angry collision with the fermenting popular enthusiasm—a collision which is not unlikely to anticipate the very crisis they fear, in seeking to prevent it. On the other hand, to allow unlimited indulgence to every city that may choose to bandy compliments and congratulations with the *commune* of Paris, is really nothing else than laying the foundation stone of a revolution, under the tacit sanction of government. States like England, free for ages, are privileged excep-

tions: England, with the ease and carelessness which belong to robust health, can stand the shock of wild republican ebullitions at dinner parties, or other scenes of public display. But the raw and undisciplined kingdoms of the continent will make a fearful inauguration of their new-born hopes, if they are permitted to build upon a revolution which will teach them that the French charter of 1814 was not sufficient in its concessions for the demands of rational freedom.

Of Southern Europe we speak with more reserve. Those countries are under powerful political influences, but mixed and self-counteracting. Misrule assists the cause of revolution far and wide in Italy, and absolute disorganization in Spain and Portugal. On the other hand, Popish bigotry, to an extent unknown in Austria or Bavaria, throughout Spain, and very much in Portugal, throws its undivided force into the opposite scale. Personal questions, in some instances, interfere to disturb the calculation still further; and few prudent men would attempt to predict the course of events for six consecutive months. The Carlists in Spain, put down with so much difficulty two years ago, are again moving. The mercantile and *liberal* faction in Oporto, and elsewhere, are again putting out their feelers. Enissaries of revolt will be continually teasing the coasts of the whole Peninsula; and the grievous defect of personal respectability in the reigning sovereigns offers an encouragement to such attempts. In Northern Italy, perhaps the constitutional languor of the natives will yield at length to the double excitement from France and from Germany. But whatever may be the final tendency of the many schisms in both Peninsulas, one thing is perfectly certain—that a long series of new and fierce distractions will be the immediate portions of these harassed (and of the Western Peninsula we may say—exhausted) countries.

These prospects are important to us at any rate—they become a thousand times more important in their relation to our domestic evils. On these, and the menaces they present, we would say a few words. It is the hackneyed artifice of political

writers, either out of party violence, as a trick of rhetoric, or by way of stimulating attention, to speak of the country as on the brink of ruin; as though a mighty empire could so easily receive an impulse of that magnitude from the errors of some one individual, or of a single transitory cabinet. Extravagancies of that kind are disdained by men of sense. And we have little need of hyperbole, where the grave realities before us are more than sufficiently alarming. The waters of the great abyss are again abroad: One deep is calling to another—trepidation and panic are spreading over the thrones of Europe: the friends of real liberty are perplexed, and uncertain of the course before them: no William Pitt is at hand to guide us; no “great leading angel” arises to dictate the destinies of Europe; nor could a second Pitt avail us in an age which would not brook the harsh temper of his imperial policy. We depend, therefore, upon the hope of moderation in the present French democracy, not upon any resources of our own, in the event of that hope failing. We rely, it seems, upon the mutable populace of Paris; and, if they should deceive us, we are without compass or anchor. Yet in this state of acknowledged uncertainty, we hear one uniform shout of exultation ascending from men of every party—Whigs, Tories, Bigots, Liberals, Radicals, and Subscribers to the Holy Alliance!

Fatal, if it should prove irretrievable, and most memorable in any case, is the dissolution of party connexions, and the obligations which grew upon them, within the three last years. No longer period than that has been found sufficient to unknit whatsoever it was the subtle policy of our ancestors, sagacious at least as politicians, to bind into fixed combinations. Mr Canning's apostasy, followed afterwards by many lesser apostasies, was the first great shattering blow to the separate cohesion of Whigs and Tories. What insulated fragments might remain of either party, still clinging to some unity of principle and action, received a second and final blow from the general apostasy of the late wicked House of Commons on the Catholic Question. In illustration of this, we copy

a few lines from the letter of a friend, who had been absent for about two years from England :—

"Nothing," says he, "strikes me so much, during these five weeks that I have been in London, as the prodigious revolution in the tone of political leaders—those even that preserve their honesty. In the *Standard*, which seems to be about the ablest of the London papers, I see things daily that two years ago would have stamped any man a radical. Formerly, you and I, and all of our party, pursued a policy with regard to *all* the proposals of the radical party, such as the honest men in a king's ship pursue towards mutineers. They resist them : and even when the mutineers talk sense, they resist them, because else they would be strengthening the mutineers against the king's officers. At length, however, the ship has gone on shore ; the captain is killed, the officers are drowned, or missing, except a midshipman or two who bear no commission, and the mutineers are individually the most respectable of the survivors. In this situation we consult for the common safety ; and, of course, we listen to any man, mutineer or not, nay, to the ringleader of the mutineers, according as what he says is rational and hopeful. Such I imagine to be our position with respect to the defunct parties of Whig and Tory. And in that way only am I able to explain the continued radicalisms of our friends. They are set loose from all restraints of duty to their party, whom it is no longer possible to serve, because they have split into a thousand fractions, and recombined with all sorts of aliens, runaways, and vagabonds like themselves."

Thus far our friend, whose observation of the phenomena is true to the case which public life now exhibits, and his explanation natural.

Yet we hear continually some foolish voice raised in triumph on the extinction of Whigs and Tories. A single reflection upon the theory of our constitution will satisfy us that this triumph is founded in folly. Philosophically speaking, neither Whigs nor Tories, taken separately, express the truth of our constitution—but both in combination. They are the antagonist forces of the English constitution, as necessary to each other as the centrifugal and centripetal forces in another system, which by mutual hostility produce an equilibrium, and a uniform motion, that could not otherwise have

resulted. When Mr Fox, therefore, took as the thesis for his projected History of our Revolution—the *justification of the Whig party*—meaning that they, and not the Tories, were right and consistent in that great effort of wisdom,—he totally misconceived the philosophy of the case ; since neither Whig principles nor Tory principles prevailed in that measure, as in opposition to each other ; but the two parties met *in equilibrio* ; and the Revolution belonged equally to both. To one party is confided the conservative charge of the popular powers—to the other of the powers of the crown. Either party, insulated, would represent an abortion ; both together, make up the total constitution. But it was wisely arranged in the practice of our forefathers, that, by consigning the two opposite functions of the constitution to two different organs—Whigs and Tories,—a life and a passionate justice should be secured to the support of each, which would droop and fall into languor or inequality, supposing that one and the same mind were charged with the defence of two opposite principles. One man, from complexional differences of mind, has a keener sensibility to the regal rights—another to the rights of the people. And upon these elementary distinctions which constituted the original meaning of *Whig* and *Tory*, grew, or sometimes accidentally supervened, other distinctions which stood in no necessary relation to the characteristic principles of either, but which (equally with such as did) promoted the public service. Thus, for example, the Tories opposed Napoleon ; the Whigs patronised him. The Tories, on the other hand, patronised the Spanish cause ; the Whigs opposed it. In neither case did the political feelings grow at all upon the stock of Whig or Tory principles—but upon the accidental position of the Whigs, as a party out of office, to the Tories as a party then in administration. In other instances, it often happened that the differences had more a reference to the original distinctions of the two parties. But, in any case, this division of parties *cast the parts* in the public drama, distributed the business, and organized the functions of public

life. No other possible arrangement could so effectually provide for the hearty and vigorous administration of the national interests as this which is now so unwisely abandoned. And if it should be argued that the same substantial division of parties still prevails, though abandoning the names of Whig and Tory, this were to boast a mere verbal change, which would be childish indeed. But it is most evident to every observer that it is *not* so; since the vile apostasy of the late vile House of Commons, there was (as there must always be) a distinction of members as in and out of office; but there the distinction ceased. You could not even distinguish them as Ministerial and Anti-ministerial; for he who opposed Ministers to-day, perhaps gave them his vote to-morrow. Nay, as we now learn by the manifesto of the parties themselves, one weighty division of his late Majesty's Opposition, through the whole of last session, gave their support to the Minister, in the teeth of their own convictions, out of sheer pity for his imbecility, (perhaps, also, out of some lingering hopes for themselves.) In reality, party combinations, on any broad public principles, having been broken by public profligacy, are in a condition which scarcely allows of their restoration. Casual and momentary cohesions for private purposes, and on no one principle whatever,—resembling the shifting pillars of sand in the Great Desert, which mould and un mould themselves as restlessly as northern lights, unable to maintain their consistency for two successive minutes—such are the fractionary and crumbling elements from which the public service is to be furnished. And it may truly be said, that of the late House of Commons, the majority was united by no one principle of connexion, except the perfidious violation of the only great principle they had ever professed. Yes! too lamentably true it is, that the Catholic Question was carried, not by accession of strength to the Whigs, but by desertion of those who used to call themselves Tories. Hence the union of all parties in expressing their scorn of these men. Hence Mr Brougham has lately assured us, that they would just as readily have voted the other way, had the Minister directed them :

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so much do those ever hate the traitors who prize the treason. Hence also the single effort of public sentiment through the late elections has been towards those unworthy traitors. For a reason which it would not be decorous to allude to more particularly, as also on account of the imbecility of the Ministry, it has been generally felt by the nation, that any new Parliament at this time might have several chances for proving a short one. For this reason, few persons would go any great lengths in expensive contests; and the elections generally were of the very tamest character. Yet, in a single set of cases, there has been an exception: wheresoever one of the traitors has appeared, he has been a marked man. Witness the seven members of the Peel family (five Peels, Derry Dawson, and the Dean of York) who have all been trampled under foot by public scorn, no family having ever sustained so much public humiliation at one time—"Into what depth thou seest, from what height fallen." From the same cause it has happened, that the few real Whigs and Tories faithful to their principles, have come, by comparison with so many traitors, to look upon each other with mutual esteem, and have even approximated to a Parliamentary union.

We have enlarged upon this question of constitutional parties, their justification, and their present condition, as topics of especial interest and application to the great subject before us. Hence, reverting to the difficulty we stated, we can understand why it is that all parties, and, amongst them, even Tories, in the present relaxation of their principles, have united to applaud the great Revolution of Paris, of which some features are so suspicious, and the consequences as yet so indeterminate and so illimitable. Hence we perceive why so much thoughtless indignation has been poured out upon a paper in the *Quarterly Review*, which discusses M. Cottu's project of a Dictatorship in France; a paper in which we, who profess ourselves champions of civil liberty as it exists in Great Britain, can perceive much seasonable wisdom, and nothing that is inconsistent with *our* constitution, provided the writer had more clearly explained himself upon

on the possibility of reconciling his schemes with the king's oaths.

Hence also we explain some other phenomena, else unaccountable, in the public meetings of the day; in particular, the rashness with which men of judgment and cautious politics have prejudged the merits of a revolution so imperfectly unfolded. Three years ago they would have acted under a more vigilant sense of responsibility to known and authentic parties. At present, out of Parliament as within it, each man stands upon his separate and momentary views of political expediency, which are often as mutable as they are insulated and detached from all deliberate principles.

But anxiety for the future, at this tremendous epoch, swallows up all other considerations; and our thoughts continually revert to the miserable and fragmentary state of parties among us, more for what it bodes than what it explains; for the fearful dangers which it augurs, than for the mysteries which it interprets. Feelings of nothing less than awe subdue us, when we consider to what hands the Parliamentary management of this overwhelming interest will be confided, for perhaps the decisive period of its progress. Within the walls of Parliament there is even less cohesion, or discipline of mutual support and concert, than without. For if men outside the House have lost their old Parliamentary leaders, and their most authentic monitors on the constitutional boundaries of political distinctions, at least they have no such reasons, as many inside have created for themselves, to forget their principles. Ministers, who have hitherto existed by sufferance and the forbearance of their antagonists, and who, if they are to keep their places for another session, must now be as obsequious to the prevailing passions of the land, as they are despotic in their wishes; representatives of the nation, without union, plans, or leaders; trembling before their constituents, trembling before the journals of Europe, trembling before the or-

gans of democracy and the tribunals of liberalism in London and Paris;—such are the men who will eventually be called upon to discuss and to protect the solemn interests that are staked upon this revolution. Much will depend upon the voice of the English Parliament, if it could be hoped that it would be firmly and powerfully expressed in behalf of moderate counsels and the rights of every party. But the timid politician is rarely just; and it can scarcely be expected that the same men, or nearly so, who lately betrayed the ancient guarantees of their own domestic constitution, will contend with fidelity and earnestness for the revolutionary guarantees which are now become necessary for Europe.

Meantime, whatever becomes of these great interests, to which we shall return at intervals during the awful times which are preparing for us all—as citizens of a magnanimous nation, we point the public indignation to the atrocious spirit in which two or three of the London journals have endeavoured to awaken a spirit of ruffian inhospitality and insult toward the aged Charles X., and the illustrious ladies, as innocent as they are unhappy, who bear him company in his exile. One journal has coolly proposed to deny “a shilling” to purchase bread for the family, or a retreat for their afflictions. Another has pushed its brutality farther, and has called upon the people of Paris to consign their venerable Prince to the “pillory” and the “scourge!” Even the toasts given at some of the public dinners, though less unfeeling, have been violent and sanguinary. We are certain that the generous in France, as well as in England, would wish to spare even the criminal ministers any heavier punishment than exile for life. As to the royal family, they are consecrated by misfortunes in the eyes of all men of feeling. In both the revolutions of France some of them were the earliest sacrifices. Would to God we could believe—they were destined to be the last!

PROMOTIONS, APPOINTMENTS, &c.

JUNE, 1830.

Brevet	Capt. Archer, of 45 F. Maj. in the Army	15 June 1830
R.H. Gds.	Hon. G. W. W. Macdonald, Cor. by purchase, vice Hon. F. H. Ongley, ret.	5 March
1 Dr. Gds.	Lt. Warrington, Capt. by purch. vice Bt. Lt. Col. Clements, ret.	8 June
	Cor. Collingwood, Lt.	do.
	C. Kelson, Cor.	do.
4	Lt. Mayow, Adj. vice Storey, res. Adj. only	do.
5	Lt. Knox, from 88 F. Lt. vice Martin, h. p. rec. diff.	15 do.
6	Lt. Porter, Capt. by purch. vice Scarlett, prom.	11 do.
	Lt. Jones, Capt. by purch. vice Brymer, ret.	12 do.
	Cor. Turner, Lt. by purch. vice Porter	11 do.
	— Brown, Lt. by purch. vice Jones	12 do.
	W. J. Campbell, Cor. by purch. vice Turner	11 do.
	J. Johnston, Cor. by purch. vice Brown	12 do.
7	Maj. Clarke, Lt. Col. by purch. vice Haucox, ret.	11 do.
	Capt. Gowdie, Maj.	do.
	Lt. Bolton, Capt.	do.
	Cor. Le Marchant, Lt.	do.
	2d Lt. Cunningham, from 87 F. Cor. do.	do.
1 Dr.	Capt. Auslie, from h. p. Capt. vice Hibbert, exch. rec. diff.	29 do.
2	Cor. Forde, Lt. by purch. vice Carnegie, prom.	8 do.
	G. Gordon, Cor.	do.
4	Cor. Scott, Lieut. by purch. vice Weston, prom.	do.
	B. H. Blake, Cor.	do.
	G. Maude, Cor. by purch. vice Ellis, prom.	11 do.
6	Lt. Col. Lord G. Lennox, from h. p. Unatt. Lt. Col. vice Keene, 7 Dr.	15 do.
	Cor. Arkwright, Lt. by purch. vice Arbuthnot, prom.	25 do.
	— M' Mahon, from 16 Dr. Cor. do.	do.
7	Lt. Col. Keane, from 6 Dr. Lt. Col. vice Sir J. J. Fraser, Bart. h. p. rec. diff.	15 do.
13	H. H. Kitchener, Cor. by purch. vice Eyre, ret.	29 do.
11	Cor. Griffiths, Lt. by purch. vice Maxwell, prom.	11 do.
	H. A. Lockhart, Cor.	do.
	Maj. Gen. Sir Edw. Kerrison, Bt. Col. vice Sir J. O. Vandeleur, 16 Dr.	18 do.
	Cor. and Adj. Leary, Rk. of Lt. 29 do.	do.
15	Cor. Salmond, Adj. vice Blyth, res. Adj. only	do.
16	Lt. Gen. Sir J. O. Vandeleur, K.C.B. from 14 Dr. Col. vice Field Marshal Earl Harcourt, dead	18 do.
	— Gavin, Lt. vice Simpson, ret.	14 Oct. 1829
	— Wardroper, Lt. by purch. vice Neale, prom.	15 June 1830
	W. Wilmer, Cor.	do.
	Cor. Bonham, Lt. by purch. vice Alexander, prom.	25 do.
	W. A. Sweetman, Cor.	do.
	W. Brooks, Cor. vice M' Mahon, 6 Dr.	26 do.
Gr. Gds.	Qua. Mast. Serg. J. Lilley, Qua. Mast. vice Colquhoun, full p.	8 do.
	Ens. and Lt. Houston, Lt. and Capt. by purch. vice J. T. Perceval, ret.	11 do.
Gr. Gds.	Ens. and Lt. Ricketts, Lt. and Capt. by purch. vice St. Clair, ret.	29 June, 1830
	2d Lt. Spotswoode, from Rifle B. Enr. and Lt. by purch.	do.
	G. Campbell, Ens. and Lt. by purch. vice Houston	11 do.
	Ent. Reynardson, from 68 F. Ens. and Lt. by purch. vice Hon. G. H. Ougley, ret.	12 do.
	Lt. and Adj. Torrens, Capt.	12 do.
	Ens. and Lt. Hon. C. J. F. Stanley, Lt. and Capt. by purch. vice Marquis of Titchfield, ret.	18 do.
	Hon. R. Bruce, Ens. and Lt.	do.
Cold. Gds.	F. Halkett, Ens. and Lt. by purch. vice Lord M. W. Graham, prom.	11 do.
	Bt. Maj. Cowie, Capt. and Lt. Col. vice Barrow, h. p.	15 do.
	Ens. Pringle, Lt. and Capt.	do.
	H. Dent, Ens. and Lt.	do.
5 F. Gds.	Ens. and Lt. Knox, Lt. and Capt. by purch. vice Hon. M. H. Ougley, ret.	do.
	R. D. Willan, Ens. and Lt.	do.
	Ens. and Lt. Burton, Lt. and Capt. by purch. vice Keppel, ret.	29 do.
	— Fitz Roy, from 45 F. Ens. and Lt. by purch.	do.
1 F.	— Humphreys, Ens. vice Cathrow, dead	8 do.
	F. Nicholson, Ens. vice Denham, 53 F.	15 do.
2	Hosp. Assist. Hunter, Assist. Surg. vice Poole, dead	15 do.
3	Lt. Mackie, Capt. by purch. vice Blair, ret.	3 Oct. 1829
	Ens. Whittan, from 15 F. Lt.	do.
	— White, Adj. vice Mackie	do.
	Lt. Barr, Capt. by purch. vice Courtaigne, ret.	11 June 1830
	Ens. Beers, from 29 F. Lt. by purch. vice Barr, prom.	15 do.
6	Lt. Morden, Capt. by purch. vice Galwey, ret.	8 do.
	Ens. Home, Lt.	do.
	F. Bristow, Ens.	do.
7	Ens. Midway, from 10 F. Lt. by purch. vice Lord E. Thynne, ret.	do.
	Capt. Farquharson, Maj. by purch. vice Bell, prom.	29 do.
	Lt. La Touche, Capt. by purch.	do.
	Ens. Coltman, h. p. Lt. by purch.	do.
8	H. Lomax, Ens. vice Clarke, 62 F.	15 do.
	Assist. Surg. Fraser, from h. p. 105 F. Assist. Surg.	18 do.
	Ens. and Adj. Whitty, Lt.	25 do.
9	Lt. Bathurst, Capt. by purch. vice St. John, ret.	11 do.
	Ens. Hiron, Lt.	do.
	J. Hosken, Ens.	do.
	G. W. Odlive, Ens. by purch. vice Milne, ret.	15 do.
	J. W. Robinson, Ens.	do.
10	E. R. White, Ens. by purch. vice Midway, 7 F.	8 do.
	S. H. W. Wynyard, Enr. vice Honeyman, 64 F.	15 do.
12	Lt. Dunn, Adj. vice Clarke, res. Adj. only	15 do.
13	Ens. Keating, from 23 F. Lt. vice Krefung, 55 F.	12 do.
	C. J. Carter, Ens. vice Danne, 18 F.	18 do.
	Ens. Edwards, Lt. by purch. vice Blackwell, prom.	29 do.
16	Rob. Geo. Hughes, Enr. by purch. do.	do.
	Ens. Mundy, from 47 F.	9 May

16 F.	Ens. Whittaker, Lt. vice Alexander, dead 9 May 1830	46 F.	Ens. Gosselin, Lt. 15 June 1830
17	Assist. Surg. Newton, from h. p. 8 R. Vet. Bn. Assist. Surg. 15 June	47	J. Hall, Ens. do.
18	Ens. Temple, Lt. vice Thompson, dead 18 do.		Capt. Sadler, Major, by purch. vice Blackhouse, ret. 11 do.
	— Dunne, from 15 F. Ens. do.		Lt. Gordon, Capt. do.
20	Ens. Brock, Lt. by purch. vice Rae, ret. 18 Aug. 1829		Ens. Fyers, Lt. do.
	N. L. Prendergast, Ens. do.		J. Sutton, Ens. do.
	Ens. Crawley, Lt. vice Berguer, dead 11 June 1830	48	J. Bruce, Ens. by purch. vice Mundy, 16 F. 15 do.
20	Ens. Coombe, from 26 F. Lt. by purch. vice Clinton, ret. 12 June 1830		Maj. Tovey, from 31 F. Lt.-Col. vice Taylor, dead 11 Aug. 1829
	C. T. King, Ens. vice Cooke, 62 F. 13 do.	48	Lt.-Col. Schoedde, from h. p. Lt.-Col. vice Tovey, 62 F. 11 June 1830
	W. Heron, Ens. by purch. vice Crawley, prom. 15 do.	50	Capt. T. Smith, from h. p. Capt. vice Lt. Lt.-Col. Sewell, 31 F. 11 do.
24	Assist. Surg. Lorimer, M.D. from h. p. 17 Dr. Assist. Surg. do.		R. Ross, Ens. vice Lyster, 62 F. 13 do.
26	Ens. Wilson, from 32 F. Ens. vice Coombe, 20 F. do.	52	Ens. Hale, Lt. by purch. vice Bereh, ret. 25 do.
28	Lieut. Russell, from Cape Mount. Rif. Lt. vice Playford, h. p. R. Afr. Co. 11 do.		G. Murray, Ens. do.
29	Capt. Biggs, from h. p. Capt. vice Broderick, dead do.	53	Ens. O'Brien, from 83 F. Lt. by purch. vice Currie, ret. 8 do.
	Ens. and Adj. Morgan, Lt. do.		Capt. Hill, Maj. by purch. vice Cuppidge, ret. 11 do.
	J. O. Lucas, Ens. by purch. vice Boyd, 54 F. 13 do.	54	Lt. Carnegie, Capt. do.
	C. R. Story, Ens. by purch. vice Beers, 3 F. 16 do.		Ens. Warren, Lt. do.
30	Lt. Barrow, Capt. by purch. vice Carden, ret. 11 do.		W. Stewart, Ens. do.
	Ens. Pogson, Lt. do.		Lt. Johnson, Capt. by purch. vice Fairfield, ret. 15 do.
	H. Mansel, Ens. do.		Ens. Boyd, from 29 F. Lt. do.
	Capt. Andrews, from 46 F. Capt. vice Roberts, ret. 15 do.	55	S. Reed, Ens. do.
	J. Moore, Ens. by purch. vice Lacy, ret. do.		Ens. Wake, Lt. by purch. vice Peck, prom. 8 do.
31	Bt. Lt.-Col. Sewell, from 49 F. Major, vice Tovey, 48 F. 11 Aug. 1829		M. G. Matson, Ens. do.
	Ens. Norman, Lt. vice Va'eneey, dead 2 Sept.		Maj. Brock, Lt.-Col. 12 do.
	W. Fortune, Ens. vice Whittar, 3 F. 8 June 1830		Capt. Nicolson, Maj. do.
	Gent. Cad. R. T. Edgar, from R. Mil. Col. Ens. vice Norman, prom. 11 do.		Lt. Sinclair, Capt. do.
32	Lieut. Crawford, Capt. by purch. vice Drury, ret. do.		Ens. Fay, Lt. by purch. vice Rose, ret. 15 do.
	Ens. Brooke, Lt. do.		F. J. Dixon, Ens. do.
	S. B. Hayes, Ens. do.		Lt. Rose, from h. p. 9 F. Lt. 12 do.
	Ens. Campbell, Lt. by purch. vice Trevelyan, ret. 15 do.		— Quinn, from h. p. 21 F. Lt. do.
	T. Forsyth, Ens. do.		— Kiefting, from 13 F. Lt. do.
	J. F. Kempt, Ens. vice Wilson, 26 F. 16 do.		Ens. Poe, Lt. do.
	Staff Ass. Surg. Poole, Ass. Surg. 18 do.		— Chaproniere, Lt. do.
33	Hosp. Ass. Magrath, M.D. Ass. Surg. vice Walker, dead 29 do.		— Boyd, from Cape Mount. Rif. Lt. 13 do.
34	Ass. Surg. Brisbane, M.D. from 71 F. Ass. Surg. 8 do.		— Denham, from 1 F. Lt. do.
	— Ranken, from 71 F. Surg. vice Farnau, dead 11 do.		— Colman, from 80 F. Lt. do.
35	Capt. Amas, from h. p. Capt. vice Popham, ret. 18 do.		— Barcl, from 10 F. Lt. do.
36	J. Pratt, Ens. by purch. vice Hay, 60 F. do.		— Nixon, from 66 F. Lt. do.
37	Ens. Knight, Lt. vice Moses, dead do.		— Fenwick, from 77 F. Lt. do.
	W. Clay, Ens. do.		W. A. Poppleton, Ens. vice Poe 12 do.
39	Ens. Stewart, from h. p. R. Afr. Corps, Ens. vice Corrigan, cane. 11 do.		P. L. Campbell, Ens. vice Chaproniere 15 do.
40	G. M. White, Ens. vice Barrel, 55 F. 15 do.		Lt. Wilson, Adj. vice Goodall, res. adj. only 11 do.
40	Hosp. Ass. West, M.D. Ass. Surg. vice Coleman, dead 15 do.	57	H. Graham, Ens. vice Butler, 62 F. 13 do.
41	T. W. Kirkbride, Ens. vice Bayley, cane. 8 do.		Lt. Gen. Sir W. Inglis, K.C.B. Col. vice Gen. Sir H. Dalrymple, dead 16 Apr.
43	Maj. Booth, Lt.-Col. vice Haverfield, dead 29 do.	58	A. D. Mackenzie, Ens. by purch. vice Thompson, ret. 8 June
	Capt. Johnston, Maj. do.		W. H. Collins, Ens. vice Cruce, 62 F. 13 do.
	Lt. Harris, Capt. do.	60	Lt. Small, from R. Newf. Vet. Corps, 1st Lt. vice Furst, prom. do.
	H. W. Bunbury, Ens. by purch. vice Fite Roy, 3 F. Gds. do.		Ens. Hay, from 36 F. 1st Lieut. vice Brucere, ret. do.
44	Maj. Mackell, Lt.-Col. by purch. vice Hon. H. C. Lowther, ret. 25 do.		2d Lt. Burnan, Adj. vice Breilsford, res. adj. only 15 do.
	Ens. Bayly, Lieut. vice Wilson, dead 17 Apr.	62	Lt.-Col. Tovey, from 48 F. Lt.-Col. 11 do.
	Wm. Evans, Ens. 29 June		Lt. Macdonald, Capt. by purch. vice Bt. Maj. Travers, ret. do.
46	Lt. Farwell, Capt. vice Andrews, 39 F. 15 do.		Ens. Corfield, Lt. by purch. do.
			Lt. Puce, from h. p. 10 F. Lt. 12 do.
			— Abell, from 2d W. I. R. Lt. do.
			Ens. Williamson, Lt. do.
			— Ruther, from 57 F. Lt. 13 do.
			— Cooke, from 20 F. Lt. do.
			— Finney, from 96 F. Lt. do.
			— Clark, from 8 F. Lt. do.
			— Lyster, from 50 F. Lt. do.
			— Honyman, from 10 F. Lt. do.
			— Cruce, from 58 F. Lt. do.
			— Best, Lt. by purch. vice Conry, prom. 29 do.
			D. S. Cooper, Ens. by purch. do.
			H. R. Moore, Ens. vice Williamson, prom. 12 do.

- 62 F. V. L. Lowes, Ens. by purch. vice Corfield, prom. 15 June 1830
Ass. Surg. Carline, from 89 F. Ass. Surg. 18 do.
- 64 Capt. S. Parker, from h. p. Capt. vice Twigge, ret. 25 do.
T. W. D. Willan, Ens. by purch. vice Western, prom. 8 do.
Capt. Walsh, from h. p. Capt. vice Parker, ret. 15 do.
Lt. Ruddle, from h. p. 79 F. Lt. do.
Ens. Healy, Lt. by purch. vice Beckham, 1st W. I. R. 8 do.
T. Burke, Ens. do.
W. Hemphill, Ens. vice Nixon, 55 F. 15 do.
- 68 Lt. Huey, Capt. by purch. vice Smyth, ret. 11 do.
Ens. North, Lt. do.
J. B. Parkinson, Ens. do.
W. C. Harris, Ens. vice Reynardson, Gr. Gds. 12 do.
Ens. Flint, Lt. by purch. vice Mitchell, ret. 15 do.
W. H. Roe, Ens. by purch. vice Maclean, ret. do.
G. Hamilton, Ens. by purch. vice Flint 16 do.
- 69 Lt. Sutton, Capt. by purch. vice Blackford, ret. 11 do.
Ens. Hallifax, Lt. do.
St. J. Mundell, Ens. do.
- 71 Lt. Bernal, Ens. by purch. vice Fownes, prom. 8 do.
- 73 Lt. Forth, Capt. by purch. vice McCallum, ret. 11 do.
Ens. Ind, Lt. do.
W. Brumell, Ens. do.
Assist. Surg. Goodwin, from h. p. 1 F. 15 do.
Assist. Surg. do.
- 76 Capt. Clarke, Maj. vice Lane, prom. 8 do.
Lt. Hoare, Capt. do.
Ens. Lloyd, Lt. do.
H. D. Gault, Ens. vice Fenwick, 55 F. 15 do.
Lt. Bowness, Capt. by purch. vice Blayney, ret. 11 do.
Ens. Hopkins, Lt. do.
J. Scully, Ens. do.
C. R. Ratt, Ens. vice Culman, 55 F. 15 do.
- 81 Ens. Taylor, Lt. vice De Visne, ret. 15 do.
W. H. Cope, Ens. do.
Ens. Chifford, Lt. by purch. vice Blaydes, ret. 29 do.
W. H. C. Wellesley, Ens. by purch. do.
Ens. Hyde, Lt. by purch. vice Campbell, ret. 11 do.
J. G. Holmes, Ens. do.
- 83 Lt. Caulfield, Capt. by purch. vice Burgess, ret. 8 do.
Ens. De Visne, Lt. do.
H. M. Scott, Ens. by purch. vice O'Brien, 55 F. do.
J. Clarke, Ens. vice De Visne 9 do.
E. D'Alton, Ens. vice Keating, 15 F. 13 do.
Capt. Elmslie, from h. p. Capt. vice Campbell, dead 15 do.
Ens. and Adj. Stubbs, Lt. 25 do.
- 85 Lt. Taylor, Capt. vice Wightwick, ret. 11 do.
Ens. Browne, Lt. do.
A. Ramsay, Ens. do.
- 86 Lt. Sidley, Capt. by purch. vice Crawford, ret. do.
Ens. Johnson, Lt. do.
R. N. Carlisle, Ens. do.
- 87 2d Lt. and Adj. Greaves, 1st Lt. 8 do.
F. C. Jodrell, 2d Lt. by purch. vice Cunyngham, 7 Dr. Gds. 11 do.
- 88 W. H. Ashhurst, Ens. by purch. vice Charnley, ret. do.
Lt. Souter, Capt. vice Hutton, dead 2 Feb. do.
Ens. Martyn, Lt. do.
H. L. Herbert, Ens. 11 June do.
Lt. Way, from h. p. Lt. paying diff. vice Knox, 5 Dr. Gds. 15 do.
- 89 F. Lt. Dowdall, Capt. vice Stewart, dead 2 May, 1829
Lt. Naylor, Adj. vice Kenny, res. Adj. only 11 June, 1830
- 90 Ens. James, Lt. vice Pigot, dead 25 do.
J. H. Cotton, Ens. by purch. vice James, prom. 11 do.
- 92 Lt. Bayley, Capt. by purch. vice Baw, ret. 25 do.
Ens. Lockhart, Lt. 11 do.
J. A. Carnegie, Ens. do.
- 93 Lt. Pole, from 1 W. I. R. Lt. vice Watt, h. p. 1 W. I. R. 15 do.
- 95 Ens. Rogers, Lt. vice Clayton, dead 29 do.
Gentleman Cadet C. P. Hamilton, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. do.
- 96 H. B. Barclay, Ens. vice Finney, 61 F. 15 do.
- 97 Ens. Morgan, Lt. by purch. vice Shean, ret. 11 do.
A. H. Patison, Ens. do.
- 99 Lt. Murray, Capt. by purch. vice Dickens, ret. 18 do.
Ens. Smyly, Lt. do.
G. G. Canny, Ens. do.
- Rifle Brig. A. Stewart, 2d Lt. by purch. vice Eaton, prom. 8 do.
G. K. Carr, 2d Lt. by purch. vice Spotswoode, 6 Gren. Gds. 29 do.
- R. St. Cor. Capt. Wright, Maj. 25 do.
— King, do. do.
Brevet Lt. Col. Freeth, do. do.
Brevet Capt. White, Capt. do.
Lt. Scott, Capt. do.
- 1 W. I. R. Lt. Beckham, from 66 F. Capt. by purch. vice Ashe, ret. 25 do.
Lt. Wickham, from h. p. Lt. vice Pole, 95 F. 15 do.
- 2 Ens. Macfarlane, Lt. vice Abell, 62 F. 13 do.
G. H. Messiter, Ens. vice Clarke, dead 15 do.
W. G. Whitcombe, Ens. by purch. 25 do.
- Cey. R. Lt. Lt. Conrady, Capt. vice Van Kempen, dead 26 Nov. 1829. do.
2d Lt. Nash, 1st Lt. do.
H. Smith, 2d Lt. do.
- Cap. M. R. Lt. Isaac, from h. p. Royal African Corps, Lt. vice Russell, 25 F. 11 June. do.
J. R. O'Reilly, Ens. vice Boyd, 55 F. 13 do.

Garrisons.

Lieut. Gen. Wetherall, Gov. of Blackness Castle, vice Sir Hew Dalrymple, dead 16 April, 1850

Ordnance Department.

- Roy. Art. 2d Lt. Fraser, 1st Lt. vice T. V. Walker, res. 1 Mar. 1830
— Marlay, 1st Lt. Dawson, dead 11 April
- Roy. Eng. Capt. Smith, Lt. Col. vice Smart, ret. 16 March do.
2d Capt. Pringle, Capt. do.
1st Lt. Braudreth, 2d Capt. do.
2d Lt. Knoeker, 1st Lt. do.
Maj. Gen. Pilkington, Col. Comm. vice Mann, dead 25 do.
Capt. Jones, Lt. Col. vice Fraser, ret. 8 June do.
- 2d Capt. Savage, Capt. do.
1st Lt. Lewis, 2d Capt. do.
2d Lt. Coddington, 1st Lt. do.
Capt. Stanway, Maj. of Brig. to Sapp. and Miners, vice Jones do.
- Med. Dep. 2d As. Surg. Lucas, M.D. 1st As. Surg. vice Chisholm, h. p. 1 Jan. do.
A. P. Mahon, 2d As. Surg. 11 March do.
J. E. T. Parrat, 2d As. Surg. do.
1st As. Surg. Whitfield, Surg. vice Fitz Patrick, ret. 1 June do.
2d As. Surg. Robinson, M.D. 1st As. Surg. do.
G. Fair, 2d As. Surg. do.

Medical Department.

Staff As. Surg. Trigance, Apoth. to Forces, vice
Burman, dead, 15 June 1830
As. Surg. Fraser, h. p. 18 F. As. Surg. vice Poole,
32 F. 18 do.
Hosp. As. Macdonell, from h. p. Hosp. As. 25 do.
Robertson, from h. p. do. do.

Unattached.

To be Lieut.-Cols. of Infantry by purchase.

Major Lane, from 76 F. 8 June 1830
Bt. Lt. Col. Raitt, Dep. Adj. Gen. in Mediterranean, 14 do.

To be Major of Infantry by purchase.

Capt. Scarlet, from 6 Dr. Gds. 11 do.

To be Captains of Infantry by purchase.

Lt. Peck, from 55 F. 8 do.
Carnegie, from 2 Dr. do.
Maxwell, from 14 Dr. do.
Neal, from 16 Dr. 15 do.
Alexander, from 16 Dr. 18 do.
Hon. J. Arbuthnot, from 6 Dr. 25 do.

To be Lieutenants of Infantry by purchase.

2d Lt. Eaton, from Rifle Brig. 8 do.
Ens. Western, from 64 F. do.
Fownes, from 71 F. do.
Toesdale, from 9 F. 15 do.

The under-mentioned Lieutenants, actually serving
in a Regiment of the Line, whose Commissions
are dated in the year 1809, have accepted promotion
upon half-pay, according to the General
Order of the 27th Dec. 1826.

To be Captains of Infantry.

1st. Furst, from 50 F. 8 June 1830
Walsh, from 64 F. 11 do.
Amos, from 35 F. 15 do.

Exchanges.

Lt. Col. Macdonald, 44 F. with Lt. Col. Hon. H.
C. Lowther, h. p. 12 F.
Wyndham, 56 F. with Lt. Col. Nickle,
h. p.
Anwyll, 95 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Col. Brotherton, h. p.
Maj. Barlow, 5 F. with Maj. Rochfort, 11 F.
Capt. Harris, 16 Dr. rec. diff. with Capt. Lowe,
h. p.
Mildmay, 10 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Shedden, h. p.
Hon. G. Upton, 60 F. with Capt. Bagot,
62 F.
Burgess, 62 F. with Bt. Maj. Travers, h. p.
Rif. Br.
Forster, 85 F. with Capt. Wightwick, h. p.
49 F.
Davern, 92 F. with Capt. Bass, h. p. 27 F.
Fletcher, 1 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Evans,
h. p.
Cuppuge, 46 F. rec. diff. with Capt. R. A.
Andrews, h. p.
A. Lord Harley, 54 F. with Capt. Fairfield,
h. p.
Grant, 67 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Blunt, h. p.
Houghton, 73 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Widdington, h. p.
Stewart, 92 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Majendie, h. p.
Colthurst, 99 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Yocoman, h. p.
FitzRoy, Gr. Gds. with Capt. J. Marq. of
Titchfield, h. p. W. L. R.
Tompkins, 55 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Popham, h. p.
Murray, 42 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Macpherson, h. p.
Malleue, 99 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Dickens, h. p.
Macdonald, 62 F. with Capt. Twigge, h. p.
62 F.
Byng, Rif. Br. rec. diff. with Capt. Wellesley, h. p.
Capt. Sheppard, 6 Dr. rec. diff. with Capt. Osborne, h. p.
Lieut. W. Johnston, 21 F. with Lieut. Wightman,
49 F.

Lieut. C. Cumberlege, 4 Dr. with Lieut. Poore,
5 F.

Small, 60 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Eaton,
h. p.

Barker, 64 F. with Lieut. Weston, h. p.

Fitz Gerald, 64 F. with Lieut. Fownes, h. p.

Toole, 80 F. with Lieut. Thornley, h. p.

15 F.

Peel, 5 Dr. Gds. rec. diff. with Lieut. Teesdale, h. p.

Beazley, 52 F. with Lieut. Broadley, h. p.

Kirkaldy, 21 F. with Lieut. Peacocke, 59 F.

As. Surg. Grant, 10 F. with As. Surg. Teevan,
M.D. Staff.

*Resignations and Retirements.**Lieut.-Colonels.*

Clements, 5 Dr. Gds.
Hancox, 7 do.
Hon. H. C. Lowther, 44 F.
Fraser, R. Eng.
Dunkin, h. p. 18 F.

Majors.

Backhouse, 47 F.
Cuppidge, 55 F.
Travers, 52 F.
Rains, h. p. Unatt.

Captains.

Marq. of Titchfield, Gr. Gds.
Brymer, 6 Dr. Gds.
J. T. Percival, Gr. Gds.
Hon. M. H. Ongley, 5 F. Gds.
Blair, 3 F.
Courtayne, do.
Galwey, 6 F.
St John, 9 F.
Clinton, 20 F.
Cardeu, 30 F.
Roberts, do.
Drury, 32 F.
Popham, 55 F.
Fairfield, 54 F.
Parker, 61 F.
Smyth, 68 F.
Blackford, 69 F.
McCallum, 75 F.
Blaney, 80 F.
Burgess, 85 F.
Wightwick, 85 F.
Crawford, 86 F.
Bass, 92 F.
Dickens, 99 F.
Ahr, 1 W. L. R.
Furst, h. p. Unatt.

Lieutenants.

Simpson, 16 Dr.
Hon. G. H. Ongley, Gr. Gds.
Lord E. Thynne, 7 F.
Rae, 20 F.
Powell, h. p. 26 F.
Trevelyan, 32 F.
Stackpoole, h. p. 49 F.
Birch, 52 F.
Currie, 55 F.
Rose, 55 F.
Bruere, 60 F.
Mitchell, 68 F.
Thomson, h. p. 79 F.
De Visne, 81 F.
Campbell, 82 F.
Grant, h. p. 5 F. Gds.
Waring, h. p. 8 F.
Clarke, h. p. 26 F.
McCulloch, h. p. 28 F.
Orde, h. p. 29 F.
Barwick, h. p. 45 F.
Garret, h. p. 49 F.
Wood, h. p. 65 F.
Clarke, h. p. 76 F.
Jenour, h. p. 93 F.
Aid, h. p. R. Afr. Co.
Roberts, h. p. 8 Gn. Bn.
Thomas, h. p. Yk. Lt. Inf. Vol.
De Gingins, h. p. Watteville's Regt.
Sullivan, h. p. Unatt.

Cornets and Ensigns.

Hon. F. H. Ongley, R. H. Gds.

Milne, 9 F.
 Lacy, 30 F.
 Thompson, 58 F.
 Maclean, 68 F.
 Chearnley, 88 F.
 Shean, 97 F.
 Seymour, h. p. R. Wag. Tr.
 Smyth, h. p. 14 F.
 Miliken, h. p. Staff Co.
 Bruce, h. p. 1 Gn. Bn.
 J. M. Graham, h. p. Unatt.
 W. Graham, do.

Paymaster.

M'Dermott, 8 F.

Apothecary.

Norton, h. p.

Surgeon.

Milton, h. p. 29 F.

Assistant Surgeons.

Jenks, h. p. 19 Dr.
 Lynn, h. p. 11 F.

*Cancelled.**Ensigns.*

Corrigan, 59 F.
 Bayley, 41 F.

Memoranda.

The undermentioned Officers have been allowed to Retire from the Service by the Sale of Unattached Commissions.

Lt. Col. Raitt, h. p. Unattached.
 Capt. Dixon, Ret. List, 4 R. Vet. Bat.
 Capt. M'Queen, h. p. Canadian Fencibles.

The death of Major David Gregory, on the half-pay of the 1st Garrison Battalion, was erroneously reported in the Army List for May last, instead of that of Captain Gregory, on the half-pay of the 5th Garrison Battalion.

JULY.

Memorandum.

WAR-OFFICE, 22d July, 1830.

The King has been pleased to restore Sir Robert Thomas Wilson, Kt. to his rank as Major-General in the Army.

His Majesty has been further pleased to command, that Major-General Sir Robert Thomas Wilson; Kt. be promoted to the rank of Lieut.-General in the Army. Commission to be dated 27th May, 1825.

To be Field-Marsbals in the Army.

General Sir Alured Clarke, G.C.B. 7 F.

— Rt. Hon. Sir Samuel Husk, G.C.H. 62 F. Gov. of Chelsea Hosp.

To be Generals in the Army.

Lieut.-Generals.
 G. Earl of Dalhousie, G.C.B. 26
 F. Comm. in Chief in the East
 Indies
 Tho. Baker
 Henry Williams
 H. Marq. of Conyngham, K. St. P.
 and G.C.H. Gov. of Windsor
 Hon. Sir Alex. Hope, G.C.B. 47
 F. Lt. Gov. of Chelsea Hosp.
 Sir John Fraser, Kt. Lt. Gov. of
 Chester
 Peter Heron
 John Ramsay, from late Chass.
 Brit.

Lieut.-Generals.
 Sir J. D. Broughton, Bt.
 Wm. Dyott, 63 F.
 Sir R. Fergusson, K.C.B. 79 F.
 Sir Rob. Macfarlane, K.C.B. and
 G.C.H. 89 F.
 J. Gustavus Crosbie
 Edw. Stack
 Hon. John Brodrick
 Sir Henry Warde, K.C.B. 68 F.
 Jas. Durham
 Hon. David Leslie, from 48 F.
 John Manners Kerr, from late 5
 Vt. Bn.
 Thomas Scott, from 91 F.

Lieut.-Generals.
 Sir H. Turner, G.C.H. and K.C.
 19 F.
 Christ. Chowne, 76 F.
 Hon. W. M. Maitland
 John, Lord Crewe
 Hon. Sir G. L. Cole, G.C.B. 27 F.
 Gov. of Gravesend and Tilbury
 Fort
 Quin John Freeman, from 16 F.
 Geo. Earl of Granard
 Fra. Moore
 Rob. Visc. Lorton
 Sir W. Hen. Clinton, G.C.B. 55
 F.

To be Lieutenant-Generals in the Army.

Major-Generals.
 John Humsfrey, R. Eug.
 Sir C. Imhoff, Kt.
 Gabriel Gordon
 Alex. Adams, from 78 F.
 G. Lord Macdonald, from Gren.
 Gds.
 Sam. Need, from late 24 Dr.
 Edw. Webber
 Tho. L'Estrange
 Cha. Craven
 Jos. Foxcaux
 Geo. Kinnaird Duns
 Jas. Moore, from 40 F.
 Sir H. M. M. Vavasour, Bt.
 Hon. Raleigh Knight
 Sam. Venables Hinde, 98 F.
 Th. Norton Wyndham, from 1
 Dr.
 Berkenhead Glegg
 Hon. Jas. Ramsay
 Lewis Mosheim

Major-Generals.
 Sir Colquhoun Grant, K.C.B. and
 K.C.H. 15 Dr.
 Sir Jas. Lyon, K.C.D. and G.C.H.
 24 F.
 Jas. Orde, from late 99 F.
 Cha. Bulkeley Egerton
 Sir T. S. Beckwith, K.C.B. Rif.
 Br.
 Hen. John Cumming, 11 Dr.
 Sir Chn. Philip, Kt. from 44 F.
 Henry Bruce, from 31 F.
 Tho. Birch Reynardson
 I. Earl of Carysford, from Gr.
 Gds.
 Sir P. Maitland, K.C.B. 1 W. 1.
 Regt.
 Hon. Tho. Edw. Capel, from Gren.
 Gds.
 Sir W. Sheridan, Bt. from Coldst.
 Gds.
 Godfrey Basil Mundy, from 2 F.

Major-Generals.
 Hon. Sir R. W. O'Callaghan, Kt.
 C.B. 97 F.
 Sir John Keane, K.C.B. 94 F.
 Lord G. T. Beresford, 3 Dr.
 Rob. Campbell
 Rob. Balfour, from 2 Dr.
 Rob. Earl of Carnwath, from 60 F.
 Jas. Cumming, from 47 F.
 Henry Eustace, from late Eng. in
 Ireland.
 Sir Colin Halkett, K.C.B. and
 G.C.H. 71 F.
 Sir H. E. Bunbury, Kt. K.C.B.
 from late Newf. Fenc.
 Sir Hudson Lowe, K.C.B. 93 F.
 Sir Fred. Adam, K.C.B. 78 F.
 Sir R. H. Vivian, Bt. K.C.B. and
 K.C.H. 12 Lancs.
 Donj. Lord Bloomfield, G.C.B. and
 G.C.H. R. Art.
 Geo. Cookson, from R. Art.

To be Major-Generals in the Army.

Colonels.
 Rob. Ellice, h. p. 101 F.
 Sir J. Buchan, h. p. Unatt.
 Edw. Pritchard, R. Art.
 Norman McLeod, h. p. New
 Brunst. Fenc.
 Maurice Chas. O'Connell, 73 F.
 Jas. Pat. Murray, h. p. 5 Gn. Bn.
 Jas. Viney, R. Art.
 Gen. Elliot Vinicombe, R. Mar.
 Sir Hugh Gough, Kt. h. p. Unatt.
 Jas. Macdonell, Coldst. Gds.
 Lorenzo Moore, 35 F.
 And. Pilkington, h. p. 2 Ceyl. R.
 John Gardner, h. p. 1 F.
 Geo. Middleton, Insp. Field.
 Officer of Militia
 Sir Wm. Williams, K.C.B. h. p.
 Port. Serv.
 J. S. Lomax, h. p. 60 F.
 J. W. Sleight, 11 Dr.
 Alex. Nesbitt, h. p. Q. M. G. Dep
 W. G. Day, h. p. 7 Gn. Bn.
 C. W. Maxwell, h. p. 21 F.
 Chas. Ashworth, h. p. Port. Serv.
 Rob. Brevor, R. Art.
 Arch. Campbell, h. p. 90 F.

Colonels.
 Mark. Napier, h. p. 60 F.
 J. Wardlaw, h. p. Unatt.
 Jonathan Yates, h. p. R. York
 Rang.
 Jas. Kearney, 2 Dr. Gds.
 Edw. Jas. O'Brien, h. p. Unatt.
 Tho. Foster, h. p. 5 Gn. Bn.
 Hon. J. Ramsay, h. p. Unatt.
 Jas. Alex. Farquharson, 25 F.
 Rob. Owen, h. p. Unatt.
 A. G. R. Norcott, Rifle Brig.
 Chas. Bruce, 64 F.
 J. F. FitzGerald, 20 F.
 J. Shortall, late R. I. Art.
 (Rich. Legge, do.
 Rob. Crawford, late R. I. Art. and
 h. p. 75 F.
 Auth. Beay, Clifton, h. p. Unatt.
 Wm. Stewart, 3 F.
 U. Cornwallis Eustace, h. p. Unatt.
 C. Murray, Lord Greenock, h. p.
 R. Staff Corps.
 Edinghame Lindsay, h. p. 12 F.
 Sir Alex. Leith, K.C.B. h. p. 18 F.
 John Ross, h. p. Unatt.
 Sir John Brown, Kt. 13 Dr.

Colonels.
 Count Fra. Rivarola, R. Malta
 Fenc. Regt.
 Hon. Sir R. L. Dundas, K.C.B. h.
 p. Perm. Assist. Q. M. Gen.
 Lord Rob. Manners, 3 Dr.
 Hon. Hugh Arbuthnot, h. p. 52 F.
 Sir Robert Arbuthnot, K.C.B. h.
 p. Unatt.
 G. G. Carleton L'Estrange, do.
 F. Pearson, 25 F.
 Dug. Little Gilmer, h. p. Unatt.
 Sir G. H. B. Way, Kt. h. p. 3 R.
 Vet. Bn.
 Sir Jas. Douglas, K.C.B. h. p.
 Port. Serv.
 John Waters, h. p. Unatt.
 Wm. Macbean, h. p. 11 F.
 Sir W. P. Carol, Kt. 18 F.
 Rt. Hon. Sir Hen. Hardinge, K.
 C.B. h. p. 1 Greek Light Inf.
 Sec. at War.
 Sir Geo. Elder, Kt. Lt. Gov. of St
 John's, Newf.
 Wyloughby (otton, 11 F.
 John Chichrow, 5 F. Gds.
 John Hanbury, Gr. Gds.

To be Colonels in the Army.

Lieut.-Colonels.
 Peter Kettlewell, late R. I. Art.
 Forster Coulson, do.
 Rich. Umacke, do.
 Geo. Irving, do.
 Wm. Smith, h. p. 50 F.
 John Watling, h. p. Port. Serv.
 Molyneux Marston, h. p. 57 F.
 Sir Fra. H. Doyle, Bt. h. p. 54 F.
 Dep. Lt. of Tower
 Henry Yonge, h. p. 55 F.
 Wm. Gray, h. p. 1 F.
 Edw. Darley, 58 F.
 J. Rich. Ward, Perm. Assist. Qua.
 Meet. Gen.
 Hen. Williams, h. p. 2 late Gn. Bn.
 Wm. Vincent Hompesch, h. p.
 Unatt.
 Chrst. Hamilton, 97 F.
 John Daniell, 49 F.
 Wm. Williams Blake, h. p. 20 Dr.
 Sir E. Miles, Kt. 89 F.
 Geo. Teeddale, 1 Dr. Gds.
 W. H. K. Erskine, h. p. Brada.
 Levy
 Geo. Jas. Reeves, h. p. 27 F. Lt.
 Gov. of Placentia
 Matthew Mahon, h. p. R. York
 Rang.
 Hon. Henry Murray, h. p. late 18
 Dr.
 J. Mathias Everard, h. p. 77 F.
 John Grey, h. p. 5 F.
 Geo. Wyndham, h. p. 20 Dr.
 Alex. Cameron, h. p. 1 Greek Lt.
 Inf. Dep. Gov. of St Maws
 Sir Jas. Wilson, K.C.B. h. p. 48
 F.
 Sir J. May, K.C.B. and K.C.H. R.
 Art.

Lieut.-Colonels.
 J. Fox Burgoyne, R. Eng.
 T. K. Burke, 1 R. Newf. Vet. Comp.
 Tho. Dalmer, h. p. 45 F.
 Sir Hen. Watson, Kt. h. p. Port.
 Serv.
 Edw. Walker, h. p. 60 F.
 Tho. Evans, 70 F.
 John Johnston, h. p. Unatt.
 Arch. MacLaine, do.
 Wm. Gordon MacGregor, 1 F. O.
 of a Rec. Dist.
 Jas. Hay, h. p. 17 Dr.
 Wm. Wood, h. p. 41 F.
 Wm. Warre, As. Qu. M. Gen.
 Chas. Ashe a'Court, h. p. 1 Gr. Lt.
 Inf.
 Geo. Chas. D'Aguilar, h. p. Unatt.
 Chas. Wm. Pasley, R. Eng.
 Jacob Glen Cuyler, h. p. Cape R.
 Geo. O'Malley, 88 F.
 Nicholas Ramsay, h. p. 5 Gn. Bn.
 Peter D'Arcy, h. p. 7 do.
 John Gillies, h. p. 40 F.
 Edw. Row. J. Cotton, h. p. 10 F.
 Charles Turner, h. p. Unatt.
 Wm. Francis Bentinck Loftus,
 h. p. 38 F.
 Francis Skelly Tidy, 1 F. O. of
 Rec. Dist.
 George Burrell, 90 F.
 J. Farrer, h. p. 2 Greek Lt. Inf.
 Robert Ross, 4 Dr. Gds.
 T. Brabazon Aylmer, h. p. 9 F.
 Jas. McDermott, late of R. Mil.
 Coll.
 Hen. J. Hiddell, As. Qu. M. Gen.
 Rich. Goodall Eltrington, 47 F.
 H. C. E. Vernon Graham, h. p.
 Unatt.

Lieut.-Colonels.
 John Brady, h. p. 1 Gar. Bn.
 Charles A. Vigoreux, 45 F.
 Sir Jas. A. Hope, K.C.B. 5 F. G.
 Sir Robt. John Harvey, Kt. h. p.
 Port. Serv.
 Sir H. D. Ross, K.C.B. R. Art.
 Sir E. K. Williams, K.C.B. 41 F.
 Henry Sullivan, 6 F.
 Burgess Lamac, h. p. Unatt.
 R. McDonald, h. p. (Geng. Fenc.
 Henry John, h. p. Unatt.
 Richard Armstrong, 26 F.
 Andrew Brown, 79 F.
 Robert Waller, As. Qu. M. Gen.
 Sir Frederick Stovin, K.C.B. h. p.
 Unatt.
 Sir Grey Campbell, Bt. do.
 Richard Goldard Hare, do.
 Sir C. Felix Smith, Kt. R. Eng.
 Alexander Thomson, h. p. 98 F.
 Chas. Grene Ellicombe, R. Eng.
 Henry Goldfinch, do.
 James Webber Smith, R. Art.
 John William Mallet, 86 F.
 Miller Clifford, 58 F.
 P. G. Heriot, h. p. Canad. Volt.
 Samuel Rice, 51 F.
 Wm. F. Pat. Napier, h. p. 43 F.
 John Duffy, h. p. Unatt.
 Martin Lindsay, 78 F.
 Henry Daubeney, h. p. 85 F.
 Douglas Mercer, 3 F. Gds.
 Fra. Miles Milman, Coldst. G.
 John Reeve, h. p. Unatt.
 Jacob Tomson, h. p. 37 F.
 Wm. Alex. Gordon, h. p. 95 F.
 Steph. A. Goodman, h. p. 15 F.
 Thomas Kenah, h. p. 58 F.

*To be Aides-de-Camp to the King,**With the rank of Colonel in the Army.*

Lieut.-Colonels.
 Sir Robert Gardner, K.C.B. &
 K.C.H. R. Art.
 John Freemantle, Coldst. Gds.
 Lord Geo. Wm. Russell, 90 F.
 Edward Wynyard, Gren. Gds.
 James Fergusson, 52 F.

Lieut.-Colonels.
 Thomas Wm. Brotherton, 95 F.
 Sir A. J. Dalrymple, Bt. h. p.
 2 Gar. Bn.
 Sir James Henry Reynett, Kt.
 K.C.H. h. p. 52 F.
 William Smelt, 37 F.

Lieut.-Colonels.
 Andrew Creagh, 81 F.
 Jas. Robertson Arnold, R. Eng.
 William Wemyss, h. p. 93 F.
 Geo. Fitz-Charence, h. p. Unatt.
 Dep. Adj. Gen. to the Forces

To be Lieutenant-Colonels in the Army.

Majors.
 John Moore, 54 F.
 James Jones, h. p. 15 Dr.
 Charles Milner, h. p. 3 F.
 William Pawcett, h. p. 14 F.
 Joseph Philott, h. p. 35 F.
 W. M. G. Colebrooke, R. Art.
 Thomas Tisdall, late R. I. Art.
 Maxwell Close, h. p. 1 Gar. Bn.
 Matthew Ryan, h. p. Unatt.
 Wm. Henry Taynton, h. p. 51 F.
 Fountain Elwin, h. p. 41 F.
 Wm. Mansfield Morrison, h. p. 25 Dr.
 Wm. Hart Lapslie, h. p. 29 F.
 Thomas Hole, h. p. 25 Dr.
 James Pent, h. p. 25 F.
 Mark Anthony Bazou, 93 F.
 Hugh John Cameron, h. p. York Class.
 Henry White, 26 F.
 Edward Carlson, h. p. 66 F.
 George Gerrie Cochrane, h. p. 3 Prov. Bn. of Mil.
 Patrick Campbell, h. p. 52 F.
 Thomas Weare, h. p. Unatt.
 Thomas Burke, h. p. 4 F.
 James Bagle, 94 F.
 Alex. Todd, h. p. 2 Gar. Bn.

Majors.
 Robert Campbell, h. p. 28 F.
 Hector Cameron, h. p. 5 F.
 Joseph Creighton, h. p. 59 F.
 Wm. Somersall Forbes, 89 F.
 Wm. Vincent, Perm. As. Q. M. Gen.
 Bayntum Stone, h. p. 58 F.
 Tho. Sam. Nicoll, h. p. 21 F.
 Denis O'Kelly, 11 F.
 Charles H. Smith, h. p. 15 F.
 G. Aug. Eliot, h. p. Unatt.
 James Jenkin, do.
 J. Lewis Baden, 89 F.
 D. Campbell, h. p. 79 F.
 James Poole Oates, h. p. 88 F.
 Edw. T. Fitzgerald, h. p. 12 F.
 Charles Pratt, h. p. 90 F.
 Geo. Spotswoode, h. p. 71 F.
 James Harvey, h. p. 92 F.
 Loftus Gray, h. p. Rifle Brig.
 Charles Campbell, h. p. 91 F.
 Hamlet Obus, h. p. 53 F.
 George Tovey, 5 F.
 Gilbert Elliot, h. p. 29 F.
 Jas. Horton, h. p. Meuron's R.
 James Laing, h. p. 61 F.
 Edw. Auth. Angelo, h. p. Newf. Fenc.

Majors.
 John Bradish, h. p. 2 Ceyl. R.
 Richard Jones, h. p. 81 F.
 John Campbell, h. p. York Lt. Inf. Vol.
 Don. M'Neil, h. p. Cape Regt.
 G. S. Thwaites, h. p. 57 F.
 W. Sall, R. Newf. Vet. Comp.
 Sam. Bircham, Ceyl. Rifle Reg.
 Samuel Colberg, h. p. 60 F.
 Robert Hillard, h. p. 4 F.
 Lord R. Kerr, h. p. 5 Gar. Bn.
 J. S. Lindsay, h. p. 3 Ir. Brig.
 George Bunce, h. p. Unatt.
 Nath. Harn. English, R. Mar.
 Richard Bunce, do.
 Nicholas Bruton, 11 Dr.
 William Morris, h. p. Unatt.
 Rich. Rochford, h. p. Dep. Staff
 John M'Mahon, 2 F.
 Dan. O'Donoghue, h. p. 1 Gar. Bn.
 Thomas Adair, R. Mar.
 Jos. Jerrard, h. p. 6 Gar. Bn.
 Rob. Terry, h. p. 51 F. Town Adj. at Malta
 I. T. Whelan, h. p. Newf. Fenc.
 Arthur Morris, h. p. 14 F.

To be Majors in the Army.

Captains.
 M. M. Tew, 51 F.
 R. Parry, R. Mar. Art.
 R. White, R. Mar.
 J. Maugham, do.
 R. Owen, do.
 J. Darby, R. Art.
 S. Rudyerd, do.
 J. J. Hollis, 25 F.
 A. MacKenzie, R. Newf. Vet. Comp.
 W. Bentham, R. Art.
 J. Proctor, 30 F.
 R. Hunt, 57 F.
 E. Charleston, 61 F.
 C. Bennett, 64 F.
 J. Moore, R. Mar.
 B. Halfhide, 44 F.
 H. Mullen, 7 F.
 J. Bent, 5 F.
 F. Heatley, 47 F.
 J. H. Phelps, 51 F.
 J. Rivers, 91 F.
 C. C. Dansey, R. Art.
 H. Pratt, 15 F.
 J. Henderson, 71 F.
 A. K. Colley, R. Mar.
 H. Welman, 57 F.
 W. North, 68 F.
 W. Smith, 5 F.
 E. Kenwick, 85 F.
 E. Dissett, R. Art.
 D. J. MacQueen, 74 F.
 F. G. G. Lee, R. Mar.
 G. A. Delhaste, 55 F.
 P. S. Norman, 56 F.
 S. Workman, 55 F.

Captains.
 R. J. Denham, 15 F.
 A. F. Crawford, R. Art.
 H. W. Gordon, do.
 I. S. Picheur, R. Mar.
 J. R. Hore, do.
 T. L. Lawrence, R. Mar. Art.
 C. S. O'Meara, 46 F.
 J. Swaburn, 32 F.
 H. Moore, 43 F.
 J. Gavock, Assist. Adj. Gen.
 E. S. Mercer, R. Mar.
 H. S. Wilkinson, do.
 H. S. Archibson, Cape Mo. Rifle
 J. W. Nunn, 80 F.
 C. Selaw, 53 F.
 J. Tongue, 50 F.
 J. Johnston, 41 F.
 W. S. Bertrand, 11 F.
 T. Mitchell, R. Mar.
 J. Oldfield, R. Eng.
 M. Dixon, do.
 R. King, R. Art.
 W. D. Jones, do.
 R. Jobb, 40 F.
 P. D. Calder, R. Eng.
 J. FitzGerald, 8 F.
 J. H. Barnett, 40 F.
 P. Lowen, Cape Mounted Rifle
 F. Arabian, R. Art.
 C. Dixon, R. Eng.
 R. Hamnill, 18 F.
 P. Duncan, 66 F.
 M. Macgregor, 78 F.
 R. B. Hunt, R. Art.
 C. Cruttenden, do.
 J. Williams, R. Mar.

Captains.
 P. Faddy, R. Art.
 J. Kilson, 44 F.
 H. Hawkins, 5 F. Gds.
 W. Walker, R. Mar.
 J. B. Harris, R. Eng.
 E. E. Hill, 96 F.
 F. Fuller, 59 F.
 F. Waters, R. Mar.
 W. H. Slade, R. Eng.
 D. E. Johnston, 5 F.
 W. Wyld, R. Art.
 C. E. Gordon, do.
 S. Noel, 92 F.
 G. Ingham, Ceylon Rifle Reg.
 W. Taylor, R. Mar.
 J. Harper, R. Eng.
 J. M'Cullum, R. Mar.
 W. E. Maling, R. Art.
 G. Macpherson, 99 F.
 T. S. Begbie, 82 F.
 T. Lemon, R. Mar.
 J. J. Anderson, 10 F.
 P. W. Walker, R. Art.
 A. MacLachlan, do.
 T. Scott, do.
 C. Blachley, do.
 A. F. Barbauld, 54 F.
 R. N. Crosse, 36 F.
 T. Pardoe, R. Wagg. Tr.
 S. Keuncdy, 68 F.
 G. E. Jones, 89 F.
 J. Longley, R. Art.
 P. Dayler, 63 F.
 H. R. Moor, R. Art.
 B. Jackson, R. Wagg. Tr.
 H. G. Jackson, R. Art.

Brevet. Major Campbell, 9 Dr. Lt. Col. in the Army 16 July, 1830
 1 Life G. Co. and Sub-Lt. Caulfield, Lt. by purch. vice Du Pre, ret. 18 June
 Hon. H. Cholmondeley, Cor. and Sub-Lt. do.
 4 Dr. Gds. Cor. Quantock, Lt. by purch. vice Storey, prom. 6 July
 L. Place, Cor. do.
 7 Vet. Surg. Schroeder, from 15 Dr. Vet. Surg. vice Anderson, dead do.
 6 Dr. Cor. and Adj. Sillery, Lt. 20 do.
 8 Lt. Shedden, Capt. by purch. vice Hill, prom. 6 do.
 Cor. Bdl. Lt. do.
 Ens. Hon. G. A. Craven, from 67 F. Cor. do.
 13 J. Legrew, Vet. Surg. vice Schroeder, 9 do.
 15 Dr. H. L. Kitchener, Cor. by purch. vice Eyre, ret. 29 June 1830
 Maj. Gen. Sir E. Kerrison, Bt. Col. vice Sir J. O. Vandeleur, 16 Dr. 18 do.
 Cor. and Adj. Leary, Lt. 29 do.
 Lt. Gen. Sir J. O. Vandeleur, K.C.B. from 14 Dr. Col. vice Fd. Mar. Earl of Harcourt, dead 18 June
 Lt. Douglas, Capt. by purch. vice Men-teath, ret. 6 July
 Cor. Cornish, Lt. do.
 D. L. Campbell, Cor. do.
 Gren. Gds. Ens. and Lt. Ricketts, Lt. and Capt. by purch. vice St Clair, ret. 29 June
 2d Lt. Spotswoode, from Rifle Brig. Ens. and Lt. do.
 J. H. Hudson, (Page of Honour to his late Majesty,) Ens. and Lt. 6 July

- Gren. Gds. Hosp. As. Caton, As. Surg. vice Pk-
ford, res. 6 July 1830
Ens. and Lt. Fitz Roy, Adj. vice Ver-
non, res. Adj. only 10 do.
- 3 F. Gds. — Hurton, Lt. and Capt. by
purch. vice Koppel, ret. 6 do.
Ens. Fitz Roy, from 35 F. Ens. and Lt.
do.
Lt. and Capt. Colville, Capt. and Lt.
Col. by purch. vice Eltrington, ret. do.
Ens. and Lt. Moncrieffe, Lt. and Capt.
do.
Hon. C. B. 2d Lt. and Lt. do.
Lt. and Capt. Digby, Capt. and Lt. Col.
by purch. vice Hall, ret. 10 do.
Ens. and Lt. Taubman, Lt. and Capt.
do.
R. F. B. Rushbrooke, Ens. and Lt. do.
Capt. Farquharson, Maj. by purch. vice
Bell, prom. 29 June
- 7 F. Lt. La Touche, Capt. do.
Ensign Colman, from h. p. Lt. do.
Ens. Edwards, Lt. by purch. vice
Blackwell, prom. do.
R. G. Hughes, Ens. do.
Lt. Burns, Capt. vice Gurwood, prom.
20 July
- 21 W. H. Dunt, 2d Lt. by purch. vice Hon.
J. Sinclair, prom. 6 do.
23 W. L. Willoughby, 2d Lt. by purch.
vice Lord H. Beauclerk, 87 F. 16 do.
24 Lt. Harris, Capt. vice Hon. C. T.
Monckton, dead 11 May
Ens. Brown, Lt. do
Gent. Cadet H. Farrant, from R. Mill
Coll. Ens. 9 July
- 33 Cor. Stanford from h. p. 12 Dr. Ens.
vice Tully, res. do.
Hosp. Assist. Magrath, M.D. Assist.
Surg. vice Walker, dead 29 June.
Ens. Williamson, Lt. by purch. vice
Miller, ret. 16 July
- 34 F. Todd, Ens. do.
As. Surg. Hendrick, M.D. from h. p.
63 F. As. Surg. 21 do.
- 36 Capt. Smith, from 49 F. Capt. vice Bell,
ret. 6 do.
Lt. Wake, Capt. by purch. vice Mit-
chell, ret. 16 do.
Ens. Nugent, Lt. do.
J. Fleury, Ens. do.
- 37 W. O. Ward, Ens. by purch. vice
O'Beirne, ret. 6 do.
- 38 Lt. Vernon, Paym. vice Grant, dead
9 do.
- 41 H. Greville, Ens. vice Kirkbride, cane.
do.
- 43 Maj. Booth, Lt. Col. vice Haverfield,
dead 29 June
Capt. Johnston, Maj. do.
Lt. Harris, Capt. do.
H. W. Bunbury, Ens. vice Fitz Roy,
5 F. Gds. do.
Ens. Sanders, Lt. vice Thomas, Adj.
16 July
- Gent. Cadet, J. T. W. Jones, from R.
Mil. Coll. Ens. do.
Lt. Thomas, Adj. vice Harris, prom.
do.
- 44 Ens. Bayly, Lt. vice Wilson, dead
17 Apr.
- 49 Wm. Evans, Ens. 29 June
Capt. Conry, from h. p. Capt. vice
Smith, 36 F. 6 July
- 61 Ens. Gloster, Lt. vice Burslem, dead
18 Feb.
Gent. Cadet R. Aldridge, from R. Mill.
Col. Ens. 9 July
- 62 Ens. Beat, Lt. by purch. vice Conry,
prom. 29 June
- 64 D. S. Cooper, Ens. do.
Ens. Douglas, Lt. by purch. vice Da-
vidson, ret. 20 July
- 67 W. J. James, Ens. do.
E. H. Mortimer, Ens. by purch. vice
Hon. G. A. Craven, 8 Dr. 6 do.
Serj. Maj. W. Fisher from 77 F. Adj.
and Ens. vice Deverell, res. Adj. only
16 do.
- 68 Maj. Reed, Lt. Col. by purch. vice
Hawkins, ret. 20 do.
- 74 R. Maxwell, Ens. by purch. vice De
Koven, ret. 16 do.
- 74 F. Bt. Lt. Col. M'Dougal, from h. p. Maj.
vice Marshall, Insp. Fd. Off. of Mil.
in Nova Scotia 16 July 1830
- 81 Ens. Clifford, Lt. by purch. vice
Blaydes, ret. 29 June
- 82 W. H. Wellesley, Ens. do.
Bt. Maj. Firman, Maj. vice Grant,
prom. 20 July
- 84 Lt. Latham, Capt. do.
Capt. Clarke, from h. p. Capt. vice Da-
vies, prom. do.
— Hon. W. H. C. Massey, Maj. by
purch. vice Rowan, ret. 16 do.
Lt. Hassard, Capt. do.
2d Lt. Thomson, 1st Lt. do.
— Lord H. Beauclerk, from 25 F.
2d Lt. do.
- 90 J. H. Cotton, Ens. by purch. vice
James, prom. 29 June
- 91 Capt. Mahon, from h. p. Capt. vice
Hearn, ret. 20 July
- 95 Ens. Rogers, Lt. vice Clayton, dead do.
Gent. Cadet, C. P. Hamilton, from R.
Mil. Coll. Ens. do.
- 98 H. D. Cowper, Ens. by purch. vice
Blackiston, ret. do.
- Rifle Brig. G. K. Carr, 2d Lt. by purch. vice Spot-
tswode, Gren. Gds. 29 do.

Garrisons.

Gen. R. Lord Hill, G.C.B. & G.C.H. Gov. of
Plymouth, vice Field Marshal Earl Harcourt,
dead 18 June 1830
Gen. W. Earl Cathcart, K.T. Gov. of Hull, vice
Hill do.
Capt. Griffiths, h. p. 91 F. Fort Maj. Newf. vice
Campbell, ret. 6 July

Ordnance Department.

R. Art. 1st Lt. Morgan, 2d Capt. vice King,
h. p. 30 June 1830
2d Lt. Warde, 1st Lt. do.
2d Capt. Cheamey, Capt. vice Bt. Maj.
Greene, superseded 3 July
1st Lt. Warde, 2d Capt. do.
2d Lt. Tytler, 1st Lt. do.
Vet. Surg. Percival, from 6 Dr. Vet.
Surg. vice Coward, h. p. 9 do.
2d Lt. Tiresman, 1st Lt. vice Pearce,
dead 4 do.

R. Eng. 2d Capt. Waters, Capt. vice A. Thom-
son, dead 21 do.
1st Lt. Streatfield, 2d Capt. do.
2d Lt. Bailey, 1st Lt. do.
Capt. Hustler, Lt. Col. vice Vigoreux,
dead 9 do.
2d Capt. Prince, Capt. 22 do.
1st Lt. Portlock, 2d Capt. do.
2d Lt. Deunson, 1st Lt. do.

Staff.

Maj. Gen. John Macdonald, Colonel of the 67th
Regt. of Foot, to be Adj. Gen. to the Forces, vice
Lt. Gen. Sir Herbert Taylor, G.C.H. 27 July, 1830

Col. Geo. Fitzclarence, (Aide-de-Camp to the
King,) to be Dep. Adj. Gen. vice Maj. Gen.
Macdonald do.
Lt. Col. Lord C. Fitz Roy, Dep. Adj. Gen. in Me-
diterranean, vice Hault, res. 29 June

Maj. Marshall, from 79 F. Insp. Field O. of Mil.
in Nova Scotia, with rank of Lt. Col. in the
Army, vice M'Dougal, 79 F. 16 July

Bt. Lt. Col. Beresford, from Staff in N. America,
Perm. Assist. Qua. M. Gen. vice Broke, Dep.
Qua. M. Gen. in Nova Scotia 20 do.

Maj. Broke, Perm. Assist. Qua. M. Gen. Dep. Qua.
M. Gen. in Nova Scotia, with rank of Lt. Col.
in the Army, vice Beresford do.

Hospital Staff.

Staff Assist. Surg. Reid, from h. p. Assist. Surg.
vice Magrath, 33 F. 29 June, 1830

Hosp. Assist. Gordon, from h. p. Hosp. Assist. vice
Hunter, 2 F. 25 do.

— M'Gregor, from h. p. Hosp. Assist.
vice West, 40 F. do.

— Primrose, from h. p. Hosp. Assist.
vice Caton, Gren. Gds. 8 July

— Murray, M.D. from h. p. Hosp. Assist.
13 do.

Unattached.

To be Lieut.-Colonel of Infantry by purchase.
 Maj. Bell, from 7 F. 29 June, 1830

To be Majors of Infantry by purchase.
 Capt. Lord G. A. Hill, from 8 Dr. 6 July
 — Du Vernet, from Ceyl. Rifle Regt. 20 do.

To be Captains of Infantry by purchase.
 Lt. Conry, from 62 F. 29 June
 — Blackwell, from 13 F. do.
 — Story, from 4 Dr. Gds. 6 July
 — Osborne, from 10 Dr. 20 do.

To be Lieutenants of Infantry by purchase.
 2d Lt. Hon. J. Sinclair, from 21 F. 6 July

To be Lieut.-Colonel of Infantry without purchase.
 Bt. Lt. Col. Grant, from 82 F. 20 July

To be Majors of Infantry without purchase.
 Bt. Lt. Col. Cochrane, Insp. Field O. of Mil. in
 Nova Scotia 9 July

— M'Dougall, do.
 — Love, Insp. Field O. of Mil. in New
 Brunswick do.
 Bt. Maj. Davies, from 84 F. 20 do.
 Bt. Lt. Col. Gurwood, from 19 F. do.

The undermentioned Officers, actually holding situations on the Staff, to be promoted to Unattached Commissions.

To be Lieut.-Colonels of Infantry.
 Bt. Col. Hon. J. Ramsay, h. p. Can. Fenc. 16 July

— Lt. Col. D'Aguilar, h. p. 91 F. do.
 — Turner, h. p. 135 F. do.
 — Sir G. Campbell, Bart. h. p. 6 F. do.
 — Churchill, h. p. do.
 — H. G. Smith, h. p. do.
 — Snodgrass, h. p. Port. Off. do.
 — Hattie, h. p. 86 F. do.
 — Lord J. T. H. Somerset, h. p. Wat-
 tev. Regt. do.

Drake, Perm. Assist. Qua.M.Gen. do.

To be Majors of Infantry.
 Bt. Lt. Col. Foster, h. p. 6 W.I.R. 6 July
 — Egerton, h. p. 81 F. do.

Lieut.-Colonels.
 Hall, 3 F. Gds.
 Elrington, do.
 Hawkins, (8 F.

Majors.
 Gully, 87 F.
 Sir. H. Verney, Bart. h. p. Unat.

Captains.
 Menteath, 16 Dr.
 St Clair, Gren. Gds.
 Keppel, 3 F. Gds.
 Mitchell, 36 F.
 Bell, do.
 Hearn, 91 F.
 Fenton, h. p. 21 Dr.
 Williams, h. p. 26 F.
 Dixon, late 4 Vet. Bn.
 M'Queen, h. p. Can. Fenc.

Retirements.

Lieutenants.
 Du Pre, 1 Life Gds.
 Miller, 53 F.
 Davidson, 61 F.
 Blades, 81 F.
 Pigott, h. p. 12 Dr.
 Pattison, h. p. 6 F.
 Nixon, h. p. 10 F.
 Edmonds, h. p. 21 F.
 Macleod, h. p. 27 F.
 Fitz Gerard, h. p. 31 F.
 Adams, h. p. 61 F.
 Dundas, h. p. 56 F.

Cornets and Ensigns.
 Eyre, 13 Dr.
 O'Heirne, 37 F.
 De Koven, 74 F.

Blakiston, 83 F.
 Williamson, h. p. 97 F.
 Palmer, h. p. 2 Ceyl. Regt.

Quarter-Master.
 Tyrrel, h. p. R. York Rangers

Assistant Surgeons.
 Gibney, h. p. 15 Dr.
 Bunney, h. p. 43 F.
 White, h. p. 73 F.
 Bigsby, h. p. Staff

Hospital Assistants.
 Angus, h. p.
 Callahan, h. p.

Bt. Lt. Col. Staveley, h. p. 6 July 1830
 — Evatt, h. p. 2 Gu. Bn. do.
 — Beresford, h. p. 81 F. do.
 — Shaw, h. p. 43 F. do.
 — Harris, h. p. 1 Dr. Gds. do.
 Bt. Maj. Wood, h. p. 22 Dr. do.

The undermentioned Officers, who have been removed lately from Staff situations in Ireland, in consequence of reduction, to be promoted to an Unattached Commission.

To be Lieut.-Colonels of Infantry.
 Bt. Col. O'Brien, h. p. Princess Char. of Wales's
 Fenc. Inf. 16 July, 1830
 — Owen, h. p. 5 Gar. Br. do.

To be Major of Infantry.
 Bt. Maj. Smith, h. p. 61 F. do.

Exchanges.

Capt. St Quintin, 36 F. with Capt. Mitchell, h. p. 96 F.
 — E. B. Phillips, 53 F. with Capt. Pardey, h. p.
 R. Staff Corps
 — Anstruther, 62 F. with Capt. Neynoe, h. p.
 — Hibbert, 1 Dr. rec. diff. with Capt. Ainslie,
 h. p.
 — Eloyer, 40 F. with Capt. Pennefather, 59 F.
 — Stephen, 80 F. with Capt. Haggerton, h. p.
 — Kean, 86 F. with Capt. Gibson, h. p. 60 F.
 Assist. Surg. Collis, 15 F. with Assist. Surg. Cald-
 well, h. p. 31 F.
 Dep. Purv. Tucker, with Dep. Purv. Wreford,
 h. p.

Resignations.

Lieut.-Colonel.
 Raitt, h. p. Unatt. Dep. Adj. Gen. in Medit.
Captain.
 Campbell, Fort Maj. St John's, Newfoundland
Ensign.
 Tully, 33 F.

Assistant Surgeon.
 Pickford, Gren. Gds.

Superseded.

Bt. Maj. W. Greene, R. Art.

Cancelled.

Lt. Thoruley, 41 F.; Ens. Kirkbride, 41 F.; Assist. Surg. Brisbane, 34 F.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTS, announced between the 1st May and 30th July, 1830, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

- Anderson, George, insurance broker and solicitor, Inverness.
 Anderson, John, insurance broker and writer to the signal, Edinburgh.
 Anderson, Peter, insurance broker and accountant, Inverness.
 Bailie, Alexander, grocer and spirit dealer, Caungate.
 Burns, John, and Co. distillers at Avonglen, and John Burns, residing at Avonglen, and Archibald Burns, residing at Millheugh, the individual partners of that company.
 Carnduff, Robert, manufacturer, Glasgow, sole partner of Robert Carnduff and Co. manufacturers.
 Davidson, Jonathan, ironmonger, Edinburgh.
 Davidson, Robert, shoemaker, Edinburgh.
 Dunlop, Thomas, farmer and cattle dealer, Hornhill, Cadder parish.
 Fraser, Hugh Montgomerie, formerly a partner of the late firm of Hugh Montgomerie Fraser and Co., merchants, Greenock, and now merchant and clerk, Glasgow.
 Gardner, George, of his Majesty's Customhouse, Leith, and insurance-broker, Edinburgh.
 Glover, William, merchant and cooper, Leith.
 Gordon, Alexander, fish-curer, Cromarty, now in London.
 Grant, George, merchant, Cullen.
 Grieve, Robert, and Co. merchants, Glasgow, and of Robert Grieve, merchant there, sole partner of that company.
 Falconer, George, and Company, curriers, Edinburgh, and of George Falconer and William Kilpatrick, the individual partners thereof.
 Hamilton, Robert, bookbinder and stationer, Rose Street, Edinburgh.
 Hardie, Alexander, shipowner, Greenock.
 Hill, David, merchant and trader, Dundee.
 Hunter, Robert, and Co. distillers, Lochgilthead, and Robert Hunter and Gilbert Beith, partners of said company, as individuals.
 Jollie, James, perfumer and merchant, Stirling.
 Kerr, James, merchant, insurance broker and shipowner, Glasgow, carrying on business there under the firm of James Kerr and Company.
 King, John, senior, bleacher at Arkliston.
 Laing, Robert, grocer and spirit-dealer, Edinburgh.
 Lane, William, and Company, merchants, Leith, and of Timothy Lane, an individual partner of said Company.
 M'Arthur, John, cattle-dealer, grazier, and flesher, residing at Balintyre, near Inverary.
 M'Dermid, John, hosier and merchant, Edinburgh.
 M'Intyre, John, and M'Intyre, Donald, cattle dealers and graziers, Glenmachrie, near Oban.
 Mitchell and Robinson, merchants, Leith, as a company, and of Thomas Mitchell and William Edward Robinson, as individuals.
 M'Kay, James, merchant and agent, Aberdeen.
 Pidding and Co., James Pidding and Co., G. H. Pidding and Co., and J. and G. Pidding, merchants in Edinburgh, Alloa, and Haddington, and James Smedley Pidding, and George Raymond Pidding, merchants, Edinburgh, the individual partners of these several Companies.
 Ritchie, John, merchant, Greenock, afterwards carrying on business in Liverpool under the firm of Ritchie and Morrie, and at Port-au-Prince under the firm of Milroy and Ritchie, now residing in Greenock, and sole surviving partner of the firm of Milroy and Ritchie.
 Scott and Glenn, cabinetmakers and upholsterers, Aberdeen, and of Alexander Dick Scott and James Glenn, as individuals and only partners of said firm.
 Shanks, Walter, singer, merchant, and portner, Glasgow.
 Smith, George, architect and builder, Edinburgh.
 Strachan, Ralph, distiller, and dealer in spirits in Leith.
 Rankine, John, baker, Tradeston of Glasgow.
 Roxburgh and Company, merchants, Glasgow, as a company, and of Adam Roxburgh, merchant there, the sole individual partner of said Company, as an individual.
 Telfer, James, and Company, late timber-merchants in Ayr, and James Telfer and Alexander Bell, the individual partners of that Company. The company carrying on business as distillers and maltsters, Variohead, Leith, under the firm of Ralph Strachan, and Ralph Strachan and Robert Strachan, both distillers and maltsters, there, as partners, and Robert Strachan, as an individual.
 Thomson, Dr John, physician and druggist, Eamburgh, residing in George Square.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

- Jan. 14. At Pavell, near Bombay, the lady of Sir Charles Malcolm, superintendent of the Bombay Marine, of a son.
 23. At Madras, the lady of A. F. Bruce, Esq. Civil Service, of a son.
 April 20. At Thurso, Mrs Laing, of a daughter.
 25. Mrs Richardson, 21, Fludry Street, of a daughter.
 — The lady of William Montgomerie, Esq. of Anick Lodge, Ayrshire, of a son.
 27. At Dunony, the lady of Captain M'Dougall, R.N. of M'Dougall, of a daughter.
 May 3. At Homel Hemstead, Hertis, Mrs Dr Burth, of a son.
 1. At Portobello, the lady of the Rev. T. G. Torry Anderson, of a daughter.
 — At Woodslee, the lady of G. Scott Elliott, Esq. of Lauriston, of a son.
 7. Mrs Edlington, 27, West Nile Street, Glasgow, of a son.
 — At Edinburgh, Mrs Moncrieff of Barnhill, of a son.
 — At Doonholm, Mrs Alexander Hunter, of a daughter.
 — Mrs Wm. M. Ballgate, St James's Square, of a daughter.
 9. At St Andrews, the lady of Professor Alexander, of a daughter.
 9. At 116, George Street, the lady of W. Mure, Esq. jun. of Caldwell, Ayrshire, of a son.
 10. At 25, Pilrig Street, Mrs Balfour, of a son.
 — At Heaton Norris, Stockport, the lady of Lieut.-Col. MacGregor, 93d Highlanders, of a son.
 — At Apsley House, near Nottingham, Lady Loughborough, of a son.
 11. Mrs Reid, 5, Mansfield Place, of a daughter.
 — At Shrub Place, Mrs Snoddy, of a daughter.
 13. At Edinburgh, Mrs Robert Dunlop, of a daughter.
 14. At Leith, the lady of Alexander Callendar, Esq. 91st regiment, of a daughter.
 16. At 30, Buccleuch Place, Mrs W. A. Lawrie, of a son.
 17. At 9, Moray Place, Mrs John Stuart Hay, of a daughter.
 18. At Walthamstow, Essex, the lady of Thos. Kinnear, Esq. of a son.
 — At London, the Countess of Kinnoul, of a daughter.
 — At 129, George Street, Mrs Dr MacLagan, of a son.
 — At London, the lady of William Kaye, Esq. of a son.
 20. At London Street, Mrs Walker, of a daughter.
 21. At Dalkeith, Mrs Robert Ainslie, Cousland, of a son.

23. At Mainholm, Mrs Vernor Church, of a daughter.

24. At London, the lady of John Forbes, Esq. M.P. of a daughter.

25. Mrs Brown, 94, George Street, of a son.
— At Edinburgh, the lady Harriet Suttie, of a son.

27. At 17, Moray Place, the lady of William Robertson, Esq. of a son.

— At Glasgow, the lady of Major-General Wallace, of a son.

28. At 58, Castle Street, Mrs James Pattison, of a son.

29. At Edinburgh, the lady of William Penny, Esq. advocate, of a daughter.

30. At Kinloch, Fifeshire, the lady of Charles Kinnear, Esq. of a son.

— At Bath, the lady of Captain James E. Muddlebury, of a son.

31. At Doune Terrace, Mrs John Cockburn, of a son.

June 1. At Burntsfield Place, Mrs John Anderson, of a son.

2. At 38, Melville Street, Mrs Thomas Abercromby Duff, of a daughter.

3. At 41, Albany Street, Mrs Scott, of a daughter.

— At London, the lady of Duncan Campbell, Esq. of a daughter.

5. At Dingwall, the lady of Hugh Innes Cameron, Esq. of a son.

7. At 2, Piling Street, Mrs Vertue, of a son.

8. At Berwick, Mrs Clay, wife of Peter Clay, Esq. of a daughter.

9. At Union Street, Mrs Forrester, of a daughter.

10. At 5, West Circus Place, Mrs Clephane, of a daughter.

— At 11, St John Street, Mrs Tipper, of a son.

12. At Edinburgh, the lady of Sir John Murray Nasmith of Posso, Bart. of a daughter.

— At 9, Fettes Row, Mrs Marshall, of a son.

13. At Fenniscowles, Lincashire, the lady of James Hozier, Esq. of a son.

— At 69, Queen Street, Mrs William Blackett, of a son.

— At South Leith, Mrs Grant, of twin sons.

— At Abbey Hill House, Edinburgh, the lady of Sir Neil Menzies, Bart. of Menzies, of a daughter.

15. At 10, Dean Terrace, the lady of Captain H. Ross, Bengal army, of a daughter.

— At Perth, Mrs A. Walker, of a son.

16. At Rankellour House, Fifeshire, Mrs Martland Mackgill, of a son.

— At Glassmount, Fifeshire, Mrs Davidson, of a daughter.

— At Balchristie, the lady of Charles Craigie Halket, Esq. of Hallhill, of a son.

18. At Navitty, Fifeshire, Mrs Greig, of a daughter.

— At Morningside, Mrs Manuel, of a daughter.

— At Shieldhill, Mr. Chancellor, of a son.

19. At 10, Saxe Coburg Place, Mrs Spence, of a daughter.

22. At Redhall, Mrs Inglis, of a son.

25. At Castlemilk, Dumfriesshire, the lady of James Hotchkis, Esq. of a daughter.

30. At Brussels, the Right Hon. Lady Blantyre, of twins, a son and daughter.

July 1. At London, the lady of John Birtwhistle, Esq. of Barharrow, of a daughter.

2. At Ardoch Manse, Mrs Macfarlane, of a son.

— At Argyll Park, near Edinburgh, Mrs Macdowall, of a son.

— At Malshanger House, Hants, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Henry Smith, of the 1st regiment Bombay light cavalry, of a daughter.

4. At the Manse of Edinkillie, Mrs Ferries, of a son.

5. At Balmamoon, the lady of James Carnegie Arbuthnot, Esq. of a daughter.

6. At Kirkliston Manse, Mrs Tait, of a son.

— At Auchinairn, Lanarkshire, Mrs David Seales, of a son.

— At Redcoll, Rev. Mrs Ainslie, of a son.

7. At Wells, the lady of Sir William F. Elliott, of Stobs and Wells, Bart. of a son.

— At Ayr, Lady Hunter Blair, of a daughter.

8. At 8, Great King Street, Mrs Lumaden, of a daughter.

— At Inshewan, Mrs Ogilvy, of a son.

10. At Polkennel, the lady of Sir William Baillic, Bart. of a daughter.

12. At Maryport, Cumberland, Mrs Runtoul, of twin sons.

15. At Fors, the lady of James Sinclair, Esq. of a son.

— At 31, Melville Street, the lady of Colonel Mayne, of a son.

— At Allon, Mrs Gray, of a son.

16. At the Manse of Barry, Mrs Kirk, of a son.

18. At Walsdon Manse, Mrs Wilson, of a son.

19. At London, the Viscountess Stormont, of a daughter.

— At London, the lady of James Wilson, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, barrister, of a son.

21. At 6, Hope Street, the lady of W. J. Fraser, Esq. of a son.

22. At 57, Drummond Place, Mrs Robert Ellis, of a son.

— At Kier Manse, Dumfriesshire, Mrs Menzies, of a son.

25. At 76, Great King Street, the lady of H. J. Robertson, Esq. advocate, of a son.

24. At 7, Teviot Row, Mrs Leburn, of a son.

— At Edinburgh, the lady of Dr J. H. Davidson, of a son.

25. At Ancrum, Roxburghshire, the lady of Sir William Scott, Bart. of a son.

— At Jedburgh, Mrs Elliot, of a son.

27. At London, the Countess Gower, of a daughter.

28. At Dungle House, the lady of John Hall, Esq. junior, of Dungle, of a son.

— At Synnington House, Gala Water, Mrs William Berwick, of a daughter.

— At Aberdeen, the lady of Captain MacGregor, 7th Highlanders, of a daughter.

29. At London, the lady of James C. Murdoch, Esq. of a daughter.

— At 14, Abercromby Place, Mrs Hunter, of a daughter.

30. At 5, Forres Street, Mrs Borthwick, of a daughter.

— At 29, Castle Street, Mrs W. Nicholson, of a daughter.

— At the Manse of North Berwick, Mrs Balfour Graham, of a son.

— At Forres, the wife of Mr James Henry, wood-merchant, of three fine children, two girls and a boy.

Lately, At Charlottenburgh, county of Glen-gary, Upper Canada, the wife of William Stewart, Esq. surgeon, of a daughter.

— At 7, George Place, Mrs Dr Robert Muir, of a son.

— At Hammersmith, the lady of William Ainslie, Esq. of Calcutta, of a son.

— At 7, Royal Circus, Mrs Carlyle Bell, of a son.

— At 4, Gardner's Crescent, Mrs Cleghorn, of a daughter.

— At Erin Lodge, Falmouth, the lady of the Rev. T. Sheepshanks, late of Edinburgh, of a daughter.

— At London, Mrs Forder, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

Jan. At Calcutta, Andrew Balfour Clapperton, Esq. youngest son of the late George Clapperton, Esq. W.S. to Mrs Ann Stewart, widow of Captain Stewart, of the British Forces in India.

11. At Bombay, Dr J. Inglis, to Miss Jane K. Arnot.

21. At Calcutta, John Henderson of Tirhoot, Esq. formerly of Ayr, to Jane Elphinstone, daughter of the late G. A. Muirhead, Esq. Glasgow.

April 15. At Nantes, James Grahame, Esq. advocate, Edinburgh, to Jane Adelaide, daughter of the Rev John Wilson, minister of the Gospel to the Protestant Church at Nantes.

20. At Edinburgh, Mr George Minto, son of Dr Minto, Duke Street, to Ann Lithgow, only daughter of Daniel MacGowan, S.S.C.

21. Gilbert Elliott, Esq. son of the late Sir William Elliott of Stobbs, Bart. to Isabella Lucy, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Robert Elliott, rector of Wheldrake and Huggate, Yorkshire.

29. At 6, Hope Park, Mr Thomas Crawford, merchant in Edinburgh, to Jane, youngest daughter of the Rev. James Smith.

— At Beighton, county of Derby, Edward Wil-

mot, Esq. of Cork, Ireland, to the Right Hon. Janet Jane Erskine, youngest daughter of the late, and sister of the present, Earl of Mar.

30. At London, Henry Arbutnot, Esq. second son of the Right Hon. Charles Arbutnot, to the Lady Charlotte Rachel Scott, third daughter of the Earl of Clonmel.

— At Old Moutrose, David Greenhill, Esq. East India Civil Service, to Mary, third daughter of Charles Wallace, Esq. of Woodside.

May 5. At Dedale, Yorkshire, Mr Robt. Lightfoot, lace-manufacturer, Nottingham, to Miss Fothergill, daughter of the late Thomas Fothergill, Esq. Askew House, near Bedale.

5. At Frintington, Sussex, the Rev. Henry Legge, rector of East Lavant, in that county, to Elizabeth Louisa, eldest daughter of the late Rear-Admiral Stair Douglas.

8. At Cheltenham, John Scott, M.D. Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh, to Louisa, eldest daughter of A. Pimier, Esq. Cheltenham.

10. At Stobo Castle, Alexander Renton, Esq. surgeon, Peebles, to Martha, eldest daughter of John Brinsden, Esq. of Elcott Cottage, Wilts.

— At London, Lord Seymour, eldest son of the Duke of Somerset, to Jane Georgiana, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Sheridan, Esq.

11. Mr Robert Russel, carrier, to Elizabeth, only daughter of John Rutherford, Esq. South Back of Canongate, Edinburgh.

12. At Addington, the Hon. Thomas Americus Eskine, eldest son of Lord Erskine, to Louisa, relict of the late Thomas Legh, Esq. of Adlington Hall, Cheshire.

13. At London, Ernest Augustus Perceval, Captain of the 15th (King's) Hussars, youngest son of the late Right Hon. Spencer Perceval, to Beatrice, fourth daughter of Sir John Trevelyan, Nettlecombe, Somerset, Bart. and of Wallington, Northumberland.

20. At Glasgowe, Frederick Doubleday, Esq. of Manchester, to Eliza, eldest daughter of the late Adam Wilson, Esq. of Glasgowe, Aberdeenshire.

21. At Whitehaven, John Whigham, junior, of Salisbury Road, Edinburgh, to Sarah Nicholson, daughter of the late Thos. Nicholson, merchant, Springfield, near Whitehaven.

26. At Steeple Ashton Church, Wilts, Thomas Kingston, Esq. of Charlton, Somersetshire, to Margaret, second daughter of the late Laurence Oliphant of Gask, Perthshire.

27. At Fochabers, the Rev. John Gordon, Speymouth, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late John Maclean, Esq. of Kingowie.

31. At Edinburgh, Mr George Briggs, junior, of Gateshead, Durham, attorney-at-law, to Rebecca, youngest daughter of the late Capt. George Heron, Hon. East India Company's Service, Kirkcaldy.

June 1. At Stirling, the Rev. John Hill, minister of the gospel, Kilmarnock, to Agnes, youngest daughter of the late James Syne, Esq. merchant, Stirling.

— At Perth, the Rev. William Stoddart, minister of Maderty, to Simon, daughter of the late Laurence Robertson, Esq. formerly Provost of Perth.

— At Canaan Lodge, Alexander Smith, Esq. W.S. to Mary, eldest daughter of the late James Christie, Esq. of Durlie.

— At 12, Regent Terrace, John Bayley, Esq. of London, to Eleanor Goodall, widow of the late George Farr, Esq. merchant, London.

— At Edinburgh, Lieut. James Hunter Rutherford, royal engineers, to Elizabeth, daughter of Alexander Young, Esq. of Harburn.

— At Edinburgh, the Rev. Robert Jamieson, minister of Westruther, to Eliza, only daughter of Mr George Jamieson, Pleasance.

— At 1, Cassels Place, Leith Walk, James Seelies, Esq. merchant, Leith, to Grace, daughter of the late John M'Laren, Esq.

— At Albany Street, Peter Daly Murray, Esq. medical staff, to Marion, youngest daughter of the late Alexander Wright, Esq. W.S.

3. At Skipness, Argyllshire, Keith Macalister, Esq. of Glen Barr, to Miss Campbell of Skipness.

4. At Leith, Mr William Douglas, of the Commercial Bank, to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of the late Mr John Newton, shipowner there.

8. At Easter Kinnleith, Currie, Mr William Alexander, merchant, Howe Street, Edinburgh, to Mary, only daughter of the late Alexander Ramage, Esq. farmer, Easter Kinnleith.

— At Musselburgh, Mr John M. MacGregor, to Miss Amelia, youngest daughter of the late Mr John Aitchison of Skirling.

— At London, George Buchanan, Esq. civil engineer, Edinburgh, to Charlotte, fourth daughter of Edward Barnard, Esq. Paternoster-Row.

— At Whittingham Maise, East Lothian, the Rev. G. R. Davison, to Jessie, eldest daughter of Mr Wm. Lumsden, Charlotte Street, Edinburgh.

— At Edinburgh, Mr John Aitchison, merchant there, to Agnes, only daughter of the late Mr Edward Robertson, secretary of the Commercial Banking Company.

10. At Edinburgh, Mr John Drysdale, formerly of the Scots Greys, to Mrs Sarah M'Leod, Waterloo Place.

11. At Peebles, Mr James Adamson, brewer, to Margaret, eldest daughter of Mr William Smicall, merchant, Peebles.

12. At London, John Fairfull Smith, Esq. W.S. Edinburgh, to Caroline, third daughter of the late Dutton Smith Turner, Esq. of Clarendon, Jamaica.

14. At Edinburgh, Mr David Malcolm, writer, Dundee, to Anne, eldest daughter of Mr John Brown, Donnet Street, Portman Square, London.

— At Springfield, Dundee, James Renton, Esq. accountant, Edinburgh, to Margaret, second daughter of John Alison, Esq. of Wellbank.

15. At Edinburgh, Mr Andrew Rowley, Glasgow, to Jane, only daughter of the late David Buchan, Esq. General Post Office, Edinburgh.

— At Edinburgh, James Stewart, Esq. late of La Vera Cruz, to Susan, eldest daughter of Robert Morton, Esq. Edinburgh.

— At 86, Great King Street, James Rose, Esq. W.S. to Susan Brabazon, daughter of Lieut.-Col. Wight of Lurgan.

17. At 51, St Bernard Crescent, R.C. de la Condamine, Esq. wine merchant, Leith, to Bethia, daughter of the late John Macfarquhar, Esq. W.S. Edinburgh.

22. At London, Edward Wilson Duffin, M.D. to Agnes, eldest daughter of John White, Esq. of Westbourne Green, and of New Road, Marylebone, Middlesex.

— At Arlington, H. A. S. Willett, Esq. of Tapeley House, county of Devon, to Margaret Caroline, daughter of the late Colonel Chichester, and grand-daughter of the late James Hamilton, Esq. of Bangour, West-Lothian.

— At Cork, Mr Alexander Haldane, merchant, Dundee, to Frances, second daughter of J. Palmer, Esq. merchant, Cork.

21. At West Mains, Mr David Alexander, Carlops, to Mary, second daughter of Mr James Murray, farmer, West Mains.

— At London, Edward Wilson, Esq. eldest son of Christopher Wilson, Esq. of Rigmaden Park, Westmoreland, to Anne Clementina, only daughter of Lieut.-Gen. Sir Thomas Sidney Beekwith, K.C.B. Commander-in-Chief at Bombay.

— At 27, George Square, Mungo Pouton, Esq. W.S. to Helen Scott Campbell, youngest daughter of the late Archibald Campbell, Esq.

— At Hutton, the Hon. Captain William Keith, R.N. brother of the Earl of Kintore, to Louisa, daughter of the late William Grant, Esq. of Congalton.

26. At Picardy Place, the Right Hon. the Earl of Buchan, to Elizabeth (late), youngest daughter of the late John Harvey, Esq. of Castlesemple, Renfrewshire.

— At West Ham, Essex, Captain Alexander M'Neill, eldest son of John M'Neill, Esq. of Colonsay, Argyllshire, to Anne Elizabeth, fourth daughter of John Cairns, Esq. of Stratford Green.

29. At Softlaw, Mr Thomas Lindores, merchant, Kelson, to Isabella, youngest daughter of the late Mr Kay of Harlaw.

July 1. At 6, Windmill Street, Mr Peter Bell, to Jane, eldest daughter of Mr George Mercer.

2. At Edinburgh, Charles Oliphant, Esq. W.S. to Mrs Dr Barclay, daughter of the late Sir James Campbell of Aberuchill, Bart.

5. At Perth, John Fender, Esq. Hon. East In-

dia Company's Service, to Isabella, second daughter of the late Alexander Malcolm, Esq. Perth.

5. At London, the Earl Clanwilliam, to Lady Elizabeth Herbert, second daughter of the late Earl of Pembroke.

6. Mr Thomas Plews, chemist, Princes Street, Edinburgh, to Janet, eldest daughter of Mr John Mackay, Clyde Street.

— At Crailing, the Rev. John Paxton, junior, minister of Lasswade, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late James Paton, Esq. of Crailing.

7. At Peebles, Mr James Tweedie, in Dreva, to Janet, younger daughter of the deceased James Kerr, Esq. late Provost of Peebles.

— At Drummond Place, Edinburgh, John James Erskine, Esq. Clachuck, to Isabella, eldest daughter of William Boyd, Esq. W.S.

— At Edinburgh, Samuel Carson, M. D. St John's, Newfoundland, to Margaret, youngest daughter of the late Rev. William Sawers, A.M. Minister of Crookham, county of Northumberland.

8. At London, Lord Edward Thynne, son of the Marquis of Bath, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of William Melish, Esq. of Woodford, Essex.

10. At Paris, the Duke de Montebello, Peer of France, to Ellen, youngest daughter of Charles Jenkinson, Esq.

12. At 4, Shandwick Place, George Moir, Esq. Advocate, to Flora, daughter of the late George Tower, Esq. Aberdeen.

— At Pilrig Street, Mr James Young, merchant, High Street, to Janet Hamilton Brown, eldest daughter of the Rev. John Brown.

— At Strathgrym, Morton Carr, Esq. Barrister-at-Law, and Solicitor of Excise in Scotland, to Caroline, youngest daughter of the late Robert Graham, Esq. of Finty.

— At London, Augustus Frederick Lindley, Esq. grandson of the Hon. John Murray and Lady Elizabeth Murray, to the Hon. Mary Murray, second daughter of Alexander, Lord Elbank.

15. Peter Spence, Esq. writer in Edinburgh, to Isabella, youngest daughter of James Macfarlane, Esq. Collector of Excise.

— William Stuart, Esq. St Andrew Square, to Miss Charlotte Douglas, youngest daughter of William Douglas, Esq. 15, Hart Street.

15. At Quixwood, Berwickshire, Mr Thomas Reid, merchant, Pennicuik, to Jane, youngest daughter of Mr James Simson, late in Poss, Peebleshire.

17. At Canterbury, Captain Geo. Gipps, of the Royal Engineers, to Elizabeth, second daughter of Major-General Ramsay, of the Royal Artillery.

21. At Howe Street, Benjamin Hawkins, Esq. commander of the Melville revenue cutter, to Mrs Elizabeth Drysdale, relict of Mr W. S. Drysdale, Edinburgh.

— At 139, George Street, Mr Alexander Brown, merchant, Edinburgh, to Helen, daughter of the late Rev. James Brown, minister of Newbattle.

— At Dumfries, John Johnstone Thomson, Esq. Kilkenny, to Eliza, second daughter of the late John Heron, Esq. of Ingleston.

— At Glasgow, Mr James Macfarlane, late Collector of Excise, to Mrs Agnes Robb.

21. At Bloomville, Mr John McCulloch, of the British Linen Company's Bank, Edinburgh, to Elizabeth, fourth daughter of John McCasland, Esq. of Bloomville.

22. At Wellfield House, Berwickshire, Alexander, Esq. Harden Green, Mid-Lothian, to Isabella, daughter of the late William Hunter, Esq. of Pilmure.

26. At Langholm, Mr Alexander Stevenson, merchant, Edinburgh, to Eliza, eldest daughter of William Maxwell, Esq. Langholm.

— At Leith, the Rev. Thomas Adam, Peebles, to Isabella, eldest daughter of the late Mr Robert Borthwick, farmer, Orchardmains, Peebleshire.

27. At 17, Shandwick Place, Charles Wilson, M. D. Kelso, to Elizabeth, second daughter of Mr Dove, Froden.

— At Edinburgh, James Tod, Esq. W.S. to Susan, daughter of James Mercer, Esq. of Scotsbank.

— At East Saltoun, Mr James Martin, clothier, St Andrew Street, Edinburgh, to Mary, youngest daughter of Mr David Swinton.

— At Edinburgh, George Clarke, Esq. of Bath-

wick Hill, Bath, to Mary, daughter of the late Mr John Green, of Bath.

29. At Arbutnott House, James Cheape, Esq. commander, R. N. to the Hon. Miss Jean Ogilvy Arbutnott, eldest daughter of the Viscount Arbutnott.

30. At Mile End, Glasgow, Joseph McGregor, Esq. accountant, Edinburgh, to Margaret, daughter of the deceased Mr William Young, of Edinburgh.

Lately. At London, Mr Thomas Taylor, ornamental painter, to Elizabeth Forman, youngest daughter of the late Mr William Forman, formerly with Messrs Cookson and Co. of Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

— At the Hague, Captain George James Hay, R. N. second son of General Hay, Lieut.-Governor of Edinburgh Castle, to Georgiana Middleton Whiteford, fourth daughter of Sir John R. Whiteford.

— At Dublin, Alexander Jardine, Esq. son of the late Sir Alexander Jardine, Bart. Dumfriesshire, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Charles Curtis, Esq. of Cluna, King's County.

— At the British Legation, Berne, Sir James Boswell, Bart. of Auchinleck, to Jessie Jane, eldest daughter of Sir James Montgomerie Cunningham, Bart. of Corsehill and Kirktonholm, &c.

— At London, the Marquis of Cholmondeley, to Lady Susan Somerset, fourth daughter of the Duke of Beaufort.

— At Chilton, Kent, the Rev. Walter Stevenson Halliday, of Whimnyrigg, Annandale, to Katherine, youngest daughter of the late John Gardiner, Esq.

DEATHS.

Oct. 10. At Bombay, Robert Robertson, youngest son of the late Robert Robertson of Auchleeks, Esq.

Nov. 16. At Hingolee, Lieut. G. Gordon Laing, of the 2d Rifle Brigade, his Highness the Nizam's Service, Hyderabad, brother of the celebrated African traveller, Major Alex. Gordon Laing.

Dec. 9. At Calcutta, Dr Robert Paterson, when about to embark for Scotland, after a residence of more than twenty years in Bengal.

15. At Chunar, Charles Fudyece Fergusson, Esq. of the East India Company's civil service, on the Bengal establishment, and brother of Sir James Fergusson of Kilkerran, Bart.

Jan. 6. At Calcutta, William Lumsdaine, Esq. Deputy Commissary-General of Invergelie, Fife-shire, and also of Blarney, Berwickshire.

March. At Garth, Trinidad, about the middle of the month, Mr Robert Irvine, second son of the late Rev. Dr Irvine, of Little Dunkirk; and, on the 28th of that month, John Stewart, Esq. of Garth, Perthshire, and Garth, Trinidad.

April 16. At Mueduff, the Rev. Thomas Wilson, minister of Gamrie, in the 87th year of his age, and 59th of his ministry.

18. At Glasgow, Susan, daughter of the Rev. Archibald Lawson, late minister of Kirkmahoe.

20. At Stirling, George Dalgleish, Esq. merchant.

— At London, Mr J. B. Fitzpatrick, late treasurer of the Royal Amphitheatre.

23. At Falkirk, Mrs Mitchell, of the Red Lion Inn.

27. At Bexhill, Sussex, in his 78th year, Lieut.-Colonel Witherton, many years in the East India Company's service.

— At Walton Hall, Yorkshire, Ann Edmonstone, lady of Charles Waterton, Esq. and daughter of the late Charles Edmonstone, Esq. of Carron Park, Dumbartonshire.

28. At Montrose, in his 56th year, Mr Alexander Thomson, tobacconist.

May 1. At London, the Marchioness of Bath, in her 57th year.

— At Dunse, Mr George Stuart, surgeon.

— At Wyastone, Derbyshire, the Rev. Robert Greville.

2. At Rothsay, Mr Alexander Malcolm, of Glasgow, writer of "Maltese Sketches," and various other literary and miscellaneous pieces.

— At Irvine, David Sillar, Esq. aged 70.

3. At London, Isaac Prescott, Esq. Admiral of the Red, aged 93.

— At Ayr, in her 74th year, Jean Mil-

ohell, relict of the late Mr David Kirkland, rector of the Grammar School of Arbroath.

4. At Southampton, Miss Stuart, daughter of the late Sir James Stuart, Bart. of Allanbank, Berwickshire.

— At Hainslee, Charles, third son of Charles Stewart, late of Blackcraig.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Thomas Murray, printer.

— At Edinburgh, in his 27th year, Mr David Brown, assistant-surgeon, R.N.

At Greenock, Christopher Mood, shipmaster, and late of the Australian Company's service, Leith, in his 32d year.

6. At Chesne, near Geneva, Catherine, the lady of the Right Hon. Sir James Mackintosh.

— At Glendush, parish of Colmonell, Ayr. William McCulloch, Esq.

— At Ivy Cottage, Conduit Vale, Blackheath, in his 65th year, Lachlan McLean, Esq.

— At Auchinarn House, Lanarkshire, in his 77th year, John Scales, Esq. formerly writer in Glasgow.

7. At Edinburgh, Mr John Reid, of the Commercial Bank of Scotland.

— At Revolution Hall Estate, in the Island of Grenada, Mr William Cockburn.

— At 20, Clarence Street, Miss Margaret Hope, daughter of the late Archibald Hope, Esq. Collector of Excise.

— At 4, George's Place, Leith Walk, Mr Thomas Stewart, merchant.

8. At Belfast, Margaret Gardner, wife of James Thomson, Esq. LL.D. Professor of Mathematics, Belfast College.

— The Rev. William Orme, pastor of the Independent Church at Cambridge, and foreign secretary of the London Missionary Society.

— At 6th, George Street, Mrs Janet Primrose, wife of Dr John Warroch Pursell, physician in Edinburgh.

11. At Torbanehill, Mrs Patrick Russell.

— At Aberdeen, in his 76th year, Dr William Laurence Brown, Professor of Divinity, and Principal of Mar-cha College, Aberdeen, Dean of the Chapel Royal, and of the most ancient Order of the Thistle.

— At Aberdeen, Mr Robert Moir, late teller in the Aberdeen Bank.

12. At Duddingston, James Duff, Esq. paymaster of the late 9th Royal Veteran Battalion.

— At Dalkeith, Margaret, and on the 50th ult., Mary, daughters of Mr William Douglas.

13. At Crosscaulaway, Mrs Alison Carnross, relict of the deceased Alexander Livingston, merchant, Crosscaulaway, aged 88 years.

14. Archibald, youngest son of Professor Wallace.

15. At Elsinore, George Knox, Esq. of the firm of Mullens and Knox.

— At Herbertshire, Mrs Morehead of Herbertshire.

— At Grangemouth, Mrs Margaret Brooks, spouse of John Drummond, Esq. surgeon, R.N. and, at the same place, on the 20th, Mrs Joan Brooks, relict of Mr Adam Brooks, merchant, Edinburg.

— At 2, Queen Place, Leith, Archibald Miller, Esq. merchant, there.

— At Swinton Manse, Jane Hunter Arundel, youngest daughter of the late W. P. Hunter Arundel, Esq. of Barjarg.

18. At Jedburgh Manse, the Rev. Dr. Somerville, so eminently distinguished as the historian of Queen Anne, and for other valuable works. The Rev. Doctor was the father of the Scottish Church. He had assisted in the communion services in the church of his own parish on the Sabbath preceding, and, apparently, with no decrease of energy or zeal; but he was taken ill on the evening of that day, and continued to linger, peacefully waiting for his rest, till his departure on the Sabbath of the week following, much about hour of the evening when he was first taken the ill.

— At Stirling, Mrs Gillies, wife of Provost Gillies.

— At Burnside, Margaret Boston, relict of the late Rev. William Campbell, Dysart, aged 73 years.

17. At Leamington, Walter Scott of Raeburn, in his 82d year.

17. At 25, India Place, Thomas Cumming, M.D. son of L. Cumming, Esq. of Blackhills.

— At Edinburgh, Miss Elizabeth Nisbet, eldest daughter of the deceased James Nisbet, architect, Edinburgh.

— At Edinburgh, aged 17, Lamont Scott, youngest son of Lamont Scott, brush-manufacturer.

— At Clomary, James Taylor, Esq. late fish-curer there.

18. At Glasgow, Mr David Foote, Gordon Street, aged 64.

— At Crail, Captain John Murray, late of the 19th regiment of Bengal native infantry.

20. At Teignmouth, Captain Robert Skipwey, R.N.

— At Mertoun Manse, Isabella, eldest daughter of the Rev. James Duncan.

— At Glasgow, Anne Ure, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Robert Ure, minister of Airth.

— At Starbank Cottage, Trinity, near Edinburgh, Miss Catharine Macnab.

21. At 18, Pirig Street, William, youngest son of Alexander Wright, Esq. seed-merchant, Edinburgh.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Peter Wilkie, late coach-maker there.

— At Milburn, the Rev. Thomas Burns, minister of Renfrew.

— At Portobello, Mr Justin William Munio, late of the Island of Jamaica.

— At Liverpool, Mr Alexander Brand, only son of the late James Brand, Esq. cashier of the Banking Company of Aberdeen.

— At Banisuir, Fifeshire, Mrs Ranken, widow of the late Captain Ranken, of the Fifeshire cavalry.

22. At London, aged 90, the Right Hon. Lady Amherst, relict of Field-Marshal Jeffrey, Lord Amherst.

— At Rothsay, William Clark, Esq. late of Kerse, Lanarkshire.

23. At Greenhall House, near Edinburgh, Sir John Hay of Smithfield and Haystone, Bart., after a few days' illness. This respectable gentleman was not more distinguished for his public spirit than for his amiable qualities in private life. He was endeared to a wide circle of friends, by whom his loss will be severely felt, as well as by many others who experienced his active benevolence.

— At 28, India Street, Michael Kidston, Esq. late 5, Hanover Street.

24. At Minto Street, Newington, John Chambers, aged 18 years, eldest son of Mr Chambers, clothier, 16, South Bridge.

— At 2, London Street, in her 85d year, Mrs Alexandrina Ogilvy, wife of Thomas Reid, Esq.

25. At Hatton Mans, Alnwick, wife of James Reid, Esq.

— At Pittenween, Mr George Simson, surgeon there.

26. At 19, Minto Street, Newington, Mrs Helen Dickson, relict of Mr Peter Chalmers, formerly tenant in Redhaugh.

— At Neweastle, the Rev. Charles Ochiltree, formerly of Edinburgh, and chaplain of the 1st battalion of the Scots Brigade, aged 90.

27. At Merton College, Oxford, Mrs Dewar, relict of Maj.-Gen. Dewar of Gilsdon, Fifeshire.

— At 50, Leith Walk, Margaret Love, aged 77, wife of William Carstairs.

— At Angusfield, Mr Andrew Angus, bookseller, Aberdeen, aged 76 years.

28. At Balfour, Fifeshire, Isabella Congalton, aged 85, daughter of the late William Congalton, Esq.

— At Hamilton, the Rev. Dr Alexander Fleming, one of the ministers of Hamilton, and one of his Majesty's Chaplains in Ordinary in Scotland.

29. At Dunbar, Provost William Hume.

— At Edinburgh, Miss Jessie Archibald, daughter of the late Mr George Archibald, formerly printer in Edinburgh, afterwards of the island of St Vincent.

— James Dun, Esq. of Shawpark, Selkirkshire.

— At Stirling, Mr Peter Cumming, Sheriff-Clerk Depute.

30. At 22, Forth Street, Mrs Barbara Thompson, wife of Mitchell Gibson, Esq. late of the island of Ceylon.

30. At London, William Harley, Esq. formerly of Willow Bank, near Glasgow, in his 61th year.
— At Tain, George Murray, Esq. of Westfield, aged 76.

31. At 11, York Place, Mr David Wilson, W.S. June 1. At New York, Dr Robert Hogg, surgeon, late of Edinburgh.

— At Skeoch Mill, Bannockburn, Mrs M'Culloch, in her 80th year.

2. At Chatham, Jane Pollock, wife of Captain Hamilton, and eldest daughter of the late Hugh Crawford, Esq. of Greenock.

— At Edinburgh, Kincaid M'Kenzie, Esq. He was suddenly taken ill while at dinner with his family, and retiring into another room, almost instantly expired. He had, we understand, been complaining for some time, but was attending to his ordinary business till within an hour of his death. Mr M'Kenzie held the office of Lord Provost during the years 1817 and 1818, and was, at the time of his death, Treasurer of Heriot's Hospital.

— At Broomlee, near Collingburgh, Fifeshire, Mr James Bennett.

— At Morningside, Isabella, youngest daughter of the late John Lauder, Esq.

3. At Edinburgh, Mr Robert Moffat, one of the clerks of the Court of Session, aged 77 years.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Mary Umphray, wife of George Alexander, Esq. Banff.

4. At the Island of Grenada, Isaac Horsford, Esq. at the advanced age of 87.

5. At Rosemount, Leith, Mary Anne, eldest daughter of the Rev. George Brewster, minister of Seonnie.

7. Andrew, youngest son of Robert Davidson, Esq. Professor of Law in the University of Glasgow.

— At Roseville, David Bridges, Esq.

— At 11, Minto Street, Newington, Alexander Lawrie, Esq. deputy-inspector of army hospitals.

8. At Garth, Thurso, Lieut. A. Waters, half-pay 75th Highlanders.

— At London, Lieut.-Col. George Murray, K.C.B.

9. At Greenock, Augusta, wife of Major M. E. Alves, and daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. R. Hope, Royal Artillery.

— At London, Lieut.-Gen. Raymond.

— The Rev. George William Scott, rector of Kentsburn, in Devonshire, third son of Hugh Scott, Esq. of Harden.

— At Philipstown, Mr John Keir, factor on the Hapetown estates in West Lothian for upwards of 45 years.

— At Dalkeith, Mr James M'Diarmid.

10. At London, Nicholas Brown, Esq. Commissioner of Victualling Board.

— At Leith Street, John Morrison, son of Mr James Morrison, bootmaker.

— Peter Campbell, Esq. Billeroidian.

11. At Holfreck, Mr Robert M'Gillwie, factor to the Earl of Breadalbane.

12. At 21, Princes Street, Mr John Speirs.

— At Lindithgow, Mr John Henderson, Deacon of the Corporation of Coopers.

— At Boulogne-sur-Mer, John Thomson, Esq. formerly of the 79th, or Cameron Highlanders.

13. At Haddington, Miss Lillias Millar, sister of the late Richard Millar, Esq. of Breamdan.

— At 9, Northumberland Street, Mrs Welsh, widow of the late Robert Welsh, Esq. of Collin.

— At 1, Claremont Street, Mr Thomas Shaugh, writer.

— Emily, second daughter of Mr John MacGeorge, Gilmere Place.

14. At Rothsay, Marion Jane, third daughter of George George Bell, Esq. advocate.

— At Edinburgh, much and justly regretted, Mrs Margaret Roach, widow of the late Mr Ramsay, architect.

— At Musselburgh, Mrs Katherine Vogan, relict of Mr William Rankine, of Leith.

— At Ladyfield Place, Mr John James, boot and shoemaker, late Convener of the Trades of Edinburgh.

— At Wardie, Mrs Donaldson, aged 67 years.

— At Birkenhead, Mrs Rachel Weir, widow of the late William Thomson, of Birkenhead, Lismahago, Lanarkshire.

16. At 21, Brighton Place, Portobello, Mrs J. Bryan, aged 64.

16. At 41, Lothian Street, Mr Robert Lyon, teacher in the Merchant Maiden Hospital.

— At 15, East Claremont Street, Miss Janet Linning, daughter of the late Rev. Thomas Linning, minister of Lesmahagoe.

— At London, Sir Lucas Pepys, Bart., in his 69th year.

— At Spring Gardens, near Edinburgh, in the 47th year of his age, John Brown, Esq.

17. At Lasswade, Mrs Duncan M'Neill.

— At his Lordship's seat, in the neighbourhood of Windsor, on the 17th instant, the venerable Earl Harcourt. His Lordship was in his 88th year. He was a Field Marshal, Colonel of the 11th dragoons, Governor of Portsmouth, Deputy Lieutenant of Windsor Forest, Deputy Ranger of Windsor Park, and a K.C.B. He was third Earl, and, we believe, the title is extinct in him.

18. At 71, Clerk Street, in the 7th year of his age, Thomas, eldest son of Mr Samuel Laing of the Commercial Bank.

— At Bathgate, James Corbet, Esq. surgeon, R.N.

20. At Charleton Kings, Gloucestershire, General George Waide. In the 71st year of his age.

— At Sante Adresse, near Havre-de-Grace, William Inglis, Esq. W.S.

— At 40, Queen Street, Major Alexander Thomson, royal engineers.

21. Miss Inglis, daughter of the late William Inglis, Esq. Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh.

— At Burnbrae, Mrs Susan Smith Primrose of Burnbrae.

22. At Stripeside, Fifeshire, William Gulland, Esq.

— At Lethenly, Perthshire, William Spottiswoode, in his 84th year.

25. At Edinburgh, Mr Robert Dempster, druggist.

— John Pott, Esq. of Carlenrigg, Roxburghshire.

24. At Montrose, Mrs Mary Ruperta Skinner, relict of the late John Auchterlony, Esq.

— At the Manse of Loches, in the Island of Lewis, the Rev. Alexander Simson, in the 68th year of his age, and 4 d of his ministry.

— At Kirkcaldy, Mrs J. Rae, widow of the late Mr Alexander Laing, Leith.

— At Montrose, Mrs Auchterlony, widow of the deceased John Auchterlony, Esq.

26. At Largo, at the Manse of his son-in-law, Dr Scott, minister of St Michael's, Dumfries.

— At Edinburgh, aged 80, Mrs Margaret Telfair, widow of the Rev. Joseph Henderson, minister of Wiston.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Nicol William Robertson, S.S.C.

— At his house, in York Place, Sir Thomas Ramsay, Bart. of Balmain, Colonel in the Service of the East India Company.

— At Malvern Wells, Worcestershire, Christian, third daughter of the late Lawrence Oliphant, Esq. of Gask, Perthshire.

27. At 4, Gayfield Square, John MacRitchie, Esq. of Craigton, writer in Edinburgh, aged 68 years.

28. At Kirkcaldy, Glenorchy, Argyllshire, Christina Robertson, aged 36, wife of Mr Alexander Campbell.

— At Burnside of Alva, Mrs Charlotte Mitchell, wife of Mr John McLaren, factor to James Johnston, Esq. of Alva.

— At Northfield, near Edinburgh, Isabella Sym, wife of Mr Gregor MacGregor.

— At Whinfield, Kinross-shire, James Stedman, Esq. aged 81.

30. At 11, Brown Square, James Dobie, youngest son of Mr Francis Cameron.

— At Edinburgh, Daniel Macdowall Hill, only son of the late Peter Hill, junior, Esq. aged two years.

— At 30, Royal Circus, William Henderson, Esq. of Gloupi, Shetland, Captain h. p. 27th regiment of foot.

July 1. At Edinburgh, George Burnet, Esq.

— At 15, Montague Street, Mrs Janet Culbert, wife of Mr James Ramsay, silk-mercier, South Bridge Street.

2. At Fountainhall, in his 69th year, Mr John Lumsden.

2. At Blackridge, Mr Duncan Mackay, aged 39 years.

3. At Forfar, James Ross, weaver, aged 46. He was author of a number of poetical productions of some merit.

— At Ostend, Louisa Isabella, daughter of Sir Evan Murray Macgregor of Macgregor, Bart.

— At 34, Dublin Street, Miss Hunter.

— At Garraube, John Campbell, younger of Succoth, Esq. M.P. for the county of Dumbarton.

4. At Martingarth, near Dumfries, Mr Gilbert Ogilvie, late merchant in Leith.

— At his house, Comely Garden, Henry Duncan, Esq. late merchant, Edinburgh.

— At 1, Old Physic Gardens, Mary Ann Gladstone, daughter of Mr Robert R. White, wine merchant.

— At London, aged 84, Mrs Ann Penn, relict of the late John Penn, Esq. formerly governor, and one of the hereditary proprietors of the province of Pennsylvania.

5. At Vanburgh Place, Leith, Margaret Jane, second daughter of Mr Alexander, wine-merchant.

— At Bridge of Allan, William Horn, Esq. in the 71st year of his age.

— At Edinburgh, Miss Madeline Waddell, daughter of Mr James Waddell, 25, Dundas Street.

— At London, Samuel, son of the Rev. E. Irving.

In childhood, at 1, Fingal Place, Margaret S. Morton, wife of Mr Robert Russell, leather-factor, aged 22 years, and on the 10th his infant son.

6. At London, George Mackenzie Blair, Esq.

— At Gogar Burn, near Edinburgh, Mrs Dorothea Gregory, wife of the Rev. Archibald Alison.

7. At Edinburgh, Mrs Maria Dickson, relict of Dr Dominick Lynch, of Barbadoes.

— Here, Mr Barrymore, aged 72, for nearly 40 years a distinguished performer at the Theatres-Royal Drury Lane and Covent Garden.

— At Montpelier, in France, Edward Bullock Douglas, Esq.

8. At Horse Mill, near Perth, Mrs William Shickle, daughter of Mr James Davidson, George Inn, Perth.

— At Castle Fraser, Aberdeenshire, Mr Robert Cassie, in his 90th year.

9. At Belhaven, the Rev. James Stirling, of Cockburnspath.

— At his residence, near Duddingstone, the Right Hon. William Lord Nairne.

— At Glorat House, Captain William Morrison, half-pay 43d regiment of Foot.

— At Woolwich, Mrs Chambers White, wife of Commodore White, and eldest daughter of the late General Sir Hew Dalrymple.

— At London, near Lichfield, the Right Rev. Henry William Majendie, D.D., Lord Bishop of Bangor.

10. At Torquay, Devon, in his 12th year, Thomas Sandford Lane, eldest son of the Rev. Charles Lane, and grandson of the late Right Rev. Bishop Sandford.

11. At Kinnaird House, Mrs Dick, wife of Colonel Robert Henry Dick, C.B. of Tullymet, Perthshire.

— At Blyth Bridge, Lieut. Thomas Aire, royal navy.

12. At Portobello, William Creelman, Esq.

— At Forfar, John Steele, senior, Esq. merchant.

— Mrs Rebecca Page, wife of Mr George Inglis, merchant, corner of Bank Street, Edinburgh.

13. At Elie, Fifeshire, John Wallace, Esq. of Balhousie.

— At London, after a lingering illness, L. W. Wood, Esq. late of the Stock Exchange.

15. At Carael, after a short but painful illness, the French General Vandamme.

— At Rothsay, Mrs Elizabeth Stewart, widow of the late Archibald Stewart, shipbuilder there.

— At Inverness, Mrs May Chisholm, wife of Mr George Watson, accountant of the National Bank of Scotland.

16. At Paisley, Dr John Stewart Ramsay, surgeon, royal navy.

17. At Bath, Lady Catherine O'Donel, relict of the late Sir Neill O'Donel, Bart., and daughter of the Earl of Annesley.

— At Meadowbank House, Charles, youngest son of Lord Meadowbank.

18. At Dollarbeg, Clackmannanshire, Mrs Margaret Bennet, eldest daughter of the late Rev. William Bennet, of Duddingstone, and wife of William Clark, W.S.

19. At Irvine, Mrs Margaret Hamilton, relict of the Rev. Thomas Pollock, minister of Kilmarnock.

— Robert Nisbet, youngest son of Mr Peter Robertson, Newtonlees.

20. At Portobello, Mrs Margaret Mundell, relict of the late Mr Thomas Williamson, Dumfries.

— At Inverman, Major Alexander Forbes, formerly of the 71st regiment.

22. At Southfield House, parish of Mearns, Mr Robert Caldwell, aged 85 years, and at the same place, on the 1st of May last, Mrs Agnes Martin, his wife.

23. At Moray Street, Leith Walk, Andrew Cunningham, Esq. late of the Navy Pay Office, London.

— At Annan, Catharine Carruthers, daughter of A. R. Carson, LL.D. Rector of the High School of Edinburgh.

25. At Edinburgh, Mr Robert Duncan, writer, aged 47.

28. At 40, Great King Street, Mrs Stewart.

— At London, Miss Cubitt, the vocalist. Disappointed in an early attachment, she had latterly suffered under a deprivation of reason.

30. At 27, Regent Terrace, Andrew T. Wight, in his tenth year.

Lately, At Skerton, near Lancaster, aged 69, Ann Calvert.

— At Burnside, Surinam, Mr Andrew James Cornfoot, aged 25, from Largo, Fifeshire.

— At Glenmore, Argyllshire, Colin Campbell, Esq. of Glenmore, in his 95th year.

— At Castlemains, near Sanquhar, James Stoddart, late in Gleninanna, aged 80 years.

— At Greystones of Kirkpatrick Fleining, in his 87th year, Mr David Irving, formerly, and for nearly 60 years, a cattle-dealer betwixt the English and Scotch border markets.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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EDINBURGH:

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AND T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

To whom Communications (post paid) may be addressed.

SOLD ALSO BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND CO. EDINBURGH.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CLXXII.

OCTOBER, 1830.

VOL. XXVIII.

THE MOORS.

ONCE we knew the Highlands absolutely too well—not a nook almost that was not as familiar to us as our brown study. We had not to complain of the lochs, glens, woods, and mountains alone, for having so fastened themselves upon us on a great scale, that we found it impossible to shake them off; but the hardship in our case was, that all the inferior and subordinate component parts of the scenery, many of them dull and dreary enough, and some of them insupportably stupid, had taken it upon themselves so to thrust their intimacy upon us, in all winds and weathers, that without giving them the cut direct, there was no way of escaping from the burden of their friendship. To courteous and humane Christians, such as we have always been, both by name and nature, as far back as we can recollect, it is painful to cut even an impudent stone, or an upsetting tree, that may cross our path uncalled for, or obtrude itself on our privacy, when we wish to be alone in our meditations. Yet, we confess, they used sometimes sorely to try our temper. It is all very well for you, our good sir, to say that such objects are inanimate. So much the worse. Were they animate, the chance is, though like yourself perhaps at times somewhat silly, that they might be reasoned with on the impropriety of interrupting the stream of any man's soliloquies. But being not merely inanimate but irrational, objects of that class know not to keep their own

place, which indeed, it may be said in reply, is kept for them by nature. But that Mistress of the Ceremonies, though a personage enjoying a fine green old age, against whom we would not utter one single syllable of disparagement or reproach for ten thousand worlds, and though present at all times, it is true, and at all places, cannot be expected to be equally attentive to the proceedings of all the objects under her control. Accordingly, often when she is not looking, what more common than for a huge hulking fellow of a rock, with an absurd tuft of trees on his head, who has observed you lying half-asleep on the green sward, to hang eaves-dropping, as it were, over your most secret thoughts, which he whispers to the winds, and they to all the clouds!—or for some grotesque and fantastic ash, with a crooked back, and arms disproportionately long, like a giant in extreme old age dwindling into a dwarf, to jut out from the hole in the wall, and should your leaden eyes chance at the time to love the ground, to put his mossy fist right in your unsuspecting and philosophical countenance! In short, it is very possible to know a country so thoroughly well, outside and in, from mountain to molehill, that you get mutually so tired of one another's company, that you are ready to cut each other's throats, and in hatred and disgust, load yourselves with reciprocal imprecations.

So was it once with us and the Highlands. That "too much fami-

liarity breeds contempt," is a wise apothegm we learned many a long year ago, when learning to write large text; and our whole life has been a running commentary upon the theme then set us by that incomparable calligraphist, Butterworth. All "the old familiar faces" occasionally come in for a portion of that feeling; and, on that account, we are glad that we never saw Charles Lamb's. So, some dozen years since, we gave up the Highlands, not wishing to quarrel with them or any country, and confined our tender assiduities to the Lowlands, while, like two great Flats as we were, we kept staring away at each other, with our lives on the same level. All the consequences that might naturally have been expected have ensued; and we are now as heartily sick of the Lowlands, and they, we suspect, of us, as any honest man and his wife in all his Majesty's dominions. What else can we do but revive the "*veteris vestigia flammæ*," and "*totis viribus*," make an attack and inroad upon our First Love?

Allow us to offer another view of the subject. There is not about all Old Age one blessing more deserving of its gratitude to heaven, than the gradual badimining of memory brought on by years. In youth, all things, internal and external, are unforgettable, and, by the perpetual presence of passion, oppress the soul. The eye of a woman haunts the victim on whom it may have given a glance, till he leaps, perhaps, out of a four-story window. A beautiful lake, or a sublime mountain, drives a young poet as mad as a March hare. He loses himself in an interminable forest louring all round the horizon of a garret six feet square. Memory and Imagination, in the poor fellow's case, are absolutely but one faculty, or two twisted together into a rope, with which he is ready to hang himself on the slightest or no occasion. It matters not to him whether his eyes be open or shut. He is at the mercy of all Life and all Nature, and not for one hour can he escape from their persecutions. His soul is the slave of the Seven Senses, and each is a tyrant, with instruments of torture, to whom and to which Phalaris, with his brazen bull, was a stale joke. But in old age

"the heart of a man is oppressed with care" no longer; the Seven Tyrants have lost their sceptres, and are dethroned; and the grey-headed gentleman feels that his soul has "set up its rest." His eyes are dazzled no more with insufferable light;—no more his ears tingle with music too exquisite to be borne;—his touch trembles not, as of yore,

"Along the edge of many a thrilling line."

And the scents of nature stealing from the balmy mouths of lilies and roses, are deadened in snuff. He is above and beyond the reach of all the long arms of many-handed misery, as he is out of the convulsive clutch of bliss. And is not this the state of best happiness for mortal man? Tranquility! The peaceful air that we breathe as we are westering towards the sunset-regions of our Being, and feel that we are about to drop down for ever out of sight, behind the Sacred Mountains!

All this may be very fine, but cannot be said to help us far on in the Introduction to our intended Article on the Moors. Let us try it again. Old men, we remarked, ought to be thankful to Heaven for their dim memories. Never do we feel that more profoundly than when dreaming about the Highlands. All is confusion. Nothing distinctly do we remember—not even the names of lochs and mountains. Where the devil is Ben Cruachan? At this blessed moment we see his cloud-capped head—but we have clean forgotten the silver sound of the name of the county he encumbers. Ross-shire? Nay, that won't do—he never was at Tain. We are assured by Dr Reid's, Dr Beattie's, and Dugald Stewart's great Instinctive First Principle Belief, that oftener than once, or ten times either, have we been in a day-long hollow among precipices dear to eagles, called Glen-Etive. But where begins or where ends that "severe sojourn," is now to us a mystery—though we hear the sound of the sea and the dashing of cataracts. Yet though all is thus dim in our memory, would you believe it, that nothing is utterly lost? No, not even the thoughts that soared—like eagles vanishing in the light—or that dived—like ravens into the gloom. They all re-appear—those from the Empyrean—these from

Hades—reminding us of the good or the evil borne in other days, within the spiritual regions of our far-extended, nay, rather our boundless being! The world of eye and ear is not in reality narrowed because it glimmers; ever and anon, as years advance, a light, direct from heaven, dissipates the gloom, and bright and glorious, as of yore, the landscape laughs to the sea, the sea to heaven, and heaven back again to the gazing spirit that leaps forward to the hailing light with the same divine passion that gave wings to our youth!

All this may be still finer, yet cannot be said, any more than the preceding paragraph, much to help us on with the Introduction to our Article. To come, then, if possible, to the point at once—we are happy that our dim memory and our dim imagination restore and revive in our mind none but the characteristic features of the scenery of the Highlands, unmixed with baser matter, and all floating magnificently through a spiritual haze, so that the whole region is now more than ever idealized,—and in spite of all his present, past, and future prosiness—Christopher North—the moment he images Loch Etive or Loch Awe—is a poet—if ever there was one in this blessed and accursed world.

Why, we are now in Glen-Etive—and sitting at the mouth of our Tent. Our oft-repeated passionate prayer,

“O for a lodge in some vast wilderness!” has once more, after twenty years’ absence, in this magnificent haunt of our fanciful youth and imaginative manhood, been gloriously granted, and Christopher, he thinks, could again bound along these cloud-girdled cliffs like a deer. Nay, ’tis not twenty years since we pitched this self-same snow-white Tent amid the purple heather, by the Linn of Dee! But,

We take no heed of time but by its loss,” so winnowing on the air is even the weariest waving of his care-laden wings! A few yellow weather-stains are on the canvass—“but that not much;” the pole is yet sound—or call it rather mast—for we have hoisted our top-gallant,

“And lo! the silver cross, to Scotland dear,”

languidly lifts itself up, an inefficual streamer, in the fitful morning breezes! The dawn is softly—slowly—stealing upon day; for the up-risen sun, though here the edge of his disk as yet be invisible, is diffusing abroad the dewy joy of “the sweet hour of prime,” and all the beauteous eastern region is tinged with a crimson, faint and fine as that which sleeps within the wreaths of the sea-sounding shells. Hark! the eagle’s earliest cry, yet in his eyry! Another hour, and he and his giant mate will be seen spirally ascending the skies, in many a glorious gyration, tutoring their offspring to dally now with the sunshine, as, when their plumes are stronger, they will dally with the storm.

“O, Forest of Dalness! how sweet is the sound!”

Hundreds of red-deer are now lying half-asleep, half-awake, among thy fern and heather, with their antlers, could our eyes now behold them, motionless as the birch-tree branches with which they are blended in the desert. Or roused from their lair, at the signal-belling of their king, a hero unconquered in a hundred fights, the whole herd rises at once like a grove, and with their stately heads lifted aloft on the weather-gleam, snuff the sweet scent of the morning-air far and wide surcharged with the honey-dew yet unmelting on the heather, and eye with the looks of liberty the glad daylight that mantles the Black Mount with a many-coloured garment. Ha! the first plunge of the salmon in the pool! There again he shoots into the air, white as silver, and new run from the sea!—for Loch-Etive is one of the many million arms of ocean, and bright now are rolling in the billows of the far-heaving tide! Music meet for such a morn and such mountains! Straight stretches the glen for leagues, and then bending through the blue gloom, seems to wind away with one magnificent sweep into infinitude. The Great Glen of Scotland—Glen-More itself—is not more magnificent. But the great glen of Scotland is yet a living forest. Glen-Etive has no woods—and the want of them is sublime. For, centuries ago, pines and oaks, in the course of nature, all perished; and they exist

now but in tradition, still wavering on the tongues of old bards, or deep down in the mosses shew their black trunks to the light, when the torrents join the river in spate, and the moor divulges its secrets as in an earthquake. Sweetly sung, thou small, brown, moorland bird, though thy song be but a twitter! And true to thy time—even to a balmy minute—art thou, with thy velvet tunic of black, striped with yellow, as thou windest thy small but not sullen horn—by us called in our pride HUMBLE BEK—but not, methinks, so very humble, while booming high in air in oft-repeated circles, wondering at our Tent, and at the flag that now unfolds its gaudy length like a burnished serpent, as if the smell of some far-off darling heather-bed had touched thy finest instinct—away fleest thou straight southward to that rich flower-store, unerringly as the carrier-pigeon wafting to distant lands some love-message on its wings. Yet humble after all thou art! for 'tis thy chief—thy sole pastime

"To murmur for the hour in heather-bells,"

and making thy industry thy delight, to return at shut of day, cheerful even in thy weariness, to thy ground-cell, within the knoll, where, as Fancy dreams, the Fairies dwell—a Silent People in the Land of Peace.

Yestreen we had rather a hard bout of it in the Tent—the Glenlivet was pithy—and Tickler and the Shepherd sustained a total overthrow. They are snoring as if it still were midnight. And is it thus that we sportsmen spend our time on the Moors? Yet while "so many of our poorest subjects are asleep," let us repoint the nib of our pen, and in the eye of the sweet-breath'd morning—moralize.

Thirteen years are over and gone since by the Linn of Dee we pitched—on that famous excursion—THE TENT. Let us sketch the fate of empires—the state of the world at large—from the Battle of Waterloo to the New French Revolution. And let us begin with Maga.

"Like some tall Palm that noiseless fabric grew,"

may, not noiseless—for the deafest wight that ever strove to hear with his mouth wide open, would have safely sworn that he heard the sound of ten thousand hammers. Neither grew she like a Palm—but like a Banyan-tree. Ever as she threw forth branches from her great unexhausted stem, they were borne down by the weight of their own beauty to the soil—the deep, black rich soil in which she grew, originally sown there by a bird of Paradise, that dropt the seed from her beak as she sailed along in the sunshiny ether—and every limberest spray there again taking root, reascended a stately scion, and so on ceaselessly through all the hours, each in itself a spring-season, till the figurative words of Milton have been magnificently fulfilled:—

—"Her arms

Branching so broad and long, that in the ground

The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow

About the mother tree, a pillar'd shade
High overarch'd, and echoing walks between;

There oft the Ettrick Shepherd,*^h hunting bent,

Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds

At loop-holes cut through thickest shade."

But, alas! for the Odontist! He, the "*Delicia generis Humani*," is dead. The best of all the Bishops of Bristol is no more. Mansel had not a tithe of his wit—nor has Kaye a tithe of his wisdom. And can it be that we have not yet edited "His Remains!" "Alas! poor Yorick!" If Hamlet could smile even with the skull of the Jester in his hands, whom, when a princely boy, he had loved, hanging on his neck many a thousand times, why may not also we, in our mind's eye seeing that mirthful face "quite chap-fallen," and hearing as if dismally deadened by the dust, the voice that "so often set our table on a roar!" Dr Parr's wig, too, is all out of frizzle; a heavier shot has dishevelled its horse-hair, than ever was sent from the Shepherd's gun; no more shall it be mistaken for owl a-blink on the mid-day bough, or ptarmigan basking in the sun high up

* In most editions of *Paradise Lost*, we believe, it is "Indian herdsman."—C. N.

among the regions of the snow! It has vanished, with other lost things, to the Moon; and its image alone remains for the next edition of the celebrated treatise "*De Rebus Deperditis*," a suitable and a welcome frontispiece, transferred thither by the engraver's cunning from the first of those Eight Tomes that might make the Trone tremble, lately laid on the shoulders of Atlas who threatens to put down the Globe, by the least judicious and the most unmerciful of editors that ever imposed upon the light living the heavy dead—John Johnson late of Birmingham, Fellow of the Royal Society, and of the Royal College of Physicians, whose practice is duller than that of all Death's doctors, and his prescriptions in that preface unchristianly severe! ODoherty, likewise, has been gathered to his fathers! The Standard-bearer has lowered his colours before that foe who alone is invincible. The Ensign, let us not fear, has been advanced to a company without purchase; the Adjutant has died in the service, and his widow, the late Mrs Macwhirter of Philadelphia, has applied for a pension, which, if the present shabby set of apostates who misgovern this country have not the grace to grant it, will be given with an open hand by the Coalition ministry, with Grey and Richmond at their head; and for their right and left arms, Vivian and Sadler, the latter rejoicing in the benign laws of Providence, in spite of that Puppy in the Edinburgh Review. Tims was lately rumoured to be in a galloping consumption; but the very terms of the report, about one so sedentary, were sufficient to give it the lie. Though puny, he is far from being unwell; and still engaged in polishing tea-spoons and other plated articles, at a rate cheaper than travelling gipsies do horn. But let us complete our picture of the affairs of Europe at another sitting, and put an end in the Tent to that portentous snore.

Tickler—Hogg!

"Arise, awake, or be for ever fallen!"

Ho—ho! gentlemen—so you have had the precaution to sleep in your clothes! The sun, like Maga, is mounting higher and higher in hea-

ven; so let us, we beseech you, to breakfast, and then off to the Moors.

"Substantial breakfast!" by Dugalld Dhu, and by Donald Roy, and by Hamish—heaped up like icebergs round the pole. How nobly stands in the centre that ten-gallon Cask of Glenlivet! Proud is that Round to court his shade—that twenty-pound Salmon lies beneath it, even as yesterday he lay beneath the cliff—a column of light falls from him on that Grouse-Pie—is not that Ham beautiful in the calm consciousness of his protection—and that Tongue mutely eloquent in his praise? Tap him with your knuckles, James, tenderly as if you loved him—and that with all your heart and soul you do—and is not the response firm as from the trunk of the gnarled oak? He is yet "Virgin of Proserpina"—"by Jove" he is; no wanton lip has ever touched his mouth so chaste; so knock out the bung, and let us hear him gurgle. With diviner music does he fill the pitcher, and with a diviner liquidity of light, than ever Naiad, in the fount of Helicon or Castaly, poured into classic urn, gracefully uplifted by Grecian dame to her graceful head, and borne away, with a thanksgiving hymn, to her hut in the olive-grove.

All eggs are good eating; and a vulgar heresy it is—vile and vulgar as that of the Row, though not so impious—which holds that those laid by sea-fowl have a fishy taste. It is a lie. The egg of the Sea-mew is exceeding sweet; so is that of any Gull in the gullet. Pleasant is even the yolk of the Cormorant—in the north of England yeledped the Scarth; and in the Lowlands of Scotland the Black Byuter. Try a Black Byuter's egg, my dear James; for though not newly laid, it has since spring been preserved in butter, and is as fresh as a daisy after a shower. Do not be afraid of stumbling on a brace of embryo Black Byuters in the interior of the globe, for by its weight, that is a maiden egg. You may now smack your lips, Shepherd, loud as if you were smacking your palms, for that yellow morsel was unknown to Vitellius. Don't crush the shell, but throw it into the Etive, that the Fairies may find it at night, and go dancing in the fragile but buoyant canoe, in fits of

small shrill laughter, along with the foam-bells over the ebb-tide Rapids above "Conual's raging ferry."

"*Sic transit gloria mundi!*" The salmon is in shivers, and the grouse-pic has vanished like a dream!

"So fades, so languishes, grows dim, and dies,

All that this world is proud of!"

Only a goose remains! and would that he too were gone to return no more; for he makes me an old man. No tradition survives in the glen of the era at which he flourished. He seems to have belonged to some tribe of the Anseres now extinct; and as for his own single individual self, our senses tell us, in a language not to be misinterpreted, that he must have first become defunct in the darkness of antiquity. But nothing can be too old for a devil—so at supper let us rectify him in Cayenne.

Oh! for David Wilkie, or William Simpson, (while we had sent Gibb to bring away yonder Shieling and its cliff,) to paint a picture—coloured, if possible, from the life—of the interior of our airy Pyramid—door open, and perpendicular canvass walls folded up—that settled, but cloudy sky above, with here its broad blue fields, and there its blue glimpsing glades—this greensward mound in the midst of a wilderness of rock-strewn heather—as much of that one mountain, and as many of these others, as it can be made to hold—that bright bend of the river, where the silver bow is bent—and that white-sanded and shelly and shingly shore at Loch-Etive Head, on which that troop of Tritons are "charging with all their chivalry," still driven back and still returning, to the sound of trumpets, of "flutes and soft recorders," from the sea. On the table, all strewn and scattered "in confusion worse confounded," round the Cask, which

— "dilated stands

Like Teneriffe or Atlas unremoved,"
what "buttery touches" might be given to the

— "reliquias Danaum atque inimitis Achilli."

Then the camp-beds tidily covered and arranged along their own department of the circle—quaint dresses hanging from loops, all the various apprelling for hunter, shooter, fisher, and forester—rods, and baskets, and

nets, occupying their picturesque division—fowling-pieces, double and single, rejoicing, through the oil-smooth browniness of their barrels, in the exquisite workmanship of a Mantou and a Lancaster—American rifles, with their stocks more richly silver-chased than you could have thought within reach of the arts in that young and prosperous land—duck-guns, whose formidable and fatal length had, in Lincolnshire, often swept the fens—and on each side of the gate, a brass carronade, on idle hours to awaken the echoes—sitting erect on their hurdies, deer-hound, greyhound, lurcher, pointer, setter, spaniel, varmint, and though last, not least, O'Bronte watching Christopher with his steadfast eyes, slightly raised his large hanging triangular ears, his Thessalian-bull dew-laps betokening keen anxiety to be off and away to the mountain, and with a full view of the white star on his coal-black breast,—

"Plaided and plumed in their tartan array,"

our three chosen Highlanders, chosen for their strength and their fleetness from among the prime children of the mist,—and to say nothing of the Shepherd in his full suit of Galashiels plaiding, sewed so as best to shew his shape, with more than his usual felicity, by the far-famed flying Tailor of Ettrick,—or of Ticker the Tall, who keeps growing after three-score and ten like a stripling, and leaves his mark within a few inches of the top of the pole, arrayed in tights of Kendal green, bright from the skylight of the inimitable Valance, or the matchless Chambers—green too his vest, and green also his tunic—while a green feather in a green bonnet dances in its airy splendour, and gold button-holes give at once lustre and relief to the glowing verdure, (such was Little John, when arrayed in all his glory, to walk behind Robin Hood and Maid Marian, as they glided from tree to tree, in wait for the fallow-deer in merry Sherwood,)—or of North in his Quaker garb—Quaker-like all but in cuffs and flaps, which, when he goes to the Forest, are not—North, with a figure combining in itself all the strength of a William Penn, without any of its corpulency, with all the agility of a Jem Belcher with far more

than a Jem Belcher's bottom—with a face exhibiting in rarest union all the philosophy of a Bacon, the benevolence of a Howard, the wisdom of a Wordsworth, the genius of a Byron, the gnosticity of a John Bee, and the up-to-trappishness, combined not only with perfect honesty, but with honour bright of the Sporting Editor of Bell's Life in London,—and then, why if Wilkie or Simpson fail in making a GEM of all that, they are not the men of genius we took them for, that is all, and the art must be at a low ebb indeed in these kingdoms.

Well, Tickler and the Shepherd are gone—with Dugald Dhu, and Donald Roy, and all their auxiliaries—and we and Hamish, Ponto, Piro, Basta, and O'Bronte, are left by ourselves in the Tent. Before we proceed farther, it may not be much amiss, Hamish, to turn up our little fingers—yestreen we were all a leetle obstropelous—and spermaceti is not a more “sovereign remedy for an inward bruise,” than is a hair from the dog's tail that bit you an antidote to any pus that produces rabies in the shape of hydrophobia. Fill up the quech, Hamish! a caulker of Milbank can harm no man at any hour of the day—at least in the Highlands. Sma' Stell, Hamish—assuredly Sma' Stell!

Ere we start, Hamish, play us a Gathering—and then a Pibroch. “The Campbells are coming” is like a storm from the mountain, sweeping Glen-More that roars beneath the hastening hurricane with all its woods. No earthquake like that which accompanies the trampling of ten thousand men. So, round that shoulder, Hamish—and away for a mile up the Glen—then, turning on your heel, blow till proud might be the mother that bore you; and, while we hear “The Campbells are coming,” from the Tent-mouth Christopher will keep up a smart fire from his Pattereroes, answered by all the echoes. Hamish—indeed

“The dun-deer's hide

On swifter foot was never tied—”

for even now as that cloud—rather thunderous in his aspect—settles himself over the Tent—ere five minutes have elapsed—a mile off is the sullen sound of the bagpipe!—music which, if it rouse you not when

heard among the mountains, may you henceforth confine yourself—O thou Cockney of all Cockneys—to the Jew's harp. Aye, here's a claymore—let us fling away the scabbard—and in upon the front rank of the bayoneted muskets, till the Saxon array reels, or falls, just where it has been standing, like a swathe of grass. So swept of old the Highlanders—shepherds and herdsmen—down the wooded cliffs of the Pass of Killiekrankie, and while

“Glad Dundee in faint huzzas expired,”

Mackay's red-coats lay redder in blood among the heather, or passed away like the lurid fragments of a cloud. “The Campbells are coming”—and we will charge with the heroes in the van. The whole clan is maddening along the Moor—and Maccallum More himself is at their head. But we beseech you, O'Bronte! not to look so like a lion—and to hush in your throat and breast that leonine growl—for after all, 'tis but a bagpipe with ribands

“Streaming like meteors to the troubled air,”

and all our martial enthusiasm has evaporated in—wind.

But let us inspect Brown Bess. Till sixty, we used a single barrel. At seventy, we took to a double;—but dang detonators—we stick to the flint. “Flint,” says Colonel Hawker, “shoots strongest into the bird.” A percussion-gun is quicker, but flint is fast enough; and it does, indeed, argue rather a confusion than a rapidity of ideas, to find fault with lightning for being too slow. With respect to the flash in the pan, it is but a fair warning to ducks, for example, to dive if they can, and get out of the way of mischief. It is giving birds a chance for their lives, and is it not ungenerous to grudge it? When our gun goes to our shoulder, that chance is but small; for with double-barrel Brown Bess, it is but a word and a blow,—the blow first, and, long before you could say Jack Robinson, the gorcock plays thud on the heather. But we beg leave to set the question at rest for ever by one single clench. We have killed fifty birds—grouse—at fifty successive shots—one bird only to the shot. And mind, not mere pouts,

—cheepers—for we are no chicken-butchers—but all thumpers—cocks and hens as big as their parents, and the parents themselves likewise; not one of which fell *out of bounds*, (to borrow a phrase from the somewhat silly though skilful pastime of pigeon-shooting,) except one that suddenly soared half way up to the moon, and then

“ Into such strange vagaries fell
As he would dance,”

and tumbled down stone-dead into a loch. Now, what more could have done a detonator in the hands of the devil himself? Satan might have shot as well, perhaps, as Christopher North; and we cannot doubt that his detonator,—given to him in a present, we believe, by Mr D. Ess,—no by Joe Manton—must be, like this, a prime article—one of the best ever manufactured on the percussion system. But what more could he have done? When we had killed our fiftieth bird in style, we put it to the Christian reader, would not the odds have been 6 to 4 on the flint? And would not Satan, at the close of the match ten birds behind, perhaps, and with a bag shamefully rich in poor pouts that would have fallen to the ground had he but thrown salt on their tails, have looked excessively sheepish? True, that in rain or snow the percussion-lock will act, from its detonating power, more correctly than the common flint lock, which, begging its pardon, will then often not act at all; but that is its only advantage, and we confess a great one, especially in Scotland, where it is a libel on the country to say that it always rains, for it almost as often snows. However, spite of wind and weather, we are faithful to flint; nor shall any newfangled invention, howsoever ingenious, wean us from our First Love.

It is melancholy to think, and difficult to account for it, how unfortunate in their respective professions, are, generally, men of genius. Here is Colonel Hawker's sixth edition of his admirable Instructions to Young Sportsmen—(we thank the Colonel for his presentation copy, and beg to assure the public, that the work has received many cunning emendations and additions)—and in the very first page, we see there has been the devil to play and to pay

among the gun-makers. About three years and a half, says the Colonel, have elapsed since my last edition was in the press—and in this little time, what a complete revolution has taken place in the shooting world!—or, at all events, among the gun-makers! Joe Manton, the life and soul of the trade, obliged to dispose of all his valuable machinery, and sell off every thing in Hanover Square—then rallied at Marylebone, Park-House, where all was again wreck and confusion, and the best workmen in the world left wandering about like a disbanded army! Poor old Asell, the father of the working-trade, died in Marylebone Hospital! His son darted off as a regimental armourer,—John Hussey, the flash-borer of the age, obliged to fly, with his lath, from the Philistines, and get a crust for his family where he could,—the prince of lock-finishers, Penn, driven to do bye-jobs for his temporary subsistence, and others condescending to go and work for masters who know not half so much as themselves! So much for the establishment of the only man whom any first-rate judge of work could consider as qualified for a leader, or king among the gun-makers.

This is a melancholy picture. But all is not lost. Mr Manton and Son, (is this last Joe Redivivus?) in partnership with Mr Hudson, carry on the old-established House in No. 6, Dover Street, in the best possible manner; while Mr Purdy has, at this moment, perhaps the first business in London, and no man deserves it better. Colonel Hawker once asked Joe Manton whom he considered as the best maker in town, (of course excepting himself,) and his answer was, “Purdy gets up the best work, next to mine.” This was when Purdy occupied a small shop in Prince's Street. Then, Lancaster, who has raised many gun-makers to the head of the trade, by allowing them to put their names to what was his work in all the essential parts of the barrel, has some time since started for himself, as the Colonel had often advised him to do, if ever Joe retired, and the Colonel anticipates that he will, sooner or later, be entitled to the name of leader, vice Joseph Manton.

The Colonel recommended to him, for an assistant, Mr Long, who was

formerly a master at Andover, and who has a head little inferior to that of Joseph himself. Mr Wilkinson, junior, an artist of great mechanical talent, has bid adieu to the smoke of the city, and started with his father, in great force, at the West-End, where he appears to have every thing in the first style. Mr Nock, Mr Charles Moore, and Mr Smith, are now quite *au fait* in the detonating system. Also Mr William Moore, who was an old hand at Joe's, and knew to a hair how to fit a man's shoulder with a gun. Often has the Colonel stood over him, when a journeyman; and no man better pleased him with a job. Depend on it—continues the Colonel—he will do well, and get to the top of the tree; though, like a wise fellow, he starts carefully at first, by feeling his way at a small place, instead of jumping into a “swell” residence, and from that into a gaol, as many people, both in and out of trade, are now-a-days so frequently doing. “Billy Moore” is a right-hand man with the “Knobs,” or crack pigeon-shooters, and their patronage is a host in itself towards a good lift in business. But though Colonel Hawker has pronounced this warm paenegyric on Moore—he never has dealt with him—because, like ourselves, he prefers Lancaster's guns to any others in town.

As for your provincials, Westley Richards is quite the star of Birmingham, with more business than ever; and his Bond-Street agent, Uncle Bishop, is now perhaps the first man in London to serve any gentleman who wants a gun at a few hours' notice. Parsons of Salisbury stands as high as ever in the west of England.

But here is a piece of information at page 6th that does our eyes good. “Since writing thus far,” says the Colonel, “who should I meet but Joe Manton? and what should he announce to me, but that he had set up again—at Burwood Place, in the Edgeware Road—and was coming out with a *new patent*, ‘that would take the shine out of every thing hitherto invented, and shew what fools all gun-makers have been!’”

Let not youthful, or middle-aged sportsmen—in whose veins the blood yet gallops, canters, or trots—despise us, Monsieur Vieillard, in whose veins the blood creeps like a wearied

pedestrian at twilight, hardly able to hobble into the way-side inn—for thus so long preferring the steel-pen to the steel barrel, (the style of both is equally polished)—our Bramah to our Manton. Those two wild young fellows, Tickler and the Shepherd, whose united ages scarcely amount to a century and a quarter, are already slaughtering their way along the mountain side, the one on Bauchaille Etive, and the other on the Black Mount. But we love not to commit murder before meridian—“gentle lover of Nature” as we are—so, in spite of the scorn of the more passionate sportsman, we shall continue for an hour or two longer at this our Leading Article for October, and ever and anon lifting our eyes from whitey-brown paper to whitey-blue sky, from memorandum-book to mountain, and from ink-bottle to loch, we shall delight ourselves, and perchance a few thousand others, by a waking-dream description of Glen-Etive.

'Tis a vast Glen. Not one single human dwelling anywhere speck-like on the river-winding plain,—or nest-like among the brushwood knolls,—or rock-like among the fractured cliffs far up on the mountain region do our eyes behold, eager as they are to discover some symptom of life. Two houses we know to be in the solitude—aye, two—one of them near the head of the Loch, and the other near the head of the Glen—but both far distant from this our Tent, which is pitched between, in the very heart of the desert. We were mistaken in saying that Darness is invisible—for yonder it looms in a sullen light, and before we have finished the sentence, may have again sunk into the moor. Aye, it is gone—for lights and shadows coming and going, we know not whence or whither, here travel all day long—the sole tenants—very ghostlike—and seemingly in their shiftings embued with a sort of dim uncertain life. How far off from our Tent may be the Loch? Some miles—and silently as snow are seen to break the waves along the shore, while beyond them hangs in an aerial haze, high up on the horizon, the gleam of the great blue water. How far off from our Tent may be the mountains at the head of the Glen? Some miles

also—for though that speck in the sky into which they upheave their mighty altitudes, be doubtless an eagle, we cannot hear his cry. What giants are these right opposite our Pyramid? Glenco—grim chieftain—and his Tail. What an assemblage of thunder-riven cliffs! This is what may be well called—Nature on a grand scale. And then, how simple! We begin to feel ourselves—in spite of all we can do to support our dignity by our pride—a mightysmall and insignificant personage. We are about six feet high—and every body around us about four thousand. Yes, that is the Four Thousand Feet Club! We had no idea that in any situation we could be such dwindled dwarfs, and such perfect pigmies. Our Tent is about as big as a fircone—and Christopher North an insect! But he can fly as well as creep—and swift

“As meditation or the wings of love,”

we are settled, in the spirit, a silent thought, on the battlements of this cloud-castle on the summit of Cruachan. What a prospect! Our cloud-castle rests upon a foundation of granite precipices; and down along their thousand chasms, from which the eye recoils, we look on Loch-Etive,

“Deeply, darkly, beautifully blue,”

and bearing on its bosom, stationary—so it seems in the sunshine—one snow-white sail! What brings the creature there—and on what errand may she be voyaging up the uninhabited sea-arm that stretches away into the uninhabited mountains? Some poet, perhaps, steers her—sitting at the helm in a dream, and allowing her to dance her own way, at her own will, up and down the green glens and hills of the foam-crested waves—a swell rolling in the beauty of light and music for ever attendant on her, as the sea-mew—for so we choose to name her—pursues her voyage—now on water, and now, as the breezes drop, in the air—elements at times undistinguishable, as the shadows of the clouds and of the mountains mingle their imagery in the sea. Oh! that our head, like that of a spider, were all studded with eyes—that our imagination, sitting in the “palace of the soul,” (a noble expression, borrowed or stolen by Byron from Waller,) might see

all at once all the sights from centre to circumference, as if all rallying around her for her own delight, and oppressing her with the poetry of nature—a lyrical, an elegiac, an epic, and a tragic strain! Now the bright blue water-gleams enchain her vision, and are felt to constitute the vital, the essential spirit of the whole—Loch Awe land-serpent, large as serpent of the sea, lying asleep in the sun, with his burnished skin all bedropt with scales of silver and of gold—the lands of Lorn, mottled and speckled with innumerable lakelets, where fancy sees millions of water-lilies riding at anchor in bays where the breezes have all fallen asleep—Oban, splendid among the splendours of that now almost motionless Mediterranean, the mountain-loving Linnhe Loch—Jura, Isla, and nameless other islands, floating far and wide away on—on to Coll and Tiree, beneath the faint horizon drowned in the sea! But now all the eyes in our spider-head are lost in one blaze of undistinguishable glory—for the whole Highlands of Scotland are up in their power against us—rivers, lochs, seas, islands, cliffs, clouds, and mountains—the pen drops from our hand, and here we are—not on the battlements of the air-palace on the summit of Cruachan—but sitting on a tripod or three-legged stool at the mouth of our Tent, with our Article before us, and at our right hand a quech of Glenlivet, fresh drawn from yonder tenguillon cask—and here’s to the health of “Honest men and bonny lasses” all over the globe!

So much for description—an art in which the Public (God bless her, where is she now—and shall we ever see her more?) has been often pleased to say that we excel. But let us off to the Moor. Piro! Ponto! Basta! to your paws! and O’Bronte, unfurl your tail to heaven. Pointers! ye are a noble trio! White, O Ponto! art thou as the foam of the sea! Piro! thou tan of all tans! red art thou as the dun-deer’s hide, and fleet as he, while thou rangest the mountain brow, now hid in heather, and now re-appearing over the rocks! Waur hawk, Basta!—for finest-scented though be thy scarlet nostrils, that one had trick alone hast thou, and whenever that grey wing glances from some pillar-stone in the wil-

derness, headlong goest thou, O lawless negro! But behave thyself to-day, Basta! and let the kestrel unheeded sail or sun herself on the cliff. As for thee, O Bronte! the sable dog with the star-bright breast, keep thou like a serf at our heels, and when our course lies over the fens and marshes, thou mayst sweep like a hairy hurricane among the flappers, and haply to-day, as yesterday, grip the old drake himself in thy mouth, and, with thy fan-like tail proudly spread in the wind, deposit at thy master's feet, with a smile, the monstrous mallard.

But in what direction shall we go, Hamish; towards what air shall we turn our faces? Over yonder cliffs shall we ascend, and descend into Glen-Creran, where the stony regions that the ptarmigan love melt away into miles of the grouseey heather, while it, as we near the salmon-haunted loch so beautiful, loses itself in woods that mellow all the heights of Glen-Ure and Fasnacloigh with silvan shades, wherein the cushat coos, and the roe glides through the secret covert? Or shall we away up by Kinloch-Etive, and Melnattoran, and Mealgayre, into the Solitude of Streams, that, from all their lofty sources down to the far-distant loch, have never yet brooked, nor will they ever brook, the bondage of bridges, save of some huge stone flung across some chasm above "the raging hell of waters," or trunk of a tree—none but trunks of trees there, and all dead for centuries—that had sunk down where it grew, and spanned the flood that eddies round it with a louder music? Wild region! yet not barren; for there are cattle on a thousand hills, that, wild as the very red-deer, toss their heads as they snuff the feet of rarest stranger, and form round him in a half-alarmed and half-threatening crescent. There flocks of goats—outliers from Dalness—may be seen as if following one another on the very air, along the lichen-stained cliffs that frown down unfathomed abysses—and there, Hamish, is frequent heard the whirring of the gor-cock's wing, and his gobble gathering together his brood scattered by the lightning that in its season—this glorious season, Hamish—volleys through the silence, else far deeper than that of death;—

for the silence of death—that is, of a churchyard filled with tombs—is nothing to the austerity of the noiselessness that prevails over life under the shadow of Unimore and Attchorachan, with their cliffs on which the storms have engraven strange hieroglyphical inscriptions, which, could we but read them wisely, would record the successive ages of the Earth, from the hour when fire or flood first moulded the mountains, down to the very moment, Hamish, that we are speaking, and with small steel-hammer roughening the edges of our flint, that they may fail not to murder. Or shall we away down by Armaddy, where the Fox-Hunter dwells—and through the woods of Inverkinglass and Acharn, "double, double, toil and trouble" overcome the bases of Benanea and Mealcopucaich, and drop down, like two unwearied eagles, into Glen-Scrac, with a peep in the distance of the young tower of Dalmally, and the old turrets of Kilchurn? Rich and rare is the shooting-ground, Hamish, which by that route lies between this our Tent and the many tarns that freshen the wildernesses of Lochananerioch. Say the word—tip the wink—tongue on your cheek—up with your forefinger—and we shall go—for hark, Hamish, our chronometer chimes nine—a long day is yet before us—and what if we be benighted? Think of the silver moon of September, and her train of stars.

All these are splendid schemes—but what say you, Hamish, to one less ambitious, and better adapted to Old Kit. Let us beat all the best bits down by Armaddy—the Forge—Gleno, and Inveraw. We may do that well in some six or seven hours—and then let us try that famous salmon-cast a little way above that last-named mansion—(you have the rod?)—and if time permit, an hour's trolling in Loch Awe below the Pass of the Brander, for one of those gigantic trouts that have immortalized the name of a Maule and a Goldie.—Mercy on us, Shelly, what a beard! You cannot have been shaved since Whitsunday—and never saw we such lengthy love-locks as those dangling at your heels. But let us mount, old Surefoot—mushish in nought but your inveterate aversion to all stumbling—And now for the heather!

Comma—semicolon—colon—full-point! All three scent-struck into attitude steady as stones! That is beautiful. Ponto straight as a rod—Piro in a slight curve—and Basta a perfect semicircle. O'Bronte, down on your marrowbones! But there is no need, Hamish, either for hurry or haste. On such ground, and on such a day, the birds will lie as if they were asleep. Hamish, the flask!—not the powder-flask, you dotterel—but the Glenlivet. 'Tis thus we always love to steady our hand for the first shot. It gives a fine feeling to the forefinger.

Ha! the heads of the old cock and hen, like snakes, above the heather—motionless, but with glaucing eyes—and preparing for the spring. Whirr—whirr—whirr—bang—bang—tapsilleery—tapsalteery—thud—thud—thud! Old cock and old hen both down, Hamish! No mean omen, no awkward augury, of the day's sport. Now for the orphan family—marked ye them round

“The swelling in-step of the mountain's foot?”

“Faith and she's the teevil's nainsel—that is she—at the slutin—for may I tine ma mull, and never prie sneeshiu mair, if she hae na richt and left murdered fowre o' the creturs!” —“Four!—why we only covered the old people—but if younkers will cross, 'tis their own fault that they bite the heather.” —“They'rea' fowre spewin', sir, except aye—and her's head's aff—and she's jumpin' about waur nor ony o' them, wi' her bluidy neck. I wuss she mayna tak to her wings again, and owre the knowe. But ca' in that great toozy ootlandish dowie, for he's devourin' them—see hoo he's flingin' them, first aye and then anither, outowre his shoother, and keppin' them afore they touch the grun in his smooth, like a moumtabank wi' a shoor o' oranges!” —“Hamish, are they bagged?” —“Ou aye.” —“Then away to windward, yesonsof bitches—Heavenshow they do their work!”

Up to the time of our grand climacteric, we loved a wide range—and thought nothing of describing and discussing a circle of ten miles diameter in a day, up to our hips in heather. But for these dozen or twenty years by-past, we have pre-

ferred a narrow beat, snugly seated on a Sheltie, and pad the hoof on the hill no more. Yonder is the kind of ground we now love—for why should an old man make a toil of a pleasure? 'Tis one of the many small coves belonging to Glen-Etive, and looks down from no very great elevation upon the Loch. Its bottom, and sides nearly half way up, are green pastures, sheep-nibbled as smooth as a lawn—and a rill, dropping in diamonds from the cliffs at its high end, betrays itself, where the water is invisible, by a line of still livelier verdure. An old dilapidated sheep-fold is the only building, and seems to make the scene still more solitary. Above the green pastures are the richest beds and bosoms of heather ever bees murmured on—and above them nothing but bare cliffs. A stiff breeze is now blowing into this cove from the sea-loch; and we shall slaughter the orphan family at our leisure. 'Tis probable they have dropped—single bird after single bird—or in twos and threes—all along the first line of heather that met their flight—and if so, we shall pop them like partridges in turnips. Three points in the game! Each dog, it is manifest, stands to a different lot of feathers; and we shall slaughter them, without dismounting, *seriatim*. No, Hamish, our crutch. Whirr! Bang! Bag number one, Hamish. Aye, that is right, Ponto—back Basta. Ditto, ditto. Now Ponto and Basta both back Piro—right and left this time—and not one of the brood will be left to cheep of Christopher. Be ready—attend us with the other double-barrel. Whirr! Bang—bang—bang—bang! What think you of that, you son of the mist? There is a shower of feathers! They are all at sixes and sevens upon the greensward at the edge of the heather. Seven birds at four shots! The whole family is now disposed of—father, mother, and eleven children. If such fire still be in the old wood, what must it have been in the green? Let us lie down in the sheltered shade of the mossy walls of the sheep-fold—take a drop of Glenlivet—and philosophize.

Sir James Mackintosh has the credit in the Whig world, and not altogether undeservedly, perhaps, as philosophers go, of being one of the greatest philosophers of the age. He

manifestly thinks so himself, though a good-natured, and not exactly an arrogant, man; and does not doubt, that, in his Continuation of Dugald Stewart's Sketch of the History of Moral Science, in the Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica, (an excellent work,) he has set many long-debated questions for ever at rest. We doubt that—or rather we do not doubt it at all. These questions—one and all of them—Sir James has left just where he found them; and so will every man who shall in future touch them, without having the gift of original genius. We could not but be often struck, as we this morning perused away at Sir James's Treatise in the Tent, by the staleness of the style in which he handles so many interesting subjects. One seldom feels that he is altogether in the wrong; and never that he is altogether in the right. He soon gets to the end of his tether; and is then drawn back with a jerk as soon as he attempts to take a step across the bounds of the old pastures. He is a thinking—a thoughtful man; and comprehends clearly much of what other men wiser than himself have said—but not all. There is often a spirit in their words which escapes him wholly; and an imperfect knowledge of the truth is, in philosophy as in religion, often the very worst ignorance. Yet so well satisfied with himself is the worthy knight, and so convinced is he that his range of reading among the works of the dead, and of his acquaintanceship with the unwritten, or at least unpublished, wisdom of the living, is all-comprehensive, that he scruples not to say, that, in England, there are now but a few glimmerings of moral philosophy; and if we rightly understand his verbose phraseology, in benighted Scotland no glimmer at all, but that a Cimmerian darkness there hangs over the whole science of mind. And the man who thus takes it upon himself to denounce as dunces all the metaphysical students in Great Britain—according to him, indeed, all are but few—but how he knows that he has not deigned to tell us—is, forsooth, a Philosopher!

Now, we are no philosopher at all, although we are about to philosophize; but we should never take

up a pen, or a gun, or a jug again, did we not humbly, but firmly, believe that Christopher North—and many thousand other people flourishing in shade or sunshine—knows ten, twenty, fifty times as much and more of the human mind, and all its inward concerns, than Sir James Mackintosh. The general haziness and wateriness of all his disquisitions shew that he is—if not absolutely shallow—far, far indeed from being profound; but that he cannot be himself, in any sense however limited, a great writer, let one sentence prove—one sentence of portentous folly. "The admirable writer whose language has occasioned this illustration, who *at an early age* HAS MASTERED EVERY SPECIES OF COMPOSITION, will doubtless hold fast to simplicity, which survives all the fashions of deviation from it, and which a man of *a genius so fertile* has few temptations to forsake." Of whom does Sir James here speak? *Credite, posteri*, THOMAS BABINGTON M'ALEY! Here is a man who has taken upon himself the task, which the entire tone of his treatise informs us that, in his own opinion, he has successfully performed, of appreciating justly and finely the powers and productions of all moral philosophers in all ages; and who has either the stupidity to think, or the effrontery to say it without thinking it, unblushing and brazen both, that a clever lad or boy, who but a year or two ago began to shave his chin, and who has not even attempted any kind of composition at all, but a prize poem, neither better nor worse than prize poems generally are—that is groaningly stupid—and a few flashy and frothy, but neither uneloquent nor uningenious articles in the Edinburgh Review—such as his critiques on Milton, Dante, and Machiavelli—HAS MASTERED EVERY SPECIES OF COMPOSITION! Well might such a judge of "every species of composition," disparage and undervalue the metaphysical genius and achievements of Dr Thomas Brown! One such insane sentence vitiates all his judgment on all matters either of philosophy or of common sense; and proves him either to be utterly destitute of all true discernment, or capable of sacrificing his regard to truth, and decency, and reputation, to the whim

and caprice of a childish friendship. Does it not?

Sir James, somewhere or other, touches on the connexion between Genius and Virtue—and as we have often required of ourselves a comparison between these divinities, we glowered on his page with all our faculties of soul and sense, but could see nothing. Sir James had to draw upon his own stores for any thing he might say on that subject, for none of the wise-men or wisacres who are among the number of his familiars, have, we believe, more than touched it—but the meanness and misery of his lean lucubrations, betray the scantiness and bareness of the pastures on which they have been fed. It is always so with Sir James. He has built some large haystacks, and filled some large barns with wheat-sheaves, but all the provender and victual has been bought or borrowed; and on walking through his farm, we are pained to see the state both of meadow and arable—the one brown in spite of much irrigation, and the other in vain all lying in summer-fallow; nor can we hope, that in any future autumn it will ever produce a crop.

Now let us do for Sir James what Sir James would not, because he could not, do for us, and other Scotch ignoramuses, who know nothing of the human mind. Let us at least give him a few hints; nor let him refuse to hear them, though, unlike that fortunate youth, Mr Thomas Babington M'Auley, so far from having—even in our old age—"mastered every species of composition," we have not the skill even of a journeyman in any, and but in one the power of an apprentice.

Now, without attempting in this sheepfold to define either Genius or Virtue, allow us here to just jot down a few memoranda. Genius and Virtue are felt—by us at least at this moment—to be founded in the capacity, experience, and desire of Happiness.

Genius is of as many kinds as the human intellectual powers have modes of exertion and application—differing either by the internal and metaphysical constitution of its action, or by its matter external to the spirit. Let us then compare Genius, for a few moments, in respect, first, of its universal, and, secondly, of its

particular conditions, with Virtue. If we utter nonsense, there is no harm done, for we are bothering nobody in the sheepfold—and should Gurney extend these our shorthand notes, and Ebony, in our absence, admit this part of our article into *Maga*, let all readers skip the pages if they please till we get into *Gleno*.

First, then, Virtue produces pleasure. Now, we consider happiness as a sum of durable pleasures. Pleasures are the items and moments of happiness to the individual mind, by which it is exerted, consonant with, and causing, the pleasure of other minds. In like manner does not Genius produce pleasure to the individual mind in which it acts, consonant with and causing the pleasure of other minds? It does. So far the comparison holds good.

How far do they resemble each other in their origin? Virtue is born of pleasure and pain. For it arises, according to our sacred belief, first out of consciousnesses of certain capacities of pleasures—perhaps rather out of consciousnesses of all the capacities of pleasure which were awakened by, or consisted in, so many experiences of pleasure. Soon there ensues a comparison of one kind of pleasure with another, out of which grows preference of the *more durable*. Also there ensues, perhaps not wholly upon this comparison, but in some mysterious way we know not, a preferring surrender of sensibility and desire to certain modes of pleasure, which appear, in the result, to have been those most agreeing with the happiness of others; *e. g.* to the *pleasure of loving others*. Now—know all men—or no men—that to us here, sitting in this sheepfold, in a cove belonging to Glen-Etive, and commanding more than a glimpse of the Loch, a league-long gleam, this preferring of the preferable pleasures seems to be—VIRTUE. So much for its connexion with pleasure. Pain, again, enters into Virtue very variously. There are pains which it is virtuous to avoid; *e. g.* the pain of self-reproach. There is pain out of which it is virtuous, by enduring it, to draw pleasure; *e. g.* it is virtuous to derive pleasure from the patient endurance of bodily pain—be it the *tic douloureux*—cancer—stone—or gout.

It will, we think, be found that the direct and proper effect of pain, acting in either way upon Virtue, that is, shunned by it, or taken in and made part of it, especially in the latter way, is to invigorate Virtue. Pleasure produces—Pain confirms and strengthens.

Now turn to Genius. It too, we say, is born of pleasure and pain—of pleasures let into the mind in ways innumerable and unspeakable. Are they all intellectual? It shall hardly be said so; but still pleasures which Intellect seizes, acknowledges, and appropriates. Some pleasures there are, originally intellectual. Thus the pleasure of the synthesis and analysis of numbers is such; sometimes so early evinced, as to point to an original constitutional determination, and resulting in genius, which, facile and narrow as its materials, elementarily received, appear, yet in powerful minds, is acknowledged as of a high order. The elementary pleasures, again, of colour and sound, appear to us rather to be bodily than intellectual; though it is striking and puzzling that the pleasure of harmony in sound, is the pleasure of a relation of agreement,—who will tell how felt or discerned? You see then, gentle reader, that the boundaries between the properly intellectual and properly sensible elements employed by genius, are hard to draw. The question at present with us—here in this sheepfold—is, how do these pleasures act in evolving genius? What are they to it?

Now it is easily credible, as a general position, that pleasure may serve to excite the intellectual faculties into activity—but we want something more definite. Let us say, then, that when pleasure has been felt from a particular exertion of the purely intellectual faculties, as from the composition and resolution of numbers, the experience of that pleasure becomes a sufficient motive to the mind to re-acquire it, by repeating the action. But further, let us say that the repetition of the action, for the sake of the pleasure, may be either reflective and designed, and distinctly voluntary; or it may be in so small a degree reflective and designed, as scarcely to seem voluntary. The last is—and if ever it could be wholly involuntary, that

most of all would be—in our belief—the repetition proper to genius. The mind is attracted—beguiled—won—falls into the action involuntarily and in pure delight.

But farther—whence is this pure delight? Seems it should be, either adventitious or essential. Thus, the pleasure of praise, of self-esteem, and soon, obtained by an intellectual exertion, is adventitious, and belongs particularly, as an incentive, to that intellectual activity and force, which is not genius. But the direct, instantaneous, and unreflective pleasure, which springs in the sudden intuition of a relation,—for instance, according to the different strength of the mind, of parallel lines being prolonged for ever without approaching or diverging,—of the containing by a definition, of the subject of a definition,—of the congruity of a metaphor with the thought to be signified,—is essential. Pleasure of pride may be an adjunct to the pleasure of the intuition, but is not essential. Now the essential pleasure, we hold, pertains to genius—and is of its essence. Whence, then, does it come?

Why have some minds one essential intellectual pleasure, and some another? This distinction of pleasures must be connected with another distinction—viz. of aptitude (see Phrenology) in one mind to discern one class of relations,—in another, another. But does the aptitude induce the pleasure, or the pleasure the aptitude? Doubtless, each induces each in some measure; but sitting here in this sheepfold, we feel assured that there must be a native aptitude to begin with. Let us say, then, that any discernment of relation is a natural source of pleasure, provided it be a quick, active, facile, clear, sure discernment. Then, according to some determination in the intellectual powers given, one mind has this pleasure of discernment as to one class of relations, and another, as to another. And this, we cannot hesitate to say, is the first constituent of difference of genius from genius,—this difference, as it would appear, in the simply intellectual power, and in its very essence. A second, it would appear, is this. The mind is complex. It has a thousand sources of pleasure—all native. So

that two minds, having all the thousand sources, the three hundred sources which are much the strongest in one, shall be quite another three hundred from the three hundred which are much the strongest in the other. Take, then, a mind with its characteristic strongest sources. It also has certain distinct intellectual endowments, or discernings of its own. These endowments are among those strongest sources: but are a few of them. Now, see how some of the other sources of pleasure shall work into the action of those intellectual powers, and how this also shall be—Genius! For example, you have the gift of tune, and your flow of feeling is melancholy. If that be not your case—it is ours. Your genius of music—ours at least—shall therefore be tender. Thus have we obtained something of a constitution of genius. Doubt there can be none that education helps to make genius, just as it has a power of destroying it.

Now, having got thus far, let us not speak of that characteristic of the action of genius, its tendency to conform its materials to its own thought and will—but let us say a few words of the *happiness* of genius. As it arises out of, so it produces, pleasure—the same pleasure “doubled and redoubled.” It is an endless multiplication, by self-evolution, of pleasure. Compare this, with the Moral Will—and then we come to know something of the comparison of Virtue and Genius—the subject which we have all along been philosophizing upon here in the sheepfold. Are not both powers of happiness drawn from the sensibility to pleasure, to pain—in other words, from the capacity of happiness excited and exerted? We have neglected to speak of the influence of pain on genius, but it speaks for itself. It deepens, sharpens, strengthens, lightens through genius, and instructs it in existence. Alas! it cannot be said that there is not will in genius. It is most wilful—though, had we time—which we have not—for we must in a few minutes be up and away—we think we could shew that there is always a personal respect of some sort in that will which is moral or immoral, opposed to an impersonality of genius. But

here is a more distinct difference, which may be shewn in two sentences. Moral states of Will are states tending, upon *the whole of the mind*, to produce happiness. The states of Genius are states tending, upon *a part of the mind*, to produce it. Moral states do not, by the constitution of the world, necessarily produce happiness—that is, as the world goes—having been constituted capable of disorder, and being disordered. But Moral states, by the constitution of the mind only, if there were no external counteraction, do necessarily produce happiness. On the contrary, Genius, by the constitution of the mind only, does not necessarily produce happiness; but within the mind may be opposed to happiness, may be opposed to morality, may be opposed to the health of the faculties, and therefore, in effect, opposed to itself. There is then in Genius that for which we love it—there is a claim in it on our love, similar to the claim of morality; and we can perceive that our feelings towards them are analogous.

But there is in Genius cause also, why, comparing it with, we should place it under, Morality, as something less divine. What, then, is that disposition which we sometimes find, and to which many yield, to hold equal Genius with Morality? Whenever this is done by a clearly and profoundly understanding mind, it is when we see Morality—not coming from its source in the sacred mountains—not from love, its sole divine source—but from some lower spring. Thus we can conceive fear in certain obvious, and in some deeper measures, as a moral principle of conduct, and yet merely fear of human, either civil or simply social, law, or of eternal consequences. This is policy, and not, in the highest sense, Morality. It is conduct deliberately fitted to second ends to be avoided or attained. Yet as conduct, by its face to the world, it is morality. There must be an analogous imperfect morality of mind, as well as of conduct—an integrity of desire, of will, almost of affection, which nevertheless dissatisfies our judgment and feeling; for the causes are not those which we prefer, but some distinct calculating fears, and these alone. Thus the appetites are laid under the laws of natural and

religious sanction. They injure health—they incur far-future torments, penal fire. If, on these grounds, indulging or denying them, so far my conduct is moral, of the kind aforesaid. But with the drawing back in conduct, is there not engendered a shrinking in the moral mind, an abhorrence? For the very appetite itself, the will, the thought, is feared, as inducing that abhorrence. There is restraint inward, of the mind itself, engendered of fear, without which the state of the will is not regarded by us with love. Now, does not all this prove, and also shew, how there may arise a Moral Will less agreeable to us—and justly so, when feeling finely and thinking profoundly—than Genius, in its better and higher workings, in which love, though it were but a love of suns and woods, and stars and waters, predominates? Observe, too, that in the love of Nature—bear witness, O ye mountains, and thou, O Loch-Etive, as now beheld by us from this wild and lone sheepfold! there always breathes some inspiration of other mightier love towards the Being who created the beauty or the magnificence on which we gaze, and gave us souls to see and to enjoy it. Finally, it will, we think, always be found that that Moral Will which we regard with less satisfaction, relates to definite objects, as to theft or murder, or such or such a vice. But the Moral Will which we unreservedly approve, relates to nothing definite; it is an undefined power, universally applicable, applying itself instantaneously and intuitively to the object presented, and acknowledging or rejecting it by its discernings and intimations of the very moment.

We feel, that, were we to say a tithe of what we have got to say on this subject, we should sit here in this sheepfold all day, and lose one of the best days for sport on the moors that ever blew from the skies. Therefore, a very few sentences more.

Observe, that various states of the soul are in themselves so excellent—and so ready for the reception of Virtue—such, for example, as self-command, patience, and steadfastness of purpose—that to the Imagination, which conceives not merely what is, but what is possible to be,

which can hardly represent to itself the soul so full of powers, without supposition, at the same time, of their noble application, these very powers themselves receive a part of that esteem which is due to them only when they are applied in the service of Virtue. Now, may we not, without violence, extend the spirit of this remark to those intellectual powers and dispositions which we are always accustomed to contemplate with a feeling resembling that of moral approbation? They belong to the highest state of the soul; to the exaltation of that spirit, of which the highest exaltation is Virtue. How much of that nature, which is indeed moral, must be unfolded in him, in whom either the creative or meditative powers of the mind have attained to great perfection! They are not, strictly speaking, moral indeed; for they may exist apart from all morality. But they have prepared so many faculties of the whole being to be in harmony with Virtue, that we can scarcely regard them without something of the reverence which is justifiable only towards Virtue itself.

In respect, then, to these and other similar qualities, there is always one feeling prevalent in the mind. We regard the soul in the excellence of all its highest powers, as that object to which our moral reverence and love are due. But none of its nobler powers can appear to us in great strength, without giving intimation to our thoughts of something beyond what appears to us. That ennobled state of one power appears connected with the ennobled state of the whole being to which it belongs; and our forward admiration awakes to excellence which is dimly apprehended, but not manifested to our eyes.

Is it not in this way, we ask you, that we look upon the highest genius, imaginative or meditative, as kindred to the highest virtue? When we think of Newton in the silence of midnight reading the radiant records of creative wisdom in the sky, and with something of a seraph's soul, enjoying a delight known but to intellect alone, we cannot but transfer the admiring thoughts with which we have regarded the contemplative philosopher, to what we feel to be

the virtue and piety of the man. It is the will of God for which he is searching among the stars of heaven. In the laws which guide those orbs along in their silent beauty, he feels still the presence of the one Great Spirit; so that with the name of Newton are not only associated ideas of vastness and sublimity in our imagination, but thoughts of divine love and mercy in our hearts. Thus every thing low and earthly is discovered from that majestic name. It rises before us pure and beautiful as a planet; and we may be almost said to feel our own immortality in the magnificent power bestowed by the Deity upon a child of dust.

So, too, when we think on the highest triumphs of imaginative Genius, and see it soaring on its unwearied wings through the stainless ether. The innocence of a yet unfallen spirit, and the bliss of its yet unfaded bowers, as breathed upon us in the song of Milton, seems to consecrate to us that great Poet's heart; and we feel the kindred nature of the intellectual and moral spirit of Genius and Virtue, when shewn by his sacred power the image of a sinless world, or, mixed with human, celestial shapes,

"Crowning the glorious hosts of Paradise."

Well, there is indeed an exquisite bit of Still Life! Had we been haranguing *viva voce*, instead of *currente calamo*, we should have attributed to our oral eloquence that trauce of profound repose. Often has it been our lot, by our conversational powers, to set the table on a snore! The more stirring the theme, the more soporific the sound of our silver voice. Why, the very day after the Great Public Meeting of the citizens of Edinburgh—called by our most gracious Lord Provost, at the requisition of a hundred men, as he wittily said, of all parties—that is to say, ninety-seven Whigs, two Tories tottering on the threshold of Liberalism, and one nondescript, who, by the coarse insults he brutally heaped on "that grey discrowned head," proved that he was of the class of the king-killers—the very night, we say, after that spirit-stirring, soul-rousing, man-enobling assemblage of all most patriotic in the land we

live in, did we, in our own house, descant with such overwhelming eloquence on the New French Revolution, as to set the whole audience, men, women, and children, asleep over their tumblers—all except one of the aforesaid Whigs, and one of the aforesaid tottering Tories; and they had the very narrowest escape we ever witnessed, from what might have been a most melancholy accident. For, at the close of a most complicated paragraph about Prince Polignac, the one fell backwards, chair and all, with a tremendous crash on the floor, and the other fell away forwards, chair and all, on the table, to the destruction of much crystal, and the imminent danger of the great Jug. Never was there such a revolution!—But look there! In a small spot of stationary sunshine—while we have been scribbling in the shade of the sheepfold—lie Hamish, and Surefoot the shelly, O'Bronte, and Ponto, and Piro, and Basta, all sound asleep! Such has been the power of the breath even of our written metaphysics! If ever they be printed, we pity the poor Public. Ourselves even are beginning to be comatose. Dogs are troubled dreamers—but these four are like the dreamless dead. Horses, too, seem often to be witch-ridden in their sleep. But at this moment Surefoot is stretched more like a stone than a shelly in the land of Nod. As for Hamish, were he to lie so braxy-like by himself on the hill, he would be awakened by the bill of the raven digging into his sockets. We are Morpheus and Orpheus in one incarnation—the very Pink of Poppy—the true Spirit of Opium, and of Laudanum the concentrated Essence.

Indeed, gentlemen, you have reason to be ashamed of yourselves—but let us scale those barriers—and away over the table-land between that summit and the head of Gleno. No sooner said than done—and here we are on the level—such a level as the ship finds on the main sea, when in the storm-lull she rides up and down the green swell, before the trade-winds that cool the tropics. The surface of this main land-sea is black in the gloom, and green in the glimmer, and purple in the light, and crimson in the sunshine. O, never looks Nature so magnificent

"As in this varying and uncertain weather,
When gloom and glory force themselves together,
When calm seems stormy, and tempestuous light
At day's meridian lowers like noon of night!"

Dogs! Down—down—down—be stonelike O Shelly—and Hamish sink thou into the heather like a lizard—for if these old dim eyes of ours may be in aught believed, yonder by the edge of the birches stands a Red-Deer snuffing the east wind! Hush! hush! hush! He suspects an enemy in that air—but death comes upon him with stealthy foot, from the west—and if Apollo and Diana—the divinities we so long have worshipped—be now propitious—his antlers shall be entangled in the heather, and his hoofs beat the air in the last agonies. Hamish, the rifle! A tinkle as of iron, and a hiss accompanying the explosion—and the King of the Wilderness, bounding up into the air with all his antlers higher than ever waved chieftain's plume, falls down stone-dead where he stood, for the blue-pill has gone through his vitals, and lightning itself could hardly have withered him into more instantaneous cessation of all life!

He is an enormous animal. What antlers! Roll him over, Hamish, on his side! See, up to our breast, nearly, reaches the topmost branch. He is, what the hunter of old called a "Stag of Ten." His eye has lost the flash of freedom—the tongue, that broused the brushwood, is bitten through by the clenched teeth—the fleetness of his feet has felt that fatal frost—the wild heart is hushed, Hamish—tame, tame, tame; and there the Monarch of the Mountains—the King of the Cliffs—the Grand Lama of the Glens—the Sultan of the Solitudes—the Dey of the Deserts—the Royal Ranger of the Woods and Forests—yea, the very Prince of the Air and Thane of Thunder—"shorn of all his beams," lies motionless as a dead Jackass by the wayside, whose hide was not thought worth the trouble of flaying by his owners the gipsies! "To this complexion has he come at last"—he who at dawn had borrowed the wings of the wind to carry him across the cataracts!

A sudden pang shoots across our heart. What right had we to commit this murder? How, henceforth, shall we dare to hold up our head among the lovers of liberty, after having thus stolen basely from behind on him, the boldest, brightest, and most beautiful of all her sons! We, who for so many years have been just able to hobble, and no more, by aid of the crutch—and who feared to let the heather-bent touch our toe, so sensitive in its gout—We, the old and impotent, all last winter bedridden, and even now seated like a lameter on a shelly, strapped by a patent buckle to a saddle provided with a pummel behind as well as before—such an unwieldy and weary wretch as We—"fat, and scant of breath"—and with our hand almost perpetually pressed against our left side, when a coughing-fit of asthma brings back the stitch seldom an absentee—to assassinate THAT RED-DEER, whose flight on earth could accompany the eagle's in heaven; and not only to assassinate him, but, in a moral vein, to liken his carcass to that of a Jackass! It will not bear farther reflection; so, Hamish, out with your whinger, and carve him a dish fit for the gods—and in a style worthy of Sir Tristrem, Gil Morice, Robin Hood, or Lord Ronald. No; let him lie till nightfall, when we shall be returning from Luvewraw, with strength sufficient to bear him, in quarters, to the Tent. But hark, Hamish, to that sullen croak from the cliff! The old raven of the cove already scents death—

"Sagacious of his quarry from afar!"

But where art thou, Hamish? Aye, yonder is he, wriggling on his very belly, like an adder, through the heather to windward of the croaker, whose nostrils, and eyes, and bill, are now all hungrily fascinated, and as it were already fastened into the very bowels of the beast. His days are numbered. That sly serpent, by circuitous windings insinuating his limber length through among all obstructions, has ascended unseen the drooping shoulder of the cliff, and now cautiously erects his crest within a hundred yards or more of the unsuspecting savage, still uttering at intervals his sullen croak, croak, croak! Something crumbles, and

old Sooty, unfolding his huge wings, lifts himself up like Satan, about to sail away for a while into another glen—but the rifle rings among the rocks—the lead has broken his spine—and look! how the demon, head over heels, goes tumbling down, down, down, many hundred fathoms, dashed to pieces and impaled on the sharp-pointed granite! Ere nightfall the bloody fragments will be devoured by his mate. Nothing now will disturb the carcass of the deer. No corbies dare enter the cove where the raven reigned; the hawk prefers grouse to venison, and so does the eagle, who, however, like a good Catholic as he is—this is Friday—has gone out to sea for a fish dinner, which he devours to the music of the waves on some isle-rock. Therefore lie there, dethroned king! till thou art decapitated; and ere the moon wanes, that haunch will tower gloriously on our Tent-table at the Feast of Shells.

What is your private opinion, O'Bronte, of the taste of Red-deer blood? Has it not a wild twang on the tongue and palate, far preferable to sheep's-head? You are absolutely undergoing transfiguration into a deer-hound! With your fore-paws on the flank, your tail brandished like a standard, and your crimson flews (thank you, Shepherd, for that word) licked by a long lambent tongue as crimson, while your eyes express a fierce delight never felt before, and a stifled growl disturbs the star on your breast—just as you stand now, O'Bronte, might Edwin Land-

seer rejoice to paint thy picture, for which—inmortal image of the wilderness—the Duke of Bedford would not scruple to give a draft on his banker for one thousand pounds!

Shooting grouse after red-deer is, for a while at first, felt to be like writing an anagram in a lady's album, after having given the finishing touch to a tragedy or an epic poem—or, to illustrate the contrast by a still more striking simile, like inditing some stanzas for one of the *Annuals*, after having given birth to a portentous Leading Article for the October number of *Maga*. 'Tis like taking to catching shrimps in the sand with one's toes, on one's return from Davis's Straits in a whaler that arrived at Peterhead with sixteen fish, each calculated at ten tun of oil. Yet, 'tis strange how the human soul can descend, pleasantly at every note, from the top to the bottom of the gamut of passion and imagination. We should have no objection, now that the storm has subsided within us, even to shoot a snipe, a tom-tit, and, finally, a kiddy-wren. Nay at no time, even during the height of the fever of noblest sport, should we hesitate to riddle a rat—that is, to peel an apostate.

Let us take a cast, then, over this wide moor. Ha! ha! a hare!—Bang! How like you that, madam white-hips? Not a shred have we left of her horn-like ears; and the slut has drawn herself up, with all her limbs close to her perforated body, in the palsy of sudden death. Hamish, we shall give you a song. Join in the chorus.

THE POWCHER'S SONG.

When I was boon apprentice
In vamous Zoomerzet Shere,
Lauks! I zerved my meester truly
Vor neerly zeven yeer,
Until I took to Powching,
Az you zhall quickly heer.
Cuo. Ou! twas ma delyght in a shiny night
In the zeazon of the year,
Ou! 'twas ma delyght in a shiny night,
In the zeazon of the year.

Az me and ma coomerades
Were zetting on a snere,
Lauks! the Geamkecpoors caem oop to uz;
Vor them we did na kere,
Came, we could fight or wrestle, ladz,
Jump over ony wheere.

CHO. Ou ! 'twas ma delyght in a shiny night
 In the zeazon of the year,
 Ou ! 'twas ma delyght in a shiny night,
 In the zeazon of the year.

Az we went oot wan morning
 Atwixt your vive and zeex,
 We caucht a heere alive, ma lads,
 We found un in a deetch ;
 We popt un in a bag, ma lads,
 We yoitien off vor town,
 We took un to a neeghboor's hoose,
 And we zold un vor a crown.
 We zold un vor a crown, ma lads,
 But a wont tell ye wheere.

CHO. Ou ! 'twas ma delyght in a shiny night,
 In the zeazon of the year,
 Ou ! 'twas ma delyght in a shiny night,
 In the zeazon of the year.

Then here's success to Powching,
 Vor A doos think it feere,
 And here's look to ere a gentleman
 Az wants to buy a heere,
 And here's to ere a geankeepoor,
 Az woona zell it deere.

CHO. Ou ! 'twas ma delyght in a shiny night,
 In the zeazon of the year,
 Ou ! 'twas ma delyght in a shiny night,
 In the zeazon of the year.

A Tarn—a Tarn! with but a small circle of unbroken water in the centre, and all the rest of its shallowness bristling, in every bay, with reeds and rushes, and surrounded, all round the mossy flat, with marshes and quagmires! What a breeding-place—a “procreant cradle” for wild fowl! Now comes thy turn, O’-Bronte—for famous is thy name, almost as thy sire’s, among the flappers. Crawl down to leeward, Hamish, that you may pepper them—should they take to flight overhead to the loch. Surefoot, taste that greensward, and you will find it sweet and succulent. Dogs, heel—heel!—and now let us steal, on our crutch, behind that knoll, and open a sudden fire on the swimmers, who seem to think themselves out of shot at the edge of that line of water-lilies, but some of them will soon find themselves mistaken, whirling round on their backs, and vainly endeavouring to dive after their friends that disappear beneath the agitated surface shot-swept into spray. Long Gun! who oft to the forefinger of Colonel Hawker hast swept the night-harbour of Poole all alive with

wigeons, be true to the trust now reposed in thee by Kit North, and though these be neither geese, nor swans, nor hoopers, yet send thy leaden shower of shot among them feeding in their play, till all the air is afloat with specks, as if at the shaking of a feather-bed that had burst the ticking, and the tarn covered with sprawling mawsies and mallards, in death-throes among the ducklings! There it lies on its rest—like a telescope. No eye has discovered the invention—keen as those wild eyes are of the plowterers on the shallows. Lightning and thunder! to which all the echoes roar. But we meanwhile are on our back—for of all the recoils that ever shattered a shoulder, that one was the severest—but ’twill probably cure our rheumatism and—Well done—nobly, gloriously done—O’Bronte! Heaven and earth, how otter-like he swims! Ha, Hamish! you have cut off the retreat of that airy voyager—you have given it him in his stern, Hamish—and are reloading for the flappers. One at a time in your mouth, O’Bronte! Put about with that tail for a rudder—and make for the shore. What a

stately creature! as he comes issuing from the shallows, and, bearing the old mallard breast high, walks all dripping along the greensward, and then shakes from his curled ebony the flashing spray-mist! He gives us one look as we crown the knoll, and then in again with a spang and a plunge far into the tarn, caring no more for the living reeds than for so many dead, and fast as a sea-serpent, is among the heart of the killed and wounded! In unerring instinct he always seizes the dead—and now a devil's dozen lie along the shore. Come hither, O'Bronte, and caress thy old master. Aye—that shewed a fine feeling—did that long shake that bedrizzled the sunshine. Put thy paws over our shoulders, and round our neck, true son of thy sire—oh! that we were but alive, to see and share thy achievements—but indeed, two such dogs, living together in their prime at one era, would have been too great glory for this sublimary canine world! Therefore Sirius looked on thy sire with an evil eye, and in jealousy,—

“*Tantæne animis celestibus ire!*”—

growled upon some sinner to poison the Dog of all Dogs, who leapt up almost to the ceiling of the room where he slept—our own bedroom—under the agony of that accursed arsenic, gave one horrid howl, and expired. Methinks we know his murderer—his eye falls when it meets ours on the street of Princes—and let him scowl there but seldom—for though 'tis but suspicion, this fist, O'Bronte, doubles at the sight of the miscreant—and some day, impelled by wrath and disgust, it will smash his nose flat with the other features, till his face is one mass of blood. Yea! as sure as Themis holds her balance in the skies, shall the poisoner be punished out of all recognition by his parents, and be disowned by the Cockney father that begot him, and the Cockney mother that bore him, as he carries home a countenance, half tripe and half pancake, enough to make his paramour, the scullion, miscarry, as she opens the door to him, on the fifth flat of a common stair. But we are getting personal, O'Bronte, a vice which is abhorrent from the nature of Maga,

and of him whose highest happiness it is to lie in her gracious arms.

There goes our crutch, Hamish, whirling aloft in the sky a rainbow flight, even like the ten-pound hammer from the fling of George Scougal, at the St Ronan's games. We shall never use it more, James, but to crack the skull of a Cockney. Our gout is gone—so is our asthma—eke our rheumatism—and, like an eagle, we have renewed our youth. There is hop, step, and jump, for you, Hamish—we should not fear, young and agile as you are, buck, to give you a yard. But now for the flappers. Pointers all, stir your stumps and into the water. This is rich. Why, the reeds are as full of flappers as of frogs. If they can fly, the fools don't know it. Why, there is a whole musquitto-fleet of yellow boys, not a week old. What a prolific old lady must she have been, to have kept on breeding till September. There she sits, cowering, just on the edge of the reeds, uncertain whether to dive or fly. By the creak and cry of the cradle of thy first-born, Hamish, spare the plumage on her yearning and quaking breast! The little yellow images have all melted away, and are now, in holy cunning of instinct, deep down beneath the waters, shifting for themselves among the very mud at the bottom of the reeds. By and bye, they will be floating with but the points of their bills above the surface, invisible among the air-bells. The parent duck has also disappeared; the drake you disposed of, Hamish, as the coward was lifting up his lumbering body, with fat doup and long neck in the air, to seek safer skies. We male creatures—drakes, ganders, and men alike—what are we, when affection pleads, in comparison with fearless females! In our passions we are brave, but these satiated, we turn upon our heel and disappear from danger, like dastards. But doves, and ducks, and women, are fearless in affection, to the very death. For that have we all our days, sleeping or waking, loved the sex, virgin and matron, nor would we hurt a hair of their heads, grey or golden, for all else that shines beneath the sun.

Not the best practice this in the world, certainly, for pointers—and

it may teach them bad habits on the hill; but, in some situations, all dogs and men are alike, and cross them as you will, not a breed but shews a taint of original sin, when under a temptation sufficiently strong to bring it out. Ponto, Piro, and Basta, are now, according to their abilities, all as bad as O'Bronte—and never, to be sure, was there such a worrying in this wicked world.—But now we shall cease our fire, and leave the few flappers that are left alive to their own meditations. Our conduct, for the last hour, must have seemed to them no less unaccountable than alarming; and something to quack over during the rest of the season. Well, we do not remember ever to have seen a prettier pile of ducks and ducklings. Hamish, take census. What do you say—two score? That beats cock-fighting. Here's a bank of twine, Hamish, tie them all together by the legs, and hang them, in two divisions of equal weights, over the hurdles of Surefoot. And now, we must be jogging.

“ But what are these,
So wither'd and so wild in their attire;
That look not like th' inhabitants o' the
earth,
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you
aught
That man may question? You seem to
understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips—you should be
women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so!”

Shakspeare is not familiar, we find, among the natives of Loch-Etive side—else these figures would reply,
“ All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane
of Glamis!”

But not satisfied with laying their choppy fingers on their skinny lips, they now put them to their plooky noses, having first each dipped fore and thumb in his mull, and gibber Gaelic, to us unintelligible as the quacking of ducks, when a Christian auditor has been prevented from catching its meaning by the gobbling of turkeys. But Hamish tips us the wink—and charms our auricles by the two magic words of pure Sassennach, “ Sma' stell!”

A green knoll among the heath

and birch-covered cliffs at “ open sesame” unfolds its low door of living turf, and we enter in—dogs and all—the reek-dim domicile, where the indigenous genii are brewing the Spirit of Life. Genuine peat-reek, indeed, as you may tell—without tasting it—by the very steam. The worm that never dies is at work—yet no evil conscience is here—for who but some knave or fool belonging to a Temperance Society—some humbug or some hypocrite—but feels a heartfelt satisfaction—a deep and divine calm—at the secret spectacle of the violation of the excise laws, by which man iniquitously strives against malt, and vainly hopes by the mortal matter of stupid enactments, passed in noisy cities, to put down the immortal spirit working in the still, and on the sly, among the solitudes of nature!

People are proud of talking of solitude. It redounds, they opine, to the honour of their great-mindedness, to be thought capable of living, for an hour or two, by themselves, at a considerable distance from knots or skeins of their fellow-creatures. Byron, again, thought he shewed his superiority, by swearing as solemnly as a man can do in the Spenserian stanza, that

“ To sit alone, and muse o'er flood and
fell,”

has nothing whatever to do with solitude—and that if you wish to know and feel what solitude really is, you must go to Almack's.

“ This—this is solitude—this is to be
alone!”

His Lordship's opinions were often peculiar—but the passage has been much admired, therefore we are willing to believe, that what is called the Great Desert—not Sewell's Desert—for that is called the Small Desert, *alias* Dirty Dartmoor—is, in point of loneliness, unable to stand a philosophical, much less a poetical comparison, with a well-frequented Fancy-ball. But we shrewdly suspect that the statements neither of BYRON nor STOKES are borne out by facts. Zoology is against them—more especially those two of its most interesting branches, Entomology and Ornithology, while they are equally at variance with the na-

tural history of their own respective species, man and monkey.

Go to a desert and clap your back against a cliff. Do you think yourself alone? What a ninny! Your great clumsy splay feet are bruising to death a batch of beetles. See that spider whom you have widowed, running up and down your elegant leg, in distraction and despair, bewailing the loss of a husband, who, however savage to the ephemerals, had always smiled sweetly upon her! Meanwhile, your shoulders have crushed a colony of small red ants settled in a moss city beautifully roofed with lichens—and that accounts for the sharp tickling behind your ear, which you keep scratching, no Solomon, in shameful ignorance of the cause of that effect. Should you sit down—we must beg to draw a veil over your hurdies, which at the moment extinguish a fearful amount of animal life—creation may be said to groan under them; and insect as you are yourself, you are defrauding millions of insects of their little day. All the while you are supposing yourself alone! Now, are you not, as we hinted, a prodigious ninny? But you are a still bigger blockhead. For the whole wilderness—as you choose to call it—is crawling with various life. London, with its million and a half of inhabitants—including of course the suburbs—is, compared with it, an empty joke. Die—and you will soon be picked to the bones. The air swarms with sharpers—and an insurrection of radicals will attack your corpse from the worm-holes of the earth. Corbies, ravens, hawks, eagles, all the feathered furies of beak and bill, will come flying ere sunset to anticipate the maggots, and carry your remains—if you will allow us to call them so—over the whole of Argyleshire in many living sepulchres. We confess ourselves unable to see the solitude of this—and begin to agree with Byron, that a man is less crowded at a masquerade.

But the same subject may be illustrated less tragically, and even with some slight comic effect. A man among mountains is often surrounded on all sides with mice and moles. What cozy nests do the former construct at the roots of heather, among tufts of grass in the

rashes, and the moss on the green-sward! As for the latter, though you think you know a mountain from a molehill, you are much mistaken; for what is a mountain, in many cases, but a collection of molehills—and of fairy knolls? which again introduce a new element into the composition, and shew, in still more glaring colours, your absurdity in supposing yourself to be in solitude. The “Silent People” are around you at every step. You may not see them—for they are dressed in invisible green; but they see you, and that unaccountable whispering and buzzing sound one often hears in what we call the wilderness, what is it, or what can it be, but the fairies making merry at your expense, pointing out to each other the extreme silliness of your meditative countenance, and laughing like to split at your fond conceit of being alone among a multitude of creatures far wiser than yourself?

But should all this fail to convince you, that you are never less alone than when you think yourself alone, and that a man never knows what it is to be in the very heart of life, till he leaves London, and takes a walk in Glen-Etive—suppose yourself to have been leaning with your back against that knoll, dreaming of the far-off race of men, when all at once the support gives way inwards, and you tumble head over heels in among a snug coterie of kilted Celts, in the very act of creating Glenlivet, in a great warlock’s cauldron, seething to the top with the Spirit of Life!

Such fancies as these, among many others, were with us in the Still. But a glimmering and a humming and a dizzy bewilderment hangs over that time and place, finally dying away in sickness into total oblivion. Here are we sitting in a glade of a birch-wood in what must be Gleno—some miles from the Still. Hamish asleep, as usual, whenever he lies down, and all the dogs yowffing in dreams, and Surefoot standing with his long beard above ours almost the same in longitude. We have been more, we suspect, than half-dead over, and are now lying on the shore of sobriety, almost a wreck. The truth is, that the new spirit is even more dangerous than the new light. Both at first dazzle, then ob-

fuscate, and lastly darken the soul and its seven senses into temporary death. There is, we fear, but one word of one syllable in the English language that could fully express our late condition. Let our subscribers solve the enigma. Oh! those quechs! By

“What drugs, what spells,
What conjurations, and what mighty
magic,”

was Christopher overthrown! A strange confusion of sexes, as of men in petticoats and women in breeches—gowns transmogrified into jackets—caps into bonnets—and thick naked hairy legs into slim ankles decent in hose—all whirling and dancing somewhere by dim and obscure, to the sound of something groaning and yelling, sometimes inarticulately, as if it came from something instrumental, and then mixed up with a wild gibberish, as if shrieking, somehow or other, from living lips, human and brute—for a dream of yowling dogs is over all—utterly confounds us as we strive to muster in recollection the few last hours that have passed tumultuously through our brain—and then a wide black moor, sometimes covered with day, sometimes with night, stretches around us, hemmed in on all sides by the tops of mountains, seeming to reel in the sky. Frequent flashes of fire, and a whirring as of the wings of birds—but sound and sight alike uncertain—break again upon our dream. Let us not mince the matter—we can afford the confession—we have been overtaken by liquor—sadly intoxicated—out with it at once—drunk! Frown not, fairest of all sweet subscribers—for we lay our calamity, not to the charge of the Glenlivet circling in countless quechs, but at the door of that inveterate enemy to sobriety—the Fresh Air.

But now we are as sober as a judge. Pity our misfortune—rather than forgive our sin. We entered that Still in a State of innocence before the Fall. Where we fell, we know not—often, perhaps—in divers ways and sundry places—between the magic cell on the breast of Benachochie, and this glade in Gleno. But,

“There are worse things in life than a
fall among heather.”

Surefoot, we suppose, kept himself tolerably sober—and O’Bronte, at each successive cloit, must have assisted us to remount—for Hamish, from his style of sleeping, must have been as bad as his master—and after all, it is wonderful to think how we got here—over hags, and mosses, and marshes, and quagmires, like those in which

“Armies whole have sunk.”

But the truth is, that, never in the whole course of our lives—and that course has been a strange one—did we once lose our way. Set us down blindfolded on Zahara, and we will beat the caravan to Timbuctoo. Something or other mysteriously indicative of the right direction touches the soles of our feet in the shape of the ground they tread; and even when our souls have gone soaring far away, or have sunk within us, still have our feet pursued the shortest and the safest path that leads to the bourne of our pilgrimage. Is not that strange? But not stranger surely than the flight of the bee, on his first voyage over the caves of the wilderness to the far-off heather-bells—or of the dove that is sent by some Jew stock-jobber, to communicate to Dutchmen the rise or fall of the funds, from London to Hamburg, from the clear shores of silver Thames to the muddy shallows of the Zuyder-Zee.

Let us inspect the state of Brown Bess. Right barrel empty—left barrel—what is the meaning of this?—crammed to the muzzle! aye, that comes of visiting Stills! We have been snapping away at the coveys, and single birds all over the moor, without so much as a pluff, with the right-hand cock—and then, imagining that we had fired, have kept loading away at the bore to the left, till, see! the ramrod absolutely stands upright in the air, with only about three inches hidden in the hollow! What a narrow—a miraculous escape has the world had of losing Christopher North for ever! Had he drawn that trigger instead of this, Brown Bess would have burst to a moral certainty, and blown the old gentleman piecemeal and in fragments over the astonished heather. “In the midst of life we are in death!” Could we but know one in a hundred of the close approachings of the skeleton, we

should lead a life of perpetual shudder. Often and often do his bony fingers almost clutch our throat, or his foot is put out to give us a cross-buttock. But a saving arm pulls him back, ere we have seen so much as his shadow. We believe all this—but the belief that comes not from something steadfastly present before our eyes, is barren; and thus it is, since believing is not seeing, that we walk hoodwinked nearly all our days, and worst of all blindness is that of ingratitude and forgetfulness of Him whose shield is for ever over us, and whose mercy shall be with us in the grave, and in the world beyond the grave.

By all that is most beautifully wild in animated nature, a roe! a roe! Shall we slay her where she stands, or let her vanish in silent glidings in among her native woods? What a fool for asking ourselves such a question! Slay her where she stands, to be sure—for many pleasant seasons hath she led in her leafy lairs, a life of leisure, delight, and love, and the hour is come when she must sink down on her knees in a sudden and unpainful death—fair silvan dreamer! We have drawn that multitudinous shot—and both barrels of Brown Bess now are loaded with ball—for Hamish is lying with his head on the rifle. Whiz! whiz! one is through her lungs, and another through her neck—and seemingly rather to sleep than die, (so various are the many modes of expiration!)

"In quietness she lays her down
Gently, as a weary wave
Sinks, when the summer breeze has died,
Against an anchor'd vessel's side."

Aye—Hamish—you may start to your feet—and see realized the vision of your sleep. What a set of distracted dogs! But O'Bronte first catches sight of the quarry—and clearing, with grasshopper spangs, the patches of stunted coppice, stops stock-still beside the roe in the glade, as if admiring and wondering at the beauty of the fair spotted creature! Yes, dogs have a sense of the beautiful. Else how can you account for their loving so to lie down at the feet, and lick the hands of the virgin, whose eyes are mild, and forehead meek, and hair of placid sunshine, rather than act the same part towards

ugly women, who, coarser and coarser in each successive widowhood, when at their fourth husband, are beyond expression hideous, and felt to be so by the whole canine tribe? Spenser must have seen some dog like O'Bronte, lying at the feet and licking the hand of some virgin—sweet reader, like thyself—else never had he painted the posture of that lion who guarded through Fairy-land

"Heavenly Una and her milk-white lamb."

A divine line of Wordsworth's, which we shall never cease quoting on to the last article we may write, even on our dying day!

But where, Hamish, are all the flappers, the mawsies, and the maulards? What! You have left them—hare, grouse, bag, and all, at the Still! We remember it now—and all the distillers are to-night to be at our Tent, bringing with them feathers, fur, and hide—ducks, pussey, and deer. But take the roe on your stalwart shoulders, Hamish, and bear it down to the silvan dwelling at the mouth of Gleno. Surefoot has a sufficient burden in us—for we are waxing more corpulent every day—and ere long shall be a Silenus.

Aye, travel all the world over, and a human dwelling lovelier in its wildness shall you nowhere find, than the one that hides itself in the depth of its own beauty, beneath the last of the green knolls besprinkling Gleno, dropt down there in presence of the peacefullest bay of all Loch-Etive, in whose cloud-softened bosom it sees itself reflected among the congenial imagery of the skies. And, hark! a murmur as of swarming bees! 'Tis a Gaelic school—set down in this loneliest of all places, by that religious wisdom that rests not till the seeds of saving knowledge shall be sown over all the wilds. That grey-haired minister of God, whom all Scotland venerates, hath been here from the great city on one of his holy pilgrimages. And, lo! at his bidding, and that of his co-adjutors in the heavenly work, a schoolroom has risen with its blue roof—the pure diamond-sparkling slates of Ballahulish—beneath a tuft of breeze-breaking trees! But whence came they—the little scholars—who are

all murmuring there? We said that the shores of Loch-Etive were desolate. So seem they to the eye of Imagination, that loves to gather up a hundred scenes into one, and to breathe over the whole the lonesome spirit of one vast wilderness. But Imagination was a liar ever—a romancer and a dealer in dreams. Hers are the realms of fiction,

“A boundless contiguity of shade!”

But the land of truth is ever the haunt of the heart—there her eye reposes or expatiates, and what sweet, humble, and lowly visions arise before it, in a light that fadeth not away, but abideth for ever! Cottages, huts, shielings, she sees hidden—few and far between, indeed—but all filled with Christian life—among the hollows of the hills—and up, all the way up the great glens—and by the shores of the loveliest lochs—and sprinkled, not so rarely, among the woods that enclose little fields and meadows of their own—all the way down—more and more animated—till children are seen gathering before their doors the shells of the sea.

Look and listen far and wide through a sunshiny day, over a rich wooded region, with hedgerows, single trees, groves, and forests, and yet haply not one bird is to be seen or heard—neither plumage nor song. Yet many a bright lyrist is there, all mute till the harbinger-hour of sunset, when all earth, air, and heaven, shall be ringing with one song. Almost even so is it with this mountain-wilderness. Small bright-haired, bright-eyed, bright-faced children, come stealing out in the morning from many hidden huts, each solitary in its own site, the sole dwelling on its own brae or its own dell. Singing go they one and all, alone, or in small bands, trippingly along the wide moors; meeting into pleasant parties at cross paths, or at fords, till one stated hour sees them all gathered together, as now in the small schoolroom of Gleno, and the echo of the happy hum of the simple scholars is heard soft among the cliffs. But all at once the hum now ceases, and there is a hurry out of doors, and an exulting cry; for the shadow of Hamish, with the roe on his shoulders, has passed the small

lead-latticed window, and the schoolroom has emptied itself on the green, which is now brightening with the young blossoms of life. “A roe—a roe—a roe!”—is still the chorus of their song; and the schoolmaster himself, though educated at college for the kirk, has not lost the least particle of his passion for the chase, and with kindling eyes assists Hamish in laying down his burden, and gazes on the spots with a hunter’s joy. We leave you to imagine his delight and his surprise when, at first hardly trusting his optics, he beholds Christopher on Surefoot, and then, patting the sheltie on the shoulder, bows affectionately and respectfully to the old man, and while our hands grasp, takes a pleasure in repeating over and over again that celebrated surname—North—North—North.

After a brief and bright hour of glee and merriment, mingled with grave talk, nor marred by the sweet undisturbance of all those elves maddening on the green around the roe, we express a wish that the scholars shall all again be gathered together in the schoolroom, to undergo an examination by the Christian philosopher of the Lodge. ’Tis in all things gentle, and in nothing severe. All slates are instantly covered with numerals, and ’tis pleasant to see their skill in finest fractions, and in the wonder-working golden rule of three. And now the rustling of their manuals is like that of rainy breezes among the summer leaves. No fears are here that the Book of God will lose its sanctity by becoming too familiar to eye, lip, and hand. Like the sunlight in the sky, the light that shines there is for ever dear—and unlike any sunlight in any skies, never never, is it clouded, permanently bright, and undimmed before pious eyes by one single shadow. We ought, perhaps, to be ashamed, but we are not so—we are happy that not an urchin is there who is not fully better acquainted with the events and incidents recorded in the Old and New Testaments than ourselves—and think not that all these could have been so faithfully committed to memory without the perpetual operation of the heart. Words are forgotten unless they are embalmed in spirit—and the air of the world, blow afterwards rudely as it may, shall never shrivel up one syl-

lable that has been steeped into their souls by the spirit of the Gospel—felt by those almost infant disciples of Christ to be the very breath of God!

We leave a loose sovereign or two to the Bible Fund; and remounting Surefoot, while our friend the school-master holds the stirrup tenderly to our toe, jog down the road which is rather alarmingly like the channel of a drought-dried torrent, and turning round on the saddle, send our farewell salutes to the gazing scholars, first, bonnet waved round our head, and then, that replaced, a kiss flung from our hand. Hamish, relieved of the roe, which will be taken up (how you shall by-and-bye hear) on our way back to the Tent, is close at our side, to be ready should Sheltie stumble; O'Bronte as usual bounds in the van, and Ponto, Piro, and Basta, impatient for the next heather hill, keep close at our heels through the wood.

We do not admire that shooting-ground which resembles a poultry-yard. Grouse and barn-door fowls proceed upon opposite principles, the former being wild, and the latter tame creatures, when in their respective perfection. Of all dull pastimes, the dullest seems to us sporting in a preserve; and we believe that we share that feeling with the Grand Signior. The sign of a lonely wayside inn in the Highlands ought not to be the Hen and Chickens. Some shooters, we know, sick of common sport, love slaughter. From sunrise to sunset of the First Day of the Moors they must bag their hundred brace. That can only be done where pouts prevail, and cheepers keep chiding; and where you have half-a-dozen attendants to hand you double-barrels sans intermission, for a round dozen of hours spent in a perpetual fire. Commend us to a plentiful sprinkling of game; to ground which seems occasionally barren, and which it needs a fine instructed eye to traverse scientifically, and thereof to detect the latent riches. Fear and Hope are the Deities whom Christopher in his Sporting Jacket worships; and were they unpropitious, the Moors would lose all their witchcraft. We are a dead-shot, but not always, for the forefinger of our right hand is the most fitful forefinger in all this capricious world. Like all performers in the Fine Arts, our

execution is very uncertain; and though "*toujours prêt*" is the impress on one side of our shield, "*hit and miss*" is that on the other, and often the more characteristic. A gentleman ought not to shoot like a gamekeeper, any more than at billiards to play like a sharper, nor with four-in-hand ought he to tool his prads like the Portsmouth Dragsman. We choose to shoot like a philosopher, as we are, and to preserve the golden mean in murder. We hold, with Aristotle, that all virtue consists in the middle between the two extremes; and thus we shoot in a style equidistant from that of the gamekeeper on the one hand, and that of the bagman on the other, and neither killing nor missing every bird; but, true to the spirit of the Aristotelian doctrine, leaning with a decided inclination towards the first rather than the second predicament. If we shoot too well one day, we are pretty sure to make amends for it by shooting just as much too ill another; and thus, at the close of the week, we can go to bed with a clear conscience. In short, we shoot like gentlemen, scholars, poets, philosophers, and contributors, as we are; and looking at us, you have a sight

"Of him who walks (rides) in glory and in joy,
Following his dog upon the mountain side,"—

a man evidently not shooting for a wager, and performing a match from the mean motive of avarice or ambition, but blazing away at his own delight, and, without seeming to know it, making a great noise in the world. Such, believe us, is ever the mode in which true genius displays at once the earnestness and the modesty of its character.—But, Hamish—Hamish—Hamish—look with both thine eyes on yonder bank—yonder sunny bank beneath the shade of that fantastic cliff's superincumbent shadow—and seest thou not basking there a miraculous amount of the right sort of feathers? They have packed, Hamish—they have packed, early as it yet is in the season; and the question is,—*What shall we do?* We have it. Take up a position—Hamish—about a hundred yards in the rear—on yonder knoll—with the Colonel's Sweeper. Fire from the

rest—mind, from the rest, Hamish—right into the centre of that bed of plumage, and we shall be ready, with Brown Bess and her sister, to pour in our quartette upon the remains as they rise—so that not escape shall one single feather. Let our coming “to the present” be your signal.—Bang! Whew!—what a flutter! Now take that—and that—and that—and that! Ha! Hamish—as at the springing of a mine, the whole company has perished. Count the dead. Twenty-one! Life is short—and by this compendious style we take Time by the forelock. But where the devil are the ducks? Oh, yes! with the deer at the Still. Bag, and be stirring. For the Salmon-pond is murmuring in our ear; and in another hour we must be at Inveraw. Who said that Cruachan was a steep mountain? Why with a gentle, smooth, and easy slope, he dips his footsteps in the sea-salt waters of Loch-Etive's tide, as if to accommodate the old gentleman, who, half-a-century ago, used to board him in his pride on his throne of clouds. Heaven bless him!—he is a kind-hearted mountain, though his forehead be furrowed, and his aspect grim in stormy weather. A million memories “o’auld lang syne” revive, as almost “smooth-sliding without step” Surefoot travels through the silvan haunts, by us beloved of yore, when every day was a dream, and every dream filled full to overflowing with poetic visions, that swarmed on every bough, on every bent, on every heather-bell, in every dewdrop, in every mote o’ the sun, in every line of gossamer, all over greenwood and greensward, grey cliff, purple heath, blue loch, “wine-faced sea,”

“with locks divinely spreading,
Like sullen hyacinths in vernal hue,”

and all over the sky, seeming then a glorious infinitude, where light, and joy, and beauty had their dwelling in calm and storm alike for evermore!

Heaven bless thee—with all her sun, moon, and stars! there thou art, dearest to us of all the lochs of Scotland—and they are all dear—mountain-crowned, cliff-guarded, isle-zoned, green-girdled, wide-winding and far-stretching, with thy many-

bayed banks and braes of brushwood, fern, broom, and heather, rejoicing in their huts and shielings, thou glory of Argyleshire, rill-and-river-fed, sea-arm-like, floating in thy majesty, magnificent Loch Awe!

But now for the black mass of rapid waters that, murmuring from loch to river, rush roaring through that rainbow-arch, and bathe the green woods in freshening spray-mist through a loveliest landscape, that steals along with its meadow-sprinkling trees close to the very shore of Loch-Etive, binding the two lochs together with a silvan band—her whose calmer spirit never knows the ebb or flow of tide, and her who fluctuates even when the skies are still with the swelling and subsiding tumult, duly sent up into and recalled down from the silence of her inland solitude. And now for one pool in that river, called by eminence the Salmon-pool, whose gravelly depths are sometimes paved with the blue backs of the silver-scaled shiners, all strong as sunbeams, for a while reposing there, till the river shall redden in its glee to the floods falling in Glen-Serae and Glenorchy, and then will they shoot through the cataract—for ’tis all one fall between the lochs—passionate of the sweet fresh waters in which the Abbey-Isle reflects her one ruined tower, or Kilchurn, at all times dim or dark in the shadow of Cruachan, sees his grim turrets, momentarily less grim, imaged in the tremblings of the casual sunshine. Sometimes they lie like stoues, nor, unless you stir them up with a long pole, will they stir in the gleam, more than if they were shadows breathed from trees when all winds are dead. But at other times, they are on feed or frolic; and then no sooner does the fly drop on the water in its blue and yellow gaudiness, (and oh! but the brown mallard wing is bloody—bloody!) than some snout sucks it in—some snout of some swine-necked shoulder-bender—and instantly—as by dexterously dropping your elbow you give him the bult, and strike the barb through his tongue—down the long reach of the river vista’d along that straight oak-avenue—but with clear space of greensward between wood and water—shoots the giant steel-stung in his

fear, bounding blue-white into the air, and then down into the liquid element with a plunge as of a man, or rather a horse, till your heart leaps to your mouth, or, as the Greeks we believe used to say, to your nose, and you are seen galloping along the banks, by spectators in search of the picturesque, and ignorant of angling, supposed in the act of making your escape, with an incomprehensible weapon in both hands, from some rural madhouse.

Phin! this rod is thy master-piece. And what gut! *There she has it!* Reel-music for ever! Ten fathom are run out already—and see how she shoots, Hamish;—such a Somerset as that was never thrown from a spring-board. Just the size for strength and agility—twenty pound to an ounce—jimp weight, Hamish—ha! Harlequin art thou—or Columbine! Assuredly neither Clown nor Pantaloon. Now we have turned her ladyship's nose up the stream, her lugs, if she have any, must be beginning to labour, and we almost hear her snore. What! in the stilks already—sullen among the stones! But we will make you mudge, madam, were we to tear the very tongue out of your mouth. Aye, once more down the middle to the tune of that spirited country-dance—"Off she goes!" Set corners, and reel! The gaff, Hamish—the gaff! and the landing net! For here is a shallow of the silver sand, spreading into the bay of a ford—and ere she recovers from her astonishment, here will we land her—with a strong pull, a long pull, and a pull altogether—just on the edge of the greensward—and then smite her on the shoulder, Hamish—and, to make assurance doubly sure, the net under her tail, and hoist her aloft in the sunshine, a glorious prize, dazzling the daylight, and giving a greener verdure to the woods.

He who takes two hours to kill a fish—be its bulk what it may—is no man, and is not worth his meat, or the vital air. The proportion is a minute to the pound. This rule were we taught by the "Best at Most" among British sportsmen—Scrope the Matchless on moor, mountain, river, loch, or sea; and, with exquisite nicety, have we now carried it into practice! Away with your use-

less steel-yards. Let us feel her teeth with our forefinger, and then held out at arm's length—so—we know by feeling, that she is, as we said, soon as we saw her side, a twenty-pounder to a drachin, and we have been true to time, within two seconds. She has literally no head; but her snout is in her shoulders. That is the beauty of a fish—high and round shoulders, short waisted, no loins, but all body, and not long of terminating—the shorter still the better—in a tail sharp and pointed, as Diana's, when she is crescent in the sky.

And, lo, and behold! there is Diana—but not crescent—for round and broad is she as the sun himself—shining in the south, with as yet a needless light—for daylight has not gone down in the west—and we can hardly call it gloaming. Chaste and cold though she seem, a nunlike luminary who has just taken the veil—a transparent veil of fine fleecy clouds—yet, alas! is she frail as of old, when she descended on the top of Latmos, to hold dalliance with Endymion. She has absolutely the appearance of being in the family-way—and not far from her time. Lo! two of her children stealing from ether towards her feet! One on her right hand, and another on her left—the fairest daughters that ever charmed mother's heart—and in heaven called stars. What a celestial trio the three form in the sky! The face of the moon keeps brightening as the lesser two twinkle into larger lustre; and now, though Day is still lingering, we feel that it is Night. When the one comes and when the other goes, what eye can note, what tongue can tell—but what heart feels not in the dewy hush divine, as the power of the beauty of earth decays over us, and a still dream descends upon us in the power of the beauty of heaven!

But hark! the regular twang and dip of oars coming sea-ward up the river—and lo! indistinct in the distance, something moving through the moonshine—and now taking the likeness of a boat—a barge—with bonneted heads leaning back at every flashing stroke—and, Hamish, list! a choral song in thine own dear native tongue! Sent hither by the queen of the sea-fairies to bear back in state Christopher North to the

Tent! No. 'Tis the big coble belonging to the tacksman of the Awe—and the crew are going to pull her through the few first hours of the night—along with the flowing tide—up to Kinloch-Etive, to try a cast with their long net at the mouth of the river, now winding dim like a snake from King's House beneath the Black Mount, and along the bays at the head of the loch. A rumour that we are on the river has reached them—and see an avning of tartan over the stern, beneath which, as we sit, the sun may not smite our head by day, nor the moon by night. We embark—and descending the river like a dream, rapidly but stilly, and kept in the middle of the current by cunning helmsman, without aid of idle oar, all six suspended, we drop along through the silvan scenery gliding serenely away back into the mountain-gloom, and enter into the wider moonshine, trembling on the wavy verdure of the foam-crested sea. May this be Loch-Etive? Yea—verily; but so broad here is its bosom, and so far spreads the billowy brightness, that we might almost believe that our bark was bounding over the ocean, and marching merrily on the main. Are we—into such a dream might fancy for a moment half beguile herself—rowing back, after a day among the savage islanders, to our ship lying at anchor in the offing, on a voyage of discovery round the world?

Where are all the dogs? Ponto, Piro, Basta, trembling partly with cold, partly with hunger, partly with fatigue, and partly with fear, among and below the seats of the rowers—with their noses somewhat uncomfortably laid between their fore-paws on the tarry timbers—but O'Bronte boldly sitting at our side, and wistfully eyeing the green swell as it heaves beautifully by, ready at the slightest signal to leap overboard, and wallow like a walrus in the brine, of which you might almost think he was born and bred, so native seems the element to the "Dowg of Dowgs." Aye, these are sea-mews, O'Bronte, wheeling white as silver in the moonshine; but we *shall* not shoot them—no—no—no—we *will* not shoot you, ye images of playful peace, so fearlessly, nay, so lovingly attending our bark as it bounds over

the breasts of the billows, in motion quick almost as your slowest flight, while ye linger around, and behind, and before our path, like fair spirits willing us along up this great Loch, farther and farther through gloom and glimmer, into the heart of profounder solitude. On what errands of your own are ye winnowing your way, stooping ever and anon just to dip your wing-tips in the waves, and then up into the open air—the blue light filling this magnificent hollow—or seen glancing along the shadows of the mountains, as they divide the Loch into a succession of separate bays, and often seem to block it up, till another moonlight reach is seen extending far beyond, and carries the imagination on—on—on—into inland recesses that seem to lose at last all connexion with the forgotten sea. All at once the moon is like a ghost;—and we believe devoutly—heaven knows why—in the authenticity of Ossian's Poems.

The boat in a moment is a bagpipe; and not only so, but all the mountains are bagpipes, and so are the clouds. All the bagpipes in the world are here, and they fill heaven and earth. 'Tis no exaggeration—much less a fiction—but the soul and body of truth. There Hamish stands stately at the prow; and as the boat hangs by midships on the very point that commands all the echoes, he fills the whole night with the "Campbells are coming," till the sky yells with the gathering as of all the Clans. His eyes are triumphantly fixed on ours to catch their emotions; his fingers cease their tinkling; and still that wild gathering keeps playing of itself among the mountains—fainter and fainter, as it is flung from cliff to cliff, till it dies away far—far off—till, as if in infinitude, sweet even and soft in its evanescence as some lover's lute! We are now in the bay of Gleno. For though moonlight strangely alters the whole face of nature, confusing its most settled features, and with a gentle glamour blending with the greensward what once was the grey granite, and investing with apparent woodiness what an hour ago was the desolation of herbless cliffs—yet not all the changes that wondrous nature, in ceaseless ebb and flow, ever wrought on her works, could meta-

morphose out of our recognition that glen, in which one night—long—long ago—

"In life's morning march, when our spirit was young!"

we were visited by a dream—a dream that shadowed forth in its inexplicable symbols the whole course of our future life—the graves—the tombs where many we loved are now buried—that churchyard, where we hope and believe that one day our own bones will rest!

But who shouts from the shore, Hamish—and now, as if through his fingers, sends forth a sharp shrill whistle that pierces the sky? Ah, ha! we ken his shadow in the light, with the roe on his shoulder. 'Tis the schoolmaster of Gleno, bringing down our quarry to the boat—kilted, we declare, like a true Son of the Mist! The shore here is shelving but stony, and our prow is aground. But strong-spined and loined, and strong in their withers, are the McDougals of Lorn; and, wading up to the red hairy knees, he has flung the roe into the boat, and followed it himself like a deer-hound. So bend to your oars, my hearties—my heroes—the wind freshens, and the tide strengthens from the sea; and at eight knots an-hour we shall sweep along the shadows, and soon see the lantern, twinkling as from a light-house, on the pole of our Tent.

In a boat, upon a great sea-arm, at night, among mountains, who would be so senseless, so soulless as to speak? The hour has its might,

"Because not of this noisy world, but silent and divine!"

A sound there is in the sea-green swell, and the hollows of the rocks, that keep muttering and muttering, as their entrances feel the touch of the tide. But nothing beneath the moon can be more solemn, now that her aspect is so wan, and that some melancholy spirit has obscured the lustre of the stars. We feel as if the breath of old elegiac poetry were visiting the slumber of our soul. All is sad within us, yet why we know not; and the sadness is stranger as it is deeper after a day of almost foolish pastime, spent by a being who believes that he is immortal, and that this life is but the threshold of a life

to come! Poor, puny, and paltry pastimes indeed are they all! But are they more so than those pursuits of which the great moral poet has sung,

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave!"

Methinks, now, as we are entering into a sabler mass of shadow, that the doctrine of eternal punishment of sins, committed in time—but—

"Here's a health to all good lasses,
Here's a health to all good lasses,
Pledge it merrily, fill your glasses;
Let the bumper toast go round,
Let the bumper toast go round!"

Rest on your oars, lads. Hamish! the quech! give each man a caulker, that his oar may send a bolder twang from its rollock, and our fish-coble walk the waves like a man-of-war's gig, with the captain on board, going ashore, after a long cruise, to meet his wife. Now she spins! and lo! lights at Kinloch-Etive, and beyond on the breast of the mountain, bright as Hesperus—the Pole-star of our Tent!

Well, this is indeed the Londe of Faery! A car with a nag caparisoned at the water-edge! On with the roe, and in with Christopher and the Fish. Now, Hamish, hand us the crutch. After a cast or two, which, may they be successful as the night is auspicious, your presence, gentlemen, will be expected in the Tent. Now, Hamish, handle thou the ribbons—alias the hair-tether—and we will touch him behind, should he linger, with a weapon that might

"Create a soul under the ribs of death."

Linger! why the lightning flies from his heels, as he carries us along a fine natural causeway, like Ossian's car-borne heroes. From the size and state of the stones over which we make such a clatter, we shrewdly suspect that the parliamentary grant for destroying the old Highland torrent-roads, has not extended its ravages to Glen-Etive. O'Bronte,

"Like panting Time, toils after us in vain;"

and the pointers are following us by our own scent, and that of the roe, in the distant darkness. Pull up, Hamish, pull up, otherwise we

shall overshoot our mark, and meet with some accident or other, perhaps a capsizé on Bachaille-Etive, or the Black Mount. We had no idea the circle of greensward in front of the Tent was so spacious. Why, there is room for the Lord Mayor of London's state-coach to turn with its eight horses, and that enormous ass, Parson Dillon, on the dicky. What could have made us think at this moment of London? Certes, the association of ideas is a droll thing, and also sometimes most magnificent. Dancing in the Tent, among strange figures! Celebration of the nuptials of some Arab chief, in an oasis in the Great Desert of Stony Arabia! Heavens, look at Hogg! How he hauls the Hizzies! There is no time to be lost—the Shepherd must not have all the sport to himself; and, by and by, spite of age and infirmity, we shall shew the Tent a touch of the Highland Fling. Hollo! you landloupers! Christopher is upon you—behold the Tenth Avatar incarnated in North.

But what apparitions at the Tent-door salute our approach?

“Back step these two fair angels, half afraid
So suddenly to see the Griesly King!”

Goat-herdesses from the cliffs of Glen-creran or Glenco, kilted to the knee, and not unconscious of their ankles, one twinkle of which is sufficient to bid “Begone dull care” for ever!

One hand on a shoulder of each of the mountain-nymphs,—sweet liberties,—and then embraced by both, half in their arms, and half on their bosoms, was ever Old Man so pleasantly let down from triumphal car, ~~on the~~ soft surface of his mother-earth? Aye, there lies the red-deer! and what heaps of smaller slain! James and Timothy have not been idle—but was there ever such a rush of dogs! We shall be extinguished. Down, dogs, down—nay, ladies and gentlemen, be seated—on one another's knees as before—we beseech you—we are but men like yourselves—and

“Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh! what were man?—a world without a sun!”

What, you had begun to fear that the Cock of the North had been overcrowded—fugie from the Tent! Nay, here he is—Cock-a-doodle-doo—Cock-a-doodle-doo—Cock-a-doodle-doo! That sound creates a stir among the pullets. What it is to be the darling of gods and men, and women and children! Why, the very stars burn brighter—and thou, O Moon, art like the Sun! We foresee a night of dancing and drinking—till the mountain-dew melt in the lustre of morn. Such a day should have a glorious death—and a glorious resurrection. Hurra! Hurra!

THE MOORS FOR EVER! THE MOORS! THE MOORS!



PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A LATE PHYSICIAN.

CHAP. III.

Note to the Editor—~~Intriguing and Mudness~~—The Broken Heart.

NOTE TO THE EDITOR OF BLACKWOOD.

SIR CHRISTOPHER,—A letter under the title of "*Blackwood's Magazine v. the Secrets of the Medical Profession*," appeared in the *Lancet* of the 28th August last—"the most influential and popular organ," it says, "the profession possesses"—a paragraph from which I beg to extract, and call the attention of your numerous readers to it. I do this in justice to myself; because, in the event of my name, insignificant perhaps as it is, happening to be disclosed, the said letter is calculated to work me much prejudice with my professional brethren, and also with the public in general; for I need not tell you, Sir Christopher, of the extensive and miscellaneous circulation of the publication alluded to. After some complimentary remarks, the writer proceeds—

"But I enter my protest, as a physician in some little practice, against the custom of disclosing to the public the sacred secrets which are communicated to us in perfect confidence by our patients, and ought to be preserved inviolable. The Editor of Blackwood happily enough says, 'what periodical has sunk a shaft into this rich mine of incident and sentiment?' True: the value has been, and is yet, I hope, to be proved, in the honour of our profession, and the determination of its members to merit the confidence of their patients, by continuing, in the language of Junius, 'the sole depository of their secrets, which shall perish with them.' If the writer of the paper in question, or the Editor of Blackwood, should see this letter, they are implored to consider its purport; and thus prevent the public from viewing their medical attendants with distrust, and withholding those confidential disclosures which are essential to the due performance of our professional duties. The very persons who would read such a series of articles as the 'Passages from the Diary of a late Physician' promise to be, with intense interest, would be the first to act on the principle I have mentioned."

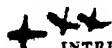
If I were not credibly assured, Sir Christopher, that this letter is the

production of a distinguished member of the profession, I should have felt inclined to compress my commentary on it into one emphatic little word—*humbug!* As it is, however, I beg to ask the writer who is so ready at starting the grave charge of a breach of professional confidence, what I do more, in publishing in your Magazine these papers of my late friend, with the most scrupulous concealment of every thing which could possibly lead to undue disclosures, than is constantly done in the pages of the *Lancet* itself, as well as all the other professional journals, textbooks, and treatises, which almost invariably append *real initials*, [I appeal to every medical man whether such is not the fact,] and other *indicia*, to the most painful, and in many instances, revolting and offensive details? It may possibly be answered—as it really has been—that, in the latter case, the narratives meet only *professional eyes*. What! in the *Lancet*? in the *Medical Gazette*? in *Dr Reece's Journal*? Are these works to be found in the hands of professional men only?—I have but one other observation to make. Would the delicacy of patients be less shocked at finding the peculiar features of their physical maladies—a subject on which their feelings are morbidly irritable—exposed to every member, high and low, young and old, of our extensive profession—the theme of lectures—the subject of constant allusion and comment, from beneath the thin veil of "*Mrs J—M—t*," &c.; is this, I say, less likely to hurt their feelings, than seeing [as is improbable, in nine cases out of ten of those who read these *Passages*] the *morale*, the *sentiment* of their case extracted, dressed in the shape of simple narrative, and challenging the sympathy and admiration of the public? Take, as an instance, the first narrative, entitled "*Cancer*," which appeared in your last Magazine. Could Mrs St —, were she living, be pained at reading it—or any

surviving friend or relative, for her? And if any subsequent sketch should disclose matter of reprobation, in the shape of weak, criminal, or infamous conduct, surely the exposure is merited; such subjects should suffer in silence, and none will be the wiser for it. I conceive, that several scenes of this character, which I have trembled and blushed over in my late friend's journal, are properly dealt with, if they are made public property—a source of instruction and warning to all. In a word, I cannot help thinking, that the writer of the letter in question has wasted much fervent zeal to little purpose, and conjured up a ghost for the mere purpose of exorcisation. This I have done for him; and I hope his fears will henceforth abate.

A moment further, good Sir Christopher. As to one or two individuals who have been singled out, by the various knowing pupers of the day, as the writer or subject of these chapters, you and I know well that the proper party has never yet been glanced at, nor is likely to be;—and for the future, no notice whatever will be taken of their curious speculations. Believe me over, revered Sir Christopher, &c. &c.

London, 9th September, 1830.



INTRIGUING AND MADNESS.

WHEN I have seen a beautiful and popular actress, I have often thought how many young play-goers these women must intoxicate—how many even sensible, and otherwise sober heads, they must turn upside down! Some years ago, a case came under my care, which shewed fully the justness of this reflection; and I now relate it, as I consider it pregnant both with interest and instruction. It will shew how the energies of even a powerful and well-informed mind, may be prostrated by the indulgence of unbridled passions. Late one evening in November, I was summoned in haste to visit a gentleman who was staying at one of the hotels in Covent Garden, and informed in a note that he had manifested symptoms of insanity. As there is no time to be lost in such cases, I hurried to the — hotel, which I reached about nine

o'clock. The proprietor gave me some preliminary information about the patient to whom I was summoned, which, with what I subsequently gleaned from the party himself, and other quarters, I shall present connectedly to the reader, before introducing him to the sick man's chamber.

Mr Warningham—for that name may serve to indicate him through this narrative—was a young man of considerable fortune, some family, and a member of — College, Cambridge. His person and manners were gentlemanly; and his countenance, without possessing any claims to the character of handsome, faithfully indicated a powerful and cultivated mind. He had mingled largely in College gaieties and dissipations, but knew little or nothing of what is called “town-life;” which may, in a great measure, account for much of the simplicity and extravagance of the conduct I am about to relate. Having from his youth upwards been accustomed to the instant gratification of almost every wish he could form, the slightest obstacle in his way was sufficient to irritate him almost to frenzy. His temperament was very ardent, his imagination lively and active. In short, he passed everywhere for what he really was—a very clever man—extensively read in elegant literature, and particularly intimate with the dramatic writers. About a fortnight before the day on which I was summoned to him, he had come up from College to visit a young lady whom he was addressing; but finding her unexpectedly gone to Paris, he resolved to continue in London the whole time he had proposed to himself, and enjoy all the amusements about town—particularly the theatres. The evening of the day on which he arrived at the — hotel, beheld him at Drury Lane, witnessing a new, and—as the event proved—a very powerful tragedy. In the afterpiece, Miss — was a prominent performer; and her beauty of person—her “maddening eyes,” as Mr Warningham often called them—added to her fascinating naïveté of manner, and the interesting character she sustained that evening—at once laid prostrate poor Mr Warningham among the throng of worshippers at the feet of this “Diana of the Ephesians.”

As he found she played again the next evening, he took care to engage the stage-box; and fancied he had succeeded in attracting her attention. He thought her lustrous eyes fell on him several times during the evening, and that they were instantly withdrawn, with an air of conscious confusion and embarrassment, from the intense and passionate gaze which they encountered. This was sufficient to fire the train of Mr Warningham's susceptible feelings; and his whole heart was in a blaze instantly. Miss — sung that evening one of her favourite songs—an exquisitely pensive and beautiful air; and Mr Warningham, almost frantic with excitement, applauded with such obstreperous vehemence, and continued shouting "*encore—encore*"—so long after the general calls of the house had ceased, as to attract all eyes for an instant to his box. Miss — could not, of course, fail to observe his conduct; and presently herself looked up with what he considered a gratified air. Quivering with excitement and nervous irritability, Mr Warningham could scarcely sit out the rest of the play; and the moment the curtain fell, he hurried round to the stage-door, determined to wait and see her leave, for the purpose, if possible, of speaking to her. He presently saw her approach the door, closely muffled, veiled, and bonneted, leaning on the arm of a man of military appearance, who handed her into a very gay chariot. He perceived at once that it was the well-known Captain —. Will it be believed that this enthusiastic young man actually jumped up behind the carriage which contained the object of his idolatrous homage, and did not alight till it drew up opposite a large house in the western suburbs; and that this absurd feat, moreover, was performed amid an incessant shower of small searching rain? He was informed by the footman, whom he had bribed with five shillings, that Miss —'s own house was in another part of the town, and that her stay at Captain — was only for a day or two. He returned to his hotel in a state of tumultuous excitement, which can be better conceived than described. As may be supposed, he slept little

that night; and the first thing he did in the morning was to dispatch his groom, with orders to establish himself in some public-house which could command a view of Miss —'s residence, and return to Covent-Garden as soon as he had seen her or her maid enter. It was not till seven o'clock that he brought word to his master, that no one had entered but Miss —'s maid. The papers informed him that Miss — played again that evening; and though he could not but be aware of the sort of intimacy which subsisted between Miss — and the Captain, his enthusiastic passion only increased with increasing obstacles. Though seriously unwell with a determination of blood to the head, induced by the perpetual excitement of his feelings, and a severe cold caught through exposure to the rain on the preceding evening—he was dressing for the play, when, to his infinite mortification, his friendly medical attendant happening to step in, positively forbade his leaving his room, and consigned him to bed and physic, instead of the maddening scenes of the theatre. The next morning he felt relieved from the more urgent symptoms; and his servant having brought him word that he had at last watched Miss — enter her house, unaccompanied, except by her maid, Mr Warningham dispatched him with a copy of passionate verses, enclosed in a blank envelope. He trusted that some adroit allusions in them, might possibly give her a clew to the discovery of the writer—especially if he could contrive to be seen by her that evening in the same box he had occupied formerly; for to the play he was resolved to go, in defiance of the threats of his medical attendant. To his vexation, he found the box in question pre-engaged for a family party; and—will it be credited?—he actually entertained the idea of discovering who they were, for the purpose of prevailing on them to vacate in his favour! Finding that, however, of course out of the question, he was compelled to content himself with the corresponding box opposite, where he was duly ensconced the moment the doors were opened.

Miss — appeared that evening in only one piece, but in the course of it she had to sing some of

her most admired songs. The character she played, also, was a favourite both with herself and the public. Her dress was exquisitely tasteful and picturesque, and calculated to set off her figure to the utmost advantage. When, at a particular crisis of the play, Mr Warningham, by the softened lustre of the lowered foot-lights, beheld Miss — emerging from a romantic glen, with a cloak thrown over her shoulders, her head covered with a velvet cap, over which drooped, in snowy pendency, an ostrich-feather, while her hair strayed from beneath the clasp of her cap in loose negligent curls, down her face and beautiful cheeks; when he saw the timid and alarmed air which her part required her to assume, and the sweet and sad expression of her eyes, while she stole about as if avoiding a pursuer;—when, at length, as the raised foot-lights were restored to their former glare, she let fall the cloak which had enveloped her, and, like a metamorphosed chrysalis, burst in beauty on the applauding house, habited in a costume, which, without being positively indelicate, was calculated to excite the most voluptuous thoughts;—when, I say, poor Mr Warningham saw all this, he was almost overpowered, and leaned back in his box, breathless with agitation.

A little before Miss — quitted the stage for the last time that evening, the order of the play required that she should stand for some minutes on that part of the stage next to Mr Warningham's box. While she was standing in a pensive attitude, with her face turned full towards Mr Warningham; he whispered, in a quivering and under tone,—"Oh, beautiful, beautiful creature!" Miss — heard him, looked at him with a little surprise; her features relaxed into a smile, and, with a gentle shake of the head, as if hinting that he should not endeavour to distract her attention, she moved away to proceed with her part. Mr Warningham trembled violently; he fancied she encouraged his attentions—and, God knows how—had recognised in him the writer of the verses she had received. When the play was over, he hurried, as on a former occasion, to the stage-door, where he mingled with the inquisitive little throng usually to be found there, and waited till she made her appear-

ance, enveloped, as before, in a large shawl, but followed only by a maid-servant, carrying a bandbox. They stepped into a hackney-coach, and, though Mr Warningham had gone there for the express purpose of speaking to her, his knees knocked together, and he felt so sick with agitation, that he did not even attempt to hand her into the coach. He jumped into the one which drew up next, and ordered the coachman to follow the preceding one, wherever it went. When it approached the street where he knew she resided, he ordered it to stop, got out, and hurried on foot towards the house, which he reached just as she was alighting. He offered her his arm. She looked at him with astonishment, and something like apprehension. At length, she appeared to recognise in him the person who had attracted her attention by whispering when at the Theatre, and seemed, he thought, a little discomposed. She declined his proffered assistance, said her maid was with her, and was going to knock at the door, when Mr Warningham stammered, faintly, "Dear madam, do allow me the honour of calling in the morning, and enquiring how you are, after the great exertions at the Theatre this evening!" She replied, in a cold and discouraging manner; could not conceive to what she was indebted for the honour of his particular attentions, and interest in her welfare, so suddenly felt by an utter stranger—unusual—singular—improper—unpleasant—&c. She said, That, as for his calling in the morning, if he felt so inclined, she, of course, could not prevent him; but if he expected to see her when he called, he would find himself "perfectly mistaken." The door that moment was opened, and closed upon her, as she made him a cold bow, leaving Mr Warningham, what with chagrin and excessive passion for her, almost distracted. He seriously assured me, that he walked to and fro before her door till nearly six o'clock in the morning; that he repeatedly ascended the steps, and endeavoured, as nearly as he could recollect, to stand on *the very spot* she had occupied while speaking to him, and would remain gazing at what he fancied was the window of her bedroom, for ten minutes toge-

ther; and all this extravagance, to boot, was perpetrated amidst an incessant fall of snow, and at a time—Heaven save the mark—when he was an accepted suitor of Miss —, the young lady whom he had come to town for the express purpose of visiting! I several times asked him how it was that he could bring himself to consider such conduct consistent with honour or delicacy, or feel a spark of real attachment for the lady to whom he was engaged, if it was not sufficient to steel his heart and close his eyes against the charms of any other woman in the world? His only reply was, that he “really could not help it;”—he felt “rather the patient, than agent.” Miss — took his heart, he said, by storm, and forcibly ejected, for a while, his love for any other woman breathing!

To return, however: About half past six, he jumped into a hackney-coach which happened to be passing through the street, drove home to the hotel in Covent Garden, and threw himself on the bed, in a state of utter exhaustion, both of mind and body. He slept on heavily till twelve o'clock at noon, when he awoke seriously indisposed. In the first few moments, he could not dispossess himself of the idea that Miss — was standing by his bedside, in the dress she wore the preceding evening, and smiled encouragingly on him. So strong was the delusion, that he actually addressed several sentences to her! About three o'clock, he drove out, and called on one of his gay friends, who was perfectly *au fait* at matters of this sort, and resolved to make him his confidant in the affair. Under the advice of this mentor, Mr Warringham purchased a very beautiful emerald ring, which he sent off instantly to Miss —, with a polite note, saying it was some slight acknowledgment of the delight with which he witnessed her exquisite acting, &c. &c. &c. This, his friend assured him, *must* call forth an answer of some sort or other, which would lead to another—and another—and another—and so on. He was right. A two-penny post letter was put into Mr Warringham's hands the next morning before he rose, which was from Miss —, elegantly written, and thanked him for the “tasteful present” he had sent her, which she

should, with great pleasure, take an early opportunity of gratifying him by wearing in public. There never yet lived an actress, I verily believe, who had fortitude enough to refuse a present of jewellery! What was to be done next? He did not exactly know. But having succeeded at last in opening an avenue of communication with her, and induced her so easily to lie under an obligation to him, he felt convinced that his way was now clear. He determined, therefore, to call and see her that very afternoon; but his medical friend, seeing the state of feverish excitement in which he continued, absolutely interdicted him from leaving the house. The next day he felt considerably better, but was not allowed to leave the house. He could, therefore, find no other means of consoling himself, than writing a note to Miss —, saying he had “something important” to communicate to her, and begging to know when she would permit him to wait upon her for that purpose. What does the reader imagine this pretext of “something important” was? To ask her to sit for her portrait to a young artist! His stratagem succeeded; for he received, in the course of the next day, a polite invitation to breakfast with Miss — on the next Sunday morning; with a hint that he might expect no other company, and that Miss — was “curious” to know what his particular business with her was. Poor Mr Warringham! How was he to exist in the interval between this day and Sunday? He would fain have annihilated it!

Sunday morning at last arrived; and about nine o'clock he sallied from his hotel, the first time he had left it for several days, and drove to the house. With a fluttering heart he knocked at the door, and a maid-servant ushered him into an elegant apartment, in which breakfast was laid. An elderly lady, some female relative of the actress, was reading a newspaper at the breakfast table; and Miss — herself was seated at the piano, practising one of those exquisite songs which had been listened to with breathless rapture by thousands. She wore an elegant morning dress; and though her infatuated visitor had come prepared to see her to great disadvantage—divested of the dazzling complexion she exhibited on

the stage—her pale, and somewhat sallow, features, which wore a pensive and fatigued expression, served to rivet the chains of his admiration still stronger, with the feelings of sympathy. Her beautiful eyes beamed on him with sweetness and affability; and there was an ease, a gentleness, in her manners, and a soft animating tone in her voice, which filled Mr Warningham with emotions of indescribable tenderness. A few moments beheld them seated at the breakfast table; and when Mr Warningham gazed at his fair hostess, and reflected on his envied contiguity to one whose beauty and talents were the theme of universal admiration—listened to her lively and varied conversation, and perceived a faint crimson steal for an instant over her countenance, when he reminded her of his exclamation at the theatre—he felt a swelling excitement which would barely suffer him to preserve an exterior calmness of demeanour. He felt, as he expressed it—(for he has often recounted these scenes to me)—that she was *maddening* him! Of course, he exerted himself in conversation to the utmost; and his observations on almost every topic of polite literature were met with equal spirit and sprightliness by Miss —. He found her fully capable of appreciating the noblest passages from Shakspeare, and some of the older English dramatists, and that was sufficient to lay enthusiastic Mr Warningham at the feet of any woman. He was reciting a passionate passage from Romeo and Juliet, to which Miss — was listening with an apparent air of kindling enthusiasm, when a phaeton dashed up to the door, and an impetuous thundering of the knocker announced the arrival of some aristocratical visitor. The elderly lady, who was sitting with them, started, coloured, and exclaimed—“Good God, will you receive *the man* this morning?”

“Oh, it’s only Lord —,” exclaimed Miss —, with an air of indifference, after having examined the equipage through the window-blinds, “and I won’t see the man—that’s flat. He pesters me to death,” she continued, turning to Mr Warningham, with a pretty, peevish air. It had its effect on him—“What an enviable fellow I am, to be received

when *Lords* are refused!” thought Mr Warningham.

“Not at home!” drawled Miss —, coldly, as the servant brought in Lord —’s card. “You know one can’t see *every* body, Mr Warningham,” she said, with a smile. “Oh, Mr Warningham,—lud, lud!—don’t go to the window till the man’s gone!” she exclaimed; and her small white hand, with his emerald ring glistening on her second finger, was hurriedly laid on his shoulder, to prevent his going to the window. Mr Warningham declared to me, he could that moment have settled his whole fortune on her!

After the breakfast things were removed, she sat down, at his request, to the piano—a very magnificent present from the Duke of —, Mrs — assured him—and sung and played whatever he asked. She played a certain well-known arch air, with the most bewitching simplicity; Mr Warningham could only *look* his feelings. As she concluded it, and was dashing off the symphony in a careless, but rapid and brilliant style, Mrs —, the lady once or twice before mentioned, left the room; and Mr Warningham, scarce knowing what he did, suddenly sunk on one knee, from the chair on which he was sitting by Miss —, grasped her hand, and uttered some exclamation of passionate fondness. Miss — turned to him a moment, with a surprised air, her large, liquid, blue eyes almost entirely hid beneath her half-closed lids, her features relaxed into a coquettish smile, she disengaged her hand, and went on playing and singing,—

“He sighs—‘Beauty! I adore thee,
See me fainting thus before thee;’
But I say—
Fal, la! la! la! la! Fal, la! la! la! la!
Fal, la! la! &c.”

“Fascinating, angelic woman!—glorious creature of intellect and beauty, I cannot live but in your presence!” gasped Mr Warningham.

“Oh, Lord, what an actor you would have made, Mr Warningham—indeed you would! Only think how it would sound—‘*Romeo, Mr Warningham*!’—Lud, lud—the man would almost persuade me that he was in earnest!” replied Miss — with the most enchanting air, and

ceased playing. Mr Warningham continued addressing her in the most extravagant manner; indeed, he afterwards told me, he felt "as though his wits were slipping from him every instant."

"Why don't you *go on the stage*, Mr Warningham?" enquired Miss —, with a more earnest and serious air than she had hitherto manifested, and gazing at him with an eye which expressed real admiration,—for she was touched by the winning, persuasive, and passionate eloquence with which Mr Warningham expressed himself. She had hardly uttered the words, when a loud and long knock was heard at the street door. Miss — suddenly started from the piano; turned pale, and exclaimed in a hurried and agitated tone,—“Lord, Lord, what's to be done!—Captain —!—whatever can have brought him up to town—oh, my —”

“Good God, madam, what can possibly alarm you in this manner?” exclaimed Mr Warningham, with a surprised air. “What in the earth can there be in this Captain — to startle you in this manner? What can the man want here if his presence is disagreeable to you? Pray, madam, give him the same answer you gave Lord —!” “Oh, Mr Warningham, dear! the door is opened—what *will* become of me if Captain — sees you here? Ah! I have it—you must—country manager—provincial enga—” hurriedly muttered Miss —, as the room door opened, and a gentleman of a lofty and military bearing, dressed in a blue surtout and white trowsers, with a slight walking cane in his hand, entered, and without observing Mr Warningham, who at the moment happened to be standing rather behind the door, hurried towards Miss —, exclaiming with a gay and fond air, “Ha, my charming De Medici, how d’ye?—Why, who the — have we *here*?” he enquired, suddenly breaking off, and turning with an astonished air towards Mr Warningham.

“What possible business can *this person* have here, Miss —?” enquired the Captain, with a cold and angry air, letting fall her hand, which he had grasped on entering, and eyeing Mr Warningham with a furious scowl. Miss — muttered some-

thing indistinctly about business—a provincial engagement—and looked appealingly towards Mr Warningham, as if beseeching him to take the cue, and assume the character of a country manager. Mr Warningham, however, was not experienced enough in matters of this kind to take the hint.

“My good sir—I beg pardon, *Captain*”—said he, buttoning his coat, and speaking in a voice almost choked with fury—“what is the meaning of all this? What do you mean, sir, by this insolent bearing towards me?”

“Good God! Do you know, sir, whom you are speaking to?” enquired the Captain, with an air of wonder.

“I care as little as I know, sir; but *this* I know—I shall give you to understand that, whoever you are, I won't be *bullied* by you.”

“The devil!” exclaimed the Captain, slowly, as if he hardly comprehended what was passing. Miss —, pale as a statue, and trembling from head to foot, leaned speechless against the corner of the piano, apparently stupified by the scene that was passing.

“Oh, by —! this will never do,” at length exclaimed the Captain, as he rushed up to Mr Warningham, and struck him furiously over the shoulders with his cane. He was going to seize Mr Warningham's collar with his left hand, as if for the purpose of inflicting farther chastisement, when Mr Warningham, who was a very muscular man, shook him off, and dashed his right hand full into the face of the Captain. Miss — shrieked for assistance—while the Captain put himself instantly into attitude, and being a first-rate “miller,” as the phrase is, before Mr Warningham could prepare himself for the encounter, planted a sudden shower of blows about Mr Warningham's head and breast, that fell on him like the strokes of a sledge-hammer. He was of course instantly laid prostrate on the floor in a state of insensibility, and recollected nothing further till he found himself lying in his bed at the — hotel, about the middle of the night, faint and weak with the loss of blood, his head bandaged, and amid all the paraphernalia and attendance of a sick man's chamber. How or when he

had been conveyed to the hotel he knew not, till he was informed some weeks afterwards that Captain —, having learned his residence from Miss —, had brought him in his carriage, in a state of stupor. All the circumstances above related combined to throw Mr Warringham into a fever, which increased upon him; the state of nervous excitement in which he had lived for the last few days aggravated the other symptoms—and delirium at last deepened into downright madness. The medical man, who has been several times before mentioned as a friendly attendant of Mr Warringham, finding that matters grew so serious, and being unwilling any longer to bear the sole responsibility of the case, advised Mr Warringham's friends, who had been summoned from a distant county to his bedside, to call me in; and this was the *statu quo* of affairs when I paid him my first visit.

On entering the room, I found a keeper sitting on each side of the bed on which lay Mr Warringham, who was raving frightfully, gnashing his teeth, and imprecating the most fearful curses upon Captain —. It was with the utmost difficulty that the keepers could hold him down, even though my unfortunate patient was suffering under the restraint of a strait waistcoat. His countenance, which I think I mentioned was naturally very expressive, if not handsome, exhibited the most ghastly contortions. His eyes glared into every corner of the room, and seemed about to start from their sockets.—After standing for some moments a silent spectator of this painful scene, endeavouring to watch the current of his malady, and at the same time soothe the affliction of his uncle, who was standing by my side dreadfully agitated, I ventured to approach nearer, observing him nearly exhausted, and relapsing into silence—undisturbed but by heavy and stertorous breathing. He lay with his face buried in the pillow; and on my putting my fingers to his temples, he suddenly turned his face towards me. “God bless me—Mr Kean!” said he, in an altered tone—“this is really a very unexpected honour!” He seemed embarrassed at seeing me. I determined to humour his fancy—the only rational method of

dealing with such patients. I may as well say, in passing, that some persons have not unfrequently found a resemblance—faint and slight, if any at all—between my features and those of the celebrated tragedian for whom I was on the present occasion mistaken.

“Oh, yours are terrible eyes, Mr Kean—very, very terrible! Where did you get them? What fiend touched them with such unnatural lustre? These are not human—no, no! What do you think I have often fancied they resembled?”

“Really, I can't pretend to say, sir,” I replied, with some curiosity.

“Why, one of the damned inmates of hell—glaring through the fiery bars of their prison,” replied Mr Warringham, with a shudder.

“Isn't that a ghastly fancy?” he enquired.

“'Tis horrible enough, indeed,” said I, determined to humour him.

“Ha, ha, ha!—Ha, ha, ha!” roared the wretched maniac, with a laugh which made us all quake round his bedside. “I can say better things than that,—though it is d—d good; it's nothing like the way in which I shall talk to-morrow morning—ha, ha, ha!—for I am going down to hell, to learn some of the fiends' talk; and when I come back, I'll give you a lesson, Mr Kean, shall be worth two thousand a-year to you—ha, ha, ha!—What d'ye say to that, Othello?”—He paused, and continued mumbling something to himself, in a strangely different tone of voice from that in which he had just addressed me.

—“Mr Kean, Mr Kean,” said he suddenly, “you're the very man I want; I suppose they had told you I had been asking for you, eh?”

“Yes, certainly, I heard”——

“Very good—'twas civil of them; but, now you are here, just shade those basilisk eyes of yours, for they blight my soul within me.” I did as he directed—“Now, I'll tell you what I've been thinking—I've got a tragedy ready, very nearly at least, and there's a magnificent character for you in it,—expressly written for you—a compound of Richard, Shylock, and Sir Giles—your masterpieces—a sort of *quartum quiddam*—eh—you hear me, Mr Kean!”

“Aye, and mark thee, too, Hal,” thinking a quotation from his favour-

ite Shakspeare would soothe and flatter his inflamed fancy.

"Ah—aptly quoted—happy, happy!—By the way, talking of that, I don't at all admire your personation of Macbeth—by G—, Mr Kean, I don't. 'Tis utterly misconceived—wrong from beginning to end; it is, really. You see what an independent, straight-forward critic I am—ha, ha, ha!"—accompanying the words with a laugh, if not as loud, as fearful as his former ones. I told him, I bowed to his judgment.

"Good," he answered, "genius should always be candid. Macready has a single whisper, when he enquires *"Is it the King?"* which is worth all your fiendish mutterings and gaspings, ha, ha! 'Does the galled jade wince? Her withers are unwrung.'—Mr Kean, how absurd you are, ill-mannered, pardon me for saying it, for interrupting me," he said, after a pause; adding, with a puzzled air, "What was it I was talking about when you interrupted me?"—"Do you mean the tragedy —?" (I had not opened my lips to interrupt him.) "Ha—the tragedy,

'The play, the play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.'

Ah—the tragedy was it I was mentioning? *Rem acu—ocu tetigisti*—that's Latin, Mr Kean! Did you ever learn Latin, and Greek, eh?"—I told him I had studied it a little.

"What can you mean by interrupting me thus unmannerly?—Mr Kean, I won't stand it.—Once more—*what* was it I was talking about a few minutes ago?" He had again let slip the thread of his thoughts.—"A digression this, Mr Kean; I must be mad—*indeed* I must!" he continued, with a shudder, and a look of sudden sanity, "I must be mad, and I can't help thinking what a profound knowledge of human nature Shakspeare shews when he makes memory the test of sanity—a d—d depth of philosophy in it,—eh, d'ye recollect the passage,—eh, Kean?" I said I certainly could not call it to mind.

"Then it's infamous!—a shame and a disgrace for you. It's quite true what people say of you—you are a mere tragedy hack! Why won't you try to get out of that mill-horse round of your hackneyed characters! Excuse me; you know I'm a vast ad-

miration of yours, but an honest one!—Curse me," after a sudden pause, adding, with a bewildered and angry air, "*what* was it I was going to say!—I've lost it again!—oh, a passage from Shakspeare—memory—test of—Ah, now, we have him! 'Tis this: mark and remember it!—'tis in King Lear—

— 'Bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word, which madness

Would gambol from.'

Profoundly true—isn't it, Kean?"—Of course I acquiesced.

"Ah," he resumed, with a pleased smile, "nobody now can write like that except myself—Go it, Harry—ha, ha, ha!—Who—oo—o!" uttering the strangest kind of revolting cry I ever heard. "Oh, dear, dear me, *what* was it I was saying? The thought keeps slipping from me like a lithe eel; I can't hold it. Eels, by the way, are nothing but a sort of water snake—'tis brutal to eat them! What made me name eels, Mr Kean?" I reminded him. "Ah, there *must* be a screw loose—something wrong *here*," shaking his head; "it's all upside down—ha! *what* the d—! was it now?" I once more recalled it to his mind, for I saw he was fretting himself with vexation at being unable to take up the chain of his thoughts.

"Ah!—well now, once more—I said I'd a character for you—good; do it justice—or, d—me, I'll hiss you like a huge boa, coiled in the middle of the pit! There's a thought—stay—he's losing the thought again—hold it—hold it!"

"The tragedy, sir,"—

"Ah, to be sure—I've another character for Miss — [naming the actress beforementioned]—magnificent queen of beauty—nightingale of song—radiant—peerless—Ah, lady, look on me!—look on me!" and he suddenly burst into one of the most tiger-like howls I could conceive capable of being uttered by a human being. It must have been heard in the street and market without. We who were round him stood listening, chilled with horror. When he had ceased, I said, in a soothing whisper, "Compose yourself, Mr Warringham—you'll see her by and bye." He looked me full in the face, and uttered as shocking a yell as before.

"Away!—out on ye! scoundrels!

—fiends!" he shouted, struggling with the men who were endeavouring to hold him down—"Are you come to murder me?—Ha—a—a!"—and he fell back as though he was in the act of being choked or throttled.

"Where—where is the fiend who struck me?"—he groaned in a fierce under-tone; "and in HER presence too; and she stood by looking on!—cruel, beautiful, deceitful woman!—Did she turn pale and tremble?—Oh, will not I have his blood—blood—blood?" and he clutched his fists with a savage and murderous force. "Ah! you around me, say, does not blood cleanse the deepest, foulest stain, or hide it?—Pour it on warm and reeking—a crimson flood—and never trust me if it does not wash out insult for ever! Ha—ha—ha! Oh, let me loose! Let me loose! Let me but cast my eyes on the insolent ruffian—the brutal bully—let me but lay hands on him!" And he drew in his breath with a long, fierce, and deep respiration. "Will I not shake him out of his military trappings, and fooleries? Ha, devils! unhand me—I say, unhand me, and let me loose on this Captain —."

In this strain the unhappy young man continued raving for about ten minutes longer, till he utterly exhausted himself. The paroxysm was over for the present. The keepers, aware of this—for, of course, they were accustomed to such fearful scenes as these, and preserved the most cool and matter-of-fact demeanour conceivable—relaxed their hold. Mr Warningham lay perfectly motionless, with his eyes closed, breathing slow and heavily, while the perspiration burst from every pore. His pulse and other symptoms shewed me that a few more similar paroxysms would destroy him; and that consequently the most active remedies must be had recourse to immediately. I, therefore, directed what was to be done—his head to be shaved—that he should be bled copiously—kept perfectly cool and tranquil—and prescribed such medicines as I conceived most calculated to effect this object. On my way down stairs, I encountered Mr —, the proprietor, or landlord, of the hotel, who, with a very agitated air, told me, he must insist on having Mr Warningham removed immediately from the

hotel; for that his ravings disturbed and agitated every body in the place, and had been loudly complained of. Seeing the reasonableness of this, my patient was, with my sanction, conveyed, that evening, to airy and genteel lodgings in one of the adjoining streets. The three or four following visits I paid him, presented scenes little varying from the one I have above been attempting to describe. They gradually, however, abated in violence. I shall not be guilty of extravagance or exaggeration, if I protest, that there was sometimes a vein of sublimity in his ravings. He really said some of the very finest things I ever heard. This need not occasion wonder, if it be recollected, that "out of the fulness of the heart, the mouth speaketh;" and Mr Warningham's naturally powerful mind was filled with accumulated stores, acquired from almost every region of literature. His fancy was deeply tinged with Germanism—with *diablerie*—and some of his ghostly images used to haunt and creep after me, like spirits, gibbering and chattering the expressions with which the maniac had conjured them into being.

To me, nothing is so affecting—so terrible—so humiliating, as to see a powerful intellect, like that of Mr Warningham, the prey of insanity, exhibiting glimpses of greatness and beauty, amid all the chaotic gloom and havoc of madness; reminding one of the mighty fragments of some dilapidated structure of Greece or Rome, mouldering apart from one another, still displaying the exquisite moulding and chiselling of the artist, and enhancing the beholder's regret that so glorious a fabric should have been destroyed by the ruthless hand of time. Insanity, indeed, makes the most fearful inroads on an intellect distinguished by its *activity*; and the flame is fed rapidly by the fuel afforded from an excitable and vigorous fancy. A tremendous responsibility is incurred, in such cases, by the medical attendants. Long experience has convinced me, that the only sensible way of dealing with such patients as Mr Warningham, is chiming in readily with their various fancies, without seeming in the slightest degree shocked or alarmed by the most monstrous extravagances. The patient must never be started

by any appearance of surprise or apprehension from those around him—never irritated by contradiction, or indications of impatience. Should this be done by some inexperienced attendant, the mischief may prove irremediable by any subsequent treatment; the flame will blaze out with a fury which will consume instantly every vestige of the intellectual structure, leaving the body—the shell—bare, blackened walls alone,—

“A scoff, a jest, a byword through the world.”

Let the patient have sea-room; allow him to dash about for a while in the tempest and whirlwind of his disordered faculties; while all that is necessary from those around is, to watch the critical moment, and pour the oil of soothing acquiescence on the foaming waters. Depend upon it, the uproar will subside when the winds of opposition cease.

To return, however, to Mr Warningham: The incubus which had brooded over his intellects for more than a week, at length disappeared, leaving its victim trembling on the very verge of the grave. In truth, I do not recollect ever seeing a patient whose energies, both physical and mental, were so dreadfully shattered. He had lost almost all muscular power. He could not raise his hand to his head, alter his position in the bed, or even masticate his food. For several days, it could barely be said that he existed. He could utter nothing more than an almost inaudible whisper, and seemed utterly unconscious of what was passing around him. His sister, a young and very interesting woman, had flown to his bedside immediately the family were acquainted with his illness, and had continued ever since in daily and nightly attendance on him, till she herself seemed almost worn out. How I loved her for her pallid, exhausted, anxious, yet affectionate looks! Had not this illness intervened, she would have been before this time married to a rising young man at the Bar; yet her devoted sisterly sympathies attached her to her brother's bedside without repining, and she would never think of leaving him. Her feelings may be conceived, when it is known that she was, in a great measure acquainted

with the cause of her brother's sudden illness; and it was her painful duty to sit and listen to many unconscious disclosures of the most afflicting nature. This latter circumstance furnished the first source of uneasiness to Mr Warningham, on recovering the exercise of his rational faculties; he was excessively agitated at the idea of his having alluded to, and described, the dissipated and profligate scenes of his college life; and when he had once compelled me to acknowledge, that his sister and other relations were apprised of the events which led to his illness, he sunk into moody silence for some time, evidently scourging himself with the heaviest self-reproaches, and presently exclaimed—“Well, Doctor, thus you see, has

‘Even-handed justice
Compell'd the poison'd chalice to my lips,’

and I have drunk the foul draught to the dregs! Yet though I would at this moment lay down half my fortune to blot from their memories what they must have heard me utter, I shall submit in silence—I have richly earned it—I now, however, bid farewell for ever to debauchery—profligacy—dissipation, for ever.”—I interrupted him by saying, I was not aware, nor were his relatives, that he had been publicly distinguished as a debauchee. “Why, Doctor,” he replied, “possibly not—there may be others who have exposed themselves more absurdly than I have—who have drunk and raked more—but mine has been the vile profligacy of the heart—the dissipation of the feelings. But it shall cease! God knows I never thoroughly enjoyed it, though it has occasioned me a delicious sort of excitement, which has at length nearly destroyed me. I have clambered out of the scorching crater of Etna, scathed, but not consumed. I will now descend into the tranquil vales of virtue, and never, never leave them!” He wept—for he had not yet recovered the tone or mastery of his feelings. These salutary thoughts led to a permanent reformation; his illness had produced its effect. One other thing there was which yet occasioned him disquietude and uncertainty; he said he felt bound to seek the usual “satisfaction” from Captain ——! I and all around him,

to whom he hinted it, scouted the idea; and he himself relinquished it on hearing that Captain — had called often during his illness, and left many cards, with the most anxious enquiries after his health; and in a day or two had a private interview with Mr Warningham, when he apologized in the most prompt and handsome manner for his violent conduct, and expressed the liveliest regrets at the serious consequences with which it had been attended.

Mr Warningham, to conclude, recovered but slowly; and as soon as his weakness would admit of the journey, removed to the family house in —shire; from thence he went to the seaside, and staid there till the close of the autumn, reading philosophy, and some of the leading writers on morals. He was married in October, and set off for the Continent in the spring. His constitution, however, had received a shock from which it never recovered; and two years after, Mr Warningham died of a decline at Genoa.

— O. L.

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THE BROKEN HEART.

There was a large and gay party assembled one evening, in the memorable month of June, 1815, at a house in the remote western suburbs of London. Throngs of handsome and well-dressed women—a large retinue of the leading men about town—the dazzling light of chandeliers blazing like three suns overhead—the charms of music and dancing—together with that tone of excitement then pervading society at large, owing to our successful continental campaigns, which maddened England into almost daily annunciations of victory;—all these circumstances, I say, combined to supply spirit to every party. In fact, England was almost turned upside down with universal fêting!—Mrs —, the lady whose party I have just been mentioning, was in ecstasy at the éclat with which the whole was going off, and charmed with the buoyant animation with which all seemed inclined to contribute their quota to the evening's amusement. A young lady of some personal attractions, most amiable manners, and great accomplishments—particularly musical—

had been repeatedly solicited to sit down to the piano, for the purpose of favouring the company with the favourite Scottish air, "*The Banks of Allan Water*." For a long time, however, she steadfastly resisted their importunities, on the plea of low spirits. There was evidently an air of deep pensiveness, if not melancholy, about her, which ought to have corroborated the truth of the plea she urged. She did not seem to gather excitement with the rest; and rather endured, than shared, the gaieties of the evening. Of course, the young folks around her of her own sex whispered their suspicions that she was in love; and, in point of fact, it was well known by several present, that Miss — was engaged to a young officer who had earned considerable distinction in the Peninsular campaign, and to whom she was to be united on his return from the continent. It need not therefore be wondered at, that a thought of the various casualties to which a soldier's life is exposed—especially a bold and brave young soldier, such as her intended had proved himself—and the possibility, if not probability, that he might ~~and~~ never

"Return to claim his blushing bride"

—but be left behind among the glorious throng of the fallen—sufficed to overcast her mind with gloomy anxieties and apprehensions. It was, indeed, owing solely to the affectionate importunities of her relatives, that she was prevailed on to be seen in society at all. Had her own inclinations been consulted, she would have sought solitude, where she might, with weeping and trembling, commend her hopes to the hands of Him "who seeth in secret," and "whose are the issues" of battle. As, however, Miss —'s rich contralto voice, and skilful powers of accompaniment, were much talked of, the company would listen to no excuses or apologies; so the poor girl was absolutely *baited* into sitting down to the piano, when she ran over a few melancholy chords with an air of reluctance and displacency. Her sympathies were soon excited by the fine tones—the tumultuous melody—of the keys she touched—and she struck into the soft and soothing symphony of "*The Banks*

of Allan Water." The breathless silence of the bystanders—for nearly all the company was thronged around—was at length broken by her voice, stealing, "like faint blue gushing streams," on the delighted ears of her auditors, as she commenced singing that exquisite little ballad, with the most touching pathos and simplicity. She had just commenced the verse,

"For his bride a soldier sought her,
And a winning tongue had he!"

when, to the surprise of every body around her, she suddenly ceased playing and singing, without removing her hands from the instrument, and gazed steadfastly forward with a vacant air, while the colour faded from her cheeks, and left them pale as the lily. She continued thus for some moments, to the alarm and astonishment of the company—motionless, and apparently unconscious of any one's presence. Her elder sister, much agitated, stepped towards her, placed her hand on her shoulder, endeavoured gently to rouse her, and said hurriedly, "Anne, Anne! What now is the matter?"—Miss — made no answer; but a few moments after, without moving her eyes, suddenly burst into a piercing shriek! Consternation seized all present.

"Sister—sister!—Dear Anne, are you ill?" again enquired her trembling sister, endeavouring to rouse her, but in vain. Miss — did not seem either to see or hear her. Her eyes still gazed fixedly forward, till they seemed gradually to expand, as it were, with an expression of glassy horror. All present seemed utterly confounded, and afraid to interfere with her. Whispers were heard, "She's ill—in a fit—run for some water. Good God, how strange—what a piercing shriek," &c. &c. At length Miss —'s lips moved. She began to mutter inaudibly; but by and bye those immediately near her could distinguish the words, "There!—there they are—with their lanterns.—Oh! they are looking out for the *de-a-d*!—They turn over the heaps.—Ah!—now—no!—that little hill of slain—see, see!—they are turning them over, one by one—There!—THERE HE IS!—Oh, horror! horror! horror!—RIGHT THROUGH

THE HEART!" and with a long shuddering groan, she fell senseless into the arms of her horror-struck sister. Of course all were in confusion and dismay—not a face present, but was blanched with agitation and affright on hearing the extraordinary words she uttered. With true delicacy and propriety of feeling, all those whose carriages had happened to have already arrived, instantly took their departure, to prevent their presence embarrassing or interfering with the family, who were already sufficiently bewildered. The room was soon thinned of all, except those who were immediately engaged in rendering their services to the young lady; and a servant was instantly dispatched, with a horse, for me. On my arrival, I found her in bed, (still at the house where the party was given, which was that of the young lady's sister-in-law.) She had fallen into a succession of swoons ever since she had been carried up from the drawing-room, and was perfectly senseless when I entered the bedchamber where she lay. She had not spoken a syllable since uttering the singular words just related; and her whole frame was cold and rigid—in which she seemed to have received some strange shock, which had altogether paralysed her. By the use, however, of strong stimulants, we succeeded in at length restoring her to something like consciousness, but I think it would have been better for her—judging from the event—never to have woken again from forgetfulness. She opened her eyes under the influence of the searching stimulants we applied, and stared vacantly for an instant on those standing round her bedside. Her countenance, of an ashy hue, was damp with clammy perspiration, and she lay perfectly motionless, except when her frame undulated with long deep-drawn sighs.

"Oh, wretched, wretched, wretched girl!" she murmured at length—"why have I lived till now? Why did you not suffer me to expire? He called me to join him—I was going—and you will not let me—but I MUST go—yes, yes."

"Anne—dearest!—Why do you talk so? Charles is not gone—he will return soon—he will indeed!"—sobbed her sister.

"Oh, never, never! You could not see what I saw, Jane"—she shuddered—"Oh, it was frightful! How they tumbled about the heaps of the dead!—how they stripped—oh, horror, horror!"

"My dear Miss —, you are dreaming—raving—indeed you are," said I, holding her hand in mine—"Come, come—you must not give way to such gloomy, such nervous fancies—you must not indeed. You are frightening your friends to no purpose."

"What do you mean?" she replied, looking me suddenly full in the face. "I tell you it is true! Ah me, Charles is dead—I know it—I saw him! *Shot right through the heart.* They were stripping him, when—" And heaving three or four short convulsive sobs, she again swooned. Mrs —, the lady of the house, (the sister-in-law of Miss —, as I think I have mentioned,) could endure the distressing scene no longer, and was carried out of the room, fainting, in the arms of her husband. With great difficulty, we succeeded in restoring Miss — once more to consciousness; but the frequency and duration of her relapses began seriously to alarm me. The spirit, being brought so often to the brink, might at last suddenly flit off into eternity, without any one's being aware of it. I, of course, did all that my professional knowledge and experience suggested; and, after expressing my readiness to remain all night in the house, in the event of any sudden alteration in Miss — for the worse, I took my departure, promising to call very early in the morning. Before leaving, Mr — had acquainted me with all the particulars above related; and, as I rode home, I could not help feeling the liveliest curiosity, mingled with the most intense sympathy for the unfortunate sufferer, to see whether the corroborating event would stamp the present as one of those extraordinary occurrences, which occasionally "come o'er us like a summer-cloud," astonishing and perplexing every one.

The next morning, about nine o'clock, I was again at Miss —'s bedside. She was nearly in the same state as that in which I had left her the preceding evening—only feebler, and almost continually stupified.

She seemed, as it were, stunned with some severe but invisible stroke. She said scarcely any thing, but often uttered a low, moaning, indistinct sound, and whispered at intervals, "Yes—shortly, Charles, shortly—tomorrow." There was no rousing her by conversation; she noticed no one, and would answer no questions. I suggested the propriety of calling in additional medical assistance; and, in the evening, met two eminent brother physicians in consultation at her bedside. We came to the conclusion that she was sinking rapidly, and that, unless some miracle intervened to restore her energies, she would continue with us but a very little longer. After my brother-physicians had left, I returned to the sick-chamber, and sat by Miss —'s bedside for more than an hour. My feelings were much agitated at witnessing her singular and affecting situation. There was such a sweet and sorrowful expression about her pallid features, deepening, occasionally, into such hopelessness of heart-broken anguish, as no one could contemplate without deep emotion. There was, besides, something mysterious and awing—something of what in Scotland is called *second-sight*—in the circumstances which had occasioned her illness.

"Gone—gone!" she murmured, with closed eyes, while I was sitting and gazing in silence on her, "gone—and in glory! Ah! I shall see the young conqueror—I shall! How he will love me!—Ah! I recollect," she continued, after a long interval, "it was the 'Banks of Allan Water' these cruel people made me sing—and my heart breaking the while!—What was the verse I was singing when I saw"—she shuddered—"oh!—this—

'For his bride a soldier sought her,
And a winning tongue had he—
On the banks of Allan water
None so gay as she!

But the summer grief had brought her,
And the soldier—false was he!—

Oh, no, no, never—Charles—my poor murdered Charles—never!" she groaned, and spoke no more that night. She continued utterly deaf to all that was said in the way of sympathy or remonstrance; and, if her lips moved at all, it was only to utter faintly some such words as,

"Oh, let me—let me leave in peace!" During the two next days, she continued drooping rapidly. The only circumstance about her demeanour, particularly noticed, was, that she once moved her hands for a moment over the counterpane, as though she were playing the piano—a sudden flush overspread her features—her eyes stared, as though she were startled by the appearance of some phantom or other, and she gasped, "There, there!"—after which she relapsed into her former state of stupor.

How will it be credited, that on the fourth morning of Miss —'s illness, a letter was received from Paris by her family, with a black seal, and franked by the noble colonel of the regiment in which Charles — had served, communicating the melancholy intelligence, that the young Captain had fallen towards the close of the battle of Waterloo; for while in the act of charging at the head of his corps, a French cavalry officer shot him with his pistol *right through the heart!* The whole family, with all their acquaintance, were unutterably shocked at the news—almost petrified with amazement at the strange corroboration of Miss —'s prediction. How to communicate it to the poor sufferer was now a serious question, or whether to communicate it at all at present? The family at last, considering that it would be unjustifiable in them any longer to withhold the intelligence, intrusted the painful duty to me. I therefore repaired to her bedside alone, in the evening of the day on which the letter had been received; that evening was the last of her life! I sat down in my usual place beside her, and her pulse, countenance, breathing, cold extremities—together with the fact, that she had taken no nourishment whatever since she had been laid on her bed—convinced me that the poor girl's sufferings were soon to terminate. I was at a loss for a length of time how to break the oppressive silence. Observing, however, her fading eyes fixed on me, I determined, as it were accidentally, to attract them to the fatal letter which I then held in my hand. After a while she observed it; her eye suddenly settled on the ample coroneted seal, and the sight operated something like an electric shock.

She seemed struggling to speak, but in vain. I now wished to Heaven I had never agreed to undertake the duty which had been imposed upon me. I opened the letter, and looking steadfastly at her, said, in as soothing tones as my agitation could command,—*"My dear girl—now, don't be alarmed, or I shall not tell you what I am going to tell you."*—She trembled, and her sensibilities seemed suddenly restored; for her eyes assumed an expression of alarmed intelligence, and her lips moved about like those of a person who feels them parched with agitation, and endeavours to moisten them. *"This letter has been received to-day from Paris,"* I continued; *"it is from Colonel Lord —, and brings word that—that—that—"* I felt suddenly choked, and could not bring out the words.

"That my Charles is dead—I know it. Did I not tell you so?" said Miss —, interrupting me, with as clear and distinct a tone of voice as she ever had in her life. I felt confounded. Had the unexpected operation of the news I brought been able to dissolve the spell which had withered her mental energies, and afford promise of her restoration to health?

Has the reader ever watched a candle which is flickering and expiring in its socket, suddenly shoot up into an instantaneous brilliance, and then be utterly extinguished? I soon saw it was thus with poor Miss —. All the expiring energies of her soul were suddenly collected to receive this corroboration of her vision—if such it may be called—and then she would,

*"Like a lily drooping,
Bow her head, and die."*

To return: She begged me, in a faltering voice, to read her all the letter. She listened with closed eyes, and made no remark, when I had concluded. After a long pause, I exclaimed—*"God be praised, my dear Miss —, that you have been able to receive this dreadful news so firmly!"*

"Doctor, tell me, have you no medicine that could make me weep?—Oh, give it, give it me; it would relieve me, for I feel a mountain on my breast—it is pressing me," replied she feebly, uttering the words

at long intervals. Pressing her hand in mine, I begged her to be calm, and the oppression would soon disappear.

"Oh—oh—oh, that I could weep, Doctor!" She whispered something else, but inaudibly. I put my ear close to her mouth, and distinguished something like the words—"I am—I am—call her—hush—" accompanied with a faint, fluttering, gurgling sound. Alas, I too well understood it! With much trepidation I ordered the nurse to summon the family into the room instantly. Her sister Jane was the first that entered, her eyes swollen with weeping, and seemingly half suffocated with the effort to conceal her emotions.

"Oh, my darling, precious, precious sister Anne!" she sobbed, and knelt down at the bedside, flinging her arms round her sister's neck—

kissing the gentle sufferer's cheeks and mouth.

"Anne!—love!—darling!—Don't you know me?" She groaned, kissing her forehead repeatedly. Could I help weeping? All who had entered were standing around the bed, sobbing, and in tears. I kept my fingers at the wrist of the dying sufferer; but could not feel whether or not the pulse beat, which, however, I attributed to my own agitation.

"Speak—speak—my darling Anne! speak to me; I am your poor sister Jane!" sobbed the agonized girl, continuing fondly kissing her sister's cold lips and forehead. She suddenly started—exclaimed, "Oh, God, *she's dead!*" and sunk instantly senseless on the floor. Alas, alas, it was too true; my sweet and broken-hearted patient was no more!

THE NOVEL—A SATIRE.

ONE night the Poet—(for in these dull times,
Each fool becomes a poet when he rhymes)—
Feasted his friend, yet gave no feast more fine
Than plain boil'd beef, a pudding, and old wine.
In gentle converse pass'd the hours away,
Kings mix'd with grouse, and politics with hay;
Each in soft chair luxuriously reclined,
Each pleased with each, and every care resign'd;
Strong and more strong the stream of friendship flow'd;
Bright and more bright their wit and glances glow'd,
Till the pleased Squire on many a mingled pile
Of tales and statutes cast approving smile—
On Bowles and Blackstone fix'd his softest looks,
And, though the scene was Suffolk, talk'd of books.

THE SQUIRE.

Thank Heaven, which many comforts round me placed,
Gave health, ease, freedom, and denied me taste—
No critic I, discerning or severe,
To find a beauty there, a blemish here;
One equal rapture fills me as I stray
Through Scott's bright song, or Shiel's uproarious play—
I own each fancy fine, each image just,
And read Leigh Hunt himself—without disgust!

POET.

Al! blest your fate, who thus a charm can find
Where scorn and anger vex another's mind;
Whose spell-bound eyes, with Oberon's plant o'erspread,
See sense or beauty in an ass's head;
Whose chemic mind, by reason uncontroll'd,
Can turn the dross of dulness into gold.
Alas! some demon, when I read, presides,
Reveals each fault, and every beauty hides;
Bids idiot pathos in each sentence whine,
And vulgar folly flaunt in every line.

Bards bold and true no more on earth are found
To stir our hearts "as with a trumpet's sound,"
But loud-tongued nonsense wakes the turgid strain,
And impious weakness grovels in her train—
Creation's glories fill the soul of Ball,
And Milton's muse awakes at Cox's call,
Bæotian owls round hell's vast confines croak,
And Satan dies—o'ercome by Gummery's smoke.

SQUIRE.

These I disclaim; with scorn I turn away
From each dull driveller's sanctimonious lay,
Whose pompous rhymes Religion's self degrade,
Make Prayer a farce, and Piety a trade—
Yet surely genius in our land is strong,
Though now no longer it breaks forth in song—
To other themes our bards have turn'd their might;
And, lo! the Novel rises on the sight.

POET.

Granted, that some remain, whose muse of fire,
Though wing'd no longer, still escapes the mire;
Whose Pegasus no more in Cloudland glows,
But drags Life's chariot through the realms of prose;
Yet fiery still, scarce half subdued to earth,
Th' ethereal courser shews a heav'nly birth.
But, lo! what creatures follow in their track!
What tottering limbs betray each long-eared hack!
What hideous discord marks each jocund bray,
As with vain toil they labour to be gay!

SQUIRE.

Oh, hard to please! to wit's best flashes blind!
Do force and humour fail to soothe your mind?
Does Fashion's self describe her glittering train,
And ope the secrets of her halls in vain?
Can high-born damsels write, yet fail to please,
Nor letter'd lords your critic rage appease?
Can titled Morgan unrequited tell,
How princes talk, how wisely, and how well?

POET.

Titled indeed! Miladi shews her skill
In wondrous wit, and sense more wondrous still—
Travels or Tales, whiche'er engage her mind,
Shew the same spirit and deep thought combined,
The virtuous wish, the pure and patriot heart,
And the meek woman's unassuming part.
All these she shews; and flaunts before our eyes,
A thing to elevate, instruct, surprise,
The soul of whim, too meteor-like to fix,
The chief in fashion, and in politics.
Yet strong suspicions oft unbidden rise,
That the fair lady is more fair than wise,
That fancy still in all her statements blends,
But revels chiefly in her list of friends,—
That the dear dukes of whom she fondly sings
Owe rank and title to Utopian kings,—
That her Romances scarce her facts outdo,
And that her facts are all Romances too.—
And fashion?—Are there two of all the tribe
Of would-be wits, who *know* what they describe?—
Lo! the fair laundress, perch'd in high St Giles,
Paints to one dimple how the Countess smiles;
While Prince and Peer their wit and wisdom owe
To pilfering valets housed in Rottenrow.

Footmen discharged draw statesmen out of place;
 And cooks first pillage, and then paint his Grace.
 And Love, young Love, thou universal theme
 O'er fashion's scribblers first, last, best, supreme!
 Whether in Grosvenor Square thou takest thy rise,
 Where Weippert's madd'ning bow resistless flies,
 Or in the country's sentimental shades
 Attack'st patrician youths and noble maids,
 Thy fate's the same, unceasing doom'd to stray
 'Mid ball and rout, drums, opera, park, and play:
 The scoundrel friend deceives, the uncle dies,
 Pure, happy scenes to bless each charmer rise;
 And thou, immortal Love! so strong thy root,
 Surviv'st a duel and a Chancery suit!
 Then flows such wealth as Lowther never knew,
 Then ope the stores of Stafford and Buccleuch;
 Then shirtless scribes bestow whole counties' rents,
 Exhaust the mint, and rob the four per cents,—
 And senseless heroes thus our praise secure—
 Their lordships may be fools, but shan't be poor.
 And oh! what language marks each titled dame,
 How high each lord ranks Lindley Murray's fame!
 Indignant wit on prudish grammar frowns,
 While singular verbs coquette with plural nouns,
 And Ton exults in similes like these,
 "As fine as tenpence," and "as thick as pease."
 Proverbs from loveliest lips unnumber'd fly,
 And Lieven's self "has other fish to fry."
 Austria's gay princess who so blind as miss
 In "dat, mi lor', mit, vat, madear, and dis?"*
 Such foreign graces every heart must melt—
 Alas! they're only foreign while they're spelt.

SQUIRE.

What only while they're spelt?—oh wise and sage!
 Why, *real* French fills half of every page—

POET.

And why?—You can't suppose that English wives
 Talk such a piebald babel all their lives;
 That English daughters spoil their native grace
 With grin, and exclamation, and grimace;
 End with bad English what worse French began,
 And speak upon the Hamiltonian plan—
 That English sons in every sentence shew
 Italian, French, and English in a row;
 Swear with Dutch boors, or drink with Spanish friars—
 Poor polyglott editions of their sires.
 Believe it not; pure English undefiled,
 Such as of old was spoke when Wortley smiled,
 Such still is spoke—and surely far more dear
 Is good plain English to an English ear,
 Than hisp'd-out phrases stol'n from every clime,
 And strangely alter'd—to conceal the crime.

SQUIRE.

Yet, without French, how dull the page would look;
 Must no Italics mark when speaks a Duke?
 Must peers and beauties flirt in common print;
 And no small letters aid a statesman's hint?

POET.

Yes! let them write; let cook and scullion scrawl;
 Let Colburn or Minerva print them all!

* Vid. The Exclusives.

If lively Betty in her book transfer
 To Lady Jane, what Thomas sighs to *her* ;
 If the old Earl's the coachman in disguise,
 And if the Duchess Dolly's place supplies ;
 If John, ennobled, holds a high debauch,
 And breaks the head of Priscian and the watch,
 What is't to me ? The tale's a pleasing tale,
 And murdering nature scarce deserves the jail.
 Flourish ye vulgar drivellings of the vain,
 The fill'd with folly, and the void of brain !
 Ye Tales of Ton shine on for countless years,
 Proud of your idiot squires and witless peers !
 Tales of High Life, in endless beauty bloom
 Mirrors of grandeur in the butler's room !
 And ye, in servants' hall for aye be seen,
 Obscure Blue Stockings, Davenels, and D'Erbine !
 Yet Sympathy her gentle woes may add,
 Where sorry authors made their readers sad ;
 The thoughtful student well may sigh to know
 That mortal dulness ever sank so low ;
 The pensive tear may innocently fall
 On scenes where simple Folly rules o'er all.—
 Not so, when Ribaldry, 'neath Fiction's name,
 Shews equal dulness with a deadlier aim ;
 Paints not Almack's to bid the kitchen stare,
 Nor fills the pantry with St James's air ;
 But soars to crime, and strives to gain the art,
 To sap the morals, and corrupt the heart.—
 See where Ecarté's prurient scenes betray
 The madd'ning reign of beauty and of play ;
Seeming to guard against the bait they throw,
Seeming to hide what most they mean to shew.
 Tempting, like Spartan maids, by half revealing,
 And tempting more, perhaps, by half concealing.
 Where'er we move, some yielding beauty woos,
 Rich in the sensual graces of the stews ;
 While warm descriptions every charm define,
 And all the brothel breathes from every line.
 Nor pass the Roué in this list of shame,
 Whose equal faults an equal scorn may claim,—
 Where Drury Lane her morals deigns to teach,
 And Covent Garden yields her flow'rs of speech ;
 Where heroes, witty, graceful, gay, polite,
 Act like Count Fathom, and like Egan write ;*
 Describe such scenes as Harriet might disgrace,
 Or call a blush on pimpled Hazlitt's face !
 Ingenious authors ! who so closely shape
 Your course betwixt seduction and a rape,
 That wondering readers catch the pleasing hope,
 To see your heroes dangling from a rope,
 Think ye the "morals" ye drawl forth at last,
 Shall shield, like penitence, your actions past ;
 Even though your rake, by one unchanging rule,
 Is tamed and married to a flirt or fool ?
 Or, harder fate, if harder fate you know,
 Dies e'er his pen has traced the last huge O !!!†
 Think ye two ribald volumes are forgiven,
 Provided in the third he talks of heaven ?

* The comparison here is only to the "slang," not to the vivacity of that ingenious *fingerigrapher* of the Ring.

† The Roué concludes with this very appalling exclamation.

As if, dull rogues! our scorn ye could assuage,
 For Berkeley's youth by Zachary's old age!
 Nature, which all things righteously ordains,
 Gives rascals malice, but denies them brains;
 So to some puppy fill'd with fear and spite,
 She gives the wish—without the power—to bite;
 So to Sir Roger, scarce released from school,*
 She gives obscenity—but proclaims him fool.

But turn we now where other scenes invite,
 Where sense and pathos, wit and mirth, unite.
 Lo, in some dell, far hid amidst the wild,
 In virtue's sunshine, blooms the cottage child;
 No charm she borrows from appalling deeds,
 No spectres rise, no dark-eyed rival bleeds;
 Yet in bleak vale, lone moor, or heath-clad hill,
 The awaken'd heart attends and loves her still.
 And near the poor man's couch what thoughts arise
 'Mid tearful prayers, as yon grey Elder dies!
 How rock and cliff resound the shepherd's lays!
 How earth seems vocal with her Maker's praise!
 Whether with Hannah Lee we wander slow,
 Through the thick midnight and the drifting snow;
 Or with lone Margaret every pang endure,
 Which makes her own pure heart more heavenly pure;
 In smiles or tears, in storm or calm, we find,
 How thrills the touch of Genius through the mind!
 And Nature holds her sway as Lockhart tells,
 How dark the grief that with the guilty dwells;
 How various passions through the bosom move,
 Dalton's high hope, and Ellen's sinless love.
 Creative fancy gives a lovelier green
 To Godstowe's glade; and hallows all the scene
 Where Love's low whisper sooth'd their wildest fears,
 Till Joy grew voiceless and flow'd forth in tears.
 But wherefore idly thus proceed to shew
 Where wit, truth, nature, mix in genial glow?
 Galt's humorous pow'r, Hogg's tale to nature true,
 And *her* rich pencil who Clan Albin drew?
 Smith—though a model seems before him still,
 And all his art seems imitative skill,—
 Though still the mimic in each step he shews,
 Like Davy "majorin" in Bradwardine's clothes,—
 Smith yet has wit, has humour, fancy, fire,
 And what the devil more can one desire?
 De Vere and t'other Dromio—nice Tremaine,
 Well-bred, good dressers, sensible and vain;
 Judges of wit, teas, books, and pantaloons,
 Are "spoons" indeed, but then—they're polish'd "spoons."
 Yet in this catalogue of glorious names,
 From Anastasius Hope, to Darnley James,
 First, best of all, oh, never be forgot—

SQUIRE.

Stop. Not a single word of Walter Scott.
 I listen'd long impatient for a close,
 But still one name and then another rose;
 I sigh'd, cough'd, yawn'd, and snored in very spite—
 I've had a pleasant sleep, and now—good-night.

* This blockhead has published a novel called *Sir Thomas Gastaneys, a minor*; of which the less that is said the better.

EXPIATION.

MARGARET BURNSIDE was an orphan. Her parents, who had been the poorest people in the parish, had died when she was a mere child; and as they had left no near relatives, there were few or none to care much about the desolate creature, who might be well said to have been left friendless in the world. True, that the feeling of charity is seldom wholly wanting in any heart; but it is generally but a cold feeling among hard-working folk, towards objects out of the narrow circle of their own family affections, and selfishness has a ready and strong excuse in necessity. There seems, indeed, to be a sort of chance in the lot of the orphan offspring of paupers. On some the eye of Christian benevolence falls at the very first moment of their uttermost destitution—and their worst sorrows, instead of beginning, terminate with the tears shed over their parents' graves. They are taken by the hands, as soon as their hands have been stretched out for protection, and admitted as inmates into households, whose doors, had their fathers and mothers been alive, they would never have darkened. The light of comfort falls upon them during the gloom of grief, and attends them all their days. Others, again, are overlooked at the first fall of affliction, as if in some unaccountable fatality; the wretchedness with which all have become familiar, no one very tenderly pities; and thus the orphan, reconciled herself to the extreme hardships of her condition, lives on uncheered by those sympathies out of which grow both happiness and virtue, and yielding by degrees to the constant pressure of her lot, becomes poor in spirit as in estate, and either vegetates like an almost worthless weed that is carelessly trodden on by every foot, or if by nature born a flower, in time loses her lustre, and all her days—not long—leads the life not so much of a servant, as of a slave.

Such, till she was twelve years old, had been the fate of Margaret Burnside. Of a slender form and weak constitution, she had never been able *for much work*; and thus from one discontented and harsh master and

mistress to another, she had been transferred from house to house—always the poorest—till she came to be looked on as an encumbrance rather than a help in any family, and thought hardly worth her bread. Sad and sickly she sat on the braces herding the kine. It was supposed that she was in a consumption—and as the shadow of death seemed to lie on the neglected creature's face, a feeling something like love was awakened towards her in the heart of pity, for which she shewed her gratitude by still attending to all household tasks with an alacrity beyond her strength. Few doubted that she was dying—and it was plain that she thought so herself; for the Bible, which, in her friendlessness, she had always read more than other children, who were too happy to reflect often on the Word of that Being from whom their happiness flowed, was now, when leisure permitted, seldom or never out of her hands, and in lonely places, where there was no human ear to hearken, did the dying girl often support her heart when quaking in natural fears of the grave, by singing to herself hymns and psalms. But her hour was not yet come—though by the inscrutable decrees of Providence doomed to be hideous—and sad with almost inextinguishable guilt. As for herself—she was innocent as the linnet that sang beside her in the broom, and innocent was she to be up to the last throbbings of her religious heart. When the sunshine fell on the leaves of her Bible, the orphan seemed to see in the holy words, brightening through the radiance, assurances of forgiveness of all her sins—small sins indeed—yet to her humble and contrite heart exceeding great—and to be pardoned only by the intercession of Him who died for us on the tree. Often, when clouds were in the sky, and blackness covered the Book, Hope died away from the discoloured page—and the lonely creature wept and sobbed over the doom denounced on all who sin, and repent not—whether in deed or in thought. And thus religion became with her an awful thing—till, in her resignation, she

feared to die. But look on that flower by the hill-side path, withered, as it seems, beyond the power of sun and air, and dew and rain, to restore it to the beauty of life. Next day, you happen to return to the place, its leaves are of a dazzling green, its blossoms of a dazzling crimson, and its joyful beauty is felt over all the wilderness. So was it with this Orphan. Nature, as if kindling towards her in sudden love, not only restored her in a few weeks to life—but to perfect health; and ere long she, whom few had looked at, and for whom still fewer cared, was acknowledged to be the fairest girl in all the parish—and the most beautiful of any while she continued to sit, as she had always done from very childhood, on the *poor's form* in the lobby of the kirk. Such a face, such a figure, and such a manner, in one so poorly attired, and so meekly placed, attracted the eyes of the young Ladies in the Patron's Gallery. Margaret Burnside was taken under their especial protection—sent for two years to a superior school, where she was taught all things useful for persons in humble life—and while yet scarcely fifteen, returning to her native parish, was appointed teacher of a small school of her own, to which were sent all the female children that could be spared from home, from those of parents poor as her own had been, up to those of the farmers and small proprietors, who knew the blessings of a good education—and that without it, the minister may preach in vain. And thus Margaret Burnside grew and blossomed like the lily of the field—and every eye blessed her—and she drew her breath in gratitude, piety, and peace.

Thus a few happy and useful years passed by—and it was forgotten by all—but herself—that Margaret Burnside was an orphan. But to be without one near and dear blood-relative in all the world, must often, even to the happy heart of youthful innocence, be more than a pensive—a painful thought; and therefore, though Margaret Burnside was always cheerful among her little scholars, and wore a sweet smile on her face, yet in the retirement of her own room (a pretty parlour, with a window looking into a flower-garden,)

and on her walks among the braes, her mien was somewhat melancholy, and her eyes wore that touching expression, which seems doubtfully to denote—neither joy nor sadness—but a habit of soul which, in its tranquillity, still partakes of the mournful, as if memory dwelt often on past sorrows, and hope scarcely ventured to indulge in dreams of future repose. That profound orphan-feeling embued her whole character; and sometimes when the young Ladies from the Castle smiled praises upon her, she retired in unendurable gratitude to her chamber—and wept.

Among the friends at whose houses she visited were the family at Moor-side, the highest hill-farm in the parish, and on which her father had been a hind. It consisted of the master, a man whose head was grey, his son and daughter, and a grandchild, her scholar, whose parents were dead. Gilbert Adamson had long been a widower—indeed his wife had never been in the parish, but had died abroad. He had been a soldier in his youth and prime of manhood; and when he came to settle at Moor-side, he had been looked at with no very friendly eyes; for evil rumours of his character had preceded his arrival there—and in that peaceful pastoral parish, far removed from the world's strife, suspicions, without any good reason perhaps, had attached themselves to the morality and religion of a man, who had seen much foreign service, and had passed the best years of his life in the wars. It was long before these suspicions faded away, and with some they still existed in an invincible feeling of dislike, or even aversion. But the natural fierceness and ferocity which, as these peaceful dwellers among the hills imagined, had at first, in spite of his efforts to control them, often dangerously exhibited themselves in fiery outbreaks, advancing age had gradually subdued; Gilbert Adamson had grown a hard-working and industrious man; affected, if he followed it not in sincerity, even an austere religious life; and as he possessed more than common sagacity and intelligence, he had acquired at last, if not won, a certain ascendancy in the parish, even over many whose hearts never opened nor warmed towards him—so that

he was now an elder of the kirk—and, as the most unwilling were obliged to acknowledge, a just steward to the poor. His grey hairs were not honoured, but it would not be too much to say that they were respected. Many who had doubted him before came to think they had done him injustice, and sought to wipe away their fault by regarding him with esteem, and shewing themselves willing to interchange all neighbourly kindnesses and services with all the family at Moorside. His son, though somewhat wild and unsteady, and too much addicted to the fascinating pastimes of flood and field, often so ruinous to the sons of labour, and rarely long pursued against the law without vitiating the whole character, was a favourite with all the parish. Singularly handsome, and with manners above his birth, Ludovic was welcome wherever he went, both with young and old. No merry-making could deserve the name without him, and at all meetings for the display of feats of strength and agility, far and wide, through more counties than one, he was the champion. Nor had he received a mean education. All that the parish schoolmaster could teach he knew; and having been the darling companion of all the gentlemen's sons in the Manse, the faculties of his mind had kept pace with theirs, and from them he had caught, too, unconsciously, that demeanour so far superior to what could have been expected from one in his humble condition, but which, at the same time, seemed so congenial with his happy nature, as to be readily acknowledged to be one of its original gifts. Of his sister, Alice, it is sufficient to say, that she was the bosom-friend of Margaret Burnside, and that all who saw their friendship felt that it was just. The small parentless grand-daughter was also dear to Margaret—more than perhaps her heart knew, because that, like herself, she was an orphan. But the creature was also a merry and a madcap child, and her freakish pranks, and playful perversenesses, as she tossed her golden head in untameable glee, and went dancing and singing, like a bird on the boughs of a tree, all day long, by some strange sympathies entirely won the heart of her who, throughout

all her own childhood, had been familiar with grief, and a lonely shedder of tears. And thus did Margaret love her, it might be said, even with a very mother's love. She generally passed her free Saturday afternoons at Moorside, and often slept there all night with little Ann in her bosom. At such times Ludovic was never from home, and many a Sabbath he walked with her to the kirk—all the family together—and *once* by themselves for miles along the moor—a forenoon of perfect sunshine, which returned upon him in his agony on his dying day.

No one said, no one thought that Ludovic and Margaret were lovers—nor were they, though well worthy indeed of each other's love; for the orphan's whole heart was filled and satisfied with a sense of duty, and all its affections were centred in her happy school, where all eyes blessed her, and where she had been placed for the good of all those innocent creatures, by them who had rescued her from the penury that kills the soul, and of whose gracious bounty she every night dreamt in her sleep. In her prayers she beseeched God to bless them rather than the wretch on her knees—their images, their names, were ever before her eyes and on her ear; and next to that peace of mind which passeth all understanding, and comes from the footstool of God into the humble, lowly, and contrite heart, was to that orphan, day and night, waking or asleep, the deep bliss of her gratitude. And thus Ludovic to her was a brother, and no more; a name sacred as that of sister, by which she always called her Alice, and was so called in return. But to Ludovic, who had a soul of fire, Margaret was dearer far than ever sister was to the brother whom, at the sacrifice of her own life, she might have rescued from death. Go where he might, a phantom was at his side—a pale fair face for ever fixed its melancholy eyes on his, as if foreboding something dismal even when they faintly smiled; and once he awoke at midnight, when all the house were asleep, crying, with shrieks, "O God of mercy! Margaret is murdered!" Mysterious passion of Love! that darkens its own dreams of delight with unimaginable horrors! Shall we call such dire bewilderment the

superstition of troubled fantasy, or the inspiration of the prophetic soul!

From what seemingly insignificant sources—and by means of what humble instruments—may this life's best happiness be diffused over the households of industrious men! Here was the orphan daughter of forgotten paupers, both dead ere she could speak; herself, during all her melancholy childhood, a pauper even more enslaved than ever they had been—one of the most neglected and unvalued of all God's creatures—who, had she then died, would have been buried in some nettled nook of the kirkyard, nor her grave been watered almost by one single tear—suddenly brought out from the cold and cruel shade in which she had been withering away, by the interposition of human but angelic hands, into the heaven's most gracious sunshine, where all at once her beauty blossomed like the rose. She, who for so many years had been even begrudgingly fed on the poorest and scantiest fare, by Penury ungrateful for all her weak but zealous efforts to please by doing her best, in sickness and sorrow, at all her tasks, in or out of doors, and in all weathers, however rough and severe—was now raised to the rank of a moral, intellectual, and religious being, and presided over, tended, and instructed many little ones, far far happier in their childhood than it had been her lot to be, and all growing up beneath her now untroubled eyes, in innocence, love, and joy inspired into their hearts by her their young and happy benefactress. Not a human dwelling in all the parish, that had not reason to be thankful to Margaret Burnside. She taught them to be pleasant in their manners, neat in their persons, rational in their minds, pure in their hearts, and industrious in all their habits. Rudeness, coarseness, sullenness, all angry fits, and all idle dispositions—the besetting vices and sins of the children of the poor, whose home-education is often so miserably, and almost necessarily neglected—did this sweet Teacher, by the divine influence of meekness never ruffled, and tenderness never troubled, in a few months subdue and overcome—till her school-room, every day in the week, was, in its cheerfulness, sacred as a Sabbath, and murmured from morn till eve

with the hum of perpetual happiness. The effects were soon felt in every house. All floors were tidier, and order and regularity enlivened every hearth. It was the pride of her scholars to get their own little gardens behind their parents' huts to bloom like that of the Brae—and in imitation of that flowery porch, to train up the pretty creepers on the wall. In the kirkyard, a smiling group every Sabbath forenoon waited for her at the gate—and walked, with her at their head, into the House of God—a beautiful procession to all their parents' eyes—one by one dropping away into their own seats, as the band moved along the little lobby, and the minister sitting in the pulpit all the while, looked solemnly down upon the fair flock—the shepherd of their souls!

It was Sabbath, but Margaret Burnside was not in the kirk. The congregation had risen to join in prayer, when the great door was thrown open, and a woman, apparelled as for the house of worship, but wild and ghastly in her face and eyes as a maniac hunted by evil spirits, burst in upon the service, and, with uplifted hands, beseeched the man of God to forgive her irreverent entrance, for that foulest and most unnatural murder had been done, and that her own eyes had seen the corpse of Margaret Burnside lying on the moor in a pool of blood! The congregation gave one groan, and then an outcry as if the roof of the kirk had been toppling over their heads. All cheeks waxed white, women fainted, and the firmest heart quaked with terror and pity, as once and again the affrighted witness, in the same words, described the horrid spectacle, and then rushed out into the open air, followed by hundreds, who, for some minutes, had been palsy-stricken; and now the kirkyard was all in a tumult round the body of her who lay in a swoon. In the midst of that dreadful ferment, there were voices crying aloud that the poor woman was mad, and that such horror could not be beneath the sun; for such a perpetration on the Sabbath-day, and first heard of just as the prayers of his people were about to ascend to the Father of all mercies, shocked belief, and doubt struggled with despair as in the helpless shud-

derings of some dream of blood. The crowd were at last prevailed on by their pastor to disperse, and sit down on the tomb-stones, and water being sprinkled over the face of her who still lay in that mortal swoon, and the air suffered to circulate freely round her, she again opened her glassy eyes, and raising herself on her elbow, stared on the multitude, all gathered there so *with* and silent, and shrieked out, "The Day of Judgment! The Day of Judgment!"

The aged minister raised her on her feet, and led her to a grave, on which she sat down, and hid her face on his knees. "O that I should have lived to see the day—but dreadful are the decrees of the Most High—and she whom we all loved has been cruelly murdered! Carry me with you, people, and I will shew you where lies her corpse."

"Where—where is Ludovic Adamson?" cried a hoarse voice which none there had ever heard before; and all eyes were turned in one direction; but none knew who had spoken, and all again was hush. Then all at once a hundred voices repeated the same words, "Where—where is Ludovic Adamson?" and there was no reply. Then, indeed, was the kirkyard in an angry and a wrathful ferment, and men looked far into each other's eyes for confirmation of their suspicions. And there was whispering about things, that, though in themselves light as air, seemed now charged with hideous import; and then arose sacred appeals to Heaven's eternal justice, horribly mingled with oaths and curses; and all the crowd, springing to their feet, pronounced, "that no other but he could be the murderer."

It was remembered now, that for months past, Margaret Burnside had often looked melancholy—that her visits had been less frequent to Moor-side—and one person in the crowd said, that a few weeks ago she had come upon them suddenly in a retired place, when Margaret was weeping bitterly, and Ludovic tossing his arms, seemingly in wrath and distraction. All agreed that of late he had led a disturbed and reckless life—and that something dark and suspicious had hung about him, wherever he went, as if he were haunted by an evil conscience. But did not

strange men sometimes pass through the Moor—squalid mendicants, robber-like from the far-off city—one by one, yet seemingly belonging to the same gang—with bludgeons in their hands—half-naked, and often drunken in their hunger, as at the doors of lonesome houses they demanded alms, or more like foot-pads than beggars, with stern gestures, rising up from the ditches on the way-side, stopped the frightened women and children going upon errands, and thanklessly received pence from the poor? One of them must have been the murderer! But then, again, the whole tide of suspicion would set in upon Ludovic—her lover—for the darker and more dreadful the guilt, the more welcome is it to the fears of the imagination when its waking dreams are floating in blood!

A tall figure came forward from the porch, and all was silence, when the congregation beheld the father of the suspected criminal! He stood still as a tree in a calm day,—trunk, limbs, moved not,—and his grey head was uncovered. He then stretched out his arm, not in an imploring, but in a commanding attitude, and essayed to speak; but his white lips quivered, and his tongue refused its office. At last, almost fiercely, he uttered, "Who dares denounce my son?" and like the growling thunder, the crowd cried, "All—all—he is the murderer!" Some said that the old man smiled; but it could have been but a convulsion of the features—outraged nature's wrung-out and writhing expression of disdain, to shew how a father's love brooks the cruelty of foolish falsehood and injustice.

Men, women, and children—all whom grief and horror had not made helpless—moved away towards the Moor—the woman who had seen the sight leading the way—for now her whole strength had returned to her, and she was drawn and driven by an irresistible passion to look again at what had almost destroyed her judgment. Now they were miles from the kirk, and over some brushwood, at the edge of a morass some distance from the common footpath, crows were seen diving and careering in the air, and a raven flapping suddenly out of the covert, sailed away with a savage croak along a range of cliffs. The whole multitude stood stock

still at that carrion-sound. The guide said shudderingly, in a low hurried voice, "See, see—that is her mantle,"—and there indeed Margaret lay, all in a heap, maimed, mangled, murdered, with a hundred gashes. The corpse seemed as if it had been baked in frost, and was embedded in coagulated blood. Shreds and patches of her dress, torn away from her bosom, bestrewed the bushes—for many yards round about, there had been the trampling of feet, and a long lock of hair that had been torn from her temples, with the dews yet unmelted on it, was lying upon a plant of broom a little way from the corpse. The first to lift the body from the horrid bed was Gilbert Adamson. He had been long familiar with death in all its ghastliness, and all had now looked to him—forgetting for the moment that he was the father of the murderer—to perform the task from which they recoiled in horror. Resting on one knee, he placed the corpse on the other—and who could have believed, that even the most violent and cruel death could have wrought such a change on a face once so beautiful! All was distortion—and terrible it was to see the dim glazed eyes, fixedly open, and the orbs insensible to the strong sun that smote her face white as snow among the streaks as if left by bloody fingers! Her throat was all discoloured—and a silk handkerchief twisted into a cord, that had manifestly been used in the murder, was of a redder hue than when it had veiled her breast. No one knows what horror his eyes are able to look on, till they are tried. A circle of stupified gazers was drawn by a horrid fascination closer and closer round the corpse—and women stood there holding children by the hands, and fainted not, but observed the sight, and shuddered without shrieking, and stood there all dumb as ghosts. But the body was now borne along by many hands—at first none knew in what direction, till many voices muttered, "To Moorside—to Moorside"—and in an hour it was laid on the bed in which Margaret Burnside had so often slept with her beloved little Ann in her bosom.

The hand of some one had thrown a cloth over the corpse. The room was filled with people—but all their

power and capacity of horror had been exhausted—and the silence was now almost like that which attends a natural death, when all the neighbours are assembled for the funeral. Alice, with little Ann beside her, kneeled at the bed, nor feared to lean her head close to the covered corpse—sobbing out syllables that shewed how passionately she prayed—and that she and her little niece—and, oh! for that unhappy father—were delivering themselves up into the hands of God. That father knelt not—neither did he sit down—nor move—nor groan—but stood at the foot of the bed, with arms folded almost sternly—and with his eyes fixed on the sheet, in which there seemed to be neither ruth nor dread—but only an austere composure, which, were it indeed but resignation to that dismal decree of Providence, had been most sublime—but who can see into the heart of a man either righteous or wicked, and know what may be passing there, breathed from the gates of heaven or of hell!

Soon as the body had been found, shepherds and herdsmen, fleet of foot as the deer, had set off to scour the country far and wide, hill and glen, mountain and morass, moor and wood, for the murderer. If he be on the face of the earth, and not self-plunged in despairing suicide into some quagmire, he will be found,—for all the population of many districts are now afoot, and precipices are clomb till now brushed but by the falcons. A figure, like that of a man, is seen by some of the hunters from a hill top, lying among the stones by the side of a solitary loch. They separate, and descend upon him, and then gathering in, they behold the man whom they seek, Ludovic Adamson, the murderer.

His face is pale and haggard—yet flushed as if by a fever centred in his heart. That is no dress fit for the Sabbath-day—soiled and savage-looking—and giving to the eyes that search an assurance of guilt. He starts to his feet, as they think, like some wild beast surprised in his lair, and gathering itself up to fight or fly. But—strange enormity—a Bible is in his hand! And the shepherd who first seized him, taking the book out of his grasp, looks into the page, and reads, "Whoever sheddeth man's blood, by

man shall his blood be surely shed." On a leaf is written, in her own well-known hand, "The gift of Margaret Burnside!" Not a word is said by his captors—they offer no needless violence—no indignities—but answer all enquiries of surprise and astonishment (O! can one so young be so hardened in wickedness!) by a stern silence, and upbraiding eyes, that like daggers must stab his heart. At last he walks doggedly and sullenly along, and refuses to speak—yet his tread is firm—there is no want of composure in his face—now that the first passion of fear or anger has left it; and now that they have the murderer in their clutch, some begin almost to pity him, and others to believe, or at least to hope, that he may be innocent. As yet they have said not a word of the crime of which they accuse him—but let him try to master the expression of his voice and his eyes as he may, guilt is in those stealthy glances—guilt is in those reckless tones—And why does he seek to hide his right hand in his bosom?—And whatever he may affect to say—they ask him not—most certainly that stain on his shirt-collar is blood. But now they are at Moorside.

There is still a great crowd all round about the house—in the garden—and at the door—and a troubled cry announces that the criminal has been taken, and is close at hand. His father meets him at the gate—and, kneeling down, holds up his clasped hands, and says, "My son, if thou art guilty, confess, and die." The criminal angrily waves his father aside, and walks towards the door. "Fools! fools! what mean ye by this? What crime has been committed? And how dare ye to think me the criminal? Am I like a murderer?"—"We never spoke to him of the murder—we never spoke to him of the murder!" cried one of the men who now held him by the arm; and all assembled then exclaimed, "Guilty, guilty—that one word will hang him! O, pity, pity, for his father and poor sister—this will break their hearts!" Appalled, yet firm of foot, the prisoner forced his way into the house; and turning, in his confusion, into the chamber on the left, there he beheld the corpse of the murdered on the bed—for the

sheet had been removed—as yet not laid out, and disfigured and deformed just as she had been found on the moor, in the same misshapen heap of death! One long insane glare—one shriek, as if all his heartstrings at once had burst—and then down fell the strong man on the floor like lead. One trial was past which no human hardihood could endure—another, and yet another, awaits him—but these he will bear as the guilty brave have often borne them, and the most searching eye shall not see him quail at the bar or on the scaffold.

They lifted the stricken wretch from the floor, placed him in a chair, and held him upright, till he should revive from the fit. And he soon did revive; for health flowed in all his veins, and he had the strength of a giant. But when his senses returned, there was none to pity him; for the shock had given an expression of guilty horror to all his looks, and, like a man walking in his sleep under the temptation of some dreadful dream, he moved with fixed eyes towards the bed, and looking at the corpse, gobbled in hideous laughter, and then wept and tore his hair like a distracted woman or a child. Then he stooped down as he would kiss the face, but staggered back, and, covering his eyes with his hands, uttered such a groan as is sometimes heard rending the sinner's breast when the avenging Furies are upon him in his dreams. All who heard it felt that he was guilty—and there was a fierce cry through the room of, "Make him touch the body, and if he be the murderer, it will bleed!"—"Fear not, Ludovic, to touch it, my boy,"—said his father; "bleed afresh it will not, for thou art innocent; and savage though now they be, who once were proud to be thy friends, even they will believe thee guiltless when the corpse refuses to bear witness against thee—and not a drop leaves its quiet heart!" But his son spake not a word, nor did he seem to know that his father had spoken, but he suffered himself to be led passively towards the bed. One of the bystanders took his hand and placed it on the naked breast, when out of the corners of the teeth-clenched mouth, and out of the swollen nostrils, two or three blood-drops visibly oozed—and a sort of shrieking shout de-

clared the sacred faith of all the crowd in the dreadful ordeal. "What body is this? 'tis all over blood!" said the prisoner, looking with an idiot vacancy on the faces that surrounded him. But now the sheriff of the county entered the room, along with some officers of justice—and he was spared any farther shocks from that old saving superstition. His wrists soon after were manacled. These were all the words he had uttered since he recovered from the fit—and he seemed now in a state of stupor.

Ludovic Adamson, after examination of witnesses who crowded against him from many unexpected quarters, was committed that very Sabbath night to prison on a charge of murder. On the Tuesday following, the remains of Margaret Burnside were interred. All the parish were at the funeral. In Scotland it is not customary for females to join in the last simple ceremonies of death. But in this case they did; and all her scholars, in the same white dresses in which they used to walk with her at their head into the kirk on Sabbaths, followed the bier. Alice and little Ann were there, nearest the coffin, and the father of him who had wrought all this woe was one of its supporters. The head of the murdered girl rested, it might be said, on his shoulder—but none can know the strength which God gives to his servants—and all present felt for him as he walked steadily under that dismal burden, a pity, and even an affection, which they had been unable to yield to him ere he had been so sorely tried. The Ladies from the Castle were among the other mourners, and stood by the open grave. A sunnier day had never shone from heaven, and that very grave itself partook of the brightness, as the coffin, with the gilt letters—"Margaret Burnside—Aged 18"—was let down, and in the darkness below disappeared. No flowers were sprinkled there—nor afterwards planted on the turf—vain offerings of unavailing sorrow! But in that nook—beside the bodies of her poor parents—she was left for the grass to grow over her, as over the other humble dead—and nothing but the very simplest headstone was placed there, with a sentence from Scripture below the name. There

was less weeping, less sobbing, than at many other funerals; for as sure as Mercy ruled the skies, all believed that she was there—all knew it, just as if the gates of heaven had opened and shewed her a white-robed spirit at the right hand of the throne. And why should any rueful lamentation have been wailed over the senseless dust! But on the way home over the hills, and in the hush of evening beside their hearths, and in the stillness of night on their beds—all—young and old—all did nothing but weep!

For weeks—such was the pity, grief, and awe inspired by this portentous crime and lamentable calamity, that all the domestic ongoings in all the houses far and wide, were melancholy and mournful, as if the country had been fearing a visitation of the plague. Sin, it was felt, had brought not only sorrow on the parish, but shame that ages would not wipe away; and strangers, as they travelled through the moor, would point the place where the foulest murder had been committed in all the annals of crime. As for the family at Moorside—the daughter had their boundless compassion—though no eye had seen her since the funeral; but people, in speaking of the father, would still shake their heads, and put their fingers to their lips, and say to one another in whispers, that Gilbert Adamson had once been a bold, bad man—that his religion, in spite of all his repulsive austerity, wore not the aspect of truth—and that had he held a stricter and a stronger hand on the errors of his misguided son, this foul deed had not been perpetrated, nor that wretched sinner's soul given to perdition. Yet others had gentler and humaner thoughts. They remembered him walking along God-supported beneath the bier—and at the mouth of the grave—and feared to look on that head—formerly grizzled, but now quite grey—when on the very first Sabbath after the murder he took his place in the elder's seat—and was able to stand up along with the rest of the congregation, when the minister prayed for peace to his soul, and hoped for the deliverance out of jeopardy of him now lying in bonds. A low Amen went all round the kirk at these words—for the most hopeless called

to mind that maxim of law, equity, and justice—that every man under accusation of crime should be held innocent till he is proved to be guilty. Nay, a human tribunal might condemn him, and yet might he stand acquitted before the tribunal of God.

There were various accounts of the behaviour of the prisoner. Some said that he was desperately hardened—others, sunk in sullen apathy and indifference—and one or two persons belonging to the parish who had seen him, declared that he seemed to care not for himself, but to be plunged in profound melancholy for the fate of Margaret Burnside, whose name he voluntarily mentioned, and then bowed his head on his knees and wept. His guilt he neither admitted at that interview, nor denied—but he confessed that some circumstances bore hard against him—and that he was prepared for the event of his trial—condemnation and death. “But if you are not guilty, Ludovic, *who can be the murderer?* Not the slightest shade of suspicion has fallen on any other person—and did not, alas! the body bleed when?”—The unhappy wretch sprang up from the bed, it was said, at these words, and hurried like a madman back and forward along the stone-floor of his cell. “Yea—yea,” at last he cried, “the mouth and nostrils of my Margaret did indeed bleed, when they pressed down my hand on her cold bosom. It is God’s truth!”—“God’s truth?”—“Yes—God’s truth. I saw one drop, and then another, trickle towards me—and I prayed to our Saviour to wipe them off before other eyes might behold the dreadful witness against me—but at that hour Heaven was most unmerciful—for those two small drops—as all of you saw—soon became a very stream—and all her face, neck, and breast—you saw it as well as I miserable—were at last drenched in blood. Then I may have confessed that I was guilty—did I, or did I not, confess it? Tell me—for I remember nothing distinctly;—but if I did—the judgment of offended Heaven, then punishing me for my sins, had made me worse than mad—and so had all your abhorrent eyes—and, men, if I did confess, it was the cruelty of God that drove me to it—and your cruelty—which was great

—for no pity had any one for me that day, though Margaret Burnside lay before me a murdered corpse—and a hoarse whisper came to my ear urging me to confess—I well believe from no human lips, but from the Father of Lies, who, at that hour, was suffered to leave the pit to ensnare my soul.” Such was said to have been the main sense of what he uttered in the presence of two or three who had formerly been among his most intimate friends, and who knew not, on leaving his cell and coming into the open air, whether to think him innocent or guilty. As long as they thought they saw his eyes regarding them, and that they heard his voice speaking, they believed him innocent—but when the expression of the tone of his voice, and of the look of his eyes—which they had felt belonged to innocence—died away from their memory—then arose against him the strong, strange circumstantial evidence, which—wisely or unwisely—lawyers and judges have said *cannot lie*—and then, in their hearts, one and all of them pronounced him guilty.

But had not his father often visited the prisoner’s cell? Once—and once only—for in obedience to his son’s passionate prayer, beseeching him—if there were any mercy left either on earth or heaven—never more to enter that dungeon, the miserable parent had not again entered the prison—but he had been seen one morning at dawn, by one who knew his person, walking round and round the walls, staring up at the black building in distraction, especially at one small grated window in the north tower—and it is most probable that he had been pacing his rounds there during all the night. Nobody could conjecture, however dimly, what was the meaning of his banishment from his son’s cell. Gilbert Adamson, so stern to others, even to his own only daughter, had been always but too indulgent to his Ludovic—and had that lost wretch’s guilt, so exceeding great, changed his heart into stone, and made the sight of his old father’s grey hairs hateful to his eyes? But then the jailor, who had heard him imploring—beseeching—commanding his father to remain till after the trial at Moorside, said, that all the while the prisoner sobbed

and wept like a child—and that when he unlocked the door of the cell, to let the old man out, it was a hard thing to tear away the arms and hands of Ludovic from his knees, while the father sat like a stone-image on the bed, and kept his tearless eyes fixed sternly upon the wall, as if not a soul had been present, and he himself had been a criminal condemned next day to die.

The father had obeyed, *religiously*, that miserable injunction, and from religion it seemed that he had found comfort. For Sabbath after Sabbath he was at the kirk—he stood, as he had been wont to do for years, at the poor's-plate, and returned grave salutations to those who dropt their mite into the small sacred treasury—his eyes calmly, and even critically, regarded the pastor during prayer and sermon—and his deep bass voice was heard, as usual, through all the house of God, in the Psalms. On week-days, he was seen by passers-by to drive his flocks a-field, and to overlook his sheep on the hill pastures, or in the pinfold; and as it was still spring, and seed-time had been late this season, he was observed holding the plough, as of yore—nor had his skill deserted him—for the furrows were as straight as if drawn by a rule on paper—and soon bright and beautiful was the braird on all the low lands of his farm. The Comforter was with him, and, sorely as he had been tried, his heart was not yet wholly broken, and it was believed that, for years, he might outlive the blow that at first had seemed more than a mortal man might bear and be! Yet that his woe, though hidden, was dismal, all ere long knew, from certain tokens that intrenched his face—cheeks shrunk and fallen, brow not so much furrowed as scarred, eyes quenched, hair thinner and thinner far, as if he himself had torn it away in handfuls during the solitude of midnight—and now absolutely as white as snow; and over the whole man an indescribable ancientness far beyond his years—though they were many, and most of them had been passed in torrid climes—all shewed how grief has its agonies as destructive as those of guilt, and those the most wasting when they work in the heart, and in the brain, unrelieved by the shedding of

one single tear—when the very soul turns dry as dust, and life is imprisoned, rather than mingled, in the decaying—the mouldering frame!

The Day of Trial came, and all labour was suspended in the parish, as if it had been a mourning fast. Hundreds of people from this remote district poured into the circuit town, and besieged the court-house. Horsemen were in readiness, soon as the verdict should be returned, to carry the intelligence—of life or death—to all those glens. A few words will suffice to tell the trial, the nature of the evidence, and its issue. The prisoner, who stood at the bar, in black, appeared—though miserably changed from a man of great muscular power and activity, a magnificent man, into a tall thin shadow—perfectly unappalled; but in a face so white, and wasted, and woe-begone, the most profound physiognomist could read not one faintest symptom either of hope or fear, trembling or trust, guilt or innocence. He hardly seemed to belong to this world, and stood fearfully and ghastly conspicuous between the officers of justice, above all the crowd that devoured him with their eyes, all leaning towards the bar to catch the first sound of his voice, when to the indictment he should plead “Not Guilty.” These words he did utter, in a hollow voice altogether passionless, and then was suffered to sit down, which he did in a manner destitute of all emotion. During all the many long hours of his trial, he never moved head, limbs, or body, except once, when he drank some water, which he had not asked for, but which was given to him by a friend. The evidence was entirely circumstantial, and consisted of a few damning facts, and of many of the very slightest sort, which, taken singly, seemed to mean nothing, but which, when considered all together, seemed to mean something against him—how much or how little, there were among the agitated audience many differing opinions. But slight as they were, either singly or together, they told fearfully against the prisoner, when connected with the fatal few which no ingenuity could ever explain away; and though ingenuity did all it could do, when wielded by eloquence of the highest order—and as the prisoner's counsel sat down,

there went a rustle and a buz through the court, and a communication of looks and whispers, that seemed to denote that there were hopes of his acquittal—yet, if such hopes there were, they were deadened by the calm, clear, logical address to the jury by the counsel for the crown, and destroyed by the judge's charge, which amounted almost to a demonstration of guilt, and concluded with a confession due to his oath and conscience, that he saw not how the jury could do their duty to their Creator, and their fellow-creatures, but by returning *one* verdict. They retired to consider it; and during a deathlike silence, all eyes were bent on a deathlike Image.

It had appeared in evidence, that the murder had been committed—at least all the gashes inflicted—for there were also finger-marks of strangulation—with a bill-hook, such as foresters use in lopping trees—and several witnesses swore that the bill-hook which was shewn them, stained with blood, and with hair sticking on the haft—belonged to Ludovic Adamson. It was also given in evidence—though some doubts rested on the nature of the precise words—that on that day, in the room with the corpse, he had given a wild and incoherent denial to the question then put to him in the din, "What he had done with the bill-hook?" Nobody had seen it in his possession since the spring before—but it had been found, after several weeks' search, in a hag in the moss, in the direction that he would have most probably taken—had he been the murderer—when flying from the spot to the loch where he was seized. The shoes which he had on when taken, fitted the foot-marks on the ground, not far from the place of the murder, but not so perfectly as another pair which were found in the house. But that other pair, it was proved, belonged to the old man; and therefore the correspondence between the foot-marks and the prisoner's shoes, though not perfect, was a circumstance of much suspicion. But a far stronger fact, in this part of the evidence, was sworn to against the prisoner. Though there was no blood on his shoes—when apprehended his legs were bare—though that circumstance, strange as

it may seem, had never been noticed till he was on the way to prison! His stockings had been next day found lying on the sward, near the shore of the loch, manifestly after having been washed and laid out to dry in the sun. At mention of this circumstance a cold shudder ran through the court; but neither that, nor indeed any other circumstance in all the evidence—not even the account of the appearance which the murdered body exhibited when found on the moor, or when afterwards laid on the bed—extorted from the prisoner one groan—one sigh—or touched the imperturbable deathliness of his countenance. It was proved, that when searched—in prison—and not before—for the agitation that reigned over all assembled in the room at Moorside that dreadful day, had confounded even those accustomed to deal with suspected criminals—there were found in his pocket a small French gold watch, and also a gold brooch, which the Ladies of the Castle had given to Margaret Burnside. On these being taken from him, he had said nothing, but looked aghast. A piece of torn and bloody paper, which had been picked up near the body, was sworn to be in his handwriting; and though the meaning of the words yet legible was obscure, they seemed to express a request that Margaret would meet him on the moor on that Saturday afternoon she was murdered. The words, "Saturday"—"meet me"—"last time"—were not indistinct, and the paper was of the same quality and colour with some found in a drawer in his bedroom at Moorside. It was proved that he had been drinking with some dissolute persons—poachers and the like—in a public-house in a neighbouring parish all Saturday, till well on in the afternoon, when he left them in a state of intoxication—and was then seen running along the hillside in the direction of the moor. Where he past the night between the Saturday and the Sabbath, he could give no account, except once when, unasked, and as if speaking to himself, he was overheard by the jailor to mutter, "Oh! that fatal night—that fatal night!" And then, when suddenly interrogated, "Where were you?" he answered, "Asleep on

the hill ;" and immediately relapsed into a state of mental abstraction. These were the chief circumstances against him, which his counsel had striven to explain away. That most eloquent person dwelt with affecting earnestness on the wickedness of putting any evil construction on the distracted behaviour of the wretched man when brought without warning upon the sudden sight of the mangled corpse of the beautiful girl, whom all allowed he had most passionately and tenderly loved ; and he strove to prove—as he did prove to the conviction of many—that such behaviour was incompatible with such guilt, and almost of itself established his innocence. All that was sworn to *against* him, as having passed in that dreadful room, was in truth *for* him—unless all our knowledge of the best and of the worst of human nature were not, as folly, to be given to the winds. He beseeched the jury, therefore, to look at all the other circumstances that did indeed seem to bear hard upon the prisoner, in the light of his innocence, and not of his guilt, and that they would all fade into nothing. What mattered his possession of the watch and other trinkets ? Lovers as they were, might not the unhappy girl have given them to him for temporary keepsakes ? Or might he not have taken them from her in some playful mood, or received them—(and the brooch was cracked, and the mainspring of the watch broken, though the glass was whole)—to get them repaired in the town, which he often visited, and she never ? Could human credulity for one moment believe, that such a man as the prisoner at the bar had been sworn to be by a host of witnesses—and especially by that witness, who, with such overwhelming solemnity, had declared he loved him as his own son, and would have been proud if heaven had given him such a son—he who had baptized him, and known him well ever since a child,—that such a man could *rob* the body of her whom he had violated and murdered ? If, under the instigation of the devil, he had violated and murdered her, and for a moment were made the hideous supposition, did vast hell hold that demon whose voice would have tempted the violator and murderer—suppose him both—yea

that man at the bar—sworn to by all the parish, if need were, as a man of tenderest charities, and generosity unbounded,—in the lust of lucre, consequent on the satiating of another lust—to rob his victim of a few trinkets ! Let loose the wildest imagination into the realms of wildest wickedness, and yet they dared not, as they feared God, to credit for a moment the union of such appalling and such paltry guilt, in *that man* who now trembled not before them, but who seemed cut off from all the sensibilities of this life by the scythe of Misery that had shorn him down ! But why try to recount, however feebly, the line of defence taken by the speaker, who on that day seemed all but inspired. The sea may overturn rocks, or fire consume them till they split in pieces ; but a crisis there sometimes is in man's destiny, which all the powers ever lodged in the lips of man, were they touched with a coal from heaven, cannot avert, and when even he who strives to save, feels and knows that he is striving all in vain—aye, vain as a worm—to arrest the tread of Fate about to trample down its victim into the dust. All hoped—many almost believed—that the prisoner would be acquitted—that a verdict of " Not Proven," at least, if not of " Not Guilty," would be returned—but *they* had not been sworn to do justice before man and before God—and, if need were, to seal up even the fountains of mercy in their hearts—flowing, and easily set a-flowing, by such a spectacle as that bar presented—a man already seeming to belong unto the dead !

In about a quarter of an hour the Jury returned to the box—and the verdict, having been sealed with black wax, was handed up to the Judge, who read, " We unanimously find the prisoner Guilty." He then stood up to receive sentence of death. Not a dry eye was in the court during the Judge's solemn and affecting address to the criminal—except those of the Shadow on whom had been pronounced the doom. " Your body will be hung in chains on the moor—on a gibbet erected on the spot where you murdered the victim of your unhallowed lust, and there will your bones bleach in the sun, and rattle in the wind, after the insects

and the birds of the air have devoured your flesh; and in all future times, the spot on which, God-forsaking and God-forsaken, you perpetrated that double crime, at which all humanity shudders, will be looked on from afar by the traveller passing through that lonesome wild, with a sacred horror!"—Here the voice of the Judge faltered, and he covered his face with his hands; but the prisoner stood unmoved in figure, and in face untroubled—and when all was closed, was removed from the bar, the same ghostlike and unearthly phantom, seemingly unconscious of what had passed, or even of his own existence.

Surely now he will suffer his old father to visit him in his cell! "Once more only—only once more let me see him before I die!" were his words to the clergyman of the parish, whose Manse he had so often visited, when a young and happy boy! That servant of Christ had not forsaken him, whom now all the world had forsaken. As free from sin himself as might be mortal and fallen man—mortal because fallen—he knew from Scripture and from nature, that in "the lowest deep there is still a lower deep" in wickedness, into which all of woman born may fall, unless held back by the arm of the Almighty Being, whom they must serve steadfastly in holiness and in truth. He knew, too, from the same source, that man cannot sin beyond the reach of God's mercy—if the worst of all imaginable sinners seek, in a Bible-breathed spirit at last, that mercy through the Atonement of the Redeemer. Daily—and nightly—he visited that cell; nor did he fear to touch the hand—now wasted to the bone—which, at the temptation of the Prince of the Air, who is mysteriously suffered to enter in at the gates of every human heart that is guarded not by the flaming sword of God's own Seraphim—lately drenched in the blood of the most innocent creature that ever looked on the day. Yet a sore trial it was to his Christianity to find the criminal so obdurate. He would make no confession! Yet said that it was fit—that it was far best—he should die!—that he deserved death! But ever when the deed without a name was alluded to, his tongue was tied—and

once in the midst of an impassioned prayer, beseeching him to listen to conscience and confess—he that prayed shuddered to behold him frown, and to hear bursting out in terrible energy, "Cease—cease to torment me, or you will drive me to deny my God!"

No father came to visit him in his cell. On the day of trial he had been missing from Moorside, and was seen next morning—(where he had been all night never was known—though it was afterwards rumoured, that one like him had been seen sitting, as the gloaming darkened, on the very spot of the murder)—wandering about the hills, hither and thither, and round and round about, like a man stricken with blindness, and vainly seeking to find his home. When brought into the house, his senses were gone, and he had lost the power of speech. All he could do was to mutter some disjointed syllables, which he did continually, without one moment's cessation, one unintelligible and most rueful moan! The figure of his daughter seemed to cast no image on his eyes—blind and dumb he sat where he had been placed, perpetually wringing his hands, with his shaggy eyebrows drawn high up his forehead, and the fixed orbs—though stone-blind, at least to all real things—beneath them flashing fire. He had borne up bravely—almost to the last—but had some tongue syllabled his son's doom to him in the wilderness, and at that instant had insanity smitten his soul?

Such utter prostration of intellect had been expected by none; for the old man, up to the very night before the Trial, had expressed the most confident trust of his son's acquittal. Nothing had ever served to shake his conviction of his innocence—though he had always forborne speaking about the circumstances of the murder—and had communicated to nobody any of the grounds on which he more than hoped in a case so hopeless; and though a trouble in his eyes often gave the lie to his lips, when he used to say to the silent neighbours, "We shall soon see him back at Moorside." Had his belief in his Ludovic's innocence, and his trust in God that that innocence would be established and set free, been so sacred, that the blow, when

it did come, had smitten him like a hammer, and felled him to the ground, from which he had risen with a brain rent and riven? In whatever way the shock had been given, it had been terrible; for old Gilbert Adamson was now a confirmed lunatic, and keepers were in Moorside—not keepers from a mad-house—for his daughter could not afford such tendance—but two of her brother's friends who sat up with him alternately, night and day, while the arms of the old man, in his distraction, had to be bound with cords. That dreadful moaning was at an end now; but the echoes of the hills responded to his yells and shrieks; and people were afraid to go near the house. It was proposed among the neighbours to take Alice and little Ann out of it; and an asylum for them was in the Mause; but Alice would not stir at all their entreaties; and as, in such a case, it would have been too shocking to tear her away by violence, she was suffered to remain with him who knew her not, but who often—it was said—stared distractedly upon her, as if she had been some fiend sent in upon his insanity from the place of punishment. Weeks passed on, and still she was there—hiding herself at times from those terrified eyes; and from her watching corner, waiting from morn till night, and from night till morn—for she never lay down to sleep, and had never undressed herself since that fatal sentence—for some moment of exhausted horror, when she might steal out, and carry some slight gleam of comfort, however evanescent, to the glimmer or the gloom in which the brain of her Father swam through a dream of blood. But there were no lucid intervals; and ever as she moved towards him, like a pitying angel, did he furiously rage against her, as if she had been a fiend. At last, she who, though yet so young, had lived to see the murdered corpse of her dearest friend—murdered by her own only brother, whom, in secret, that murdered maiden had most tenderly loved—that murderous brother loaded with prison-chains, and condemned to the gibbet for inextinguishable and unpardonable crimes—her father raving like a demon, self-murderous were his hands but free, nor visited by one glimpse of mercy!

Him who rules the skies—after having borne more than, as she meekly said, had ever poor girl borne, she took to her bed quite heart-broken, and, the night before the day of execution, died. As for poor little Ann, she had been wiled away some weeks before; and in the blessed thoughtlessness of childhood, was not without hours of happiness among her playmates on the braes!

The Morning of that Day arose, and the Moor was all blackened with people round the tall gibbet, that seemed to have grown, with its horrid arms, out of the ground, during the night. No sound of axes or of hammers had been heard clinking during the dark hours—nothing had been seen passing along the road—for the windows of all the houses from which any thing could have been seen, had been shut fast against all horrid sights—and the horses' hoofs and the wheels must have been muffled that had brought that hideous Framework to the Moor! But there it now stood—a dreadful Tree! The sun moved higher and higher up the sky, and all the eyes of that congregation were at once turned towards the east, for a dull sound, as of rumbling wheels and trampling feet, seemed shaking the Moor in that direction; and lo! surrounded with armed men on horseback, and environed with halberds, came on a cart, in which three persons seemed to be sitting, he in the middle all dressed in white—the death-clothes of the murderer, the un pitying shedder of most innocent blood.

There was no bell to toll there—but at the very moment he was ascending the scaffold, a black cloud knelled thunder, and many hundreds of people all at once fell down upon their knees. The man in white lifted up his eyes and said, "O Lord God of Heaven! and Thou his blessed Son, who died to save sinners! accept this sacrifice!"

Not one in all that immense crowd could have known that that white apparition was Ludovic Adamson. His hair that had been almost jet-black, was now white as his face—as his figure, dressed, as it seemed, for the grave. Are they going to execute the murderer in his shroud? Stone-blind, and stone-deaf, there he stood—yet had he, without help,

walked up the steps of the scaffold. A hymn of several voices arose—the man of God close beside the criminal, with the Bible in his uplifted hands—but those bloodless lips had no motion—with him this world was not, though yet he was in life—in life and no more! And was this the man, who, a few months ago, flinging the fear of death from him, as a flash of sunshine flings aside the shades, had descended into that pit which an hour before had been bellying, as the foul vapours exploded like cannons, and brought up the bodies of them that had perished in the womb of the earth? Was this he who once leapt into the devouring fire, and re-appeared, after all had given over for lost the glorious boy, with an infant in his arms, while the flames seemed to eddy back, that they might scathe not the head of the deliverer, while a shower of blessings fell upon him as he laid it in its mother's bosom, and made the heart of the widow to sing for joy? It is he. And now the executioner pulls down the cord from the beam, and fastens it round the criminal's neck. His face is already covered, and that fatal handkerchief is in his hand. The whole crowd are now kneeling, and one multitudinous sob convulses the air;—when wild outcries, and shrieks, and yells, are at that moment heard from the distant gloom of the glen that opened up to Moorside, and three figures, one far in advance of the other two, come flying as on the wings of the wind, towards the gibbet. Hundreds started to their feet, and “’Tis the maniac—’tis the lunatic!” was the cry. Precipitating himself down a rocky hillside, that seemed hardly accessible but to the goats, the maniac, the lunatic, at a few desperate leaps and bounds, just as it was expected he would have been dashed in pieces, alighted unshaken upon the level greensward; and now, far ahead of his keepers, with incredible swiftness neared the scaffold—and, the dense crowd making a lane for him in their fear and astonishment, he flew up the ladder to the horrid platform, and, grasping his son in his arms, howled dreadfully over him; and then with a loud voice cried, “Saved—saved—saved!”

So sudden had been that wild rush, that all the officers of justice—the

very executioner—stood aghast; and lo! the prisoner's neck is free from that accursed cord—his face is once more visible without that hideous shroud—and he sinks down senseless on the scaffold. “Seize him—seize him!” and he was seized—but no maniac—no lunatic was the father now—for during the night, and during the dawn, and during the morn, and on to midday—on to the Hour of ONE—when all rueful preparations were to be completed—had Providence been clearing and calming the tumult in that troubled brain, and as the cottage clock struck ONE, memory brightened at the chime into a perfect knowledge of the past, and prophetic imagination saw the future lowering upon the dismal present. All night long, with the cunning of a madman—for all night long he had still been mad—the miserable old man had been disengaging his hands from the manacles, and that done, springing like a wild beast from its cage, he flew out of the open door, nor could a horse's speed on that fearful road have overtaken him, before he reached the scaffold.

No need was there to hold the miserable man. He who had been so furious in his manacles at Moorside, seemed now to the people at a distance, calm as when he used to sit in the elder's seat beneath the pulpit in that small kirk. But they who were on or near the scaffold, saw something horrid in the fixedness of his countenance. “Let go your hold of me, ye fools,” he muttered to some of the mean wretches of the law, who still had him in their clutch—and tossing his hands on high, cried with a loud voice,—“Give ear, ye Heavens! and hear, O Earth! I am the Violator—I am the Murderer!”

The moor groaned as in earthquake—and then all that congregation bowed their heads with a rustling noise, like a wood smitten by the wind. Had they heard aright the unimaginable confession? His head had long been grey—he had reached the term allotted to man's mortal life here below—threescore and ten. Morning and evening, never had the Bible been out of his hands at the hour set apart for family worship. And who so eloquent as he in expounding its most dreadful my-

teries! The unregenerate heart of man, he had ever said—in scriptural phrase—was “desperately wicked.” Desperately wicked indeed! And now again he tossed his arms wrathfully—so the wild motion looked—in the wrathful skies. “I ravished—I murdered her—ye know it, ye evil spirits in the depths of hell!” Consternation now fell on the minds of all—and the truth was clear as light—and all eyes knew at once that now indeed they looked on the murderer. The dreadful delusion under which all their understandings had been brought by the power of circumstances, was by that voice destroyed—the obduracy of him who had been about to die, was now seen to have been the most heroic virtue—the self-sacrifice of a son to save a father from ignominy and death!

“O monster, beyond the reach of redemption! and the very day after the murder, while the corpse was lying in blood on the Moor, he was with us in the House of God! Tear him in pieces—read him limb from limb—tear him into a thousand pieces!”—“The Evil One had power given him to prevail against me, and I fell under the temptation. It was so written in the Book of Predestination, and the deed lies at the door of God!”—“Tear the blasphemer into pieces! Let the scaffold drink his blood!”—“So let it be, if it be so written, good people! Satan never left me since the murder till this day—he sat by my side in the kirk—when I was ploughing in the field—there—ever as I came back from the other end of the furrows—he stood on the head-rig—in the shape of a black shadow. But now I see him not—he has returned to his den in the pit. I cannot imagine what I have been doing, or what has been done to me, all the time between the

day of trial and this of execution. Was I mad? No matter. But you shall not hang Ludovic—he, poor boy, is innocent;—here, look at him—here—I tell you again—is the Violator and the Murderer!”

But shall the men in authority dare to stay the execution at a maniac’s words? If they dare not—that multitude will, now all rising together like the waves of the sea. “Cut the cords asunder that bind our Ludovic’s arms”—a thousand voices cried—and the murderer, unclasping a knife, that, all unknown to his keepers, he had worn in his breast when a maniac, sheared them asunder as the sickle shears the corn. But his son stirred not—and on being lifted up by his father, gave not so much as a groan. His heart had burst—and he was dead! No one touched the grey-headed murderer, who knelt down—not to pray—but to look into his son’s eyes—and to examine his lips—and to feel his left breast—and to search out all the symptoms of a fainting-fit, or to assure himself,—and many a corpse had the plunderer handled on the field after hush of the noise of battle,—that this was death. He rose; and standing forward on the edge of the scaffold, said, with a voice that shook not, deep, strong, hollow, and hoarse—“Good people! I am likewise now the murderer of my daughter and of my son! and of myself!” Next moment, the knife was in his heart—and he fell down a corpse on the corpse of his Ludovic. All round the sultry horizon the black clouds had for hours been gathering—and now came the thunder and the lightning—and the storm. Again the whole multitude prostrated themselves on the moor—and the Pastor, bending over the bodies, said,

“THIS IS EXPIATION!”

LIFE OF RICHARD BENTLEY, D.D. BY J. H. MONK, D.D.

PART II.

THE age is past in which men rendered a cheerful justice to the labours of the classical scholar. Joseph Scaliger, Isaac Casaubon, and the monster of erudition, Claudius Salmasius, are supposed by multitudes of sciolists to have misdirected their powers. In that case, Richard Bentley must submit to the same award. Yet it would perhaps be no difficult achievement to establish a better apology for the classical student than is contemplated by those who give the tone to the modern fashion in education.

What it is proposed to *substitute* for classical erudition, we need not too rigorously examine. Some acquaintance with the showy parts of Experimental Philosophy and Chemistry—a little *practical* Mathematics—a slight popular survey of the facts of History and Geography—a sketch of empirical Political Economy—a *little* Law—a *little* Divinity—perhaps even a *little* Medicine and Ferriery; such are the elements of a fashionable education. All that is really respectable in a scheme of this complexion, the mathematics and the mechanical philosophy, judging by the evidence of the books which occasionally appear, should seem to be attained with any brilliant success only in that university (Cambridge) where these studies are pursued jointly with the study of classical literature. The notion of any hostility, therefore, between the philological researches of the Greek and Latin literator on the one hand, and the severe meditations on the other, of the geometrician and the inventive analyst—such a hostility as could make it necessary to weigh the one against the other—is, in practice, found to be imaginary. No comparative estimate, then, being called for, we may confine ourselves to a simpler and less invidious appreciation of classical erudition upon the footing of its *absolute* pretensions.

Perhaps a judicious pleading on this subject would pursue something of the following outline:

First, It is undeniable that the progress of *sacred* literature is depend-

ent upon that of profane. The vast advances made in Biblical knowledge, and in other parts of divinity, since the era of the Reformation, are due, in a great proportion, to the *general* prosecution of classical learning. It is in vain to attempt a distinction between the useful parts of this learning and the ornamental: All are useful, all are necessary. The most showy and exquisite refinements in the doctrine of Greek metric metre, even where they do not directly avail us in expelling anomalies of syntax or of idiom from embarrassed passages, and thus harmonizing our knowledge of this wonderful language, yet offer a great indirect benefit: they exalt the standard of attainment, by increasing its difficulty and its compass; and a prize placed even at an elevation useless for itself, becomes serviceable as a guarantee that all lower heights must have been previously traversed.

Secondly, The general effect upon the character of young men from a classical education, is pretty much like that which is sought for in travelling; more unequivocally even than *that*, coming at the age which is best fitted for receiving deep impressions, it liberalizes the mind. This effect is derived in part from the ennobling tone of sentiment which presides throughout the great orators, historians, and *littérateurs* of antiquity; and in part it is derived from the vast *difference* in temper and spirit between the modern (or Christian) style of thinking, and that which prevailed under a Pagan religion, connected, in its brightest periods, with republican institutions. The mean impression from *home-keeping*, and the contracted views of a mere personal experience, are thus, as much as by any other conceivable means, broken and defeated. Edmund Burke has noticed the illiberal air which is communicated to the mind by an education exclusively scientific, even where it is more radical and profound than it is likely to be under those theories which reject classical erudition. The sentiments which distinguish a *gentleman* receive

no aid from any attainments in science; but it is certain, that familiarity with the classics, and the noble direction which they are fitted to impress upon the thoughts and aspirations, *do* eminently fall in with the few other chivalrous sources of feeling that survive at this day. It is not improbable, also, that a reflection upon the "uselessness" of such studies, according to the estimate of coarse Utilitarians—that is, their inapplicability to any object of mercenary or mechanic science, co-operates with their more direct influences in elevating the taste. Thence, we may explain the reason of the universal hatred amongst plebeian and coarse-minded Jacobins to studies and institutions which point in this direction. They hate the classics for the same reason that they hate the manners of chivalry, or the characteristic distinctions of a gentleman.

Thirdly, A sentiment of just respect belongs to the classical scholar, if it were only for the numerical extent of the items which compose the great total of his knowledge. In separate importance, the acquisitions of the mathematician transcend *his*: each several proposition in that region of knowledge has its distinct value and dignity. But in the researches of the scholar, more truly than in any other whatsoever, the details are infinite. And for this infinity of acts, on the parts of the understanding and the memory, if otherwise even less important, he has a special claim upon our consideration.

Fourthly, The *difficulty*, as derived from peculiar idiom and construction, of mastering the two classical languages of antiquity, more especially the Greek, is in itself a test of very unusual talent. Modern languages are learned inevitably by simple efforts of memory. And, if the learner has the benefit of a rational plan of tuition, viz. the tuition of circumstances, which oblige him to speak the language, and to hear it spoken, for all purposes of daily life, there is perhaps no living idiom in Europe which would not be mastered in three months. Certainly, there is none which presupposes any peculiar talent, as a *conditio sine qua non* for its attainment.

Greek *does*; and we affirm peremptorily, that none but a man of singular talent can attain (what, after all, goes but a small way in the accomplishments of a scholar) the power of reading Greek fluently at sight. The difficulty lies in two points: First, in the peculiar perplexities of the Greek construction; and, secondly, in the continual inadequation (to use a logical term) of Greek and modern terms; a circumstance which makes literal translation impossible, and reduces the translator to a continued effort of compensation. Upon a proper occasion, it would be easy to illustrate this point. Meantime the fact must strike every body, be the explanation what it may, that very few persons ever *do* arrive at any tolerable skill in the Greek language. After seven years' application to it, most people are still alarmed at a sudden summons to translate a Greek quotation; it is even ill-bred to ask for such a thing; and we may appeal to the candour of those even who, upon a case of necessity, are able to "do the trick," whether, in reading a Greek book of history for their own private amusement, (Herodian for example,) they do not court the assistance of the Latin version at the side. Greek rarely becomes as familiar as Latin. And, as the modes of teaching them are pretty much the same, there is no way of explaining this but by supposing a difficulty *sui generis* in the Greek language, and a talent *sui generis* for contending with it.

Upon some such line of argument as we have here sketched—illustrating the claims of the classical student according to the several grounds now alleged, viz. the difficulty of his attainments in any exquisite form, their vast extent, their advantageous tendency for impressing an elevated tone upon the youthful mind; and, above all, their connexion with the maintenance of that "*strong book-mindedness*," and massy erudition, which are the buttresses of a reformed church, and which failing (if they ever *should* fail) will leave it open to thousands of factious schisms, and finally even to destructive heresies—possibly a fair pleader might make out a case, stronger than a modern education-monger could retort, for the scholar, technically so called,

meaning the man who has surrendered his days and nights to Greek, Latin, and the Biblical languages.

Such a scholar, and modelled upon the most brilliant conception of his order, was Bentley. Wisely concentrating his exertions, under a conviction, that no length of life or reach of faculties was sufficient to exhaust that single department which he cultivated, he does not appear to have carried his studies, in any instance, beyond it. Whatsoever more he knew, he knew in a popular way; and doubtless for much of that knowledge he was indebted to conversation. Carried by his rank and appointments (and, from a very early age, by the favour of his patron, Bishop Stillingfleet) into the best society, with so much shrewd sense, and so powerful a memory, he could not but bear away with him a large body of that miscellaneous knowledge which floats upon the surface of social intercourse. He was deficient, therefore, in no information which naturally belongs to an English gentleman. But the whole of it, if we except, perhaps, that acquaintance with the English law, and the forms of its courts, which circumstances obliged him to cultivate, was obtained in his hours of convivial relaxation; and rarely indeed at the sacrifice of a single hour, which, in the distribution of his time, he had allotted to the one sole vocation of his life—the literature of classical antiquity. How much he accomplished in that field, will be best learned from a *catalogue raisonné* of his works, (including his contributions to the works of others,) and from a compressed abstract of that principal work to which he is in-

debted for much of the lustre which still settles upon his memory.

His *coup d'essai* in literature, as we have already mentioned, was his appendix to the Chronicle of Malelas. It was written in the winter of 1690; but not published until June 1691. Bentley was at this time twenty-nine years old, and could not therefore benefit by any consideration of his age. But he needed no indulgences. His epistle travels over a prodigious extent of ground, and announces everywhere a dignified self-respect, combined with respect for others. In all that relates to the Greek dramatic poets, Euripides in particular, and in the final disquisition (which we have already analysed) on the laws which govern the Latinization of Grecian proper names, the appendix to Malelas is still worthy of most attentive study.

He soon after began to prepare editions of Philostratus, of Hesychius, and the Latin poet Manilius. From these labours he was drawn off, in 1692, by his first appointment to preach the Boyle Lecture. Those sermons are published. They were serviceable to his reputation at that time, and are still worthy of their place as the inaugural dissertations in that distinguished series of English divinity. It would be idle to describe them as in any eminent sense philosophical; they are not so; but they present as able a refutation of the infidel notions then prevalent,* and (in the two latter lectures) as popular an application to the same purpose of the recent Newtonian discoveries, as the times demanded, or a miscellaneous audience permitted.

In 1694, Bentley was again appointed to preach the Boyle Lecture:

* Misled by Dr Monk, (who, though citing the passage from Bentley's Letters about the Hobbists, yet, in the preceding page, speaks of "the doctrines of Spinoza," as having contributed to taint the principles of many in the higher classes,) we had charged Bentley with the common error of his order, in supposing a book so rare as the *B. D. S. Opera Posthuma* to have been, by possibility, an influential one in England. But we now find, on consulting Dr Burney's Collection of Bentley's Letters, (p. 146 of the Leipsic edition, 1825,) that Bentley expressly avowed our own view of the case. His words to Dr Bernard are as follows:—"But are the Atheists of your mind, that they have no books written for them? Not one of them but believes Tom Hobbes to be a rank one; and that his corporeal God is a mere sham to get his book printed. I have said something to this in my first sermon, and I know it to be true, by the conversation I have had with them. There may be some Spinozists, or immaterial Fatalists, beyond seas; but not one English infidel in a hundred is other than a Hobbist."

but his sermons on that occasion have not been printed. On various pleas he delayed preparing them for the press so long, that before he found himself at leisure for that task, the solicitations of his friends had languished, and his own interest in the work had probably died away. Fifty-two years ago, when the life of Bentley was published in the *Biographia Britannica*, they were still in existence; but his present biographer has not been able to ascertain their subsequent fate.

By this time the *Philostratus* was ready for the press, but an accident put an end to that undertaking. The high duties upon paper, and other expenses of printing in England, had determined Bentley to bring out his edition at Leipsic; and accordingly one sheet was printed in that university. But Bentley, who had the eye of an amateur for masterly printing, and the other luxuries of the English and Dutch press, was so much disgusted with the coarseness of this German specimen, that he peremptorily put an end to the work, and transferred his own collations of two Oxford MSS. to Olearius of Leipsic. In the edition published by this person in 1709, there will be found so much of Bentley's notes as were contained in the specimen sheet; these, however, extend no farther than page 11; and what is become of the rest, a matter of some interest to ourselves, we are unable to learn.

In 1695, Bentley assisted his zealous friend Evelyn in the revision of his *Numismata*.

In July 1696, on taking his doctor's degree, Bentley maintained three separate theses: one on the *Rationality of the Mosaic Cosmogony and Deluge*; a second on the *Divine Origin of the Christian Miracles*; and a third

on the *Relation between the Christian and Platonic Trinities*. These themes (at any rate the last) appear to us somewhat above the reach of Bentley's philosophy, or indeed of any English philosophy, since the days of Henry More, Cudworth, and Stillington. The last of these persons, however, his own friend and patron, had probably furnished Bentley with directions and materials for treating the question. This dissertation we should have delighted to read; but it seems to have vanished as completely as the public breakfast which accompanied it. On the Sunday following, he preached before the University what is called the Commencement Sermon (*of Revelation and the Messiah*.) Many years afterwards, this was added as an appropriate sequel to an edition of his Boyle Lectures, in 1692. It is a powerful and learned defence of the Christian faith, and of the claims of its founder to the character of the Jewish Messiah.

Meantime, his professional exertions had not abated his zeal for literature. In the course of this year, he finished his notes and emendations to the text of Callimachus. These, together with a complete digest of that poet's fragments, admirably corrected, he transmitted to his learned friend Grævius of Utrecht, for the improvement of a sort of *Variorum Callimachus*, which he was then carrying through the press. This had been originally projected, and some part already printed, by a son of Grævius, who died prematurely. In the very first letter of Grævius, September 17, 1692,* thus much had been explained to Bentley,—and that amongst the ornaments of the edition would be a copious commentary of Ezechiel Spanheim, a distinguished Prussian, envoy

* Of all biographers, Dr Monk is the most perversely obscure in fixing dates. As one instance, at p. 21, we defy any critic to explain the reference of the words—"This happened in the latter part of 1690." What happened? The words immediately preceding are, "that Bentley should publish his remarks on Maleias." Naturally, therefore, every reader would understand the reference as pointing to the actual publication of those remarks; but in the middle of the next page, he finds that this did not occur until June 1691. Here, again, with respect to Callimachus, the wit of man could not make out, from the sentence which opens chapter V., whether the publication took place in the August of 1696 or of 1697. But by a letter of Grævius, dated on the 6th of September, 1697, and stating that he had three weeks before dispatched six copies of the *Callimachus* as presents to Bentley, we ascertain that 1697 was the true date.

at one time to England from the court of Berlin, and next after Bentley, perhaps, the best Grecian of the age. Drest in this pomp of learned apparel, the muse of Callimachus came forth with unexpected effect: *pars minima est ipsa puella sui*; and Bentley was perhaps sincere in assuring Grævius (15th February, 1698) that, according to the judgment of one learned friend, no writer of antiquity had been so richly endowed with editorial services.

In May 1697 was published the original Dissertation on Phalaris, as a supplement to the second edition of Wotton's Essay on Ancient and Modern Learning. By way of suitable accompaniments, were added shorter dissertations on the spurious Letters of Themistocles, Socrates, and Euripides; and finally, on the Fables, and the personal deformity, imputed to Æsop. At the beginning of 1699 appeared the second (or complete) dissertation on Phalaris, from which (on account of the great expansion given to the principal theme) all supplementary parts were now unavoidably retrenched.

Soon after this period, the manifold business which occupied Bentley, upon his promotion to the headship of Trinity College, upon his marriage, and various University appointments, appears to have interrupted his literary pursuits; and perhaps he surrendered himself the more tractably to these avocations from the ordinary tenor of his life, in consideration of the excessive price of English paper, which, in 1698, he had assigned to Grævius* as a satisfactory motive for renouncing the press. However, when he did not work himself, he was always ready to assist those who did; and in 1701, we find him applying his whole academic influence to the promotion of the Prussian, Kuster's, edition of Suidas, which he enriched partly from the MSS. of the deceased Bishop Pearson, partly from his own stores.

In the summer of the year 1702, Bentley first formed the design of editing a body of classics for the use of the students in his own college;

and a Horace, which occupied him at intervals for the next ten years, was selected as the leader of the series.

In 1708, by way of assisting his old friend, Ludolf Kuster, in a hasty edition of Aristophanes, he addressed to him three Critical Epistles on the *Plutus* and the *Clouds*. These were dislocated and mangled by Kuster, under the pressure of haste, and the unfortunate arrangements of the printer. Two, however, of the three have been preserved and published, exactly as Bentley wrote them; and in this instance, we are happy to agree with Dr Monk that these letters (and, we may add, the general tone, and much of the peculiar merit which belongs to the Phalaris Dissertation) point out Aristophanes, beyond all other writers of antiquity, as that one who would have furnished the fullest arena for Bentley's various and characteristic attainments. About the same time, Bentley had the honour of giving a right direction to the studies of Tiberius Hemsterhuis, the founder of a distinguished school of continental scholars, whose metrical deficiencies had been made known by his recent edition of Julius Pollux. The two letters of Bentley have since been published by Ruhken.

In the year 1709, he assisted Davies in his edition of the Tusculan Questions of Cicero, by a large body of admirable emendations; and in the same year, he communicated to Needham, who was then editing Hierocles, a collection of conjectures on the text of that author, which, though not equally sound, have the customary Bentleian merit of extraordinary ingenuity.

It is one illustration of the universal favour which Bentley extended to the interests of knowledge, even in those departments which promised no glory to himself, that he had long laboured to obtain a second and improved edition of Sir Isaac Newton's Principia. Sir Isaac, however, was, at this time, engrossed by his employments at the Mint; but at length, in this year, 1709, Bentley had the satisfaction of engaging Professor

* ——— “de libris edendis consilium capere stultum esset, ob immanem in his reglōnibus charta charitatem.”—Feb. 15, 1698.

Cotes in that task, and of opening a long correspondence* between the Professor and Sir Isaac, which arranged the whole alterations and additions.

In the spring of 1710 was published one of Bentley's occasional works, which caused at that time, and yet continues to cause, some speculation. An unexplained mystery hung even then over the mode of publication; and a mystery still hangs over its motive. In the latter end of 1709, the well-known Clericus, or Le Clerc, whose general attainments Dr Monk rates far too highly, published an edition of the *Fragmenta* of Menander and Philemon, with a brutish ignorance of Greek. Simple ignorance, however, and presumption, cannot be supposed sufficient to have provoked Bentley, who uniformly left such exposures to the inevitable hand of time. Yet so it was, that, in December of the same year, Bentley sat down and wrote extemporal emendations on 323 passages in the *Fragmenta*, with a running commentary of unsparing severity upon the enormous blunders of Le Clerc. This little work, by a circuitous channel, in the spring of 1710, he conveyed into the hands of Peter Burman, the bitterest enemy of Le Clerc. It may readily be conceived that Burman, thirsty as he was at that particular moment for vengeance, received with a frenzy of joy these thunderbolts from the armoury of Jove. He published the work immediately, under the title of *Emendationes in Menandri et Philemonis Reliquias, auctore Phileleuthero Lipsiensi*, and with an insulting preface of his own. Before the press had completed its work, Le Clerc heard of the impending castigation. The author's name also was easily suspected in the small list of Greek scholars. Le Clerc, who conducted a severe review, wrote in his usual spirit of dictatorial insolence to Bentley, calling upon him to disavow so shocking an attack. Bentley replied by calmly pointing out to him his presumption as a Grecian editor, and his arrogant folly as a bully. Meantime the book was published, and read with so much avi-

dity, (although in a learned language,) that in three weeks the entire impression was exhausted. It was attacked by the old hornet James Gronovius, who hated Le Clerc and Bentley with an equal hatred, and also by the scoundrel De Pauw; but, said Bentley, with the most happy application of a line from Phædrus, "nondum eorum ictus tanti facio, ut iterum a me vapulent":

Multo majoris colaphi necum veneunt."

On the 8th December, 1711, Bentley put the finishing hand to his edition of Horace—the most instructive, perhaps, in its notes, of all contributions whatsoever to Latin literature. The attacks which it provoked were past counting; the applauses were no less vehement from every part of Europe; and, amongst others, from an old enemy—Atterbury, the ring-leader in the Phalaris controversy. A second and improved impression of the work was immediately called for, and issued from the press of Amsterdam.

In 1713, Bentley replied, under his former signature of *Phileleutherus Lipsiensis*, to Anthony Collins's "Discourse of Freethinking." His triumph, in this instance, was owing less to his own strength than to the weakness of his antagonist. Collins had some philosophical acuteness, as he shewed elsewhere; but of learning, properly so called, he had none. The most useful service which Bentley rendered to the public on this occasion, was the just colouring which he gave to an argument for impeaching the credit of the New Testament, recently impressed upon the timid and the scrupulous by the notoriety of Dr Mill's labours upon its text. Many Christians had been scandalized and alarmed by a body of thirty thousand various readings in a text issuing from inspiration. But Bentley re-assured their trembling faith, by shewing that an immense majority of these variations scarcely affected the sense at all; and, of those which did, few, indeed, would be found to disturb any cardinal doctrine, which, after all, was otherwise secured by unsuspected

* This correspondence is still preserved in Trinity College; and we are sure that every reader will join us heartily in praying for its publication.

passages. It is an interesting reflection to us at this day, that the Collins here refuted was that friend of Locke, as appears from his letters, originally published by Des Maizeaux, upon whom he lavished every proof of excessive regard in the last moments of his life. He introduced him even with the most flattering recommendations to his hostess, Lady Masham, the daughter of that Cudworth, who had spent his life in the refutation of philosophic scepticism !*

In 1715, on occasion of the first Pretender's expedition, Bentley preached before the University a sermon on Popery, which, though merely occasional, ranks amongst the most powerful expositions of the corruptions introduced into pure Christianity by that stupendous superstition. The force of its natural and manly rhetoric may be conceived from this fact, that Sterne, the wholesale plagiarist, has borrowed from it a long passage for the sermon which he puts into the mouth of Corporal Trim, who is made to express its terrible energy by saying, that "he would not read another line of it for all the world."

On the 15th of April, 1716, Bentley, in a letter to Wake, Archbishop of Canterbury, brought forward a scheme, which of itself should have immortalized him, for retrieving the original text of the New Testament, *exactly as it was at the time of the Council of Nice*, without the difference of "twenty words," or "even twenty particles." Compressed within a few words, his plan was this :—Mill, and other collectors of various readings, had taken notice only of absolute differences in the words—never of mere variations in their *order and arrangement*; these they conceived to be purely accidental. Bentley thought otherwise; for he had noticed, that, wherever he could obtain the genuine reading of the old authorized Latin version, technically called the *Vulgate*, the order of the words exactly corres-

ponded to the order of the original Greek. This pointed to something more than accident. A sentence of St Jerome ripened this suspicion into a certainty. Hence it occurred to him, that, if by any means he could retrieve the true text of the Latin Vulgate, as it was originally reformed and settled by St Jerome, he would at once obtain a guide for selecting, amongst the crowd of variations in the present Greek text, that one which St Jerome had authenticated as the reading authorized long before his day. Such a restoration of the Vulgate, Bentley believed to be possible by means of MSS., of which the youngest should reach an age of 900 years. How far this principle of restoration could have been practically carried through, is a separate question; but, for the principle itself, we take upon ourselves to say, that a finer thought does not occur in the records of inventive criticism. It is not a single act of conjectural sagacity, but a consequential train of such acts.

In the same year, Bentley wrote a letter to Biel upon the Scriptural glosses in our present copies of Hesychius, which he considered interpolations from a later hand. This letter, which evidences the same critical acquaintance with Hesychius, which, in the aids given to his friend Kuster, he had already manifested with Suidas, has been published by Alberti, in the *Prolegomena* to his edition of that lexicographer.

In this year also, a plan was agitated (according to one tradition, by the two Chief Justices, Parker and King) for an edition of the Classics, *in usum Principis Frederici*. Such a project could not fail to suggest a competition with the famous French series, *in usum Delphini*. Difficulty there was none in making the English one far more learned; and, with that view, it was designed that Bentley should preside over the execution. For this service, he is said to have demanded L.1000 *per annum* for life; on the other hand, Lord

* Collins wanted something more than plety; he was not even an honest man; for he reprinted his work in Holland, purified from the gross cases of ignorance exposed by Bentley; and then circulating this improved edition amongst his friends in England, which he had taken care to mask by a lying title-page, he persuaded them that the passages in question were mere forgeries of Bentley's.

Townshend, by the same account, would give no more than L.500. Some misunderstanding arose, and, finally, the whole plan was dismissed by the court, in company with the liberal minister who had entertained it. Perhaps this is not to be regretted; for a *corpus* of editions, as much more learned than the Delphin, as Bentley was more learned than Huet, would stand a good chance of being almost useless to boys.

In 1717, Bentley preached before the King. This sermon was published; and is described by Dr Monk as being, perhaps, not worse calculated to win the favourable opinion of general readers, than any thing else which its author has left. For ourselves, we have not been so fortunate as to meet with it.

Not long after, in the same year, Bentley was elected the Regius Professor of Divinity in Cambridge. On the 1st of May, the day preceding his election, he delivered his probationary lecture. The subject, even more than the occasion, made this so interesting, that we do not hear, without indignation, of the uncertainty which all parties profess with regard to the fate of a copy of it, known to have been in existence 40 years ago. The lecture treated the famous question of the disputed passage—On the Three Heavenly Witnesses, (1 Epist. of St John, v. 7.) Porson, to whom such a lecture must have been peculiarly interesting, had read it; so had Dr Vincent, the late Dean of Westminster. Could neither of these gentlemen have copied it? Or, if that were forbidden, could they not have mastered the outline of the arguments?—Meantime, as to the result, every body is agreed that Bentley peremptorily rejected the verse. Yet, in a correspondence, at the beginning of this very year, with some stranger, which has been since published, Bentley is less positive on that matter, and avows his determination to treat the case, not as a question for critical choice and sagacity, but simply as a question of fact—to be decided, whenever he came to that part of his new edition of the Greek Testament, by the balance of readings, as he should happen to find them on this side or that in the best MSS. "What will be the event," he says,

"I myself know not yet; having not used all the old copies I have information of." Within the four months' interval between this correspondence and his probationary lecture, it is improbable that Bentley should have made any such progress in his Greek Testament, as could materially affect his view of this question; and we infer from that consideration, that, in his lecture, he must have treated it purely as a question for sagacity and tentative conjecture, not for positive evidence. This latter mode of deciding the case, by which he promised his correspondent that he would finally abide, remains therefore unaffected by the award of his lecture. We agree with Dr Middleton, the first Bishop of Calcutta, that the controversy is not yet exhausted. In the following month, (June 1717,) he delivered his inaugural oration, which lasted for two hours and a half, on entering upon the duties of his chair. This, which unfortunately has not been preserved, except in the slight and sneering sketch of an enemy, appears to have been chiefly an apologetic account of his whole literary career; doubtless for the purpose of disarming the general presumption, that a course of study, which had been so peculiarly directed to what, in the old university phrase, are called the *humanities* of literature, could not but have impressed a bias upon his enquiries unfavourable to the austerer researches of *divinity*. He reminded his audience, however, that he had been appointed on two separate occasions a public champion of Christianity; and that, in another instance, when he had stepped forward as a volunteer in the same august service, he had earned the solemn thanks of the university.

In 1718, Bentley resumed, but suddenly and finally discontinued, the third part of his answer to Collins. He had agreed to pursue it, at the particular request of the Princess of Wales; and two half-sheets were actually printed; but, conceiving himself ill-treated by the court, he protested that he would do nothing to gratify those who behaved no better than his declared enemies.

Meantime he had been prosecuting his great scheme for the restoration of the Nicene text of the New

Testament, according to the opportunities of leisure which his public duties allowed him, with his usual demoniac energy, and with a generous disregard of expense. Through different agents, he had procured collations of MSS. all over Europe; and in particular, had maintained a correspondence with the Benedictines of St Maur, one extract from which has been published by Sabatier, in his *Bibliorum Sacrorum Versiones Antiquæ*. By the autumn of 1720, his work was so far advanced, that, in October, he issued a formal prospectus, stating its plan, (as originally sketched, in the spring of 1716, to the Archbishop of Canterbury,) its form and price, and the literary aids which he counted upon. The 22d chapter of the Revelations accompanied these proposals, as a specimen—not of the paper or printing, (which were to be the best that Europe afforded,)—but of the editorial management. And with that just appreciation of his own merits which the honest frankness of Bentley would seldom allow him to suppress, he solemnly consecrated the work “*as a* κατάβλητον, *a κατάβλητον* ἡ δὲ ἀντιγραφή, *a charter, a Magna Charta, to the whole Christian Church; to last when all the ancient MSS. may be lost and extinguished.*” Conyers Middleton, incapable of understanding this grand burst of enthusiasm, immediately wrote a pamphlet to disparage the project, which he stigmatized (in allusion to the South-Sea schemes, recently exposed) as *Bentley’s Bubble*. One instance will explain the character of his malice: He made it a theme for scurrilous insinuations against Bentley, that he published by subscription. Now, in any age, an expensive undertaking, which presupposes a vast outlay for the collation* (or occasionally the purchase) of MSS., and rare editions, is a privileged case, as respects subscriptions; but in that age every body published by subscription. Pope did so, and in that way made his fortune by the *Iliad*. And, what marks the climax in Middleton’s baseness, he himself published his knavish

Life of Cicero, in the most deliberate manner, upon the ordinary terms of a subscription. Early in January 1721, appeared a caustic reply to Middleton’s pamphlet, which, upon internal evidence, is, and was, ascribed to Bentley. In about three months, Middleton retorted in a pamphlet four times as long as his first, and openly avowing himself by name as the author. These pamphlets we have read; for they are printed in a quarto republication of Middleton’s Miscellanies. And we are bold to say, in opposition to Dr Monk, that they offer no shadow of sound or scholarlike objection to Bentley’s *Programmæ*. That was written in one evening by candlelight. Why not? It fell into no real error by its precipitancy. Cavils are the best of Middleton’s argument; malice his best inspiration; and, as to the beautiful style, which (according to the old catechism of Blair, &c.) Dr Monk attributes to Middleton, we presume that many, of equal merit, are sold daily at 6d. a-lb. to trunk-makers and pastry-cooks.

It was the fate of Dr Bentley, that every work, executed or projected by him, should be assailed. Accordingly, on this occasion, concurrently with the pamphlets of Middleton, appeared many others, with or without names, English and Latin, virulent or gentle. To Middleton, however, has always been imputed the honour of having crushed the project; how erroneously, we now first learn from Dr Monk. Bentley could not be disturbed by what he had not seen; now he declared to Bishop Atterbury, that he “scorned to read the rascal’s book;” and there is full proof, that, for eight years and upwards after these attacks, he procured collations as zealously as ever. The subscriptions again, which are stated to have been not less than two thousand guineas, shew that purchasers were undeterred by the clamours of malice. However, the fact is, that the work *did* at length languish, for what reason is still doubtful. Wetstein, in his *Prolegomena*, says, that the aban-

* Bentley had paid Wetstein L.50 for the collation of a single Palimpsest; which sum, in relation to the vast extent of the MS., seems to us, with Dr Monk’s leave, a trifle; though, in relation to Bentley’s purse, and the many demands upon it of the same nature, and his prospects of remuneration, it might be a large one.

donment of the work rose out of Bentley's disgust at the meanness of the Treasury in refusing to remit the duty upon the paper for this national undertaking. The facts are truly stated; but we have proof that the effect was insufficient to retard his labour "even for a day." The best guess we can offer to account for the final wreck of so much labour and expense, is, that being continually withdrawn from Bentley's attention, by the perplexities of his multiplied lawsuits, until the shades of old age had overtaken him, the work gradually ceased to occupy his thoughts, or to interest his ambition.

During the long vacation of 1722, Bentley read a copy of Nicander's *Theriaca*, put into his hands by Dr Mead, and wrote his corrections on the margin. These have since been published by Dr Monk, in the *Cambridge Museum Criticum*.

In 1723, the edition of the Tusculan Questions, by Davies, to which Bentley had communicated its original value, was reprinted. On this occasion, he again enriched it with an ample dowery of his own conjectural emendations. These it was his intention to support by notes. Unfortunately, a pressure of business had pre-occupied his attention at the critical moment; the press could not wait; and the book was launched, leaving the best part of its freight behind; and that part, unfortunately, without which the rest was of little value.

In 1724, Dr Hare, Dean of Worcester, originally a confidential friend of Bentley's, who had on three several occasions injured him by his indiscretion or his meanness, consummated his offences by an act of perfidious dishonesty: he published an edition of Terence, in which every thing meritorious was borrowed, without acknowledgment, from the colloquial instructions of Bentley, imperfectly apprehended, and clumsily explained. In revenge for this treachery, Bentley carried rapidly

through the press a Terence of his own; and by way of anticipating Hare, who had announced a Phædrus, he united an edition of that author (connected, as usual, with P. Syrus) in the same volume. This was published at the beginning of 1726. The Phædrus was a precipitate, in fact an extempore, performance; but the Terence is, in our opinion, of all Bentley's editions, the most brilliantly finished. With relation to the critic, undoubtedly his Horace is by much the most elaborately learned; but with relation to the interests of the author, his Terence is the most complete.

In 1731 occurred an incident in the literary life of Bentley, upon which no rational judgment has ever yet been pronounced. At the latter end of that year, he undertook his edition of the *Paradise Lost*; it was carried on with his usual haste, and was published in January 1732. He was now seventy years old, and his age, combined with the apparent extravagance of some of his corrections, might seem, at first, to countenance Dr Monk's insinuation of dotage.* But the case is totally misconceived. His edition of Milton had the same merits as his other editions; peculiar defects it had, indeed, from which his editions of Latin classics were generally free; these, however, were due to no decays in himself, but to original differences in the English classic from any which he could have met with in Pagan literature. The romantic, or Christian, poetry, was alien to Bentley's taste; he had no more sense or organs of perception for this grander and more imaginative order of poetry, than a hedgehog for the music of Mozart. Consequently, whatsoever was peculiarly characteristic in it, seemed to him a monstrous abortion; and had it been possible that passages in the same impassioned key should occur in the austere and naked works of the Roman or Grecian muse, he would doubtless have proscribed

* Dr Monk says, truly enough, that Bentley's corrections would often "lop off the most beautiful parts of the poem." But we are petrified on finding the first instance which he gives—Bentley's very reasonable censure of a well-known bull which all the world has laughed at:

"Adam, the goodliest man of men since born
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve,"

them as interpolations of monks, copyists, or scholiasts, with the same *desperate hook* which operated so summarily on the text of *Paradise Lost*. With these infirmities, and this constitutional defect of poetic sensibility, the single blunder which he committed, was in undertaking such a province. The management of it did him honour; for he complied honestly with the constitution of his mind, and was right in the sense of taking a true view, but from a false station. Whenever a wise man plays the fool, we may suspect that a woman is at the bottom; and for this blunder of Bentley's, we are to thank Queen Caroline, who had a curiosity to see the English Hercules at work upon some task within her own range of sympathy; and accordingly, with the same womanish folly which in Queen Elizabeth imposed upon Shakspeare the grotesque labour of exhibiting Falstaff in love, she laid her commands upon Bentley for a kind of service which obliged him too frequently to abjure all his characteristic powers and accomplishments. That a suspicion at times crossed his own mind, (his nephew's it certainly did,) that for her Majesty's amusement he was making himself a stupendous jackass, is very probable from his significant excuse at the end—"*non injussa cecini*." Meantime we agree altogether with Dr Monk, that to any *moral* blame in this affair, on account of his fiction of an editorial man of straw, Bentley is not liable, let Dr Johnson say what he will. It was a fiction of modesty at once and of prudence, which saved him from the necessity of applying his unmeasured abuse immediately to Milton. This middleman was literally a mediator between Milton and the Bentleian wrath of damnation, which is already too offensive even as applied to a shadow.

This foolery over, Bentley recoiled with the spring of a Roman catapult to his natural pursuits. In 1732, he undertook an edition of Homer, chiefly with a view to the restoration of the digamma to its place and functions in the metre. This design he had first seriously adopted in 1726; and now, upon the instigation of Lord Carteret, he noted and corrected the entire *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, rejecting

those lines which would not bend to his hypothesis. The Homer was never published; but the MS., having been bequeathed in 1786 to Trinity College by Dr R. Bentley, the nephew, was afterwards liberally transmitted to Göttingen, for the use of Heyne, who, in his own edition of Homer, acknowledged the profoundest obligations to it, and made the world circumstantially acquainted with its merits.

The Homer must be considered as virtually the final labour of Bentley. For his *Manilius*, which he published in 1739, when he was in his 78th year, had been prepared for the press forty-five years before. The notes on this singular poem, which has always been as interesting to us as it was to Bentley and to Joseph Scaliger, have the usual merits and the usual faults of Bentley's notes—being all ingenious, sometimes very learned, defences of innovations on the received text, bold, original, or absolutely licentious, as may happen. In Horace or Lucan we seek for no more—but we confess, that in a poem like the *Astronomicum*, crowded with triple difficulties—of science in the first place; secondly, of science disfigured by the perplexed hypothesis of the old astronomy; and thirdly, of all this warped from its natural expression by the necessities of the metre and the ornaments of a poetic treatment, we read Bentley's philological notes with singular disadvantage after the philosophic commentaries of Joseph Scaliger. The astronomy has never been cleared up entirely, Scaliger having in this part committed singular errors. But much of the poem, which assigns the temperament, the bias of character, and habits of men born under all the leading aspects of the stars, is less in need of elucidation, unless when it is particularly corrupt; and in such places Bentley is of great service.

Fourteen years after the death of Bentley, Horace Walpole published at his private press a *Lucan*, illustrated by the notes of Bentley, combined with those of Grotius. This poet was within Bentley's range of sympathy: and, as plausible conjectures for the emendation of the text, we know of nothing comparable to his suggestions.

Such is the long list of Bentley's literary labours, without including his speculations upon four separate Greek inscriptions, and perhaps other occasional assistances, as yet imperfectly ascertained, to his friends, which his generosity made him at all times no less ready to grant, than the careless prodigality of inexhaustible wealth made him negligent to resume. We have also purposely excluded from our list the fugitive pamphlets of business, or of personal defence, by which Bentley met his ungenerous assailants; a part of his works which, as a good man, though with human infirmities, he would doubtless wish to be now cancelled or forgotten, under that comprehensive act of Christian forgiveness which there can be no doubt, that, in his latter days, he extended even to those unjust enmities which provoked them. Confining ourselves to his purely literary works, and considering the great care and attention which belong almost to each separate sentence in works of that class, we may perhaps say that, virtually, no man has written so much.

By way of bringing his characteristic merits within the horizon of the least learned readers, we shall now lay before them a close analysis of his ablest and most famous performance, the *Phalaris*; and it happens, favourably for our purpose, though singularly, that the most learned of Bentley's works is also that which is best fitted for popular admiration.

Phalaris had happened to say, that some worthy people in Sicily had been kind enough to promise him a loan; not, however, on any pastoral considerations, such as might seem agreeable to that age and country, but on the bare Judæan terms of *so much per shent* (*δανίσιν*). Here the forger of the Letters felt that it was indispensable to assign real names. Bills upon Simonides, endorsed by Pythagoras, would have been likely to fall to a discount in critical estimation, and to have damaged the credit of the letters. The contractors for his loan, therefore, are not humble individuals, but cities—Phintia, to wit, and Hybla. Well, and what of them? Were their acceptances likely to be protested for non-payment? By no means; both were probably solvent; and, at all events, their existence, which is *something*, is guaranteed by Ptolemy, by Antoninus, and by Pliny. "But," says Bentley, (oh that ominous *but*!) "it is ill luck for this forger of letters, that a fragment of Diodorus was preserved, to be a witness against him." From this little fragment, now raised up from the dust of ages, Bentley deduces a

summary conviction of the forgery. This city of Phintia, in fact, had its name from the author of its existence, one Phintias; he was a petty prince, who flourished about the time of Pyrrhus the Epirot, and built the city in question, during the one hundred and twenty-fifth Olympiad;* that is to say, abiding by the chronology *most favourable* to the authenticity of the Letters, above 270 years after Phalaris. "A pretty slip," says Bentley—"A pretty slip this of our Sophist, to introduce his tyrant borrowing money of a city almost three hundred years before it was named or built!"

Such is the starting argument of Bentley. It will be admitted to be a knock-down blow; and though only *one*, and applied to a single letter of the whole series, a candid looker-on will own, that it is such a one as settles the business; and no prudent champion, however game, would have chosen to offer himself to the scratch for a second round. However, *ἡ βασις τοῦ Βαλίας* thought otherwise.

The next argument is of the same description, being a second case of

* Bentley, upon grounds which are satisfactory, and most elaborately developed, fixes the flourishing of Phalaris to the 57th Olympiad. In this the reader may happen to know that he differed with that learned chronologist, but most confused writer, H. Dodwell. It is important, however, to remark, that, logically speaking, it would be a *circle* (or *petitio principii*) to press Bentley with Dodwell's authority in this particular instance, inasmuch as Dodwell had, in fixing the era of Phalaris, mainly relied upon the very Letters in dispute; at that time unsuspected, or nearly so. That fact, important to Bentley, as disarming the chronological authority of Dodwell, is no less important, as demonstrating that the question of Phalaris is not one of mere taste, but operatively connected with historical results.

anachronism; but it merits a separate statement. In the instance of Phintia the proof was direct, and liable to no demur; but here the anachronism is made out circumstantially: Hence it is less readily apprehended; and the Boyle party, in their anger or their haste, did in fact misapprehend it; and upon their own blunder they built a charge against Bentley of vicious reasoning, which gave him an opening (not likely to be missed by *him*) for inflicting two courses of the knout instead of one. The case is this: Stesichorus, the lyric poet, had incurred the displeasure of Phalaris, not for writing verses against him, but for overt acts of war; the poet had been levying money and troops, and, in fact, making hostile demonstrations at two separate places—*Aluntium* and *Alæsa*. Accordingly, Letter 92 takes him to task, and insinuates an ugly consequence; viz. the chance of being “snapt” (so Bentley calls it) by the bull before he got safe home to Himera. The objection raised upon this passage regards *Alæsa*: Did that town exist so early as the days of Phalaris? No, says Bentley, nor for 140 years after Phalaris—having been founded by Archonides in the second year of the 94th Olympiad, consequently 140 years after the death of Phalaris; and then, upon a testimony which cannot be resisted by a Boyle man, viz. the testimony of these very Letters, 152 *at the very least*, after this particular letter. But might there not be other cities, earlier than this, which bore the same name? There might—in fact there were. How, then, shall it be known whether that particular *Alæsa*, which would involve the anachronism, viz. the *Alæsa* founded by Archonides, is the *Alæsa* of the Letter-writer? As the argument by which Bentley replies to this question has been so much misconceived, and is in fact not very clearly stated in either dissertation, we shall throw it into a formal syllogism.

Major Proposition.—The *Alæsa* of the Pseudo-Phalaris and Stesichorus is the maritime *Alæsa*.

Minor Proposition.—The maritime *Alæsa* is the *Alæsa* founded by Archonides.

Ergo. The *Alæsa* of Archonides (viz. an *Alæsa* of nearly two centuries later than the era of Phalaris) is the *Alæsa* of the Pseudo-Phalaris.

Now comes a famous argument, in which Bentley makes play beautifully. Phalaris had been ill, and, wishing to reward his Greek physician in a manner suitable to a prince, amongst other presents he sends the doctor *πρωτη των θερικελσιων ζεύγη δέκα*, i. e. ten couple, or pair, of Thericlean cups. What manner of things were these? “They were,” says Bentley, “large drinking-cups, of a peculiar shape, so called from the first contriver of them, one Thericles, a Corinthian potter.” Originally, therefore, as to the material, they must have been porcelain—or, however, earthen-ware of some quality or other, (Pliny having by general consent tripped in supposing Thericles a turner.) But, as often happens, in process of time “they were called Thericlean from their *shape*, whatsoever artisan made them, or whether of earth, or of wood, or of metal.” So far well. But “there is another thing,” says Bentley, “besides a pretty invention, very useful to a liar, and that is a good memory.” For “the next thing to be enquired is—the age of this Thericles; and we learn *that* from Athenæus—one* witness indeed, but as good as a multitude in a matter of this nature. *This cup* (says he) *was invented by Thericles, the Corinthian potter, who was contemporary with Aristophanes the comedian.*”

This is enough. Bentley goes on to compute, that all the surviving plays of Aristophanes range within a period of thirty-six years; so that, allowing the full benefit of this latitude to the Pseudo-Phalaris, viz. that Thericles invented his cups in the very *first* year of this period, still, even upon that concession, the very earliest baking of the potter’s china will be 120 years after the final baking of Phalaris himself.

* There is, however, a collateral testimony from a poet contemporary with the old age of Thericles, viz. Eubulus, which gives a perfect confirmation to that of Athenæus. In the final dissertation, Bentley brought forward this fragment. In fact, the good luck of Bentley, in meeting all the out-of-the-way evidence which he sometimes required, is not less remarkable than his skill in using it.

This article in the first Dissertation was short; but the Oxford critique upon it furnished him with an occasion, and almost a necessity, for supporting it, in the second, with a *bravura* display of his learning upon all the collateral points that had been connected with the main question. And, as the attack had been in unusual terms of insolence, (asking him, for instance, how he "durst" oppose men such as Grotius and Scaliger,*) Bentley was under no particular obligation to use his opportunities with forbearance, or to renounce his triumph. This was complete. It is not Boyle, or his half-learned associates, but the very heroes of classical literature for the preceding 150 years — Buchanan, Scaliger, Grotius, Casaubon, Salmasius, who on this occasion (respectfully) are shewn to be in error. Most readers are aware, that amongst the multifarious researches which belong to what is called learning, the *res metrica* has been developed more slowly than any other. The field, therefore, being so under-cultured, had naturally drawn the attention of an ambitious young scholar like Bentley; and, in his epistle to Mill upon John Malelas, he had already made his name illustrious by the detection of a canon in Anapestic metre. "Ned," says Dr Parr, writing to Dr Maltby in 1814, "I believe Bentley knew nothing scientifically of choral metre." Why, no, Sam, perhaps he did not; neither did Porson, if we speak strictly of choral metre; and for Sam himself, little indeed upon any metre whatsoever, except that he somewhere conceives himself to have corrected a few loose iambics of a Latin comic poet, (a feat which did not require a Titan.) However, at that day (1690) it was no trifle to have revealed a canon which had certainly escaped the most eagle-eyed scholars we have mentioned. On the present occasion, it was an appropriate sequel of that triumph, and one which will remind scholars of a similar feat by Porson with regard to iambic metre, (see Pref. to the *Hecuba* of Euripides,) that a formidable array of passages, objected

by the Boyle party as overthrowing his canon, and twelve others, volunteered by himself, are all corrected in a way which, whilst it delivers his canon from the supposed contradiction, forces from him the finest display of his own critical sagacity.

The fourth argument exposes an anachronism pretty much like that of *Alæsa* in the second. The Pseudo-Phalaris having occasion to speak of the Zancleans, and in three previous Letters of the Messanians, manifestly betrays that he thought Zancle and Messana two different towns. "Certainly," says Bentley, "the true Phalaris could not write thus; and it is a piece of ignorance inexcusable in our Sophist not to know that these names belonged to one and the same city at different times." But, perhaps, the change from the early name of Zancle, to the later one of Messana, may have happened during the progress of these very Letters. The present arrangement of the Letters is indeed inconsistent with that supposition; for it is the 85th which mentions the old name Zancle, whilst the 1st, 21st, and 84th mention Messana. But that objection, if there were no other, might be eluded by supposing the particular order in which the Letters stand in our present editions to have been either purely accidental, or even arbitrarily devised by some one of the early *librarii*. But allowing all this, the evasion of Bentley's argument will still be impossible on grounds of chronology. Thucydides tells us the occasion of that irreparable expulsion which the Zancleans suffered—and the time, viz. about the last year of the 70th Olympiad. The same author states the circumstances under which the new name Messana arose; and though he does not precisely date this latter incident, he says generally that it was *ἄσφαλον ὕστερον* (not long after the other.) Separate parts of this statement are corroborated by other historians; and, upon the whole, taking the *computus* least favourable to Bentley, the new name of Messana appears not to have been imposed by Anaxilaus until more than sixty years after Phalaris was dead and gone.

* This, by the way, shews the variety of hands employed in Boyle's book, and the want of an editor to impress harmony upon them; elsewhere, the Scaligers, and such people, are treated as pedants.

One objection there is undoubtedly to this argument, and Bentley frankly avows it; Pausanias antedates Anaxilaus by not less than 180 years. But there is no need to recite the various considerations which invalidate his authority, since the argument derived from him is one of those which prove too much. Doubtless, it would account for the use of "*Messana*" in the Letters of Phalaris, but so effectually account for it as to make it impossible that *any other* name should have been familiarly employed at an age when "*Zancle*" must have been superannuated by a century. Such is the dilemma in which Bentley has noosed his enemies; skilfully leaving it a matter of indifference to his cause, whether they accept or reject the authority of Pausanias.

From this dilemma, however, Boyle attempts to escape, by taking a distinction between the town, and the people who drew their name from it. Zancleans, he thinks, might subsist under that name long after Zancle had changed its masters and forfeited its name. But this hypothesis is destroyed by means of an inscription which Bentley cites from a statue at Olympia, connected with the comment of the person who records it: the statue, it seems, had been set up by Evagoras, who inscribed himself upon it as a Zanclean; from which single word the recorder infers the antiquity of the statue, arguing that the mere name "*Zanclean*" sufficiently proved its era to have been anterior to the imposition of the modern name of Messana; whereas clearly, had there been a race of Zancleans who survived (under that name) the city of Zancle, this argument would have been without force, and could not have occurred to the writer who builds upon it.

The fifth argument will perhaps not be thought so entirely satisfactory as it seemed to Bentley. Phalaris, in threatening the people of Himera, says—*αὐτὰς ἐκτερίψω ὡς ἐλάαν*—*I will extirpate them like a pine-tree*; that is to say, root and branch. Now, this Delphic threat, and in these identical words, appears first of all in Herodotus, who explains the force of it to lie in this—that of all trees the pine only was radically destroyed by mere lopping. That his-

torian ascribes the original use of this significant allusion to Cræsus, who did not *begin* his reign until six years after the pretended use of it by Phalaris. But Bentley conceives that he has sufficient reason to father it upon Herodotus himself; in which case it will be younger than the age of Phalaris by a century. But we confess ourselves dissatisfied; or, if that word is too strong, imperfectly satisfied. "We see," says Bentley, "the phrase was then" (i. e. in the time of Cræsus) "so new and unheard-of, that it puzzled a whole city." But it is probable that accidents of place, rather than of time, would determine the intelligibility of this proverb: wherever the pine-tree was indigenous, and its habits familiarly known, the allusion would suggest itself, and the force of it would be acknowledged, no matter in what age. And as to the remark that Aulus Gellius, in the title of a chapter now lost, seems to consider Herodotus as the real author of the saying, it amounts to nothing: at this day we should be apt to discuss any vulgar error which has the countenance of Shakspeare, under a title such as this—"On the Shakspearian notion that a toad is venomous," meaning merely to remind our readers that the notion has a real popular hold and establishment, not surely that Shakspeare was the originator of it. The authority of Eustathius, so very modern an author, adds no strength at all to Bentley's hypothesis. No real links of tradition could possibly connect two authors removed from each other by nearly 2000 years. Eustathius ascribes, or seems to ascribe, the *mot* to Herodotus, not in a personal sense, but as a short-hand way of designating the book in which it is originally found. The truth is, that such a proverb would be co-eval and co-extensive with the tree. Symbolical forms are always delightful to a semibarbarous age; such, for instance, as the emblematic advice of that silent monitor to a tyrant, who, walking through a garden, cut off the heads of all the plants which overtopped the rest. Threats more especially assume this form: where they are perfectly understood, they are thus made more lively and significant; and, on the other hand, where they are enigmatical, the uncertainty (according to

a critical remark of Demetrius Phalareus) points the attention to them under a peculiar advantage of awe and ominous expectation.

The sixth argument is another case of the second and fourth. Phalaris exults that he had routed the Tauromenites and the Zancleans. "But," says Bentley, "there is an old true saying—Πολλὰ καὶ τὰ πολεμικά—*many new and strange things happen in war*. We have just now seen those same routed Zancleans rise up again, after a thousand years, to give him a worse defeat. And now the others, too, are taking their time to revenge their old losses: for these, though they are called Tauromenites both here and in three other letters, make protestation against the name, and declare they were called Naxians in the days of the true Phalaris. *Taurominium, quæ antea Naxos*, says Pliny. Whence it is that Herodotus and Thucydides, because they wrote before the change of the name, never speak of *Taurominium*, but of *Naxos*."

Yet it will be objected that Bentley himself has made Pythagoras contemporary with Phalaris: now of this very Pythagoras, Porphyry says—"that he delivered Croton, Himera, and *Taurominium* from tyrants;" and Iamblichus says—"that a young man of *Taurominium* being drunk, Pythagoras played him sober by a few airs of grave spondees." A third writer also, Conon, says, of a person in the age of Cyrus the elder, contemporary with Pythagoras and Phalaris, that he "went to *Taurominium* in Sicily." The answer to all this is obvious: *Taurominium* is here used with the same sort of licensed *Prolepsis*, as when we say, *Julius Cæsar conquered France, and made an expedition into England*, though we know that Gaul and Britain were the names in that age.

The seventh, eighth, and eighteenth arguments may be thrown together, all turning upon the same objection, viz. that Phalaris is apt to appropriate the thoughts of better men than himself—a kind of robbery which possibly other royal authors have practised, but hardly (like Phalaris) upon men born long after their own time. The three cases of this, cited by

Bentley, are of very different weight. Let us begin with the weakest. Writing to Polygnotus, Phalaris is found sporting this sentiment—*λόγος ἐστὶ σκιὰ παρὰ τοῖς σωφρονιστοῖς πισκίεσθαι*—*that words are regarded as the shadow of deeds by persons of good sense*. "It is a very notable saying, and we are obliged to the author of it; and, if Phalaris had not modestly hinted that others had said it before him, we might have taken it for his own. But then there was either a strange jumping of good wits, or Democritus was a sorry plagiarist; for he laid claim to the first invention of it. What shall we say to this matter? Democritus had the character of a man of probity and wit. Besides, here are Plutarch and Diogenes, two witnesses that would scorn to flatter. This bears hard upon the author of the Letters. But how can we help it? He should have minded his hits better, when he was minded to play the tyrant. For Democritus was too young to know even Pythagoras; τὰ τῶν χροίων μέχεται—*considerations of chronology are inconsistent with it*; and yet Pythagoras survived Phalaris." Such is Bentley's argument; but undoubtedly it is unfair. He says "*besides*," as though Plutarch and Diogenes were supplementary evidences to a matter otherwise established upon independent grounds; whereas it is from them only, and from Suidas, whom he afterwards brought forward, that we know of any such claim for Democritus. Again, Bentley overrates their authority. That of Plutarch, upon all matters of fact and critical history, is at this day deservedly low; and, as to Diogenes Laertius, nobody can read him without perceiving that precisely upon this department of his labour, viz. the application of all the stray apophthegms, prose epigrams, and "good things," which then floated in conversation, he had no guide at all. Sometimes there might be a slight internal indication of the author; philosophic sarcasms, for instance, of every age, were ascribed boldly to the cynical Diogenes; sometimes an old tradition might descend with the saying; but much more frequently every aphorism or pointed saying was attributed by turns to each philosopher in succession, who, in his own generation,

had possession of the public ear. Just the same thing has happened in England; multitudes of felicitous *mots* have come down through the 18th century to our days—doing duty first under the names of Swift, Dr Sheridan, &c., next of Lord Chesterfield, then of Quin, Foote, and above all, of George Selwyn, who enjoyed a regal benefit of claim over all waifs and derelicts; and, finally, of Jekyll, Brinsley Sheridan, Courtenay, Sam Rogers, and Thomas Moore. Over and above all this, Bentley is obliged to make two concessions, which take the edge off his argument. Michael Psellus ascribes the saying to Simonides; and Isidore, the Pelusiot, generally to the Lacedæmonians. Now, at all events, this breaks the unanimity of the ascription to Democritus, though each for itself should happen to be false. The objection to Simonides is, that he was but seven years old when Phalaris was killed. This, though surely, in a matter so perplexed as the chronology of that era, it is driving rather closely, we may allow. But what objection is there to the Lacedæmonians? Certainly we can discern, in the very nature of the sentiment, a reason that *may* have influenced Isidore for tracing it up to a *Laconic* parentage; but though this is an argument for suspicion, it is none for absolute rejection. Neither does Bentley make any objection of that sort. Here again he seems to rely upon chronology; for his own words are no stronger than these,—that “though the date be undetermined, it might *fairly be presumed* to be more recent than he,” (*i. e.* Phalaris.) “*Fairly to be presumed!*” is that all? And why is it to be presumed? Simply because “four parts out of five” among the Lacedæmonian apophthegms collected by Plutarch are, in Bentley’s judgment, later than the age of Phalaris. Even this leaves a chance not quite inconsiderable, that the anachronism may not exist in the apophthegm before us. But, finally, had Bentley been called on for his proof of the particular proportions here assigned to the Anti-Phalaridean and Post-Phalaridean apophthegms, it would perhaps have appeared that the present argument of his was utterly worthless. For how came he to discriminate two classes? Of necessity,

by some marks, (as, suppose diction of a certain quality, more or less archaic, and metrical arrangement, which would belong to all the *ῥωμαῖοι* taken from the dramatic writers.) And are these *criteria* sufficient? Undoubtedly they are; for example, before the iambics of the Greek tragedy existed, iambic apophthegms could not be detached from it. No such metrical *ῥωμαῖοι*, therefore, can pretend to an earlier date than that of the drama itself. Well, then, having so effectual a test, with what propriety could Bentley throw the decision upon a ratio of chances—“4 out of 5”? For no matter if the chances against a fact had been even a thousand to one before examination, yet if, *after* examination and submission to the test, the result were in favour of that fact, it will be established no less certainly than if the chances had been just the other way. The positive application of the test is transcendent to all presumptions and probabilities whatsoever, however reasonable it might have been to rely upon them in a case where no examination had been possible. So much for this section, which—though the weakest of the whole—is wound up in the most stinging manner; for Boyle having argued that apparent plagiarisms in a case like this proved nothing, since, in fact, no absolute originality, and therefore no manifest plagiarism, could be imagined in sentiments which belong to human nature itself, Bentley assures him that he is mistaken—exhibiting in his own person a refutation of that maxim; “for there are many such *nostrums* in his book, such proper and peculiar mistakes, as were never thought on nor said by any man before him.”

The argument in the eighteenth section, which would fix upon Phalaris a reference to an epitaph first cited by Demosthenes in his Crown Oration, delivered in the third year of the 112th Olympiad, nearly 220 years after his own death, is about as dubious as the last. But the case in the eighth section is unanswerable. Phalaris is made to say—*οὐ γὰρ ὄντας ἀθάνατον ἑστίν εἶναι, ὡς φασι τινες, ἀ περὶ σέμεναι*—(*i. e.* *That we, being ourselves mortal, should cherish immortal anger, is, according to the saying, unfitting.*) Now, here the iambic metre, and the tone of a tra-

gic *ἰαμβῶν*, are too evident to leave any doubts about the fountain from which the Pseudo-Phalaris is drawing.

The inference of Bentley is—"that, if this iambic came from the stage, it must be later than Phalaris, let it belong to what poet soever, tragic or comic." Boyle, on the other hand, is "very well satisfied that there were both tragic and comic poets before the days of Phalaris." And upon this, in law phrase, issue is joined.

Comedy is discussed in the present section. Bentley argues the following points against Boyle:—First, that Epicharmus is to be considered the father of Comedy upon more and better authorities than Susarion; Secondly, this being admitted, that upon chronological grounds Phalaris could not borrow a verse from comedy; Thirdly, even supposing Susarion to have contributed something to the invention, yet that this could not have availed Phalaris, unless he had come over *incognito* to the villages of Attica, inasmuch as "his plays were extemporal, and never published in writing;" and, Fourthly, granting even "that they were published, it is more likely they were in tetrametres and other chorical measures, than in iambics." And why so? Because, as the Drama grew up from a festival, in which the main elements were singing and dancing, it is certain that the earliest metres were those which adapted themselves to dancing. It is, however, true, though at that time unknown to the learned, that an unpublished MS. of one Diomedes Scholasticus upon Dionysius Thrax, which MS. is in the King's Library, asserts, that "Susarion was the beginner of comedy in verse, whose plays were all lost in oblivion: but there are two or three iambics of a play of his still remembered." In fact, there are in all five: the four first in this very MS. which had been seen only by Bentley, (and some of them in two other authors;) the last (which, by the way, seems to us a later addition by way of *ἐπιμαυθίον*) in Stobæus. We shall give the whole, as the sentiment unfortunately belongs to all ages:

Ἀκούετε, λαῶς· Συσάριον λέγει τὰδε
 ὕμνος Φιλίνῳ Μισαρῶνι Τριποδίσκῳ·
 Κακὸν γυναῖκες· ἀλλ' ὅμως, ἴδμενόςται,
 Οὐκ ἔστιν οἰκίῃ οἰκίαν ἔννυ κακῶ.
 Καὶ γὰρ τὸ ἥμῃσι, καὶ τὸ μὴ ἥμῃσι,
 κακόν.

Hear, O people: thus speaks Susarion, &c. Women are a torment; but still, my countrymen, there is no keeping house without this torment. To marry, then, and not to marry, is alike calamitous. Bentley produces this evidence (which, by the way, he corrects capitally) against himself; but disarms it chiefly by this argument. Susarion is here introduced addressing the audience in his own person; now *that*, taken in connexion with the iambic metre, will prove the verses to be no part of a play. For though sometimes the poet *did* address the parterre, yet this was always done through the chorus; and what were the measures that the chorus used at that time? "Never iambics, but always anapests or tetrametres; and I believe," says Bentley, "there is not one instance that the chorus speaks at all to the *pit* in iambics; to the actor it sometimes does." Boyle, in treating the case of Susarion, had made much use of a passage in the Arundel Marbles. Unfortunately the words, which he particularly relied on, were mere emendations of Palmerius and Selden. Now it happened that Selden, whose Greek knowledge we ourselves consider miserably inaccurate, had in this instance made but a very imperfect examination of the marble chronicle itself. The consequence was, that Boyle had here unintentionally prepared an opening for a masterly display of skill on the part of Bentley, who had the pleasure at one and the same moment of exhibiting his Greek without ostentation—of doing a critical service to that famous Arundelian monument, on which so many learned heads had been employed—of dragging after him, as captives, a whole host of heroes in literature, whom he had indisputably defeated—and finally, of establishing his triumph in the question immediately before him.* All this learning, however, Bentley

* Seldom, perhaps, has there been a more ingenious correction than that of Selden's in Ἀθήναις on the Arundel Marble. Bentley had remarked elsewhere that the marble

fails not to remind his readers, is *ex abundanti*, so much over and above what was necessary to decide the dispute, and, in fact, an *excursus* forced from him by his antagonist. For in reality certain words in the apophthegm, no ways essential to its expression, are proofs (or so Bentley regards them) that the Pseudo-Phalaris was borrowing not merely from the Greek drama before it existed, but from a specific dramatist, Euripides, to wit; and a specific tragedy now lost, viz. *Philoctetes*. However, we must own that this part of the argument appears to us questionable at least, and perhaps positively wrong; questionable, because Bentley has laid far too much stress on two words so exceedingly common as ἔχιν and προσήκει, the rest being (as he himself admits) absolutely indispensable to the expression of the thought, and therefore sure to occur to any writer having occasion to express it. To these two words confessedly he commits the entire burden of the tragedian's claim; and upon the ground, that, where so many equivalent expressions were at hand, it was hardly to be supposed that two persons writing independently, "would have hit upon the same by chance." But we reply, that the words ἔχιν and προσήκει, each containing an iambus, are convenient, and likely to offer to any man writing in iambic metre, which several of Bentley's equivalents are not. At any rate, the *extent* of the coincidence is not sufficient. But, secondly, we think that unquestionably the apophthegm was *not* from the fragment of the *Philoctetes*; for the words there stand thus:—

"Ὄσπιν δὲ θνητὸν καὶ τὸ σῶμ' ἡμῶν ἔφιν,
Οὕτω προσήκει μηδὲ τὴν ὀργὴν ἔχιν
'Αθάνατον.

In this there is some difference, even as to the form of the thought; and the Pseudo-Phalaris must greatly have disturbed the order, *and without apparent reason*, to obtain his own. But the best answer is this, that the words, as they now stand, are in a natural iambic arrangement—

Θητὸς μὲν ὄντας ἀθάνατον ὀργὴν ἔχιν
'Ου—προσήκει.

The defect in the second line might be supplied in a thousand ways. And we therefore throw Bentley back upon that general form of his argument, which he imagined to be superseded by a special one: King Phalaris, in any case, is detected borrowing from a tragic drama, if not from this particular drama of Euripides; and as elsewhere we have seen him drawing loans from cities before they were founded, so here he is manifestly borrowing a sentiment from some tragedian unknown, before tragedy itself existed.

The two next arguments may be thrown together. In the first of them, Phalaris is convicted of borrowing a phrase (τὸν ὀλιθρον εἶπε) from Callimachus; and another, (ἐτίρω δαίμονι, in the sense of *bad fortune*), perhaps also from Callimachus—if not, from Pindar; no matter which, since either way there would be an anachronism. These cases are, perhaps, doubtful; in fact, the acknowledged coincidence of two original poets, shews that the last phrase, at any rate, had gained a sort of proverbial footing. Not so with regard to the word *phi-*

uniformly said Ἀθήναι: why, then, should it suddenly, and in this place only, say ἱν Ἀθηναις, (which was Selden's suggestion for filling up the ENA ΑΙΣ?) Bentley's reading of ἱν ἀπῆναις, in *plaustris*, immediately recalls the line of Horace,

Dicitur et plaustris vexisse poemata Thespis.

No less important is Bentley's confirmation of a reading formerly proposed by one who distrusted it. Palmerius, much against his will, (for he could find no sense in the words,) had made out upon the marble that the inventor of Comedy received as his prize ἰσχάδων ἄρσιχον, αἰθον ὄνου—a basket of figs, and a hogshhead of wine. Bentley produced an unpublished couplet of Dioscorides, the last line of which fully confirms the marble:

Χ' ἑτίλας ἦν Σύκων ἄρριχος ἄθλος ἔτι

—*i. e.* and a basket of figs besides was the Attic prize. Another reading of this line, which substitutes ἰθλός for ἄθλος, we need not notice more particularly, as it is immaterial to the point before us.

losopher, which furnishes the matter for another section. The 56th Letter is addressed to *Pythagoras the Philosopher*; this being only the superscription, may have been the addition of a copier; and, if so, the argument of Bentley would be eluded; but in the 23d Letter, the word *philosophy* cannot be detached from the context. Now, it is universally agreed, that Pythagoras himself introduced* the word; a fact which hardly needs an attestation; however, from a crowd of authors, Bentley quotes Cicero to the following effect:—"That, when Pythagoras had discoursed before Leon, (the tyrant of Sicily,) that prince, much taken with his wit and eloquence, asked him what art or trade he possessed. '*Art*,' says Pythagoras, '*I profess none; I am a philosopher.*'" Leon, in admiration of the newness of the name, enquired what these *philosophers* were, and wherein they differed from other men." On this, says Bentley, "What a difference is here between the two tyrants! The one knows not what *philosopher* means: the other seems to account it as threadbare a word as the name of wise men of Greece; and that, too, before he had ever spoken with Pythagoras. We cannot tell which conversation was first. If Phalaris was the first, the Epistles must be a cheat. But, allowing Leon's to be the first, yet it could not be long after the other; and it is very hard to believe that the fame of so

small a matter could so soon reach Phalaris's ear in his castle, through his guard of blue-coats, and the loud bellowing of his bull." In a note on the word blue-coats,† Bentley says, "This is not said at random; for I find the Agrigentines forbade their citizens to wear blue clothes, because blue was Phalaris's livery."

Boyle's answer is characteristic at once of his breeding as a man of quality, and his pursuits as a scholar: for he takes a scholarlike illustration, and he uses it like a courtier. Queen Elizabeth, it seems, in addressing one of the universities, introduced, upon her own authority, the word *Feminitis*. Now, could that learned body have paid her a more delicate compliment, asks Boyle, than by using the royal word in its answer? Bentley rejects this as a piece of unworthy adulation; not that Bentley was always above flattering; but his mind was too coarse and plain to enter into the spirit of such romantic and Castilian homage: his good sense was strong, his imaginative gallantry weak. However, we agree with him that, previously to any personal conversation with Pythagoras, the true Phalaris could not possibly have used this new designation "as familiarly as if it had been the language of his nurse," but "would have ushered it in with some kind of introduction."

In the following section comes on to be argued, the great question of

* In saying that Pythagoras introduced the term *philosopher*, we must be understood to mean, (and Bentley, we presume, meant,) that he first gave currency to that particular determination of the word "philosopher," by which, under the modest *εὐφημισμός* of an amateur or dilettante in wisdom, was understood an investigator of first causes, upon a particular scheme; else, in the general and unlimited sense of the word, merely as a lover of wisdom, and nothing masked under that title, there can be no doubt that Pythagoras did not introduce the word. The case is the same as that of the modern *illuminati*; as a general and unrestricted term, it is, of course, applicable to all men—each in his degree—who can make any pretensions to intellectual culture. But, in the particular sense of Adam Weishaupt, and many other mystical enthusiasts of modern Germany, that term designated a secret society, whose supposed objects and purposes have been stated by Robinson and the Abbé Baruel with a degree of circumstantiality which must have been rather surprising to the gentlemen themselves.

† The meaning of Bentley's joke, as well as odd coincidence in the Agrigentine regulation, are now obsolete. It must be remembered, therefore, that all the menial retainers of English noblemen, from a very early period of our history—and, from this passage, it seems that the practice still subsisted in Bentley's time—received at stated intervals an ample blue coat. This was the generic distinction of their order; the special one was the badge or cognizance appropriated to the particular family under which they took service; and from the periodical deliveries of these characteristic articles of servile costume, came our word *livery*.

the age of Tragedy. The occasion is this: In the 63d Epistle, Phalaris "is in great wrath with one Aristolochus, a tragic poet, that nobody ever heard of, for writing tragedies against him." Bentley amuses himself a little with the expression of "writing tragedies against a man;" and with the name of Aristolochus, whom he pronounces a *fairy* poet, for having kept himself invisible to all the world since his own day; though Boyle facetiously retorts, that, judging by the length of his name, he must have been a giant, rather than a fairy. But the strength of Bentley's objection is announced in this sentence:—"I must take the boldness to tell Phalaris, who am out of his reach, that he lays a false crime to the poet's charge; for there was no such thing nor word as tragedy when he tyrannized at Agrigentum." Upon this arose the dispute concerning the earliest date of tragedy.

In treating this interesting question, Bentley first addresses himself to the proof that Thespis, and not Epigenes or Phrynichus, was the true and original inventor of tragedy; and that no relics of any one Thespian drama survived in the age of Aristotle; consequently, that those fragments which imposed upon Clemens Alexandrinus and others, were forgeries; and he points out even the particular person most liable to the suspicion of the forgery, viz. Heraclides Ponticus, a scholar of Aristotle's. The fact of the forgery is settled indeed upon other evidence; for these four monstrous words, *κινεζζε, χθυστης, φλιμεν, δερο*, occur in the iambics attributed to Thespis. Now these words are confessedly framed as artificial contrivances for including the entire twenty-four letters of the Greek alphabet. But Bentley makes it tolerably evident that no more than eighteen, certainly not twenty-four, existed in the age of Thespis. The lines, then, are spurious; and the imaginary evidences for the fact of Thespis having written any thing, are got rid of. And as to any supplementary argument from the Alcestis, supposed to be ascribed to him by the Arundel Marbles, that is overthrown—1. By the received tradition that Thespis admitted no female characters into his plays: *à fortiori*, then, that he could not have treated a sub-

ject, the whole passion of which turned upon a female character; but, 2. More effectually by the triumphant proof which Bentley gives, that the Arundelian *Alcestis* was a pure fiction of Selden's, arising out of imperfect examination. Next, however, let it be conceded that Thespis *did* write, will that be of any service to Boyle? This introduces the question of the precise era of Thespis. Now, on the Oxford Marble, most unfortunately the letters which assign this are obliterated by time and weather. But Bentley suggests an obvious remedy for the misfortune, which gives a *certain* approximation. The name of Thespis stands between two great events, viz. the defeat of Cræsus by Cyrus, immediately preceding, and the accession of Darius, immediately following. The first of these is placed by all great chronologists in the 1st year of the 59th Olympiad; the last, in the 2d year of the 65th Olympiad. Between these dates, then, it was (a latitude of 25 years) that Thespis founded the tragic drama. And this being so, it follows, obviously, that Phalaris, who perished in the 3d year of the 57th Olympiad, could not have afforded a subject to tragedy during his lifetime. Boyle most idly imagines an error in the marble chronicle, through an omission of the sculptor. Certainly the *σφαλματα operarum* are well known to literary men of our times, but hardly where the proof-sheets happen to be marble; and after all, Bentley shews him that he would take no benefit by this omission. Three collateral disquisitions on Phrynichus, the successor of Thespis, on Solon, and on the origin of the word *tragedy*, are treated elaborately, and with entire success; but they depend too much on a vast variety of details to admit of compression.

In the Twelfth Section, Bentley examines the dialect. "Had all other ways failed us," says he, "of detecting this impostor, yet his very speech had betrayed him: for his language is Attic; but he had forgotten that the scene of these Epistles was not Athens, but Sicily, where the Doric tongue was generally spoken and written. Pray, how came that idiom to be the court-language at Agrigentum?" Athens, the *μισοτύραννος*, or tyrant-hating, by old prerogative, was

not likely to be a favourite with the greatest of tyrants. And above all, we must consider this—that in the age of Phalaris, before literature had given to the Attic dialect that supremacy which it had afterwards, there was no one reason for valuing this exotic dialect, (as it was to Phalaris,) or giving it any sort of preference to the native dialect of Sicily.

But it is objected that Phalaris was born at Astypalæa, an island where, in early times, there existed an Attic colony. Now, in answer to this—waiving the question of fact, would he, who for twenty years had been a tax-gatherer in Sicily, have not learned the Doric? Studying popularity, would he have reminded the natives, by every word he uttered, that he was a foreigner? But perhaps he was not born at Astypalæa: there is a strong presumption that he was born in Sicily: and even if at Astypalæa, there is “direct evidence that it was a Dorian colony, not an Athenian; for it was planted by the Megarians.”

But other eminent Sicilians, it may be said, quitted the Doric for the Attic in their writings. True: but *that* was in solemn compositional addresses to the world, epic poems and histories—not in familiar letters, “mostly directed to the next towns, or to some of his own domestics, about private affairs, or even the expenses of his family, and never designed for the public view.”

“Yet,” retorts Boyle, “we have a letter of Dion of Syracuse to Dionysius the Tyrant, and a piece of Dionysius’s, both preserved among Plato’s Epistles, and written in such a dialect as if both prince and philosopher (to use the Doctor’s phrase) had gone to school at Athens.”

Here, rejoins Bentley, he is “very smart upon me; but he lashes himself; for the philosopher really *did* go to school at Athens, and lived with Plato and Speusippus:” and as to the prince, though he “did not go to Athens, yet Athens, as I may say, went to him; for not Plato only, but several other philosophers, were entertained by him at his court in Syracuse.”

But again, says Boyle, thinking to produce a memorable and unobjectionable case, because taken from Scripture, Epimenides the Cretan did not write in the Cretic dialect; for,

in the line cited from him by St Paul,—

Κρήτις ἀνὶ ψευδαί, κατὰ Σπρίαν, γαστήρις ἀργαί,

the word *ἀν* would in the Cretic dialect have been *ἀυ*. Even from this position, so difficult as it might seem at this time of day to dispute, Bentley’s unrelenting scourge immediately forces him: he produces a Cretic epistle and a Cretic inscription, (of absolute authority, being on marble,) both of which present the form *ἀν*. But, even had it been otherwise, we must remember, that from a poem to a familiar epistle, *non valet consequentia*; the latter could not abandon the dialect native to the writer, without impeaching its credit. And so *fatal* is Bentley’s good luck, here as everywhere, that he produces a case where a letter of this very Epimenides, which still survives, was denounced as spurious by an ancient critic, (Demetrius the Magnesians,) for no other reason than because it was not Cretic in its dialect, but Attic.

With his customary bad fortune, Boyle next produces Alcæus and Sappho, as persons “who were born in places where the Ionic was spoken, and yet wrote their lyric poems in Æolic or Doric.” For this assertion he really had some colourable authority, since both Ælian and Suidas expressly rank Lesbos among the Ionian cities. Yet, because Meursius, and before him, Brodæus, and after both, Bentley himself, had all independently noticed the word Lesbos as an error for Lebedos, Bentley replies in the following gentle terms:—“I protest I am ashamed even to refute such miserable trash, though Mr Boyle was not ashamed to write it. What part is it that I must teach him? That Alcæus and Sappho were natives of Lesbos? But it is incredible he should be ignorant of that. Or, that the language of Lesbos was Æolic? Yes, *there* his learning was at a loss; he believed it was Ionic.” It is then demonstrated, by a heap of authorities, not only that Lesbos was an Æolian city, but that, (as Strabo says,) in a manner, it was the metropolis of Æolian cities.

Well, but *Agathyrside*, at least, quitted his Samian or Doric dialect for Ionic. Answer: There was no

such person; nor did the island of Samos speak Doric, but Ionic Greek.

Andronicus of Rhodes, then, in his still surviving Commentary on Aristotle's Ethics. The Commentary does indeed survive; but that the author was a Rhodian, is a mere conceit of a modern, and a very unlearned person.* This fact had been already stated by Daniel Heinsius, the original editor of Andronicus.

Well, at any rate, Dionysius of Halicarnassus: that case is past disputing. Why, yes; he was of Doric birth undoubtedly, and undoubtedly he wrote in the Attic dialect. But then, in the first place, he *lived* amongst those who had nothing to do with the Doric—which was one reason for abjuring his native dialect; and secondly, which is the material difference between him and Phalaris, he wrote in the age of Augustus Cæsar—when the Attic dialect had been established for four centuries as the privileged language of Grecian literature.

“*But the most remarkable instance of all,*” says Boyle, “*is that of Zaleucus, King of the Locrians, a Doric colony; the preface to whose laws is preserved, and has plainly nothing of the Doric dialect in it.*” Sad fate of this strongest of all instances! His inexorable antagonist sets to work, and, by arguments drawn from place, time, and language, makes it pretty nearly a dead certainty that the pretended laws of Zaleucus were as pure a fabrication as the Letters of Phalaris. Afterwards he makes the same scrutiny, and with the same result, of the laws attributed to Charondas; and in the end, he throws out a conjecture that both these forgeries were the work of some sophist not even a native Greek; a conjecture which, by the way, has since been extended by Valckenaer to the Pseudo-Phalaris

himself, upon the authority of some Latin idioms.†

[N.B. Any future editor of Bentley's critical works ought to notice the arguments of Warburton, who, in the *Divine Legation*, endeavours to support the two lawgivers against Bentley.]

The use of the Attic dialect, therefore, in an age when as yet no conceivable motive had arisen for preferring that to any other dialect, the earliest morning not having dawned of those splendours which afterwards made Athens the glory of the earth, is of itself a perfect detection of the imposture. But let this be waived. Conceive that mere caprice, in a wilful tyrant like Phalaris, led him to adopt the Attic dialect: *stet pro ratione voluntas.* Still, even in such a case, he must have used the Attic of his own day. Caprice might go abroad, or it might go back in point of time; but caprice could not prophetically anticipate, as Phalaris does, the diction of an age long posterior to his own. Upon this subject Bentley expresses himself in a more philosophic tone than he usually adopts. “Every living language,” says he, “like the perspiring bodies of living creatures, is in perpetual motion and alteration. Some words go off, and become obsolete; others are taken in, and by degrees grow into common use; or the same word is inverted to a new sense and notion; which, in tract of time, makes as observable a change in the air and features of a language, as age makes in the lines and mien of a face.” Boyle, however, admitting this as a general law, chooses to suppose that the Greek language presented an eminent exception to it; inasmuch that writings, separated by an interval of two thousand years, were, in his judgment, nearer to each other in

* It is, however, still reprinted at intervals by the Clarendon Press, as the work of Andronicus Rhodius.

† Valckenaer's argument is good for as far as it goes: pity that so exquisite a Grecian should not have detected many more flaws of the same quality! But in this respect the Letters of Phalaris seem to enjoy that sort of unaccountable security which hitherto has shielded the forgeries of Chatterton. No man, with the slightest ear for metre, or the poorest tact for the characteristic marks of modern and ancient style of poetic feeling, but must at once acknowledge the extravagance of referring these poems to the age of Henry IV. Yet, with the exception of an allusion to the technical usages of horse-racing, and one other, we do not remember that any specific anachronisms, either as to words or things, have been yet pointed out in Chatterton.

point of phraseology, than English works separated by only two centuries. And as the reason of this fancied stability, he assigns the extended empire of the Greeks. Bentley disputes both the fact and the reason. As to the fact, he says that the resemblance between the old and modern Greek literature was purely mimetic. Why else, he asks, arose the vast multitude of scholiasts? Their aid was necessary to explain phrases which had become obsolete. As to extensive empire, no better cause can be assigned why languages are *not* stationary. In the Roman language, for example, more changes took place during the single century between the Duilian column (*i. e.* the first naval victory of the Romans) and the comedies of Terence, than during the four centuries preceding. And why? Because in that century the Roman eagles first flew beyond the limits of Italy. Again, with respect to the Athenian dialect, we find, from Dionysius of Halicarnassus, that already by the time of the great orators, the peculiar Attic of Plato and Thucydides had become antiquated, although these last stood in the same relation of time to Demosthenes, that Dryden did to Pope. Now this is sufficiently explained by the composition of the Athenian population in the 110th Olympiad, as afterwards recorded by Athenæus. At that time there were 21,000 citizens, 10,000 naturalized foreigners, and 400,000 slaves. Under this proportion of nineteen foreigners* to one native, well might the dialect suffer rapid alterations.

Thus far Bentley maintained his usual superiority. But in the particular examples which he adduced, he was both unexpectedly penurious and not always accurate. The word *θυγατρίδες*, daughters, used in the Hebrew manner for *young women*, was indisputably a neologism impossible to the true Phalaris. So also of *παιδων ἱεῖρας* used for *παιδικῶν*. With respect to the phrase *παῖδων ἱεῖρας*, used for *lovers of children*, which Bentley contends must have been equivalent in the elder ages to the infamous word

παιδικῶν, it has been since supposed that he was refuted by Markland, and v. 1088 of the *Supplices* of Euripides; but on the whole, we are of opinion that Bentley was right. It was the prerogative of the Tragic Drama, as of poetry in general, to exalt and ennoble: Thus, for instance, "filled her with thee a goddess fair," in Milton's *L'Allegro*, would in plain prose become almost an obscene expression; but, exalted and sustained by the surrounding images, it is no more than allowably voluptuous. In the absolute prose of Phalaris, we think with Bentley that the phrase could not have borne an innocent meaning. Thus far Bentley was right, or not demonstrably wrong; but in the two next instances he errs undeniably; and the triumph of Boyle, for the first time and the last, cannot be gainsaid. Bentley imagined that *παραδίδωμι*, in the unusual sense of *giving beforehand*, (instead of *betraying*,) had no countenance from the elder writers; and he also denounced the word *διωκεῖν*, when applied to the *pursuing an object of desire*, believing that it was applicable only to the case of an *enemy pursuing one who fled*. Here we see the danger, in critical niceties, of trusting to any single memory, though the best in the world. And we can well believe Bentley when he charges his oversight upon the hurry of the "press staying for more copy." Having erred, however, the best course is to confess frankly and unreservedly; and this Bentley does. But in one point he draws from his very error an advantageous inference: his Oxford enemies had affected to regard him as a mere index-hunter; and Alsop had insolently described him as "*virum in volvendis Lexicis satis diligentem*." Now, says Bentley, it was just because I was *not* what they would represent me just because I too much neglected to search Lexicons and Indexes, and too entirely relied on my own reading and unassisted memory, that this one sole error in my first hasty dissertation remained, like the heel of Achilles, to shew a touch of human infirmity, in what else might have

* Bentley here, rather too hastily, takes credit for as many foreigners as slaves for getting the vernacular slaves—(though certainly they were less numerous than among the Romans.)

claimed the immaculateness of a divine origin.

Upon a final examination of the Letters, Bentley detected three other words, which manifestly belonged to a later and a philosophic era—viz. *πρόβου*, used not in the sense of *fore-sight*, but of *Divine Providence*; *ἐπιστολή*, which at first meant a *letter* or an element of words, used for *element* in the natural philosopher's sense; and *κοσμος* for *the world*. But the truth is, that this line of argument threw Bentley upon the hard task of proving negatives. It might be easy, as occasions offered, to shew that such a word was used by a particular age; one positive example sufficed for *that*: but difficult indeed to shew that it was *not*. The whole is a matter of practice and feeling; and, without any specific instances of modern idiom, which yet might perhaps still be collected by a very vigilant critic, no man of good taste, competently prepared, will hesitate to condemn the Letters as an imposture, upon the general warrant of the style and quality of the thoughts; these are everywhere redolent of a state of society highly artificial and polished, and argue an era of literature matured, or even waning, as to the division of its several departments, and the pretensions of its professors.

The argument which succeeds in the Fourteenth and Nineteenth Sections, is equally ludicrous and convincing. Throughout the Letters, Phalaris sports a most royal munificence, and gives away *talents* with as much ease as if they had been sixpences. Now, the jest of the matter is, that Sicilian talents were really not much more. The Attic forger of the Letters, naturally thinking of the Attic talent, (worth about L.180,) forgot, or had never learned, that the Sicilian talent was literally *two thousand times* less in value. Thus Phalaris complains of a hostile invasion, as having robbed him of *seven talents*; which, if they could be supposed Attic talents, make L.1260 sterling; but, being Sicilian talents, no more than 12s. 7d. Again, he gives to a lady, as her marriage portion, five talents, meaning, of course, Attic talents (i. e. L.900); but what the true Phalaris must have understood by that sum was—nine shillings! And in other places he

mentions *δραχμαὶ*, coins which were not Sicilian. Boyle endeavoured to resist these exposures, but without any success; and the long dissertation on Sicilian money which his obstinacy drew from Bentley, remains a monument of the most useful learning, as it corrects the errors of Gronovius, and other first-rate authorities, upon this very complex topic.

Meantime, the talent everywhere meant to be understood was the Athenian; and upon that footing, the presents made by Phalaris are even more absurd by their excess, than upon the Sicilian valuation of the talent by their defect. Either way, the Pseudo-Phalaris is found offending against the possibilities of the time and of the place. One instance places the absurdity in a striking light, both as respects the giver and the receiver. Gold was at that time very scarce in Greece, so that the Spartans could not, in every part of that country, collect enough to gild the face of a single statue; and they finally bought it in Asia of Croesus. Nay, long afterwards, Philip of Macedon, being possessed of one golden cup, weighing no more than half a pound Troy, could not sleep, if it were not placed under his pillow. But, perhaps, Sicily had what Greece wanted? So far from it, that, above 70 years after Phalaris, Hiero, King of Syracuse, could not obtain gold enough for a single tripod and a Victoria, until after a long search, and a mission to Corinth; and even then his success was an accident. So much for the powers of the giver. Now for the receiver. A physician in those days was not paid very liberally; and even in a later age, the following are the rates which the philosopher Crates assigns as a representative scale for the practice of rich men:—"To a cook, L.30; to a physician, 8d.; to a toad-eater, L.900; to a moral adviser—*smoke*; to a courtesan, L.180; to a philosopher, 4d." But this was satire. True: yet, seriously, not long after the death of Phalaris, we have an account of the fees paid to Democedes, the most eminent physician of that day. His salary for a whole year from the people of Ægina was L.180. The following year he was hired by the Athenians for L.800; and the year after that by a prince, richer than Phalaris,

for L.360 : so that he never got so much as a guinea a-day. Yet, in the face of these facts, Phalaris gives to *his* physician, Polycletus, the following presents for a single cure :—four goblets of refined gold, two silver bowls of unrivalled workmanship, ten couple of large Thericlaean cups, twenty young boys for his slaves, fifteen hundred pounds in ready money, besides a pension for life, equal to the highest salaries of his generals or admirals ; all which, says Bentley, though shocking to common sense, when supposed to come from Phalaris, a petty prince of a petty district in Sicily, “ is credible enough, if we consider that a sophist was the paymaster ;” who, as the actors in the Greek comedy paid all debts with lupins, pays *his* with words.

As his final argument, Bentley objects that the very invention of letter-writing was due to Atossa the Persian Empress, younger than Phalaris by one or two generations. This is asserted upon the authority of Tactian, and of a much more learned writer, Clement of Alexandria. But, be that as it may, every person who considers the general characteristics of those times, must be satisfied that, if the epistolary form of composition existed at all, it was merely as a rare agent in sudden and difficult emergencies—rarer, perhaps, by a great deal, than the use of telegraphic dispatches at present. As a species of literary composition, it could not possibly arise until its use in matters of business had familiarized it to all the world. Letters of grace and sentiment would be a remote afterthought upon letters of necessity and practical negotiation. Bentley is too brief, however, on this head, and does not even glance at some collateral topics, such as the Lacedæmonian Caduceus and its history, which would have furnished a very interesting *excursus*. His reason for placing this section last is evident. The story of Mucianus, a Roman of consular rank, who had been duped by a pretended letter of Sarpedon's, (that same Sarpedon, *si Diis placeat*, who is killed in the Iliad by Patroclus,) furnishes him with a parting admonition, *personally* appropriate to his antagonist—that something more even than the title of *Honourable* “ cannot always secure a man from cheats and impostures.”

In the Sixteenth Section, which might as properly have stood last, Bentley moves the startling question, (able of itself to decide the controversy,) “ in what secret cave” the letters had been hidden, “ so that nobody ever heard of them for a thousand years?” He suggests that some trusty servant of the Tyrant must have buried them underground ; “ and it was well he did so ; for if the Agrigentines had met with them, (who burned both him and his relations and his friends,) they had certainly gone to pot.” (The foreign translator of the two Phalaris Dissertations (whose work, by the way, was revised by the illustrious Valckenaer) is puzzled by this phrase of “ *going to pot*,” and he translates it conjecturally in the following ludicrous terms : “ Si enim eas invenissent Agrigentini, sine dubio *tergendis natibus inservissent.*”] Boyle, either himself in a mist, or designing to mystify his readers, cites the cases, as if parallel cases, of Paterculus and Phædrus, the first of whom is not quoted by any author now extant till Priscian's time—500 years later than his own era—and not again until 900 years after Priscian : as to Phædrus, supposed to belong to the Augustan era, he is first mentioned by Avienus, 400 years after this epoch, and never once again, until his works were brought to light by Pithou late in the sixteenth century. These cases Boyle cites as countenancing that of Phalaris. But Bentley will not suffer the argument to be so darkened : the thousand years which succeeded to Priscian and Avienus were years of barbarity ; there was little literature, and little interest in literature, through that long night in Western Europe. This sufficiently accounts for the obscurity in which the two Latin authors slumbered. But the thousand years which succeeded to Phalaris, Solon, and Pythagoras, were precisely the most enlightened period of that extent, and, in fact, the only period of one thousand successive years, in the records of our planet, that has uninterruptedly enjoyed the light of literature. So that the difference between the case of Phalaris, and those which are alleged as parallel by Boyle, is exactly this : that the Pseudo-Phalaris was first heard of in “ the very dusk and twilight before the long night of

ignorance;" whereas Phædrus, Lactantius, &c. suffered the more natural effect of being eclipsed by that night. The darkness which extinguished the genuine classics, first drew Phalaris into notice. Besides, that in the cases brought forward to countenance that of Phalaris, the utmost that can be inferred is no more than a negative argument, those writers are simply not quoted; but from that no argument can be drawn, concluding for their non-existence. Whereas, in the case of Phalaris, we find various authors—Pindar, for instance, Plato, Aristotle, Timæus, Polybius, and others, down even to Lucian—talking of the man in terms which are quite inconsistent with the statements of these letters. And we may add, with regard to other distinguished authors, as Cicero in particular, that on many occasions, their very silence, under circumstances which suggested the strongest temptation to quote from these letters, had they been aware of their existence, is of itself a sufficient proof that no such records of the Sicilian tyrant had ever reached them by report.

Finally, the *matter* of the letters, to which Bentley dedicates a separate section of his work, is decisive of the whole question to any man of judgment who has reviewed them without prejudice or passion. Strange it is at this day to recollect the opposite verdicts on this point of the controversy, and the qualifications of those from whom they proceeded. Sir William Temple, an aged statesman, and practised in public business, intimate with courts, a man of great political sagacity, a high-bred gentleman, and of brilliant accomplishments, singles out these letters not merely as excellent in their kind, but as one argument amongst others for the unapproachable supremacy in all intellectual pretensions of the ancients; on the other hand, Bentley, a young scholastic clergyman of recluse habits, comparatively low in rank, and of humble breeding, pronounces the letters to be utterly despicable, and unworthy of a prince. On such a question, and between such judges, who would hesitate to abide by the award of the sage old diplomatist? Yet a single explanation discredits his judgment: he was angry and prejudiced. And the ac-

tual result is—that every reader of sense heartily accedes to Bentley's sentence—"You feel, by the emptiness and deadness of them, that you converse with some dreaming pedant with his elbow on his desk; not with an active, ambitious tyrant, with his hand on his sword, commanding a million of subjects."

It remains that we should say a few words on Bentley's character, and the general amount of his claims. This part of his task, Dr Monk, for a reason quite unintelligible to us, has declined; and Dr Parr has attempted it with his usual sonorous tympany of words, but with no vestiges of distinct meaning, or of appropriate commendation. We do not design, on this occasion, to supply their omissions by a solemn and minute adjudication of Bentley's *quantum meruit* in every part of his pretensions; that will be a proper undertaking, and one from which we shall not shrink, in connexion with some general review of the leading scholars since the restoration of letters, English and Continental. At present, we shall confine ourselves to a brief and unpretending suggestion of some few principal considerations, which should guide our estimate of Bentley's services to literature.

Bentley was a man of strong "motherwit," and of masculine good sense. These were his primary advantages; and he had them in excess, if excess belongs to gifts of that quality. They are gifts which have not often illuminated the labours of the great classical scholar; who, though necessarily a man of talent, has rarely been a man of powerful understanding. In this there is no contradiction: it is possible to combine great talents with a poor understanding; and such a combination is, indeed, exceedingly common. The Scaligers, perhaps, were men of commanding sense. Isaac Cusaubon, who has been much praised for his sense, (and of late more than ever by Messrs Southey and Savage Landor,) was little above mediocrity in that particular. His notices of men and human life are, for the most part, poor and lifeless commonplaces. Salmasius, a greater scholar, was even meaner as a thinker. To take an illustration or two from our own times, Valckenær

and Porson—the two best Grecians, perhaps, since Bentley—were both poor creatures in general ability and sense. Porson's *jeu d'esprit*, in the newspapers of his day, were all childish and dull beyond description: and, accordingly, his whig friends have been reduced to the sad necessity of lying and stealing on his behalf, by claiming, (and even publishing,) as Porson's, a copy of verses, (*The Devil's Sunday Thoughts*;) of which they are well assured he did not write a line. Parr, again, a good Latin scholar, though no Grecian, for general power of thought and sense, was confessedly the merest driveller of his age. But Bentley was not merely respectable in this particular: he reached the level of Dr Johnson, and was not far short of the powers which would have made him a philosopher.

The next great qualifications of Bentley were, ingenuity, and (in the original sense of that term) sagacity. In these he excelled all the children of men; and as a verbal critic will probably never be rivalled. On this point we remember an objection to Bentley, stated forcibly by Mr Coleridge; and it seemed, at the time, unanswerable; but a little reflection will disarm it. Mr Coleridge had been noticing the coarseness and obtuseness of Bentley's poetic sensibilities, as indicated by his wild and unfeeling corruptions of the text in *Paradise Lost*. Now, here, where our knowledge is perfectly equal to the task, we can all feel the deficiencies of Bentley: and Mr Coleridge argued, that a Grecian or Roman of taste, if restored to life, would, perhaps, have an equally keen sense of the ludicrous, in most of the emendations introduced by Bentley into the text of the ancient classics: a sense which, in these instances, is blunted or extinguished to us by our unfamiliar command over the two languages. But this plausible objection we have already answered in another place. The truth is, that the ancient poets are much more than the Christian poets within the province of unimaginative good sense. Much might be said, and many forcible illustrations given, to shew the distinction between the two cases; and that from a poet of the Miltonic order, there is no inference to a poet such as Lucan, whose connexions, transitions, and all the process of

whose thinking, go on by links of the most intelligible and definite ingenuity; still less any inference to a Greek lexicographer like Suidas, or Hesychius, whose thoughts and notices proceed in the humblest category of mere common sense. Neither is it true, that, with regard to Milton, Bentley has always failed. Many of his suggestions are sound. And, where they are not, this does not always argue bluntness of feeling; but, perhaps, mere defect of knowledge. Thus, for example, he has chosen, as we remember, to correct the passage,

"That on the *secret* top
Of Horeb or of Sinai," &c.

into *sacred* top; for he argued, that the top of a mountain, exposed to the whole gaze of a surrounding country, must of all places be the least private or secret. But, had he happened to be familiar with mountains, though no higher than those of England, he would have understood that no secrecy is so complete, and so undisturbed by sound or gaze from below, as that of a mountain top such as Helvellyn, Great Gavel, or Blencathara. Here, therefore, he spoke from no defect of feeling, but from pure defect of knowledge. And, after all, many of his better suggestions on the text of Milton will give an English reader an adequate notion of the extraordinary ingenuity with which he corrected the ancient classics.

A third qualification of Bentley, for one province of criticism at least, was the remarkable accuracy of his ear. Not that he had a peculiarly fine sense for the rhythmus of verse, —else the divine structure of the Miltonic blank verse would have preserved numerous fine passages from his "slashing" proscription. But the independent beauty of sounds, and the harsh effect of a jingle of syllables, no critic ever felt more keenly than he; and hence, on many occasions, he either derived originally, or afterwards supported, his corrections.

This fineness of ear perhaps first drew his attention to Greek metre, which he cultivated with success, and in that department may be almost said to have broken the ground.

The Digamma, and its functions, remain also trophies of his exquisite

sagacity in hunting backward, upon the dimmest traces, into the aboriginal condition of things. The evidences of this knowledge, however, which Heyne used and published to the world, are simply his early and crude notes on the margin of his Homer. But the systematic treatise, which he afterwards developed upon this foundation, was unknown to Heyne, and it is still unknown to the world. This fact, which is fully explained in Mr Sandford's late excellent edition of Thiersch's Greek Grammar (p. 312-13), has been entirely overlooked by Dr Monk.

The same quality of sagacity, or the power of *investigating* backward, (in the original sense of that metaphor,) through the corruptions of 2000 years, the primary form of the reading which lay buried beneath them, a faculty which in Bentley was in such excess, that it led him to regard every MS. as a sort of figurative Palimpsest, in which the early text had been overlaid by successive layers of alien matter, was the fruitful source both of the faults and the merits of his wonderful editions. We listen with some impatience to Dr Monk, when he falls in with the common rant on this subject, as though Bentley had injured a reader by his new readings. Those whose taste is really fine enough to be offended by them, (and we confess, that in a poet of such infinite delicacy as Horace, we ourselves are offended by the obtrusion of the new lections into the text,) are at liberty to leave them. If but here and there they improve the text, (and how little is that to say of them!) *lucro ponatur*. Besides, the received text, which Bentley displaced, was often as arbitrary as his own. Of this we have a pleasant example in the Greek Testament: that text which it was held sacrilege in Bentley to disturb, was in fact the text of Mr Stephens the printer, (possibly of a clever compositor,) who had thus unintentionally become a sort of conscience to the Protestant churches. It was no more, therefore, than a fair jest in Bentley, upon occasion of his own promised revision of the text,—“Gentlemen, in me behold your Pope.”

Dr Monk regrets that Bentley forsok Greek studies so often for

Latin; so do we; but not upon Dr Monk's reason. It is not that Bentley was inferior, as a Latin scholar, to himself as a Grecian; it is, that Grecians, as good as he, are much rarer than Latinists of the same rank.

Something must be said of Bentley's style. His Latinity was assailed with petty malignity, in two set books, by Ker and Johnson. However, we see no justice in Dr Monk's way of disparaging their criticisms, as characteristic of schoolmasters. Slips are slips; faults are faults. Nor do we see how any distinction can be available between schoolmasters' Latin and the Latin of sublimer persons in silk aprons. The true distinction which would avail Bentley we take to be this. In writing Latin there are two distinct merits of style; the first lies in the mere choice of the separate words; the second, in the whole structure and mould of the sentence. The former is within the reach of a boy armed with a suitable dictionary, which distinguishes the gold and silver words, and obolizes the base Brummagem copper coinage. The other is the slow result of infinite practice and original tact. Few people ever attain it; few ever *could* attain it. Now, Bentley's defects were in the first accomplishment; and a stroke of the pen would everywhere have purified his *lexis*. But his great excellence was in the latter,—where faults, like faults in the first digestion, are incapable of remedy. No correction, short of total extirpation, will reach that case: blotting will not avail: “*una litura potest*.” His defect therefore is in a trifle; his success in the rarest of attainments. Bentley is one of those who *think* in Latin, and not among the poor frosty translators into Latin under an overruling tyranny of English idiom. The phrase *puritas sermonis*, used for *puritas of style*, illustrates Bentley's class of blemishes. We notice it, because Ker, Dr Monk, and Dr Parr, have all concurred in condemning it. *Castitas* might be substituted for *puritas*; as to *sermonis*, (*pace virorum tantorum*;) it admits of apology.

Bentley's English style was less meritorious: but it was sinewy, native, idiomatic, though coarse and homely. He took no pains with it:

where the words fell, there they lay. He would not stop to modulate a timeless sentence; and, like most great classical scholars of that day, he seemed to suppose that no modern language was capable of a better or worse. How much more nobly did the Roman scholars behave—Cicero, Varro, &c.—who, under every oppression of Greek models, still laboured to cultivate and adorn their own mother tongue! And even the example of Addison, whom Bentley so much admired, might have taught him another lesson; for though this great writer, unacquainted with the real powers of the English language,* had flippantly pronounced it a “brick” edifice, by comparison with the marble temples of the ancients, yet he did not the less take pains to polish and improve it. Brick, even, has its own peculiar capacities of better and worse. Bentley’s lawless pedantries of “*putid*” and “*negoce*,” though countenanced by equal filth in L’Estrange and many writers of the day, must, in any age, have been saluted with bursts of laughter; and his formal defence of the latter word was even more insufferably absurd than the barbarism which he justified. On the other hand, the word *ignore*, which he threw in the teeth of Mr Boyle, had been used by that gentleman’s uncle in many of his works; it is, in fact, Hibernian, which Bentley did not know; and in England is obsolete, except in the use of grand juries.—Being upon this subject, we must take the liberty of telling Dr Monk, that his own expressions of “*overhaul*,” for *investigate*, and “*attackable*,” are in the lowest style of colloquial slang. The expression of

a “*duty*” being “*due*,” which is somewhere to be found in his book, is even worse.

As a theologian, Bentley stood in the same circumstances as the late Bishop of Llandaff. Both were irregularly built for that service; both drew off the eyes of the ill-natured, and compensated their deficiencies by general ability; both availed themselves of a fortunate opportunity for doing a popular service to Christianity, which set their names above the more fully accomplished divines of their day; both, carried, by a *coup-de-main*, the King’s professorship of divinity at Cambridge, which is the richest in the world; and, finally, both retreated from its duties.

In conclusion, we shall venture to pronounce Dr Bentley the greatest ~~man~~ amongst all scholars. In the complexion of his character, and the style of his powers, he resembled the elder Scaliger, having the same hardihood, energy, and elevation of mind. But Bentley had the advantage of earlier polish, and benefited by the advances of his age. We should pronounce him, also, the greatest of scholars, were it not that we remember Salmasius. Dr Parr was in the habit of comparing the Phalaris dissertation with that of Salmasius *De Lingua Hellenistica*. For our own parts, we have always compared it with the same writer’s *Plinian Exercitationes*. Both are among the miracles of human talent; but with this difference, that the Salmasian work is crowded with errors; whilst that of Bentley, in its final state, is absolutely without spot or blemish.

* It is a fact that Addison has never cited Shakspeare but once; even that was a passage which he had carried away from the theatre. Sir W. Temple knew of no Lord Bacon: Milton and Jeremy Taylor knew not of each other; and Addison had certainly never read Shakspeare.

ASKING AN OPINION.

"Now that the servants are all gone, the table drawn towards the window, and every thing comfortable about us, take a good bumper to the King, and let me hear the secret you spoke of before dinner."—"Why, really, my dear fellow, I have long wished for an opportunity to disburden myself to some kind and sensible friend—The King, God bless him!—and I know none I can so readily confide in as yourself. You must have seen, I am sure you must have remarked, something new about me of late."—"No, nothing, upon my honour, but the same dingy old coat which you have had, to my certain knowledge, about you these three years."—"Tush, don't interrupt me; I don't mean that. Have you not remarked a change in my manners?"—"Not the least; just as sheepish and ridiculous as ever."—"There now, Simson, you always interrupt me."—"Well, well, go on."

"Well then, you must know I have turned my attention seriously for the last two or three months to a certain point"—"Aha! Matrimony? Who is it, Billy?"—"Now, you promised not to interrupt me. In casting my eyes about"—"Ah, you had always an ugly trick of staring."—"There now again! upon my honour you're too bad—I think I have at last found a person who will suit me in every respect: our joint labours will produce something good, I hope, when we are fairly united, and the issue of our endeavours"—"What in the world are you talking about now? Do you mean your children? Why, a set of squinting little red-haired squalling devils they will be!"—"Children? No; what makes you think of children? The person, I tell you, I have chosen, is admirable in every point of view—respectability, interest, and talent."—"Who is it? Who is this wonderful paragon who is going to become one flesh with Mr Billy Tompkinson?"—"One flesh! Nonsense, man; what *can* you be talking of?"—"Stay, Billy; I'll describe your choice to you:—Fair hair, almost approaching to Love's proper hue, celestial rosy red; widish mouth—there is nothing equal to the mouth for expression; cock-

nose; a delicate obliquity of vision; pointed chin; age, thirty-five; and the name of this Dulcinea is"—"Mr William Blackwood, 45, George's Street, Edinburgh; see, there's his address—I am just going to send off the letter. The fact is, my dear Simson, I have turned author; I have written a story or novel, or whatever you like to call it, and before sending it down to the North, I should like very much to have some rational and intelligent person's opinion on its merits."—"Thank you; you could not, I am sure, have applied to a more disinterested friend, or one who would be happier to give you any advice that may benefit your work. (Vain puppy! what can tempt such a silly fool as this to commence author?" *Aside.*)—"I thought so, Simson; and, if you'll give me no interruption, I shall be most happy to read you the first chapter or two."—"I interrupt you? It is a thing I never did in my life; take another glass before you begin, and depend on my not making the slightest noise—unless I should happen to snore"—*Aside.*—"Well then, here goes."

"It was on the evening of the 15th day of July, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-eight"—"Why, that's just like the beginning of a law paper; but I beg pardon—*um.*"—"It was on the evening of the 15th day of July, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-eight, that a stranger was seen to enter the stable-yard of the Angel Inn, in the ancient town of Bury St Edmunds. The stranger, from the juvenility of his appearance, was evidently young. His hat was set perpendicularly on the top of his head, while his legs were carelessly suspended one on each side of the animal which he bestrode. Buttons of a bright yellow metal relieved the sombre shade of his dark-brown coat; and, after dismounting from his horse, he eyed it affectionately for a considerable length of time, and having ordered the hostler to give it a feed of corn, he proceeded into the house. The room into which he was shewn was a clean, well-furnished apartment, about sixteen feet by twelve. The fire-place

was exactly opposite the door, and above the mantel-piece was suspended a black silhouette of a very fat gentleman, with a Roman nose; while, on the mantel-piece itself, was laid an elegant glass case, containing a representation of the Babes in the Wood, in wax. A small round table was placed in the middle of the room, supported on one leg, which divided, about a foot from the ground, into three separate claws. Another table, surmounted by a large paper teatray, was stationed close to the wall; and five rush-bottomed chairs, ranged regularly round the room, completed the furniture of the apartment. The stranger, depositing his hat on the table next him, sat down on one of the chairs we have previously mentioned, and seemed to sink into a reverie of not the most pleasing nature. 'Unhappy that I am!' he at last exclaimed, dashing his hand with energy upon his brow; 'whither can I turn? Nowhere have I a friend; my uncle opposes my inclinations; Mrs Jobson is severe and cruel to my Sophia; and she herself—wretch, wretch that I am, to have inflicted such woe on so gentle, so susceptible a heart!'—"Stop now, Billy; does your hero exclaim all this in the small room you so circumstantially described, sitting alone by himself, without even the waiter to sympathize in his griefs?"—"To be sure he does; waiter? nonsense; stop till you know who he is.—Saying these words, he rested his head on his hand, and betrayed by the frequency of his sighs, the sorrow that oppressed his breast. 'Yet why,' he exclaimed, starting up, 'why give way to dejection? why surrender hope because friends prove unpropitious? So long as my Sophia continues true, never, never, never shall I despair.' He rung the small bell upon the table with great vehemence, and having ordered a beef-steak and pickles to be ready for him at ten o'clock, he rushed with renewed confidence and spirit into the open air. On coming out into the street, he found the scene considerably altered. The grey light of twilight had now faded into night, and the moon was sailing high in heaven, attended by her galaxy of stars. The tower of the ruined monastery, which imparts such an air of grace

and dignity to the town of Bury St Edmunds, was now no longer revealed to the eye by the mellowing rays of the declining sun, but rested in a deep shade, save where it was partially illuminated by the moonbeams as they struggled through the foliage of the trees. Still indulging in melancholy thoughts, the stranger directed his steps towards the old bridge, and sighed at the remembrance of ruined magnificence as he passed the Abbey wall. The wind by this time had risen, without his having perceived it. Dense masses of cloud had congregated in the sky, and occasionally obscured the moon for a moment, and then floated past her with their dark edges tipt with her silver light, like a rich shawl of the darkest cachemire wool, fringed, as we sometimes may remark, with bright and glittering colours. He had now approached very near the water, when he thought he heard steps close to him, and waited impatiently for a transient glimpse of moonlight to discover from whom the sounds proceeded. The steps seemed those of a heavy man, and occasionally he thought he detected the clank of spurs. He placed himself as much as possible beneath the shelter of the Abbey wall, and with considerable excitement waited for the gratification of his curiosity. A thin haze now passed over the moon, and revealed a figure on the opposite side of the water, but whether a male or female the light did not yet enable him to discover. Suddenly, however, he heard a violent splash in the river, and instinctively rushed forward. 'For God's sake, stop,' he exclaimed, 'whoever you are, for I solemnly assure you, you have fallen into the water!'—"Yare, yare, hold in your bellowing tackle," replied the object thus addressed; 'do you think I don't know water from land, especially when it's running into my boots.'—"The channel perchance is deep; take care of your steps, for if it takes you over the head, and you cannot swim, you will very probably be drowned.'

"The traveller, however, made no answer to this, and the deepest silence succeeded to the previous disturbance in the water. 'Is it possible?' thought the stranger; 'can the individual be already drowned? At

least let me try to save him, if, indeed, it be not already too late.' Urged on by these generous feelings, he rushed into the stream; but, greatly to his surprise, he found that he arrived at the other side, without having waded nearly up to his knee; and what added to his astonishment was, that the person whom he had addressed was nowhere to be seen. He perambulated every part of the street, but could not anywhere find the object of his search; and what increased his disappointment was, that he began to have a strange idea of having somewhere or other heard the traveller's voice before. Bewildered, and in a state of considerable suspense, he was now warned by his appetite, and also by a fit of sneezing, which he considered was probably brought on by having wet his feet in his humane endeavours, that it was time for him to pursue his way back to the inn. He had not proceeded far, when he felt a heavy hand laid on his shoulder, and a voice muttered in his ear, 'Kites are abroad—beware.' He turned round to the speaker, and saw only a closely-muffled figure, but could not distinguish any features. 'Kites?' he said—'Thank God, I care nothing for any kites; they can do no harm to me.'—'The wolf attacks not the shepherd, yet he guards against it for the sake of his flock. Know you of no timid dove whom the kite may wound? Listen.' He applied his lips close to the stranger's ear, and whispered some words which had a surprising effect.—'To-night, say you?' said the stranger. 'Ay, to-night,' he replied; 'ere the grey dawn, you shall see me again. Farewell.' So saying, the mysterious figure disappeared into one of the smaller streets, and left the stranger to pursue his walk alone. His mind was now in a complete chaos. The information which his visitant had given him was of the most perplexing nature. Sometimes he was half inclined to doubt its truth; at others, he determined to forego his beef-steak and pickles, and proceed instantly to ascertain whether it was true or false. Amidst these conflicting feelings he arrived at his room. 'Supper's quite ready, sir,' said the waiter; 'what do you please to drink, sir?'—'Is your ale mild?'—'Yes,

very good indeed, sir.'—'Then bring me a quart of ale.'—'Directly, sir.—A note for you, sir.'—'A note for me!—where? when? how did it come?'—'A sailor brought it a few minutes ago—Steak's quite hot, sir.'

"The stranger seized the note with avidity. It had no address, and was written in such a miserable hand, as to render it difficult to make out its meaning. He at last, however, deciphered it, and found it to contain these words:—'If you be he as comes from Bungay, and cares for S. M., you will not fail to be in St Mary's Churchyard at half past 11 to night. Yours, Tom Tyger.' 'To-night, in St Mary's Churchyard,' he muttered, inaudibly. 'The plot thickens round me on every side; first, the stranger who disappeared in so marvellous a manner near the bridge; then the person who addressed me on my way hither, and who seemed to know what I had believed hidden from every human being, except one; and now this letter, pointing so manifestly to my dear Sophia! In fact, I know not what to think.' In this state of uncertainty, he paid his respects to the viands before him, and had nearly succeeded in demolishing every particle of the solids, when the door opened, and a gentleman walked into the room. 'Servant, sir,' said the intruder; 'hopes I don't incommode you; but finding as the house be chokeful, takes the liberty to walk in here.'—'Sir,' said our hero, swallowing the last morsel with a gulp, 'I certainly hoped to be secure from interruption.'—'Don't mention it, I beg, my dear sir,' replied the new comer, taking off his great-coat, and throwing himself on a chair, 'don't say a word of it—I knew—indeed, I told the waiter, I was sure you would be delighted to have a companion.—Is the beer good, sir?' As he said these words, he laid hold of the pewter vessel containing the whole of our hero's quart, and, nodding familiarly, drained it to the very bottom. 'D——n, sir!' cried our hero, in a passion, 'what do you mean by that?'—'By what, my good friend; what makes you so angry?'—'Angry? who the devil can submit to be intruded on by a fellow who flops himself down without ceremony at another gentleman's table, and drinks up every drop of his beer?'

—‘Fellow!’ replied the other; ‘I’d have you for to know, sir, I’m no fellow of your’n. Confound you and your beer too—can’t you order another quart? If it’s too much for you, I shall be very happy to help you to finish it—so ring the bell, and order in a supply.’—‘Who are you, sir?’ roared our hero, in a prodigious rage—‘who are you, sir, who order me to ring bells, and send for more beer, which you would infallibly pour into your own throat?—Sir, I won’t stand it, and if you don’t take care, I’ll throw you neck and heels out of this window into the street.’—‘Now, listen,’ said the other, very composedly—‘In the first place, this window opens on the stable-yard, and not on the street. In the next place, look at my shoulders, and then at your own. In the third place, sit quietly down in your seat, for even wet feet, I see, can scarcely cool your courage.’—‘How do you know my feet are wet, sir?’ said our hero, still irate; ‘are you the person who—’—‘Ha—ha—ha! so your curiosity’s raised at last!—Come, come, let us have in some more beer—shall be good friends by and bye.’—‘Sir, you are one of the most extraordinarily impudent men I ever saw.’—‘You may say that, with your own ugly mouth.’—‘Ugly mouth? what the dev—’—‘There now, you’re in a rage again—always flying your kites—they’ll bring you on your back some day.’ These words were said with the most provoking calmness, and an emphasis was laid on the word ‘kites,’ which strongly arrested our hero’s attention. Resolved to gratify his curiosity, he sat down, and said, with as much softness as he could assume,—‘Sir, your conduct is undoubtedly very strange—you came in when I had just finished my beef-steak’—‘Gads!’ interrupted the intruder, ‘and I’ve kept you all this time from your cheese! Here, waiter! Waiter, bring this gentleman’s cheese,—and, waiter, bring in a couple of plates,—and, waiter, do you hear—fill up the gentleman’s pot with the same sort of beer—for I feel myself uncommonly thirsty again.’ Our hero checked himself as much as possible while his forced guest gave his orders, and resumed—‘You have made yourself quite at home in my apartment—you have persisted in forcing yourself into conversation

with me, and in the course of it, you have twice made allusions to affairs which happened to me this night—Now, tell me who you are, and what possible interest you can take in me and my concerns.’—‘Now,’ said the other, ‘you speak like a man. I have certainly made myself at home in your apartment, and enjoyed a very pleasant conversation with you, although it was rather noisy on your part. Who I am, can be nothing to you; and as to being interested in you and your concerns, you and your concerns may go to the devil, for I don’t care a brass farthing for none on ye.—I’ll thank you for a piece of that there cheese.’

As he said this, he seized the cheese, and helped himself in no sparing manner, drawing near to him at the same time the replenished beer jug. Our hero sat eyeing him in a state of boiling impatience, wondering to what pitch of familiarity his strange companion would proceed. In perfect silence, meantime, that worthy gentleman continued his labours; and after having satisfied himself on the Glo’ster, he again, and with the same absorbing effects, applied the liquid to his lips. ‘Hah!’ he said, drawing in his breath, as he placed the now empty receptacle on the table, ‘how very refreshing it is! Don’t you find yourself greatly invigorated with the beer, sir?’—‘Sir, I never met with such treatment! Sir, you’re a robber, an uncivil fellow, a cheat! I declare, on the word of a thirsty man, I have not tasted a drop of beer to-night—thanks to your eternally seizing possession of the jug. What you mean by it, I don’t know; but you or I must leave this room immediately.’—‘Sorry you’re going indeed, sir,’ said the gentleman thus addressed. ‘Couldn’t you stay a few minutes longer? Well, if you *must* go, it can’t be help’d, I suppose. Don’t forget your bill for the supper, and two quarts of beer.’—‘Villain! rascal!’ cried our hero, seizing his heavy-handed whip. ‘Oho! is that your kindness to your supper companion? Here’s summ’at to match it,’ replied the other, presenting a pistol which he pulled from his breeches pocket. ‘But I see what you wish. I’ll give you a helping hand into St Mary’s Churchyard—

before your time too. Aha! touched ye there—I see. What! won't you give one flourish with your carrion thumper?"—"You utterly amaze me," replied our hero, resuming his seat. "How do you come to know that I wish to go to St Mary's Churchyard? Pray, tell me one thing—is your name Thomas Tyger?"—"No, sir; my name is no such thing. I know the difference, I assure you, 'tween a dog's name and a man's, though I can't say I see much difference 'tween a Bungay man and a fool."—"Your knowledge is amazing. You are a perfect riddle to me; a wonder, a rebus, a conundrum, an enigma!"—"Come—keep a civil tongue in your head, and call no names. I'm no more an enigma nor you are, nor no other trade you mention, but a plain horse-dealer at your service, with as pretty a bit o' blood i' the stable as ever eyes saw. She'll carry your weight to Bungay to-night 'tween twelve and three easy."—"Have you indeed such an animal?"—"Ay, that I have. Be that long-tailed bay pony yours with the star on's face?"—"Yes."—"Well, let's see if we can't make a swap on't. Brown Bess, my filly, comes out o' the Dutch thorough-bred mare Thicketts, by the famous Suffolk horse, Slowfoot. She'll walk ye grand, trot amazin'; and as for her gallop, la! love ye! ye never saw nothin' like it."

"As our hero had no great confidence in the speed of his own horse, and knew that he should probably require to go a great distance in as short a time as possible, he felt strongly inclined to accede to the worthy horse-dealer's proposal of an exchange. For this purpose, after a little preliminary conversation, they adjourned into the stable to settle the terms of the treaty. There we shall leave them for a while, and now proceed to give the reader some new information, and introduce him to some other personages in the following chapter."

"Bravo, bravo, Billy, upon my word! Why, Tompkinson will soon be as great a name as Scott. You draw characters in the most spirited manner. Your conversations are as natural as if they were reported by Gurney; and, in short, I drink this

bumper to your health as a very great man."

"Nay now, Simson, do you really think it good; or are you only bamming me?"

"Bamming you! Impossible. But without troubling you to read any more, can you not just give me a slight idea of the issue of the story? Who is the stranger, for instance, who meets with all these adventures in *Bury St Edmund's*?"

"Why, he's the hero of the book—a Bungay man, in love with Sophia Malton, who is an heiress. Her mother, of course, objects to the marriage, and manœuvres to bestow her on Sir Gregory Grumps, who is rich, and old, and ridiculous. The horse-dealer acts a prominent part in the story. The horse he exchanges with Fitz Reginald Montresor's—that's the hero, you know—turns out to be stolen. At the end of the first volume, Fitz Reginald is tried for the theft; the evidence is unaccountably strong against him, and at last he is condemned to death, and left for execution. The heroine, meantime, uses all her influence to save him—escapes from her mother's house, and makes a pilgrimage on foot to intercede with Lord Tenterden, but without effect. She faints in the street, and is brought by the new police before Sir Richard Birnie."

"But do you give real names?"

"Oh, no. I call Lord Tenterden, Lord Denderten, and Sir Richard Birnie I call Sir Thundering Pompus. She is ordered to the treadmill as a vagrant, when, luckily, just when she is on her way to the house of correction, she is rescued by Sir Gregory Grumps. By him she is taken to a distant relation of her own, living in Grosvenor Square, which enables me to introduce a good deal of high life, Almack's, Vauxhall, the Opera, and the Surrey theatre; and this takes us to the end of the second volume. The third volume begins with a letter from Fitz Reginald, still in prison, but with his punishment changed to transportation for life. In it he bids Sophia farewell, and releases her from her engagements, and he proceeds in due course of time to the settlements at New South Wales. There, however, he luckily recognises an old and intimate friend in the At-

torney-General, by whose interest his situation is made comparatively easy. The horse-dealer, in the meantime, goes on in his course of wickedness; and Sophia begins, however reluctantly, to comply with her family's wishes, in accepting Sir Gregory; but, just on the eve of acceding to their solicitations, a note is mysteriously put into her hands, offering, on payment of a considerable sum, to prove the innocence of her lover. This of course distracts her from her design; and she promises all that her secret informer desires. In this business she employs an attorney, who, contrary to the general practice among us novel-writers, is honest. He tracks out the author; discovers the horse-dealer to be the thief, and false witness on Fitz Reginald's trial; the villain at last confesses, and is executed; Sir Gregory is discarded; three or four cousins of Fitz Reginald's die, and enable him to step into his distant relations' titles and estates; and Sophia's mother can now have no objection to such a distinguished son-in-law as Lord Bungay; the good are rewarded, the bad are punished; and the third volume concludes with an affecting parting between the hero, now fully restored to his character, and his friend the Attorney-General in New South Wales, leaving his happiness, on his arrival in England, to the reader's imagination."

"Capital! and very original too. But there are a few things I should like to ask you. In the chapter you read me, you mention a Mrs Jobson; and, in the rest of the story, you always talk of Sophia's mother; now"—

"Why, they are one and the same; but in novels bad mothers are always married to second husbands, in order that the daughter may have a rational excuse for hating her step-father; for that, you know, is always allowed, without any breach of filial piety."

"Then, the hero,—you'll excuse me, you know, if I take the liberty of a friend,—the hero—doesn't he strike you to be a bit of a softish Johny Rawish sort of a fellow?—rather milk-and-watery? eh?"

"Oh, I don't know; I think he's just like other people's heroes; he's handsome, you know, and very I a gentleman; and I don't know what more any man has a right to expect."

"The horse-dealer, too, strikes me to be a little too clever—to act too many characters—to be, in short, made too much of."

"Now, Simson, I think you're getting a little captious; just look at other people's villains; mine is not a bit cleverer than any novel blackguard you'll point out. And as to acting too many characters, why look to Rob Roy, or Fencella, or Gangesse, or"—

"Now, my dear Tompkinson, that is too bad. Why, you whipper-snapper, do you compare your ridiculous, unnatural abortion of a thief and horse-dealer to any of Sir Walter's glorious imaginations? I never thought you so egregiously absurd before."

"O you did not, didn't ye? We shall see about being absurd. Mr Blackwood shall shew you whether I'm absurd or not."

"Why, do you think Mr Blackwood, or any man in his senses, will give you three farthings for such a rigmarole of nonsense?"

"We shall see, Mr Simson; we shall see, sir. I wish you good-night. Our friendship is over, sir; our friendship is over. The sooner you can pay me that trifle I lent you, the better. Good-night, sir."

So! there goes a fool. He'll get cool upon it in the morning; if not, I have lost a very good-natured, easy, silly, kind, accomodating sort of friend. What tempted the block-head to ask my opinion upon his book? If it should be accepted, published, puffed, there will be no bearing the puppy's vanity. Billy Tompkinson the author of a popular novel! The Author of Waverley ought to be pricked half dead with sharp-pointed quills, and duck'd, *pro bono publico*, in printer's ink. But if Billy gets paid for this—gets a swinging douceur on a second edition, and wallows in wealth from the exercise of his pen?—well, what then? Egad, I'll write a popular novel myself—that's all.

A HORRIBLE INSTANCE OF THE EFFECTS OF CLANSHIP.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

It was during the time of Cromwell's usurpation that the chiefs and chieftainships of the Highlands were most disputed, and held in the highest estimation. The efficiency of the clans had then been fairly proved; and every proprietor was valued according to the number of the vassals that called him lord, and rose at his command; and in proportion with these was his interest with the rulers of the realm.

It was at that time, however, that the following extraordinary circumstance occurred in a great northern family, now decayed; and therefore, for the sake of its numerous descendants and relatives, to whom the story is well known, I must alter the names in a small degree, but shall describe the scene so that it cannot be mistaken.

Castle-Garnet, as we shall call the ancient residence of the chief to whom I allude, stands near to the junction of two notable rivers in the north of Scotland, having tremendous mountains behind it towards the west, and a fine river and estuary towards the east. The castle overhangs the principal branch of the river, which appears here and there, through the ancient trees, foaming and toiling far below. It is a terrible but grand situation, and an emblem of the stormy age in which it was reared. Below it, at a short distance, a wooden bridge crossed the river at its narrowest roughest part; the precipitate banks on each side were at least twenty fathoms deep, so that a more tremendous passage cannot be conceived. This bridge was standing in my own remembrance; and, though in a very dilapidated state, I have crossed by it little more than thirty years ago. It was reared of oak, unhewn as it came from the forest; but some of the planks were of prodigious dimensions. They rested on the rocks at each side, and on a strange sort of scaffolding in the middle, that branched out from one row of beams. It had neither buttress nor balustrade; and yet troops of horse were wont to pass it.

But the ancient glory of Castle-Garnet had sunk to decay during the turbulent reigns of the Stuarts, whose policy it was to break the strength of the too powerful noblemen, chiefs, and barons, by the arms of one another. The ancient and head title of the family had passed away; but a stem of nobility still remained to the present chief in the more modern title of Lord Edirdale. He was, moreover, the sole remaining branch of the house; and, on his demise, the estate and remaining title, as well as the chieftainship of a powerful clan, descended to the man whom of all others he hated in this world—to the man who had deprived him of wealth and of honours; and who, at this very time, was endeavouring to undermine and ruin him.

This being a hard pill to swallow, Edirdale, by the advice of his chieftains and duniwhistles, married Julia, the flower of all the M'Kenzies, while both were yet very young. She was lovely as an angel, kind, virtuous, and compliant—the darling of her husband and his whole clan: but, alas, years came and passed by, and no child appeared to heir the estate of Glen-Garnet and lordship of Edirdale! What was to be done? The clan was all in commotion; and the chieftains ~~and~~ meeting after meeting, in all of which it was unanimously agreed, that it were better that ten of the chief ladies of the clan should perish, than that the whole clan itself should fall under the control of the hated Nagarre.

When the seventh year of the marriage had elapsed, a deputation of the chief men, headed by the veteran laird of Carnach, the next in power to the chief, waited upon Lord Edirdale, and boldly represented to him the absolute necessity of parting with his lady, either by divorce or death. He answered them with fury and disdain; and dared them ever to mention such a thing to him again. But old Carnach told him flatly, that without them he was nothing; and they were determined that not only his lady, but all the chief ladies of

the clan should rather perish, than that the clan should become bond slaves to the hateful tyrant Nagarre. Edirdale hearing them assume this high and decisive tone, was obliged to succumb. He said it was a hard case; but if the Governor of the world saw meet that their ancient line should end in him, the decree could not be averted; and to endeavour to do so by a crime of such magnitude, would only bring a ten-fold curse upon them. He said, moreover, that his lady and he were both very young, scarcely yet at the prime of life; and there was every probability that she might yet be the mother of many children. But that, at all events, she was the jewel of his heart, and that he was determined much rather to part with life than part with her.

Carnach shook his dark grey locks, and said the last part of his speech was a very imprudent and cruel answer, and one which they did not deserve. But for that part of it regarding his lady's youth, it bore some show of reason; and on that score alone they would postpone compulsion for three years more to come, and then, for the sake of thousands, who looked up to him as their earthly father and only hope, it behoved him to part with her and take another; for on this the very existence of the clan and the name depended.

Three years present a long vista of existence to any one; and who knows what events may intervene to avert a dreaded catastrophe? Lord Edirdale accepted the conditions; and the cadets of the family returned to their homes in peace. The third year came, being the tenth from the chief's marriage; and still there was no appearance of a family! Julia remained courteous and beautiful as ever; and quite unconscious of any discontent or combination against her. But, alas, her doom was sealed! for the dissatisfaction of the clan now raged like a hurricane. Every voice, both male and female, denounced her removal; and several of the old women had entered into combinations to take her off by poison, for they had tried enchantment, and that would not do. The day arrived; and the chieftains of the clan once more came as a deputation, with old Carnach at their head. The chief knew

not what to do: he had given his word to his clan; their part had been fulfilled; his behoved to be so. He had not a word to say! A splendid dinner was spread; such a dinner as never graced the halls of Castle-Garnet; and Lady Julia took her seat at the head of the table, shining in her silken tartan of the clan, and covered with gold and jewels. She was never so lovely, never so gay, never so perfectly bewitching. The young men were struck with admiration; and the old men were often seen to wipe the salt tear from their faded eyes. When she rose from the table and left them, there was not a dry eye in the company, nor had one a word to say; all sat silent, and gazed at one another. The chief seized that moment of feeling and deep impression, to implore his kinsmen for a farther reprieve. He said that he felt that to part with that jewel of his heart, and of all hearts, was out of his power; death and oblivion were nothing to it. Consent to her death he never would; and to divorce and banish her from his side, and from her country, would be to her still a worse death than the other; for that she lived but in his affections; and a great deal more he said of her courtesy, virtue, and beauty. The chieftains wept; but they made no reply; they entered into no stipulations; but parted from their lord as they met with him, in a state of reckless despair, resolved to be ruled by circumstances, and to take their own way.

Shortly after this, the perturbation of Lord Edirdale's mind threw him into a violent fever, which placed the whole clan in the last degree of consternation. They thought not then of shedding their lady's blood; for, in the event of their chief's demise, she was their only rallying point, and as all the cadets of the family now shewed only anxiety about him, he became impressed with the idea, that his Julia's beauty and virtue had subdued all hearts, as well as his own, and that his kinsmen were incapable of doing her any injury. This fond conceit working upon his fancy was the great mean of restoring him to health even after his life had been despaired of, so that, in the course of five months, he was almost quite well.

But strange news arrived from the south, and events were manifestly approaching that would again call out the clan to shew its influence in the balance of the power of the north. What was to be done? Something—any thing but subjection to Nagarre. Prophets, sibyls, and second-sighters were consulted, and a fearful doom read, but never thoroughly comprehended. A deputation once more waited upon the chief; but it was not to crave the dismissal of his lady, but only a solemn pilgrimage to the shrine of St Bothan on Christmas day, for that they had learned from a combination of predictions, that from such a pilgrimage alone, and the offering bequeathed, an heir was to arise to the house of Edirdale and Glen-Garnet, and that from the same predictions, they had ascertained that the chieftainship was never to be held by the cursed Nagarre.

Lord Edirdale was delighted. His beloved, his darling Julia, was now to be his own for ever. He invited all the cadets of the family and all their ladies to assist in the grand procession. But Christmas brought such a storm with it that scarcely a human being could peep out of doors. Though the weather at that season throughout the Highlands is generally of the most boisterous description, this winter exceeded them all. The snow fell to a great depth, and on Christmas Eve such a tempest of wind and rain commenced as the oldest inhabitant of that clime had never witnessed. The country became waist-deep of lopper, or half-melted snow, impassable torrents poured from every steep, and the rivers were flooded to an enormous degree, so that, in place of the whole gentlemen of the clan and their ladies, only four chieftains appeared at the castle, and these at the risk of their lives, all of whom declared that the procession must of necessity take place that very day, for that no other subsequent one to the end of the world would answer. A part of the way was perilous, but the distance to the shrine was short; so Julia, who was prepared for the event, with her usual sweet complaisance, wrapped herself up, and away they went on their gloomy pilgrimage. At their very first outset, they had to cross the river by Drochaid-maide (the Wood-

en Bridge, I suppose.) Never was such a scene witnessed in Scotland! The river was half-way up the linn, while the frail fabric tottered like a cradle. Lady Julia's resolution failed her—a terror came over her heart; but on seeing the resolute looks of all the rest, she surmounted it, and closing her eyes, she laid fast hold of her husband's arm, and they two led the way. Carnach and Barvoolin were next to them, and Auchinsheen and Nathair-nimhe last—the four nearest kinsmen of the chief—and just when at the crown of the bridge, Carnach and Barvoolin seized Lady Julia, and in one moment plunged her into the abyss below! The act was so sudden, that she had not time to utter a scream—nay, it was supposed, even to open her eyes—but descending like a swan in placid silence, she alighted on the middle of the surface of the fleet torrent. Such was its density and velocity, that iron, wood, or a feather, bore all the same weight there. The lady fell on her back in a half-sitting posture. She did not dip an inch, but went down top-water, swifter than an arrow out of a bow, and still in majestic silence; and at the turn of the rock, they lost sight of her for ever.

The moment that the lady was tossed from the Drochaid-maide, the two chieftains seized on her husband, and bore him back to the castle in their arms. He was raving mad; but he only knew that he had lost his lady, by what means he could not comprehend. At first he cursed Barvoolin, and swore that he saw his hand touching her—"Alas! I was only endeavouring to prevent the dizzy and distracted leap," said he; and before night they had persuaded him that the terror of the scene had produced a momentary madness, and that the lady Julia, in such a fit, had flung herself over.

Men on horseback were dispatched on the instant, some to the meeting of the waters, others towards the estuary, where all the boats were put in requisition; but in that unparalleled flood both of tide and fresh, the body of Lady Julia could not be found. This was a second grievous distress to her lord, but so anxious were the clansmen for his own preservation, that they would not suffer him to assist in the search. He had

loved his lady with the deepest and purest affection of which the heart of man is capable; for his pathetic lamentations over her loss often affected the old devotees of clanship to the heart, and they began to repent them of the atrocious deed they had committed—particularly when, after representing to him that he lived and acted not for himself but for his clan, and that it now had pleased the Almighty to take home unto himself his own amiable and lamented lady, they proceeded to argue, that it therefore behoved him to take another wife without delay, in order to preserve the honours of their fathers from the dishonour of extinction, and themselves, their sons and daughters, from becoming the vassals and slaves of another house.

"These are indeed strong and powerful motives, my friends," said he. "I have always acknowledged it with deep regret, that Heaven should so have decreed it. But man has not these things in his power, and though there are some hearts that are so much swayed by self-interest that it becomes the motive of all their actions, and modulates all their feelings, such heart is not mine, and there are certain lengths it can go, and no farther. As soon as it forgets my Julia, I will then take to myself another wife; but when that may be, I have no mode of calculation. How can I woo another bride? I could only woo her as Julia—I could only exchange love or marriage vows and tokens with her as Julia—and when I awoke in the morning, and found that another than Julia had slept in my bosom, I should go distracted, and murder both her and myself. Believe me, my dear and brave kinsmen, when I assure you that the impression of my lost Julia is so deeply engraven on my heart, that it can take no other. Whenever I feel that possible, I will yield to your entreaties, but not till then."

This was a cutting speech to the old proud cadets of the chief, and made them scowl and shake the head with indignation. They had brought innocent blood on their heads, and made matters only worse. While Lady Julia was alive, there was some chance remaining for family heirs,—for, alas, she had been cut off before her twenty-ninth year; but now there

was none. They now began to repent them heartily of what they had done.

While matters were in this taking, while the fate of Lady Julia was the sole topic of conversation up stairs at the castle, it was no less so down stairs; but there conviction appeared arrayed in different habiliments. The secrets and combinations of a clan are generally known through all its ramifications, except to the person combined against. It is a curious trait of this patriarchal race, that they only see, hear, feel, and act, in conformity with their chiefs; and in the present instance, Lady Julia, perhaps, was the only individual of the whole clan who did not know of the dissatisfaction that prevailed, and the danger she was in. The menials strongly suspected that their lady's death had been effected by force or stratagem; they were almost convinced of it, but their lord spake otherwise, and thought otherwise, and so did they. But there was one maid, named Ecky M'Kenzie, who had come with her lady from her own district, who was loud and vituperative against the chieftains, and Carnach in particular, as the leader of them; asserting boldly, that he had blinded her lord, and murdered her lady, because he himself was next of kin, and would succeed to be chief. The rest of the servants threatened her, and said she was lying; but they gathered round her, and gaped and stared upon one another, at her asseverations. "I know it all!" she would add; "I know all how that angelic creature has been hated, combined against, and murdered by your vile, servile race; and particularly by that old serpent Carnach, who has all this while acted as huntsman to a pack of bloodhounds. But vengeance will overtake him! There will a witness appear at the castle in a few days, that shall convict him to the satisfaction of the whole world, and I shall yet see him hanged from the castle wall, and lying in a mangied corpse at the foot of it."

These asseverations were so unreserved and violent, that Angus Sean Riaghlear went direct and told his lord every thing that Ecky had said; adding, that unless she was made to hold her tongue, she would bring disgrace on the whole clan. The chief judged for himself in that

instance; happy had it been for him had he done so always! but nothing in the world was now of interest to him, save what related to his lost lady. So after dinner, while seven of the subordinate chieftains of the clan were present, he sent for Ecky M'Kenzie up stairs, saying to his friends—"There is a little pestilence of a maid here, who was kinswoman to my late lady, and who is spreading reports so injurious to me and to you, that I must call her to account for it.—Ecky M'Kenzie, come up here—stand before me, and look me in the face. What wicked and malicious reports are these that you have been spreading so broadly, and asserting so confidently before my domestics?"

"I have asserted nothing but the truth, my lord, and nothing that I will not stand to before all your friends, and before the very man whom I have accused."

"Ecky, you cannot assert any thing for truth of which you were not a witness; therefore, think before you speak. Say, then, how or by whose hands my late lady died?"

"By the hands of these two men who now sit on your right and left. In particular, by that old fiend Carnach, who has for years been hatching a plot against my dear lady's life, and who at last executed it in one moment of terror and confusion. Ay, and not unassisted by his truculent nephew, the redoubted Barvoolin. You may scowl! I care not! I know the foundation of your devilish plot. My lord does not. You knew that you *would* be chosen as the leaders of the clan, and they never would nor could be transferred to the house of Nagarre. Ay, well may you start, and well may the tears drop from your aged and remorseless eyes! You know I have told you the truth, and you are welcome to chew the cud upon it!"

"What is this that I see? Why do you weep, cousin?" said the chief to Carnach.

"It is, my lord, because, that in my researches into futurity, I discovered that the death of my Lady Julia was to bring about my own. I had forgot the prediction, unconscious how the one life could hang upon the other, until this wicked minx's bold and false assertion reminded me of it, and convinced me that she herself

would be the cause of it. My lord, shall such falsehood and audacity pass unpunished under your own roof?"

"No, they shall not. But punishment must follow conviction, not antecede it.—Now, Ecky, they are all present who witnessed my lady's death. You did not. Whence, then, have you your information, that you have the audacity to accuse these my kinsmen to their face?"

"I have my information from another country; and my testimony is true, and theirs is false. *They* know well that I am telling the truth, and that they have blinded your too confiding heart by a farrago of lies."

"Hold, hold!" cried Carnach, springing to his feet, and laying his hand on his sword. "My lord, this is not to be borne. That infatuated girl must die!—must die this very night!"

"No, Carnach!" cried the elf, laughing and shaking her little white fist in his face—"No, Carnach! I must *not* die to-night, nor will I for your pleasure. I know that your proud and relentless heart will seek my life this night; but I will sleep far beyond the power of thy feeble arm, and have intelligence, too, with her whom that arm put down. And hear and note well what I say: If a witness from another country does not appear at this castle within three days from this date, who will bring full conviction to the consciences, and vengeance on the heads, of these guilty men, I give you liberty to cut me all in pieces, and feed the crows and the eagles with me! No, Carnach, I must *not* die to-night, for I must live to see you hanged, and lying a mangled corpse at the foot of the castle-wall, next to the river.—Good-night, sir; and remember I *won't* die to-night, but will live, out of spite to you!"

"What does the baggage mean?" said the guilty compeers, staring at one another. "She will give us liberty to cut her all in pieces, if a witness from another country does not arrive? What does the infernal little witch mean?"

"Her meaning is far beyond my comprehension," said Edirdale—"not so her assertion. Would to God, that I did not suspect it as bearing upon the truth! But it is easy

for us to wait for three days, and see the issue of this strange witness's intelligence. After that, we shall bring the minx to judgment."

"She may have escaped beyond our power before that time," said Carnach. "The reptile that would sting should be crushed at once. My advice is, that she be put down this very night, or confined in the dungeon. I myself shall take in hand to be her jailor."

"I stand her security that she shall be forthcoming at the end of three days, dead or alive," said the chief.

There was no more to be said—*not a word* on that head; but on the girl's asseverations many words passed; and though the guiltiest of the associates pretended to hold the prediction light, it was manifest that it had annoyed them in no ordinary degree—Carnach in particular, whose countenance was quite changed; for, with all his cruelty and pride of clanship, he was the most superstitious of mortals; and the idea of an unearthly witness appearing against him almost put him beside himself. He had no intention of staying out the three days; and, after a sleepless night, which he groaned out beside his nephew Barvoolin, he prepared for his departure next morning. But his chief shamed him out of his resolution, conjuring, and even ordering, him to remain and await the issue of the extraordinary accusation.

That evening, it being the first after Ecky's examination, the chief, perceiving the depression of his kinsmen's spirits, and of old Carnach's in particular, who appeared quite nervous, plied his guests well with wine, which wrought variously on the various characters. Carnach was excited in an extraordinary manner: his looks were wild and unstable; his voice loud and intermittent; and whenever the late lady of the mansion was named, the tears rushed into his eyes. It was presumed that he meant to have made a full confession that night; and, if he had, his kinsmen would have saved him from destruction. But while the glass was running the ninth hour, they were interrupted by the arrival of an extraordinary guest.

It was, as I said, between the eighth and ninth hours of a dark January night. The storm, which raged for

many days, had died away, and a still and awful calm succeeded. The sky was overspread with a pall of blackness. It was like a house of death after the last convulsion of nature; and the arrival of any guest at the castle, on such a night, and by such paths, was enough to strike the whole party with consternation. The din of conversation in the chief's dining apartment had reached its acme for the evening, when a gentle rap came to the grand entrance door, at which none but people of the highest quality presumed to enter. Sure there was something equivocal in that rap, for never was there another that made such an impression on the hearts and looks of so many bold and warlike men. The din of approaching ebriety was hushed in a moment. A blank and drumly dismay was imprinted on every countenance; and every eye, afraid of meeting with the gleams of terror from another, was fixed on the door. Light steps were heard approaching by the great staircase; they came close to the back of the door of the apartment, where they lingered for a space, and an awful pause it was for those within! The door was at length opened slowly and hesitatingly by Ecky McKenzie, wrapped in her winding-sheet, and a white napkin about her head, who fixed one deathlike look on Carnach, raising her forefinger at him, and then retired, introducing Lady Julia.

This is no falsehood—no illusion of the brain. It is a fact as well authenticated as any event in the annals of any family in Great Britain. Yes, at that moment Lady Julia entered, in the very robes in which she had been precipitated from the bridge. Her face was pale, and her looks severe—still she was the Lady Julia in every lineament. A shudder, and a smothered expression of horror, issued from the circle. Carnach in one moment rushed to the casement. It opened like a door on hinges. He pulled it open, and threw himself from it. Barvoolin followed his example; and so terror-stricken were the remainder, that not one perceived the desperate exit of the two chieftains, save the apparition itself, which uttered a piercing shriek at the disappearance of each. These yells astounded the amazed kinsmen

still the more, laying all their faculties asleep in a torpid numbness. But their souls were soon aroused by new excitations: for the incidents, as they came rushing one on another, were all beyond human comprehension. The apparition fixed its eyes, as if glistening with tears, on one only of those present; then, spreading forth its arms, and throwing its face towards heaven, as if in agony, it exclaimed, "Is there no one here to receive me, or welcome me back to my own house?" The chief assumed the same posture, but had not power to move, till the apparition, flying to him with the swiftness of lightning, clasped him in her arms, laid her head upon his bosom, and wept. "God of my fathers! It is my Julia!—my own Julia, as I live and breathe!" *It was the Lady Julia herself.*

Sir, does not this require some explanation? It does.

On the side of the river opposite to the castle, and, consequently, in another country, according to the constant phrase in those parts, there lived a bold yeoman, called Mungo M'Craw, miller of Clach-mhuillean (I cannot help the alliteration, it is none of my making). But, in those days, mill-ponds and mill-leads, with their sluices and burnis, (to say nothing of mill-stones and mill-wheels,) were in a very rude and ineffective state. The great Christmas flood levelled Mungo M'Craw's weirs and sluices, as if no such things had existed; and, what was worse, as the dam came off at the acute angle of the river, the flood followed on in that straight-forward direction, threatening instant destruction to the whole mill-town. Mungo, with his son Quinten, his daughter Diana, and his old wife, yeleft Mustress M'Craw, were all busily engaged rearing a rampart of defence with wood, stones, divots, and loads of manure from the dung-hill.

"Ply, ply, you deil's buckies, or we shall all be overwhelmed and swept away from the world, with that roaring ocean of destruction that is coming down from the hills. Fie, Mustress M'Craw, ply your fingers; fill all the sacks of the mill with dung, and plunge them into the breach! Diana, you jade! You are not carrying above ten stone weight of dung at a time. Quinten, you dog, you

cur, you great lazy puppy of a cù-èannich, do you not see that we shall all be carried away, unless you ply as never man plied before?"

"Father, is Montrose charged?"

"Malluchid! If I do not break your head for you! What want you with the gun just now?"

"Because here is a swan coming full sail upon us."

"Kem damh fealmar! run and bring Montrose. Him always charged and dry, and let us have a pluff at the swan, come of the mill what may. Life of my soul, if she be not a drowned lady, instead of a swan! Mustress M'Craw, and you young witch, Diana, where be your hearts and your souls now? Och, now, there will be such splashing and squalling, and crying, for women's hearts are all made of oladh-leighis; while I have lost my grand shot, and shall lose my mill, and all my goods and chattels. Alas, dear soul, a warmer couch would have fitted thee better to-day! Come, help me to carry her, you jades; what will howling and wringing your hands do? See, give me hold of all your four arms, and let her face hang down, that the muddy water may pour from her stomach like a mill-spout!"—

"No, no, Mungo, keep my face upward. I am little the worse. My head has never yet been below the water."

"As I shall be sworn before the day of shudgment, it is the great and good lady of the castle! God be with us, my dear and blessed madam! How did you come here?"

"Even as you see, Mungo. But put me in your warm bed, and I will tell you all; for I have had a dreadful voyage to your habitation, although the space of its duration could scarcely be extracted from the column of time. ~~It's scarcely~~ a moment since I lost hold of my husband's arms."

With many exclamations, and prayers, and tears, the lady Julia was put into the miller's bed, and nursed with all the care and affection of which the honest and kind-hearted miller and his family were capable. But her recovery was not so sudden as might have been expected; an undefinable terror oppressed her spirits, which, at first, it appeared impossible to remove, a

terror of that which was past. And besides, there was one feeling of horror which was quite unbrookable, a worm that gnawed at her heart, and almost drank up the fountains of existence within her; it was a painful thrilling consciousness that her husband had pushed her over. She had not the heart nor the capability of mentioning this to any one, although it continued more and more to prey on her spirits and health; but she bound all the miller's family to secrecy, and resolved to remain in concealment with them, till the mystery of her intended death was cleared up.

She contrived at length to obtain a private interview with her humble confidant and god-child, Ecky M'Kenzie. The meeting was affecting, and full of the deepest interest; but I may not dwell on subsidiary matters. At that meeting, and by the conversation that occurred between Ecky and the old miller, Lady Julia's eyes were first opened to the horrid combination to take her off, and it brought such ease and comfort to her heart, that she recovered daily. She was now convinced of her husband's innocence, and that all the love he had ever expressed towards her was sincere; and, as she lived but in his affections, all other earthly concerns appeared to her as nothing. And so, to have farther proof against those immediately guilty, the time, manner, and mode of her return to the castle were all settled and arranged by the miller and maid, and the above narrated catastrophe was the result.

On going out with torches, the foremost of which was borne by Ecky M'Kenzie, they found old Car-

nach lying at the bottom of the wall next to the river, with his neck broken, and his body otherwise grievously mangled; while Barvoolin was so much crushed and bruised by his fall, that he proved a lamiter for life.

When these two cruel and determined men threw the lady from the top of Drochaid-maide, she went down like a feather on the surface of the dense current, until hid from their sight by the acute angle at the mouth of the limn. From the angle on the other side, the miller's dam was drawn nearly in a straight line with the current, and his sluices having been all demolished, the lady was naturally borne right onward in that direction, straight into the old miller's arms; so that, from the time she quitted her lord's arm, and found herself in those of Mungo M'Craw, the miller of Clache-mhuillian, was not perhaps above the space of half a minute. But the far best of the story is yet to come. Whether it was the sleeping for a fortnight on a hard heather-bed, or the subsisting for that fortnight on black brochen, and brose and butter; or whether the ducking and corresponding fright wrought a happy change on Julia's constitution—which of these causes it was, or if all of them combined, I know not; but of this I am certain, that, within a twelvemonth from the date of her return to the castle, she gave birth to a comely daughter, and subsequently to two sons; and the descendants of that affectionate couple occupy a portion of their once extensive patrimonial possessions to this day.

THE QUENCHING OF THE TORCH.

"Look out for that sea, quarter-master!—Mind your starboard helm!—Ease her, man—ease her."

On it came rolling as high as the foreyard, and tumbled in over the bows, green, clear, and unbroken.

It filled the deep waist of the Torch in an instant, and as I rose half smothered in the midst of a jumble of men, pigs, hencoops, and spare spars,

I had nearly lost an eye by a floating boarding-pike that was lanced at me by the *jaugle* of the water. As for the boats on the booms, they had all gone to sea separately, and were bobbing at us in a squadron to leeward, the launch acting as commodore, with a crew of a dozen sheep, whose bleating as she rose on the crest of a wave came back upon us, faintly blending

with the hoarse roaring of the storm, and seeming to cry, "No more muton for you, my boys!"

At length the lee ports were forced out—the pumps promptly rigged and manned—buckets slung and at work down the hatchways; and although we had narrowly escaped being swamped, and it continued to blow hard, with a heavy sea, the men, confident in the qualities of the ship, worked with glee, shaking their feathers, and quizzing each other. But anon a sudden and appalling change came over the sea and the sky, that made the stoutest amongst us quail and draw his breath thick. The firmament darkened—the horizon seemed to contract—the sea became black as ink—the wind fell to a dead calm—the teeming clouds descended and filled the murky arch of heaven with their whirling masses, until they appeared to touch our mast-heads, but there was neither lightning nor rain, not one glancing flash, not one refreshing drop—the windows of the sky had been sealed up by Him who had said to the storm, "Peace, be still."

During this deathlike pause, infinitely more awful than the heaviest gale, every sound on board, the voices of the men, even the creaking of the bulkheads, was heard with startling distinctness; and the water-logged brig, having no wind to steady her, laboured so heavily in the trough of the sea, that we expected her mast to go overboard every moment.

"Do you see and hear that, sir?" said Lieutenant Treenail to the Captain. We all looked eagerly forth in the direction indicated. There was a white line in fearful contrast with the clouds and the rest of the ocean, gleaming on the extreme verge of the horizon—it grew broader—a low increasing growl was heard—a thick blinding mist came driving up a-stern of us, whose small drops pierced into the skin like sharp hail—"Is it rain?"—"No, no—salt, salt." And now the fierce Spirit of the Hurricane himself, the sea Azrael, in storm and in darkness, came thundering on with stunning violence, tearing off the snowy scalps of the tortured billows, and with tremendous and sheer force, crushing down beneath his chariot wheels their mountainous and howling ridges into one level plain of

foaming water. Our chainplates, strong fastenings, and clenched bolts, drew like pliant wires, shrouds and stays were torn away like the summer gossamer, and our masts and spars, crackling before his fury like dry reeds in autumn, were blown clean out of the ship, over her bows, into the sea.

Had we shewn a shred of the strongest sail in the vessel, it would have been blown out of the bolt-rope in an instant; we had, therefore, to get her before the wind, by crossing a spar on the stump of the foremast, with four men at the wheel, one watch at the pumps, and the other clearing the wreck. But our spirits were soon dashed, when the old carpenter, one of the coolest and bravest men in the ship, rose through the fore-hatch, pale as a ghost, with his white hairs streaming straight out in the wind. He did not speak to any of us, but clambered aft, towards the capstan, to which the Captain had lashed himself. "The water is rushing in forward like a mill-stream, sir; we have either started a *but*, or the wreck of the foremast has gone through her bows, for she is fast settling down by the head."—"Get the boatswain to *fother* a sail then, man, and try it over the leak, but don't alarm the people, Mr Kelson." The brig was, indeed, rapidly losing her buoyancy, and when the next heavy sea rose a-head of us, she gave a drunken sickening lurch, and pitched right into it, groaning and trembling in every plank, like a guilty and condemned thing in the prospect of impending punishment.

"Stand by, to heave the guns overboard." Too late, too late—Oh God, that cry!—I was stunned and drowning, a chaos of wreck was beneath me, and around me, and above me, and blue agonized ~~gaping~~ faces, and struggling arms, and colourless clutching hands, and despairing yells for help, where help was impossible; when I felt a sharp bite on the neck, and breathed again. My Newfoundland dog, Sneezzer, had snatched at me, and dragged me out of the eddy of the sinking vessel.

For life, for dear life, nearly suffocated amidst the hissing spray, we reached the cutter, the dog and his helpless master.

For three miserable days, I had been exposed, half naked and bare-headed, in an open boat, without water, or food, or shade. The third fierce cloudless West Indian noon was long passed, and once more the dry burning sun sunk in the West, like a red-hot shield of iron. In my horrible extremity, I imprecated the wrath of Heaven on my defenceless head, and shaking my clenched hands against the brazen sky, I called aloud on the Almighty, "Oh, let me never see him rise again!" I glared on the noble dog, as he lay dying at the bottom of the boat; madness seized me, I tore his throat with my teeth, not for food, but that I might *drink* his hot blood—it flowed, and vampire-like I would have gorged myself, but as he turned his dull, grey, glazing eye on me, the pulses of my heart stopped, and I fell senseless.

When my recollection returned, I was stretched on some fresh plantain leaves, in a low smoky hut, with my faithful dog lying beside me, whining and licking my hands and face. On the rude joists that bound the rafters of the roof together, rested a light canoe with its paddles, and over against me, on the wall, hung some Indian fishing implements, and a long barrelled Spanish gun. Underneath lay a corpse, wrapped in a boat-sail, on which was clumsily written, with charcoal,—“The body of John Deadeye, Esq. late Commander of his Britannic Majesty’s Sloop, Torch.”

There was a fire on the floor, at which Lieutenant Splinter, in his shirt and trowsers, drenched, unshorn, and deathlike, was roasting a joint of meat, whilst a dwarfish Indian, stark naked, sat opposite to him, squatting on his haunches more like a large bull-frog than a man, and fanning the flame with a palm leaf. In the dark corner of the hut half a dozen miserable sheep shrunk huddled together. Through the open door I saw the stars in the deep blue

heaven, and the cold beams of the newly risen moon were dancing in a long flickering *wake* of silver light, on the ever-heaving bosom of the ocean, whilst, the melancholy murmur of the surf breaking on the shore, came booming the gentle night wind. I had been nourished during my delirium; for the fierceness of my sufferings was assuaged, and I was comparatively strong, when I anxiously enquired of the Lieutenant the fate of our shipmates.

“All gone down in the old Torch; and had it not been for the launch and our four-footed friends there, I should not have been here to have told it; but raw mutton, with the wool on, is not a mess to thrive on, Tom. All that the sharks have left of the Captain and five seamen came ashore last night. I have buried the poor fellows on the beach where they lay as well as I could, with an ear-blade for a shovel, and the *bronze ornament* there (pointing to the Indian) for an assistant.”

Here he looked towards the body; and the honest fellow’s voice shook as he continued.

“But seeing you were alive, I thought if you did recover, it would be gratifying to both of us, after having weathered it so long with him through gale and sunshine, to lay the kind-hearted old man’s head on its everlasting pillow as decently as our forlorn condition permitted.”

As the Lieutenant spoke, Sneezer seemed to think his watch was up, and drew off towards the fire. Clung and famished, the poor brute could no longer resist the temptation, but making a desperate snatch at the joint, bolted through the door with it, hotly pursued by the *Bull-frog*.

“Drop the leg of mutton, Sneezer,” roared the Lieutenant, “drop the mutton—drop it, sir, drop it, drop it!”—

THOMAS CRINGLE.
17th September, 1830.

THE PRESENT CRISIS.

THERE is a tide in the affairs of nations, as well as of individuals, and the present tide is that which sweeps on towards the uncertain shore of revolution. The madness, or conviction, or sentiment, or whatever be its right name, is as general as that of the Crusades; and from the Mediterranean to the Baltic, the people are in a ferment. We are far from looking upon this as a circumstance of unmingled evil; for, independently of the good which will arise in some places, from the changes which the people will enforce, and have the prudence to be satisfied with, and then set about minding their own business again, it is a good thing that the nations of the earth should now and then be shaken up, and the loftier virtues and more powerful feelings of men be put in action. For this cause, Lord Bacon goes so far as to recommend war, as a wholesome exercise for kingdoms; and he was not a man to judge lightly, or without a due regard to an enlarged humanity. Mankind, like water, grows putrid by stagnation. The nature of man is not pure enough for undisturbed repose; it requires tempests and hurricanes to cleanse it thoroughly. The unagitated, unwholesome mass, ere long, heaves with internal corruption and concealed abomination. Nations, like the people before the flood, become "corrupt before God;" but a more merciful dispensation, instead of drowning the world, gives us wars and revolutions; and they operate as a purge, exhausting for the moment, but sanative; and the kingdoms grow strong again, till a recurrence of the disease shall require a repetition of the remedy. All this is not very new perhaps; but it is worth while to dwell a little upon these reflections, in order to dissipate those of a more gloomy nature, which the present angry aspect of the political world is so apt to occasion.

The present crisis is one which no man, who reflects at all, can look upon without very lively interest; for, in no period of modern times, has the settled order of things ap-

peared to be so extensively under the influence of desire for change. If we call that "desire of change," which others may choose to designate as the "glorious out-breaking of a spirit of freedom," we desire to be understood as not wishing in the least to undervalue the cause of rational liberty, or the efforts made in its favour, by those who suffer from the want of it; but we must be excused from indulging in a notion so extravagant, as that which refers all the disturbance abroad, and all the sympathy, or affected sympathy, with it at home, to enlightened and honest views of political liberty. A great part of what has been done, has had its foundation in nothing better than what we must call, for want of another word as suitable to our purpose, mere mobbism. There are well-behaved mobs, and ill-behaved mobs; and there are mobs well-managed, and mobs ill-managed; and, again, there are mobs well-opposed, and mobs ill-opposed. The Paris mob was well-behaved, well-managed, and ill-opposed. The Brussels mob was ill-behaved, ill-managed, and well-opposed. The Brunswick mob was ill—every thing. That they had all good reason to be discontented, and to desire a better administration of abused power, is certain. That they have done some good by the decisive way in which their dissatisfaction was manifested, is probable; but that they did exactly the very thing which was right, and in the best manner, is certainly not true; nor can it be doubted, as we conceive, by any one who is firmly attached to the principles of our constitution, that the undivided and extravagant admiration of these continental proceedings, which has been exhibited here, is neither consistent with reason, nor a due regard to our own tranquillity. It happens fortunately for us, that we have within our country an active public spirit, ever at work, which secures us from the necessity of these sudden and violent ebullitions, that we have alluded to as necessary to the political health of kingdoms under different and less fortunate circumstances. Our Par-

liamentary debates, if very unargumentative talking may deserve that name, and our newspapers and magazines, notwithstanding the adverse influence of a Whig Attorney-general, are quite sufficient safety-valves, to let off the ill-humour of the people; and our institutions, however slow and expensive in their working, and although clogged with abuses in their details, are yet of certain efficacy to secure us from such perversion of authority as would call for the forcible intermeddling of the common people; or would justify an *ostentatious* applause of such intermeddling elsewhere. The common people here, as everywhere else, will catch up what appears on the surface, without seeking to go deeper, and if they find the forcible interference of their brethren on the continent the theme of public and inflated panegyric, they will draw their conclusions at once, and without stopping to make nice enquiries as to the circumstances of the case, in which this much-lauded interference took place.

It is not like Englishmen, it is not consistent with common sense, to rush headlong into this public admiration of that about which we know so little, except that from the rapidity of the change, (we refer to the affairs of France,) it is almost impossible that the new system of government, struck off at the first heat, can be permanent. It is not in the nature of things, that rapidity of creation, and the principles of long duration, should co-exist. It is not so in animal or vegetable organization; nor has political organization, which is the work of man, any advantage over the products of nature in this respect. That which is to endure, must be done soberly, and thoughtfully, and deliberately; but that which is done with the rapidity of the shifting of a scene, is likely as soon to give place to another. The French did us the honour very frequently in their late brief proceedings, to refer to our Revolution as a model, as well as an example; it would have been well if they not only recollected what we did, but the way in which it was done. From the 22d of January to the 13th of February, was William kept waiting in silent and sullen expectation at St James's, while the Houses debated, and re-debated and

amended, and conferred, and sifted every argument that patience and ingenuity could suggest, upon the momentous matter of forming a new government. At the first view, it may seem to be a frivolous matter of debate in the British House of Peers, whether "abdicated" or "deserted" were the preferable term to apply to the then state of the throne, or whether an abdicated throne was to be considered "vacant;" but it is no light matter to consider the effect of this nice examination, and slow discussion, and the solid and permanent character imparted to arrangements made under such circumstances. A century and a half have nearly passed away, and these arrangements have remained in force, except in so far as the "breaking-in bill" of 1829 may have affected them. Who will venture to prognosticate a title of the duration to the new government of France? But it is the very probability of further change in France, and further revolutions in other continental governments, which makes the present posture of affairs so critical, and renders it expedient that we should look to ourselves, lest the contagion of example, the insidious movements of the designing, and the imprudence of the unwary, shall precipitate us into domestic troubles of a more formidable nature than we have yet had to encounter, and our safety be endangered through the omission of a cautious preventive policy. In the peculiar circumstances of this country, impoverished by a mistaken system of commercial policy, embarrassed by the contraction of the circulating medium, and the consequent increase of the pressure of taxation,—dissatisfied with a cabinet which has but slender reputation for ability, and none at all for political integrity,—and harassed by the distress of an unemployed population, it is easy to see how soon excuses might be found for acts that would be fraught with public mischief, and how much it behoves us rather to look attentively at our own condition, than to trouble ourselves solely in watching the affairs of others. As it is, we are not without tokens that the spirit which is abroad, has in some measure affected us. The result of the late elections has shewn, in some

places, how the ancient fashion of the country is losing its strength. We have seen political power and importance discovered from property, and thousands of people fill, with their approving breath, the political sails of those who have no ballast to keep them steady, no cargo of their own on board to make them anxious, above all things, for the vessel's security. An unsafe description of education—a kind of bastard learning, a species of knowledge which gives power, without a guide for the use of that power, towards attaining their own substantial happiness, has got among the people, and altered their character. "Trumpet books of mathematics and physics" have, along with the knowledge they conveyed, filled people with dogmatical conceit, have led to disputatious habits, and have induced them to try moral and political questions by rules and methods wholly inapplicable to them; and every feeling inimical to the established order of society, which their enquiries, under these circumstances, lead them to, is very naturally sharpened and aggravated by the pinching poverty to which far too many of them are subjected.

Whatever success may attend the efforts of the modern "schoolmaster," in the way of promoting discontent, it is as nothing in this country, compared with the influence of an unsatisfied craving after the decent comforts of life. Whoever, therefore, loves the institutions of his country, and sincerely desires that they may survive unhurt the revolutionary contagion that prevails in the political atmosphere of Europe, let him study how the common people may be made more comfortable. Let it be shewn by all those who have property, and have a mind to keep it, that they are not unmindful of the condition of those who have none; and let them rather endeavour to stop with food, than with unimproving argument, the mouths of those who complain, that they are willing to work, but can get no bread. Thanks to the schoolmaster, many of the common people can see very plainly, that the justice and expediency of a lazy, luxurious, good-for-nothing man, monopolizing to his own share the profits of twenty thousand acres of land, cannot be de-

monstrated with the same certainty, as the fact of all the angles of a triangle being equal to two right angles. Their education has not gone far enough to teach them that they but mislead themselves in seeking for strict demonstration of moral or political propositions, and they will cling with unconquerable pertinacity to the *reductio ad absurdum* which they consider they have brought the question to, through the aid of "demonstration," and an unsatisfied appetite for dinner. But let the dinner be provided, and the argument loses nearly all its point. Abstinence is said to quicken the reasoning powers, and the observation applies as well to those who reason themselves from defective premises into wrong conclusions, as to others; if it be possible then, let bad reasoning be counteracted by good living. We do not mean to argue that comfortable subsistence is all in all, or that men should barter their liberty for bread; but if it be true, as seems to be almost universally admitted, that a sour and sullen spirit of insubordination is gaining fearful ground among the people, the first thing needful, in order to bring them to a better spirit, and to secure a considerate hearing for whatever may be addressed to them, in the way of good advice, will be to relieve their abject penury, or at the least, to shew an honest and anxious desire to do so.

Parliament will very soon meet, under circumstances of a very peculiar and trying nature; and it will require no slight effort on its part to command the respect and confidence of the people. Never was a British Parliament more narrowly watched than it will be. It is not merely that it is a new Parliament, under a new sovereign, and that the affairs of government generally over the world are in an unusual state of disturbance: but the Parliament has a character to make with the people. The contempt which the people entertained for the last Parliament was freely spoken of within the walls of the Houses. It was felt that Parliament was deficient in sympathy with the people, or, at all events, destitute of the energy and ability necessary to give effect to that sympathy, if it did exist; and the eagerness with which

the public look for redeeming proceedings on the part of the new Parliament is unparalleled in its intensity and universality. It is, indeed, come to this: that, with the present temper and in the present circumstances of the people of this country, the very existence of the Parliament as at present constituted, and the permanence of the power interwoven with its present constitution, depends upon a revival of its energy, and a display of such qualities as may satisfy a thinking and examining people that it is worthy to have the management of their affairs. We earnestly hope, therefore, that no attempt will be made, as at the commencement of the last session, to escape from the question of the common people's condition; that Parliament will not hesitate to grapple with the truth, and discuss it manfully and fearlessly; and thus shew itself worthy of the people's confidence. The best way to prevent revolution, is to shew the people that they have nothing to gain by it; and that those whom they permit to govern them, take as good care of them as any others whom they could choose. It is a mistake to suppose that *concession* is the best mode of imbuing the people with this persuasion. It is natural to detest the power that acts despotically without assigning a reason; but it is as natural to despise the power that concedes without a reason shewn. Members of Parliament are not the mere delegates of the people, but persons chosen to judge for them, and to rule them with wholesome laws. If members shew themselves worthy of the power, as well as capable of the duties, intrusted to them, by manly and independent, as well as earnest and active, endeavours for the welfare of their constituents, the people will find no fault with them for a want of time-subservieny to the clamour of mobs. Much as has been said of the wasting away of respect for Parliament, in consequence of its not having kept pace with the intellectual improvement of the people at large, we are inclined to think that it has lost much more of its influence, and of the sympathy which the people used to feel with it, through an affectation of political science, which, indulging itself in cold generalities and abstract propositions, seems to

forget the present necessities of the people, and turn an unwilling, if not a contemptuous ear to their complaints. It is hardly possible to conceive any thing more irritating to those who are smarting under a practical evil, than to be answered when they complain, by an argument, shewing that, on general principles, it is quite right that they should so suffer. There is an assumption of superior philosophy, which costs the philosophers nothing, combined with the coolness that it shews towards another's distress, which it is not in human nature to bear with patience. It is impossible for the sufferer not to feel a desire to bring down his kind adviser to the level of his own distress, that he might then see how his philosophy would console him in hopeless hunger. Besides the danger from irritated feelings, and the violence which they may lead to, there is another, in dealing with these abstract propositions, because, if proceeded with, they may lead to conclusions subversive of the whole order of society. If the security of all property only depended upon the first principles which justify the existence of exclusive property, how long would estates remain as they are? In France we find the workmen making a stand against machinery, and from the state of the population in England, as compared with the demand for labour, it is not at all improbable that this may soon become a very vital question with ourselves. Now, without being in the least disposed to under-rate the immense value of the power derived from machinery, and fully satisfied that to the aid derived from this power are we indebted for the high rank which we hold among the nations of the world, we would yet warn members of Parliament, and others, against supposing that the complaints of those who suffer from the use of machinery are unenlightened and absurd, and worthy only of derision. Those who appear to speak with a learned contempt of such complaints, meet them by treating the objection to machinery as an abstract and unconditional one, and would have us believe, that if in any case it be wrong to substitute machinery for manual labour, it must follow from the same "principle," that it is wrong to substitute forks for

fingers. This may seem all very fine and scientific, but the question is not one of mathematics, but touching the interests of society, for which one thing is good to-day, and another to-morrow, according to circumstances. A circle is a circle, whether it be the circle of the earth, or the circle of a sixpence, and whatever may be predicated of a circle, is equally true with respect to the one or the other; but there are no such general and unalterable rules with respect to society, and what is politically useful in one state of a population may be pernicious in another. If instead of going backward in the view of the use of machinery, we carry it forward, and assume that all the work now done by manual labour may be done by machinery, this, according to the absolute principle of its utility, would be a great advantage. But what would then become of all those who live by the remuneration of labour, and who have no property? Would those who have property, and who avail themselves of the cheapness of machinery, share it with the people whose labour was no longer of any value as an equivalent? They would not;—but starvation would grow desperate, the rights of property would be violated, and a social chaos would ensue. The use of machinery, therefore, concurrently with the present system of the right of property, may be carried to such an excess, as would lead to the destruction of the latter. It is a grave and critical question, to consider how near we have come to the point where one of these must yield. If society were in that state, that every advantage obtained by the society was shared by all the individuals who compose it, then indeed, so long as pain and labour are associated with one another, whatever, and how much soever, could be done to abridge the

necessity of manual labour, would be an indisputable advantage; but while property continues in the hands of a few, and the mass of the people have nothing but their labour to offer in exchange for so much of it as their daily wants require, it is easy to see how the depression of the value of that labour may be carried so far as to compel them to resort to the law of nature, and violate the regulations of a society whose advantages they have no means of sharing in.

We have ventured to say so much upon this subject, because in the present period, when revolutions and new governments occupy a portion of almost every one's thoughts, the first principle of the social compact must necessarily come into frequent discussion, and the new powers of mankind be taken as an element in such considerations. When we consider how wonderfully the powers of production have been altered and improved, and how generally throughout the world we find suffering following from abundance, and perceive a want of demand equal to the powers of supply, it seems to be almost time that some serious alteration in the system of society should take place, so as to give mankind at large a fairer share of the advantages which our great improvements are capable of affording.

But whatever is done, we trust that in England it will be courageously, and soberly, and discreetly, after the manner of our fathers. Above all things, we hate a melodramatic air in politics; and a "*coup d'état*" is our special aversion. England cannot stop the progress of events; and if the world is changing, she must change with it; yet still, we venture to predict, maintaining her ancient character for boldness, regulated by calm and reflecting prudence.

THE TOWER OF ERCELDOUNE.

BY DELTA.

Quilum spak Thomas
 O Ersyldoune, that sayd in Derne,
 'Thare suld meit stalwartly, starke, and sterne
 He sayd it in his prophecy;
 But how he wyst it was ferly.

WYNTON'S *Cronykul*.

THERE is a stillness on the night,
 Glimmers the ghastly moonshine white
 On Learmont woods, and Leader's streams,
 Till Earth looks like a land of dreams;
 Upon me, in this eerie hush,
 A thousand wild emotions rush,
 As gazing spell-bound o'er the scene
 Beside thy haunted walls I lean,
 Grey Erceldoune, and feel the past
 Its charmed mantle o'er me cast;
 Visions and thoughts, unknown by day,
 Bear o'er the fancy wizard sway,
 And all the strange traditions told
 Of him who sojourn'd here of old.

What stirs within thee? 'Tis the owl
 Nursing amid thy chambers foul
 Her impish brood; the nettles rank
 Are seeding on thy wild-flower bank,
 And all around thee speaks the sway
 Of desolation and decay.—
 In outlines dark the shadows fall
 Of each grotesque and crumbling wall,
 Extinguish'd long hath been the strife
 Within thy courts of human life;
 Thou scowlest like a spectre vast
 Of silent generations past;
 And all about thee wears a gloom
 Of something sterner than the tomb.

Backward my spirit to the sway
 Of shadowy Eld is led away,
 When underneath thine ample dome,
 Thomas the Rhymer made his home,
 The wondrous Poet-seer, whose name,
 Still floating on the breath of fame,
 Hath overpast five hundred years,
 And fresh as yesterday appears.—
 Secluded here, in chamber lone,
 Often the light of genius shone
 Upon his pictured page, which told
 Of Tristrem brave, and fair Isolde,
 And how their faith was sorely tried,
 And how they would not move, but died
 Together, and the fatal stroke,
 Which still'd one heart, the other broke.—
 And here, on midnight-couch reclined,
 Harken'd his gifted ear the wind
 Of dark Futurity, as on
 Through shadowy ages swept the tone,
 A mystic voice, whose murmurs told
 The acts of ages yet unroll'd;
 While Leader sang a low, wild tune,
 And redly set the waning moon,

Amid the west's pavilion grim,
O'er Soltra's mountains vast and dim.

Metinks the vision'd Bard I see
Beneath the mystic Eildon tree ;
His mantle dark, his bosom bare,
His floating eyes, and flowing hair,
Piercing the shadowy depths of time,
And weaving the prophetic rhyme ;
Beings around him that had birth
Neither in heaven, nor yet on earth ;
And at his feet the broken law
Of Nature, through whose night he saw.

The Eildon tree bath pass'd away
By natural process of decay ;
We search around and see it not—
Yet still a grey stone marks the spot
Where erst its boughs, with quivering fear,
O'erarch'd the sprite-attended seer ;
And still the Goblin burn steals round
The purple heath, with lonely sound,
As when its waters still'd their noise
To listen to the silver voice,
Which sang, in wild prophetic strains,
Of Scotland's perils and her pains—
Of dire defeat on Flodden Hill—
Of Pinkyn-Cleuch's blood-crimson'd rill—
Of coming woes, of coming wars—
Of endless battles, broils, and jars ;
Till France's queen should bear a son,
To make two rival nations one ;
And many a wound of many a field
Of blood, in Bruce's blood be heal'd.

Where gain'd the man this wondrous dower
Of song and super-human power ?
Tradition answers—Elfland's Queen
Beheld the boy-bard on the green,
Nursing pure thoughts and feelings high
With poesy's abstracted eye,
Bewitch'd him with her sibyl charms,
Her tempting lips, and wreathing arms,
And lured him from the earth away
Into the light of milder day.
They pass'd through deserts wide and wild,
Whence living things were far exiled ;
Shadows, and clouds, and silence drear,
And shapes and images of fear ;
Until they reach'd the land where run
Rivers of blood, and shines no sun
By day—no moon, no star by night—
But glows a fair, a fadeless light ;
The realm of Faery.—

There he dwelt,
Till seven sweet years had o'er him steal'd,
A long deep rapturous trance, 'mid bowers
O'er-blossom'd with perennial flowers ;
And when, by Learmont's turrets gray,
Which long had mourn'd their lord's delay,
Again 'mid summer's twilight seen,
His velvet shoon were Elfin green,—

The livery of the tiny train,
Who held him, and would have again.

Smil'st thou at this, prosaic age,
Whom seldom other thoughts engage
Than those of miserable self,
The talismans of power and pelf?—
It must be so—but yet to him,
Who wanders 'mid the relics dim
Of ages, whose existence seems
To us, not actual life, but dreams,—
A raptured, an ecstatic trance,—
A gorgeous vision of romance,—
It yields a sadly pleasing joy,
To feel in soul once more a boy ;
To leave the rugged paths of Truth,
For fancies that illumined youth,
And threw enchantment's colours o'er
The forest dim, the ruin hoar ;
The walks, where musing genius stray'd ;
The spot where faith life's forfeit paid ;
The battle field where sleep the slain ;
The pastoral hill, and breezy plain.

Airy delusion this may be,—
But ever such remain for me ;
Still may the earth with beauty glow,
Beneath the storm's illumined bow,—
God's promised sign,—and be my mind
To science, when it deadens, blind.

NOTES.

1. *All about thee wears a gloom Of something sterner than the tomb.*

The ruins of the Tower of Erceeldoune, once the abode of the famous True Thomas, are still to be seen at a little distance from the village of the same name, which in pronunciation has been corrupted into Earlstoun. It is situated on the Leader, about two miles from where that stream falls into the Tweed. About the ruins themselves there is nothing remarkable, farther than their known antiquity, and the renown shed upon them by the Rhymers.

It was on a beautiful morning in September that the Castle was first pointed out to me; and at a time when I was ignorant of the existence of such a venerable relic. That it awakened a thousand stirring associations, is not to be wondered at.

I am told that it is still regarded with feelings of awe by the peasantry; and to express a doubt to such of its being haunted, would imply the sceptical hardihood of the Sadducee.

Of this, Sir Walter Scott tells a good story.—“The veneration,” he says, “paid to his dwelling-place, even attached itself, in some degree, to a person, who, within the memory of man, chose to set up his residence in the ruins of Learmont's Tower. The name of this man was Murray; a kind of herbalist, who, by dint of some knowledge in simples, the possession of a musical clock, an electrical machine, and a stuffed alligator, added to a supposed communication with Thomas the Rhymers, lived for many years in very good credit as a wizard.”

2. *Of Tristrem brave, and fair Isolde.*

It is now, perhaps, sufficiently known, that Thomas of Erceeldoune, alias True Thomas, alias the Rhymers, was the author of *Sir Tristrem*, a romance which obtained almost universal popularity in its own day; and which was paraphrased, or rather imitated, by the minstrels of Normandy and Bretagne. Such, however, before the invention of printing, was the instability of literary popularity, that, at last, only one

copy was known to exist. From this, which belongs to the Library of Advocates in Edinburgh, and is the earliest specimen of Scottish poetry extant, the author of *Marmion* gave the world his edition, filling up the blanks in the narrative, and following out the story in a style of editorial emendation not often to be met with. Indeed, this rifacimento is not one of the least extraordinary achievements of a most extraordinary literary career.

For an account of it, the more hurried reader may consult *Ellis's Specimens of Ancient Poetry*, Vol. I. where it is treated of with much taste and critical discrimination.

3. *Beneath the mystic Eildon tree.*

Tradition reports, that from beneath the boughs of this tree, the Rhymer was wont to utter his prophecies; and also, that it was here he was enticed away by the Queen of Fairyland.

True Thomas lay on Huntly bank;
A ferlie he spied wi' his ee;
And there he saw a lady bright
Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.

Her shirt was of the grass green silk,
Her mantle of the velvet fine;
At ilka telt of her horse's mane,
Hang fifty siller bells and nine.

1. *And still the Goblin burn steals round The purple heath, with lonely sound.*

A small stream in the neighbourhood of the *Eildon Tree*, (or rather *Stone*, as its quondam site is now pointed out by a piece of rock,) has received the name of the Bogle Burn, from the spirits which were thought to haunt the spot, in attendance of the prophet.

5. *And many a wound of many a fiend Of blood, in Bruce's blood he heal'd.*

Among the prophecies ascribed to the Rhymer is the following, evidently relating to the crowns under James VI.

Then to the Beirn I could say,
Where dwellest thou, in what countrie?
Or who shall rule the isle Britain,
From the north to the south sea?
The French wife shall bear the son
Shall rule all Britain to the sea:
Which from the Bruce's blood shall come,
As near as the ninth degree:

That severe and acute examiner of historical truth, the late Lord Hailes, in a Dissertation devoted to the Prophecies of Bede, Merlin, Gildas, and our Bard, makes it distinctly appear, that the lines just quoted are an interpolation, and belong to erlington, another approved soothsayer

6. ———— *Elfland's Queen* *" Behold the boy-bard on the green.*

The description of their journey to Fairyland, in the Old Ballad, is exquisitely poetical.

" Oh see ye not yon narrow road,
So thick beset wi' thorns and briars?
That is the path of righteousness,
Though after it but few enquires.

" And see not ye that braid braud road,
That lies across that hily leven?
That is the path of wickedness,
Though some call it the road to heaven.

" And see not ye that bonny road,
That winds about the ferme brae?
That is the road to fair Elfland,
Where thou and I this night maun gae."

* * * * *

O they rode on, and farther on,
And they waded through rivers aboon the knee;
And they saw neither sun nor moon,
But they heard the roaring of the sea.

It was mirk mirk night, there was nae stern light,
And they waded through red blude to the knee;
For a' the blude that's shed on earth,
Rins thro' the springs o' that countrie.

Border Minstrelsy.

FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

A GREAT era is at hand. Upon every moral calculation, times of trouble and convulsion are advancing upon England. Favoured by many influences, which have been long developing themselves through political journals, they will be times of fearful disorganization for the system under which England has been great and happy. In such circumstances, nations have one sufficient anchor for riding out the storm—the old reverential and religious spirit, operating through education, and through household discipline. For England, that is lost. In the great body of the people, we have lived to see the idolatry of the human understanding complete: and if Great Britain should really and finally rise above the perils which menace her, that issue will defeat the lessons of universal moral prudence; for, according to any *extensive* means which are available in her case, she must do so through agencies in capital hostility to all those which secured her triumph in the long struggle of the 17th century; she must uphold civil order by principles of confusion, and social distinctions by the services of jacobinical levellers.

We cannot say that this prospect will be new to multitudes, or that it has opened upon ourselves abruptly. There has been a pretty general conviction, amongst thoughtful men, for the last fifteen or twenty years, that England was ripening for a great crisis: and, doubtless, some harmony there must have been in the elementary grounds upon which every speculation of that nature has moved. But the differences are yet so many, according to the original position of each political observer—and so many prejudices are likely to mingle with every man's anticipation of events in the highest degree interesting to his passions, that we shall guard ourselves from misconception, by marking out our own view of the particular causes which are concurring to revolutionary effects, and (as frankly as we can do without personality) the quarters in which they are most active.

The evils which threaten us—speaking of evils which can justify

fear to a mighty empire—it is almost superfluous to say, are evils from within. A nation, as great as England, is not liable to dangers from abroad, unless as they happen to co-operate with domestic dangers, infirmities in the very constitution of society, or treason. The late French Revolution, therefore, as an original exciting cause, could not be formidable to England under any course which it might be expected to travel. Were the first revolutionary taint propagated from this contagion, and supposing that no previous morbid action of political influences in our own system had prepared the great body of English society to receive the French example with its entire effect, there could be little reason for looking to France with awe. Precisely that situation was the one we occupied at the earlier revolution of France. Any injury she could have done us by that revolution, it is now evident to every body, that France must have effected in those days as a tempter and an original suggester of evil; but, for co-operating elements of revolt prepared to her hands, it is certain, that, in England, she did not, and could not, find any at all, so far back as thirty-five and forty years ago. The trials for high treason prove it under Mr Pitt's administration. But, above all this, it is proved, by the universal disreputability (it is not too strong a word if we said infamy) which attached, through all England, at that time, to the name and character of Jacobin. Let us recall the condition, as to rank and connexions, of those in London, and in Edinburgh, &c., who were tried about 1793 and 1794, for conspiracy or treason;—let us revert simply to the universality of the toast of "Church and King," as the shibboleth adopted for ascertaining honest citizens,—and we shall be satisfied that the nation at that time was not divided. Jacobinism had then no real party amongst us. It is saying too little by much to describe it as in a minority. The simple truth was, that, on one side, with the government of the country, were arrayed all the property and respectability of the land; on the other, in utter disconnexion with

each other, stood a few bankrupt malecontents, and old professional sowers of sedition. Let us look back for one moment upon the picture at this period presented by England, when every suspicion of revolutionary principles drew down the summary vengeance of mobs; when Dr Priestley, and other apostles of insurrection, were compelled to become panic-struck fugitives from the country; and disaffection to the state was heard only muttering from the obscurest corners; and then let us pass to the scene at that time and long afterwards exhibited in parts of the continent, in Sicily, and in every part of Italy, where the expression of public feeling was not stifled by an iron police. An Englishman of distinguished talent, who passed immediately from the one scene to the other, and heard, in every coffeehouse through Italy, hatred and contempt the most undisguised, universally fulminated against the government by respectable citizens, has recorded, in connexion with this fact, his astonishment that Mr Pitt could so profoundly have mistaken the signs of an extensive disaffection to the government, as the general complexion of his measures and his speeches in Parliament are evidences that he did. The panic of so great a man is inexplicable. In Austria, we can understand the policy of those rigorous, and even harsh measures which were adopted by the imperial cabinet. For, though not a murmur was heard, there was also no expression of cordial sympathy with the government from any extensive body of the people. The separation in feeling between the nobility and the untitled people, of property, was intense—gloomy—impassable; and it was well known, that if the iron compression of the state police were relaxed, a smothered flame of revolutionary frenzy was everywhere ready to burst forth. But in England, the whole property and authentic weight

of the country had anticipated the government; jacobinism was put down, and made infamous, without the necessity of one movement on the part of our governors. In reality, the democracy of the land had lost even its reasonable influence, and was depressed to a point which, if it could be supposed permanent, would have been dangerous to the balance of the constitution; and perhaps, in some degree, to that undue depression, is to be ascribed the fury of recoil in the democratic spirit, under the excitement of Mr Hunt and other demagogues, in after years. There is one celebrated city in Great Britain where Whig politics have generally, until the last twelve years or so, been not so much the ascendant as the exclusive creed. In that city we will not say how the case may have been; but everywhere else, the man who lay under the suspicion of being a democrat, was received in all good company (supposing the very rare case that such a person had introductions of that class) with the same gloomy and shy demeanour which in England has been usually reserved for avowed infidels in religion. In 1794, the great Whig organs had already fallen into utter disrepute. In and out of Parliament, they had lost so entirely their power of leading, as a counterbalancing party known to the constitution,—so irretrievably had they forfeited the confidence of their countrymen,—and so sensibly was this carried home to their feelings by the votes in Parliament, and by the acts of respectable public meetings, where the very name of Fox had become but another word for every thing revolutionary and anti-national—that in fact, it is to pure mortification on the part of Mr Fox, at this state of humiliating insignificance or political extinction, that we must ascribe his secession from the House of Commons.*

In those days, therefore, the vi-

* At this day the personal passions of those times are nearly extinct. The "great Commoner" has been laid in the grave for three-and-twenty years. And we cannot be supposed to speak from any feelings of partisanship, when we say, that Mr Fox's public conduct for the five years from 1792 to 1797, after every allowance for difference of political principles, admits of no justification. It was indiscreet and intemperate in the spirit of a boy's intemperance. And, indeed, there is reason to think that Mr Fox, whose reading had been very limited, (and, in particular, by way of

gour of Mr Pitt, which he himself law," was at least as much beyond described as "a vigour beyond the the occasion. Highly as we admire

showing how little truth there often is in old inveterate popular notions, he neither had read more than a few pages of Demosthenes, nor did he particularly profess to admire that orator; there is reason, we say, to think that Mr Fox had taken a bias from one or two novels, and the *Venice Preserved* of Otway, which gave him through life an unstatesmanlike admiration for what he conceived to be generous indiscretions; his own account of the Duke of Monmouth corroborates this; and it is certain that a little conspiracy or treason was within the benefit of that liberal allowance. This we know from the quality of his Irish connexions. But putting out of consideration every thing which has been since made known to us by the publication of private letters, &c., there was enough surely in the public and avowed acts of Mr Fox, to authorize the treatment which he received both from the king and from his offended country. When posterity shall hear of so temperate a prince as George III. deliberately striking his pen with his own hand through the name of a privy councillor so distinguished for his talents, for his connexions, and his position in society, as Charles James Fox, a man who had even served him as a minister of the crown, without further question they will be satisfied that this privy councillor must have done something unusually wrong. Mr Fox's conduct at public dinners, in fact, the toasts and sentiments which he gave or authorized, the connexions and the political sympathies which he avowed, were worthy of a bloody French Septemberizer. It is singular that this most good-natured and amiable man in private life has publicly done his best to connect himself with the most sanguinary politicians of his day; and equally singular, that this leader of the democracy of England was, in his private pretensions and tastes, the most intolerant aristocrat. This latter feature was natural: the recent elevation of his family from a stock comparatively so modern as Sir Stephen Fox, whose somewhat equivocal history, and the several steps of his aggrandizement, were so perfectly within the retrospect of scandal, kept the family in an irritable condition of feeling, which a century or so may be required to heal. In all cases Mr Fox seemed to forget, that the man who occupies the great and dignified station of leader to the Whigs of Great Britain, (a station which, in any national sense, has not been filled since Mr Fox's death—unless Lord Grey may be thought his successor,) is not at liberty to act upon private impulses, as a less conspicuous member of the party would be. He is deeply responsible to the great political body who acknowledge him for their head. A private member of the Church of England would be free to attend a meeting for any religious scheme that was not *prima fronte* hostile by its very purpose to his own church; he may go to such a meeting as a means of investigating its true bearings; but a dignitary of that church has no such large freedom of agency. His very presence is a sanction that tells far and wide, and travels where no explanation can ever accompany it. This was deeply felt by the Whigs of that time; doubtless they must individually have felt much pain in separating from Mr Fox; but they could not, as patriots, allow that his violent acts should represent the ancient Whig party, to whom, jointly with the Tories, was confided the guardianship of the British constitution: to suffer such conduct to go down to posterity as the representative acts of the party, was a libel on their own conduct in 1689. Hence came the memorable schism of the Whig club. The fall defence of that schism may be seen in Mr Burke's *fifty-four articles of impeachment against C. J. Fox*, &c. And certain it is, that no true Whig, who valued his principles above his private connexions, after that time adhered to Mr Fox; those who did so, held that relation to the genuine Whigs, which the Tories of the English Revolution held to the Jacobites; there was the same opposition of principles to personal attachments. Indeed, after that solemn condemnation of Mr Fox by his own party, it was felt that, as a public man, he could never recover his place in the national esteem, until the course of time should have so changed the position of all parties, that their old moral relations, and the judgments founded upon them, should have become obsolete. In fact, the vast succession of events, which at length swallowed up the republic of France, thoroughly cancelled the position of all parties. Mr Fox's past sentiments thus became of no more practical or applicable importance, than those of his college exercises. Such had been the sweeping nature of the changes, that he, like all politicians, found themselves in a new generation. And the death of Mr Pitt of necessity opened that door to Mr Fox's party, which, during his life, would assuredly have been shut for ever. Meantime, inoperative as Mr Fox's opinions were made by accident, and the temper of the nation with

him in many parts of his policy—highly as we admire even this vigour, applied to a more suitable object, we must own, that the assumptions upon which he acted seem first to have been realised in our own days. All the dangers which Mr Pitt imagined are now present. That revolution, against which he armed a general crusade of Europe, had already ceased to be dreadful at the time when the “panic of property” first reached the cabinet of England. The death of a malefactor inflicted upon an innocent king, and his calumniated wife, first gave any sensible shock to some states of Europe. Yet in that stage of its manifold transmigrations, the portentous revolution of France had almost ceased to be an object of political fear, because it had altogether ceased to be an object of imperfect confidence, or of uneasy and mysterious suspicion. Long before that time, indeed, grounds of certainty had been furnished, which dissipated every doubt upon the ultimate tendencies of the new-born democracy of France. Once ceasing to court and to fraternize—once dropping her blandishments and her masks, in her martial and menacing attitude, the youthful giantess lost more than half her terrors. As a friend, there was a mystery of fear about her, as well as a mystery of iniquity; (for the guilty secrets of that revolution have no more closed the burden of their confessions, than the secrets, yet

guiltier perhaps, of this present revolution have begun it :) as an enemy, though dreadful, she might be grappled with.

Far more dangerous, every way more full of change and fear, because more insidiously smiling upon all around her, is the Revolutionary France of August and September, 1830, than that of January, 1793; and the time will soon arrive, when the fine apostrophe of the Poet, who looked back from the elevation of 1815, upon the awful sweep of that earlier birth, through six-and-twenty years of blood and tears, will be found more ruefully appropriate to the colossal democracy which, as yet, wears the name of royalty:—

“Who rises on the banks of Seine,
And binds her temple with the civic
wreath?

What joy to read the promise of her mien!
How sweet to rest her wide-spread wings
beneath!

She stands on tiptoe, conscious she is fair,
And calls a look of love into her face!
And spreads her arms— as if the general air
Alone could satisfy her wide embrace.

—Melt, principalities, before her melt!
Her love ye hail’d—her wrath have felt!
But she through many a change of form
hath gone;

And stands amidst you now, an armed
creature,

Whose panoply is not a thing put on,
But the live scales of a portentous nature;
That, having wrought its way from birth
to birth,

Stalks round—abhor’d by Heaven—a
terror to the earth!”

which he dealt, it is yet certain that these, more than any other expressions of the republican frenzy, deceived Mr Pitt, and were the occasion of his harshest measures for restraining the press, and the freedom of public assembly. Mr Pitt had little time or opportunity for making himself acquainted with the true condition of the public mind; and it was natural that he should suppose a revolutionary taint very widely diffused, which could have reached Mr Fox. Yet, had it not been for the support of the Dukes of Norfolk and Bedford, Mr Fox would have been left nearly without aristocratic alliances. However, to this conduct of Mr Fox, and its misinterpretation by Mr Pitt, it is pretty certain that we owe the *Habeas Corpus* Suspension Act, and all the other parts of that harsh system of coercion.

It is singular that the personal friends of Mr Fox should have caught from him the very same spirit of boyish indiscretion, and should have gone so far as to provoke the very same species of punishment. The dismissal of the present Duke of Bedford, as Lord Lieutenant for his native county, and of Lord Fitzwilliam from the same office, in the West Riding of York, seem, at first sight, as violent measures in the Ministry as the expulsion of Mr Fox from the Privy Council. We do not wish to stir unpleasant remembrances without necessity. Yet, certainly, the offence of these Peers was a most wanton outrage in persons of any rank. The Duke has since written a defence of himself, which will be found in Dr Parr’s works. But it is one which has little chance of changing any body’s opinion who is acquainted with the circumstances.

It has been destined by Providence, it seems, for mysterious purposes, that the French democracy of both periods should find willing and even zealous accomplices, in those who were summoned by every instinct of fear and prudence, to stand forward at once in the first ranks of its embattled enemies. Infatuation seems to have possessed the Cabinets of Europe in both instances. But in 1789, it was the infatuation of hope; in 1830, it is the worst of all infatuations—the infatuation of fear. Of all parties, at this time, the aristocracy of England seems to be the only one which has done its duty, or acted with any sense of dignity. Feeling, before even they could fully have comprehended, the secret hostility to themselves in this new-born abortion of France, which, in its prosperity, involves by fatal links the destruction of their own order, the British Peerage, and all their connexions, have honourably stood aloof from the wretched scene of mob gratulations. If they are to fall, they will fall as becomes them. It seems, that *they* at least are determined to make themselves no parties to the conspiracies which are now organizing in Paris, against every species of civil dignity in the system of Europe. Meantime, for the poor degraded Government of England—what words shall be found ample enough to express the judicial blindness, and the self-abasement, with which it has precipitated itself into the fraternal hug of the Parisian *canaille*, who summon to their levy, ambassadors from the councils of every potentate they are able to abuse with their flatteries and impostures, as to that great figu-

rative banquet in the Apocalypse, upon the flesh of kings and their captains. Too happy if they can acquit themselves of any participation in the schemes of Polignac and Peyronnet, singly solicitous for the approbation of the scoundrel press, the English Ministers rush, at the bidding of the mobs at home, to fraternize with the French mobs, inside or outside (the difference is small) of the Tuileries. The acts of Polignac, so far as they seem at present, and before the trial of that minister, to indicate treachery, may certainly, with some plausibility, furnish a ground for suspecting an accomplice in the correspondent of Dr Curtis; but, inasmuch as they also indicate a good deal of energy, the present Cabinet of Great Britain must surely stand acquitted of all original share in suggesting them.*

If it were found necessary, or if it were judged advisable, to recognise the existing government of France, where could be the call for this furious haste? Was it dignified—was it even decorous, according to the very limited decorum of the mobs who now rule at Paris, that this recognition should take place with as little enquiry into the past, and as careless a disregard of the future, as could possibly accompany the acknowledgment of a commercial consul at one of the outports? No questions asked, no negotiation so much as talked of, upon this tremendous change of dynasty; some information arrives in London—nobody knows how, or when, or whence—possibly from some pretty *marchaude des modes* to the Duke of Wellington, in the rear of some assortment of fa-

* In saying this, we take it not upon the authority of the London newspapers, which stick at no falsehoods, but on the fact of the newspapers having received no public contradiction, that Gen. Baudrand's presentation to the King was followed by an acknowledgment of the present government of France. Else the mere reception of Gen. Baudrand proved nothing of what the newspapers pretended. He might have been received as an individual, or as representing a provisional government of necessity, or again as representing a provisional government of authority; for it must be remembered, that the Duke of Orleans was appointed provisional governor (Lieutenant-General) of France by Charles X. The same newspapers circulated as true the pretended circular of the Prussian Cabinet to the military commandants of frontier fortresses, forged at Maestricht; and every journal in Great Britain swallowed it. And on the late Russian order arriving for the exclusion of the tricolour flag from the ports of Russia, and for the recall of Russian subjects from Paris,—the same London journals have had the audacity to protest that these measures meant encouragement to the new government!

shions for the month, that for summer wear they have a new assortment of princes and ministers at his Grace's service in Paris. What! is it so certain, then, that the late French Ministry have no case to establish, which may modify the views of Europe upon what has past? Have they by possibility no story in reserve, on *their* side, against those who are now in the ascendant? The truth is now already beginning to creep out; and, whether the late French Cabinet can produce or not such evidence as will materially affect the present impressions of the world, manifest it is to any man of sense, by the mere preparation and perfect organization of all the measures for resisting at the precise moment when they were wanted, that a most extensive conspiracy had been formed in Paris—and doubtless was entirely within the knowledge of Polignac and his brother ministers. That the select mob, who were appointed to the approaching service, were instructed as to all the circumstances of their conduct; and in particular that they were bribed by ulterior views, which have since been unfolding themselves, to their abstinence from plunder, in so far as their abstinence was real, general principles of human nature will not permit us to doubt. A worthy, who is kept at Paris as a correspondent by one of the London newspapers, says, (we give his words from memory,) "If you speak to a coalheaver of Wapping about the Ministers, and the Cabinet, he understands nothing of what you mean; but in Paris it is otherwise. You are not to judge of the poor people in Paris by the mobs of London." So it seems: the sanguinary character of the mobs of Paris, even the female mobs, is known of old: witness the ever-memorable atrocities and fiendish outrages of the bloody *poissardes*, perpetrated in 1789, and the following years, under the very eyes of that august lady over whom history weeps! To their bloodthirstiness, it seems that we can now add, upon the authority of their London-newspaper friend, the not unkindred quality of coxcombry. We can well believe it: this is but the old union of the tiger and the monkey, for which, as representing the elements of *their*

character, we have the warrant of the most celebrated amongst their countrymen. Many facts have been already recorded with regard to the poor faithful and intrepid Swiss guards, and even with regard to French officers and soldiers, which make it tolerably clear, that the old ferocity and cruelty of the Parisian mobs have been abundantly exemplified on the late occasion; many more will continue to come forth, when they are no longer repelled by the consciousness that the public sympathies both in England and in France run with too headlong a current in the opposite direction. Truth will assuredly make its way at last; and we have no sort of doubt that a perfect uniformity in the character of French mobs, ancient and modern, will be stamped, as the foremost impression, upon every account of the late transactions, written with simplicity and circumstantiality, and without party bias or democratic gasconading. Bloody and cruel the French mobs have always been: their London friend answers for their presumption and conceit; and, if they are not greatly belied by all British strangers, who have had much personal intercourse with members of their body, they are, in a degree beyond all other mobs in Europe, ignorant and mercenary. The praises of disinterestedness, in the extent to which they have been so lavishly put forward in their behalf, and partially even supported by the romantic anecdotes circulated in the newspapers, supposing that their falsehood were not already betrayed by the theatric varnish of the circumstances, may be resolutely contradicted by the mere blank realities of human frailty and human necessity. Disinterestedness, under circumstances of such extreme temptation, and in persons who perfectly understood that they were to reap no fame—no individual gratitude or momentary approbation for their acts, is not reconcilable, upon any extensive scale, with human nature in its present condition of infirmity. Sublime acts of self-devotion have arisen but rarely, at long intervals, in a course of many centuries. The cases of that kind are easily numbered—more of them belong to religion than to patriotism; and there is no reason to

think that any influence *but* religion has ever sustained such an effort, where there was not a body of admiring and recording witnesses. How monstrous then to call upon us for an act of credulity so sweeping as this assumption, not of one Athenian Codrus, or one Roman Curtius, but of ten thousand Parisian Codri and Curtii from the dark recesses of St Antoine! Less than forty years ago, from that frightful quarter of Paris, came forth those myriads of murderous levellers, who wallowed in the blood of illustrious victims. One generation has passed, and it is audaciously pretended by the London newspapers that, from those very same abodes of squalid wretchedness, the very same gloomy dens of guilt, ignorance, and abject pauperism, martyrs by thousands, and self-devoting heroes, upon the high Roman plan, more numerous than the leaves which strew the forest grounds of Vall'Ombrosa, have issued upon the simple excitement of apprehensive patriotism; and, with a stern renunciation of personal views, laying down the trowel, the hammer, and the mattock, have taken up the sword, without so much as asking for the wages of their lost time. Oh! fortunate city! oh! privileged age! in which the very *sansculottiers* are raised to heights so sublime above those mercenary temptations which, in other times, neither liberal education, nor even the restraints of religion, have been found sufficient to regulate!

But the good sense of reflecting men recoils from such extravagant

fictions with disgust, as soon as the hurry of the first excitement has subsided. The newspapers take advantage of our first enthusiasm to impose fables upon us, to which the understanding could not have submitted in moments of coolness; and once fastened upon the public ear, they are not afterwards investigated.* It is past all doubt, that the Parisian mob of July was bought and sold. No reasonable man hears of 10,000 labourers leaving their families to starve, in order to risk their lives for the Press and the Electoral Colleges—objects so remote, and in so aerial a relation to *their* wants, and the possible sufferings of *their* class, but he must perceive that some previous negotiation had passed between them and the agents of the great party behind the scenes; that party which had been for some time secretly embarked upon a contest *ad internecionem* with the Polignac Ministry. The principals, as always happens in such cases, withdrew from sight; the obscure agents have now disappeared; their dupes are left to mourn over the fraud so artfully practised, by which *they* only have failed to profit; and their indignation has since found a vent in those tumultuary meetings, which have given the new government so much uneasiness. Had these people the command of a newspaper, we should hear disclosures which will not reach the public through a body of editors, who are in one moiety sold to the present government by bribes such as Europe has not heard of before, and in the

* Most singular it is to remark the daily proofs of conspiracy amongst the newspapers, benefiting by their happy immunity from criticism, ("Folios of four pages, which not even critics criticise,") to forward any purposes which they have much at heart. Thus, as early as Sept. 11 and 12, a time when the London journals (excepting such as are mere copyists, without avenues of any kind to official information,) well knew that no communications had been received from Vienna, they were busily forging recognitions of the new French régime by the Austrian Cabinet. The articles by which this statement was made, were placed in a conspicuous situation; the articles by which it was indirectly retracted, were slipped into obscure extracts from Paris journals. Again, all the papers (almost without an exception) asserted, in the same spirit of systematic deception, that Charles X. had insisted on being received as King, and that our Government had given orders that he should be received *only* as a private gentleman. Both were falsehoods, as the newspapers well knew who coined them, for the purpose of bringing over the wavering to their own views, by the pretended authority of Government. In this instance, however, Government did not think proper to submit to the lying misrepresentation; and a contradiction was given in the Courier. But, apart from that, what a palpable want of harmony between this tale of the newspapers and another (a true one), circulated at the same time—viz. that Charles X. had abdicated in favour of his grandson!

other are pledged to the very interests against which the people fought. In either direction, therefore, at present their complaints are stifled, and their revelations are intercepted. Besides, it is obvious that a man in the situation of M. Lafitte can easily retire behind a general disavowal of all the unknown or obscure agents, who, whether authorized or not, made use of his weighty name in conducting their bargain with the people. It is equally obvious that poor labourers, whom mere hunger and cold recall to their daily toils, can have little time and less skill for unravelling an elaborate juggle, in which those who played the leading parts are now backed by the whole power of the state. M. Lafitte and his friends, we dare say, treat this affair privately within their own *clique*, as the majority of politicians amongst ourselves treat the question of the impressment of sailors: all acknowledge it to be a sad sporting with personal rights, but view it as a case in which there is so great an overbalance of public good, that a patriot (it is supposed) has no alternative but to allow of it with a sigh, and to turn away his eyes from the actual operation of so painful an outrage. Ten thousand people, they will argue, have been cajoled and defrauded, in order that thirty millions might achieve their liberties. But in whatever way they apologize for the case, and let who will be chiefly responsible as the original movers and managers of the fraud—that this fraud *was* perpetrated, is evident, not only on the considerations we have urged, from the very face of the whole affair, and the coincidence of an armed mob, trained and prepared for every contingency, with the very crisis of the demand; but also from a collateral reflection which belongs pretty nearly to the same period. Not many weeks before this display of popular zeal on the democratic side, a large body of poor women, and one of the lowest of the trades of Paris,—in fact the very classes from which the heroes and the martyrs of liberty have emanated,—on presenting some customary offering of flowers, and an address to the royal family, called upon the king in significant terms, to make himself *master in his own house*. The political

insinuation couched under this homely counsel was well understood by all Paris. Now, it is true that these people have since made a laudable effort to exonerate themselves from the reproach with which this recollection has loaded them, being naturally anxious to evade the public hostility in a cause which is no longer able to defend its supporters. But, we argue upon it thus,—not only is it established, that in 1830 one considerable division of the populace, standing under no circumstances of distinction from the other divisions of their body, did confessedly avow a direct and open sympathy with the most despotic interpretation of the king's rights; but, inasmuch as they drew upon themselves no ill-will, at the time, from their brethren of other trades, as no allusion was ever made to this sentiment until recent events had placed it in a new view,—and until some one, perhaps, of the many agents of the newspaper-press had recalled it to the public remembrance; can it be doubted, that this address pretty accurately represented the general state of political feeling amongst that order of the Parisians? Had the particular trade concerned in this address, been aware of any emphatic difference between their own views in politics, and those of their brethren, generally, they would, probably, have abstained from any allusion to a subject so little connected with their own interests. Or, suppose them to have been under any delusion in this respect, all the other trades, at least, were under no delusion as to their own principles; and they would speedily have apprized these heretics, by most unwelcome evidences of the general displeasure, that their admonition to the king was likely to be as injurious to themselves as it was upon any view of the case uncalled for and gratuitous. We do not see in what way this argument can be eluded: had the temper and political enthusiasm ascribed at present to the lower orders of Paris been genuine—had they been in any sense the true forces upon which the late insurrection moved, then they could not have been of sudden and recent growth; being so profound and radical—being adequate to sustain so perilous a service, they must have been of ancient growth; consequently

they must have been fully matured in their developement on so very recent an occasion as that of the address in question, and would, therefore, inevitably have exploded in some instant expression of indignation applied to the principal actors in that business. As no such explosion is on record, as no traces, in fact, exist of any murmurs or ill-will on that or similar manifestations of anti-democratic sentiments—we are at liberty to suppose that the populace of Paris was clear of all animosity or jealousy which pointed in that direction: a supposition which is in the fullest sense irreconcilable with the principles and the patriotic fervour now ascribed to them by the triumphant party, as the sole solution of the political phenomena.

Perhaps there are many secrets of this day both in English and French politics, more especially in French, which never will be revealed in their whole extent for centuries to come. Memoirs in England and in France, are still appearing at intervals, of an era nearly two centuries back, which sometimes make exposures of those days that might cause the dry bones to stir in the very graves of many once formidable statesmen. The *whole* machinery of the late tremendous insurrection at Paris, may perhaps never be known. Yet it is very probable that the impeached ministers, unless they see cause to sell their secret exposures for the price likely to be offered by the new government, may throw much light upon the past, in the course of their own defence; and the chance of any suppression on their part, in collusion with the triumphant faction, is rendered less probable by the obvious difficulty under which so weak a government must find itself to fulfil any engagement it might undertake with the ex-ministers, for saving their lives and their estates. Bribes short of these, it may be supposed, would hardly purchase silence in a single instance. Thus the government will be placed in a trying situation: anger, revenge, mortification, (and despair, if they should find sanguinary counsels prevalent amongst the populace,) may lead the prisoners to threaten the fullest disclosures. These the government, there can be no doubt, would cheerfully purchase at any price of concession

to men who are in no respect personally odious to themselves. Yet to promise a pardon will be impossible; *that* must remain entirely with the people. And to wink at their escape from prison would be too hazardous an experiment on the present temper of the Parisians, and one which might probably enough recoil on the present government itself. It is not for people in their senses to step between a tiger and his prey.

However, with or without the circumstantial disclosures of Polignac and Peyronnet, the key is already in our hands to the main outline of the late revolution; and the truth which it proclaims is acknowledged by the discerning, and will soon be generally diffused. The revolution is the effort of a conspiracy. An organized faction had entered on a race with the government—the government, well acquainted with its plans, its movements, and the crisis which it was preparing, resolved to precipitate that crisis, and to bring on the struggle, before the whole resources of their enemy were developed. Unhappily the king and his advisers were tempted to violate the laws. Being as yet in possession of the powers of the state, they found, in the extremity of the danger, and in the utter contempt of law which governed the counsels of their antagonists, a justifying argument for wielding those powers in the way suited to grapple with the urgency of the case, without wasting a thought upon the scruples of constitutional purists. The question (it might be argued by a partisan of the royal cause) was one of state casuistry. “All nations, those who have been the most jealous of unlimited and irresponsible power, the Romans, even, and the English, have contemplated the possible occurrence of emergencies, and have provided for emergencies, in which not only the powers of the magistrature were to be extended (an alteration only of *de-gree*), but the very constitution, with all its privileges for the benefit of the subject, was to be suspended (an alteration of spirit and *kind*). The Romans had their dictatorship, lodging the most plenary discretion in one man, likely to bring many prejudices, possibly many personal enmities, to his office, and who exer-

cised his power without any subsequent accountableness. The English suspend their right of *Habeas Corpus*, the very aegis of their liberties; in a case of necessity, subject the country to martial law; and put an end to the right of meeting to express grievances, or for any purpose whatsoever: all which are acts absolutely destructive of liberty, and surrender the whole power of the state to one sole minister, who is thus enabled to remove all his opponents at pleasure, and to throw them for an indefinite period into dungeons, without ever bringing them to trial, or shewing any cause whatever for their original detention. These tremendous powers have repeatedly been conceded, and upon no very severe examination of the circumstances under which they were claimed, to ministers, in some instances, of haughty and imperious temper. It is true, that they were created in a legal way. But it must be remembered, that, in France, upon the late occasion, that legislative body, who must have been resorted to by the King for the creation of a legal shape to any extraordinary powers or dictatorship, were themselves amongst the foremost of the conspirators. Powers, which were to be exercised chiefly against themselves, it was hopeless that they would grant. Consequently, if the powers of a dictatorship were necessary to save France from revolution, as apparently they were, it is clear enough that the circumstances of the case allowed of no other mode of creating them, than that which was adopted by the French government."

Such would be the apology of a French advocate in a court of justice for the Ex-ministers. The arguments of a judicial advocate are necessarily in one extreme, and do not represent the absolute truth. But it is fair to allege them as a balance to the other extreme on the popular side, which is all we have yet heard. An English advocate for Polignac might shape his apology thus (still supposing him to speak as a law pleader):—

"The question admits of an easy solution. Has the legislature of a country a suspending and a dispensing power, for extraordinary conditions of danger, over the laws and general privileges of the constitu-

tion? According to all analogy and precedent of the most scrupulous and zealous states, in every land it has. Then, secondly, supposing that the legislative body are not sitting, may the same rights of suspension and dispensation be wielded vicariously by the King's council? Are Orders in Council, (*ordonnances*), provisionally and *ad interim*, of equal force and authority with acts of Parliament? Doubtless they are: we of this country, in some memorable instances, have had our policy, both domestic and foreign, created by Orders in Council; so that, with regard to us, the French Ministry will have an *argumentum ad hominem*. But these Orders of Council were afterwards obliged to seek their warrant and confirmation in Parliament? Certainly they were; and that course would according to all reasonable presumption, have been pursued by the French Cabinet with regard to *their* Orders in Council; they also would have been submitted to the French legislative body. But, then, that body was previously to have undergone a thorough change in its constitution? True; the dispensing power was directed in France, as it had been in England, to the peccant or threatening parts of the popular functions. Different circumstances find different necessities. In England, the danger had been from without the walls of Parliament; in France, it came from within. But there is no reason why the composition of the representative senate, or the franchise of their constituents, should not as properly become the subject of the dispensing power—those being, in France, the forces which neutralized the royal authority, and were hurrying all things into a revolution—as that, in England, the general liberty of the subject should be circumscribed, and (to speak frankly) be held for the time on the tenure of a minister's pleasure. The King of England, in the solemnity of his coronation, swears to observe all the laws of the realm, and to maintain the privileges of his people. Yet the very foremost of these privileges is one which George III., conscientious as he was, and even superstitiously scrupulous (if *that* is possible) in what related to the obligation of oaths, dispensed with more

than once. Still of the many persons who have attacked his policy, not one has charged him with violating his oaths. The truth is, that the very possibility of a dispensing power implies the right of a full discharge and absolution from all the moral obligations which had enforced the rights or immunities dispensed with. Here, then, lies the error of those who view the Orders in Council of Charles X. as infractions of his oath. They conceive, and that is the general supposition, for no better reason than that the true view has not happened to have been suggested by any body, that the King of France was dissatisfied with the constitution as it existed in the charter, and, by his ordinances, meditated its destruction. That was not the case. Charles X. was well pleased with the constitution; wished and sought to preserve it; whilst others—above all, the legislative body and the public press—were confederated for its destruction. These enemies of the charter had already made it impossible for the king's government to proceed. No ministry that the king could appoint—no matter who they were—so long as they would not abet the plan of reducing their master into unresisting vassalage to the will of the Jacobin faction, would have commanded the votes of the House. That was settled. It had been resolved, that the king, and the king's office, which, according to its place and functions in the charter, was a powerful impediment to their objects, should be attacked through the necessities of the public service. Reduced to insignificance in this practical way, he would afterwards have been easily compelled to create these nullities by law, which he had practically exemplified. By such steps, the barriers, safeguards, and balances of the constitution, were to have been removed in succession. The king, however, and his council were longer-headed people than their enemies had assumed. They saw to the end of the scheme: and they met it by a counter-plot. But how? Not, as has been imagined, by a warrant for the destruction of the charter, but for its suspension. The *ordonnances* of July 26 were mere acts of the dispensing power *pro hac vice*: and if they were not speedily laid

aside after they had redressed the main evil just then impending—the virtual abolition of the constitution—the fault would have rested (as originally it had arisen) with the faction of Jacobins. One evil only there was in the king's measures—and *that* was in their execution. The army of Algiers should have been in Paris. It is a standing rule in politics, and the imprudence is not greater than the cruelty of neglecting it, that an unpopular step once resolved on should be carried through with an overwhelming force. To make demonstrations of strength that are barely sufficient—tempts opposition, and in a manner challenges the bloodshed that ensues."

So much might be said by a resolute advocate, taking the extreme line of defence, for Charles X. and *his* party. And there is a kind of duty to listen even to an extreme apology, where so much is heard in the other extreme. For ourselves, and to return to our own course of argument, as to the other side, as we have said, they are a band of conspirators; and, for the present, of triumphant conspirators. Is then the new Orleans king a ringleader of conspirators? Not so. We believe him to have been clear of participation in the machinations of the faction who have adopted him; and as much the passive victim of their momentary and prudential favour, as Charles X. was of their abiding wrath. But in that character he is the more dangerous to us. He is just the same royal phantom, the same pageant king that Louis XVI. was left by the constitution of 1789.

A condition of things cannot be imagined for France more certain to uphold the succession of change and trouble. Faction will propagate faction; conspiracy will supplant conspiracy; and Jacobinism, having, even more fully than at the era of 1789, crushed with its brutal hoof the throne and the aristocracy, will fall into intestine divisions; the Reign of Terror will again succeed under all its sad varieties of crime; and *that* will again travel onward to the inevitable consummation of a military despotism.

Here let us pause for one instant, to weigh the conduct of our political journals; of that, in particular, upon which, in these awful times, the bur-

den of the Anti-Jacobin service devolved. We live in an age of apostasies. The times are rank with political baseness. Yet no one instance of party treachery, which our times have witnessed, has so much confounded all expectations as this; excepting the treachery of Sir Robert Peel, none has raised so much indignation. In journals that have been bankrupt in character for twenty years, that adore the mob, and, affecting to lead, do in fact follow, with their tortuous wriggle, the endless caprices of the *Times*, no man wonders at any thing, unless it were the casual expression of a just sentiment without an admission fee. But in a grave and honourable newspaper, avowedly set up to maintain the ancient *Standards* in church and state, sudden, violent, reckless perfidy, scandalizes and alarms us all. Faugh! what a spectacle! A solemn journalist, with wig and spectacles, sprinkling his columns with Hebrew, and professing unusual reverence for the sanctities of religion, (which, as much as his ability, had won him *our* regard,) at first hearing of the mob revolution in Paris—an event which, upon *his* principles, should have driven him to sackcloth and ashes—throws up his heels like a young colt of a year old or rising two, whinnies, curvets, caprioles and gambols in every expression of ridiculous joy. He should know that his friends are aghast at his folly. Fie! raving journalist! Is it opium, or mandragora—calenture is it of the dog-days, or changes of the moon, that in one hour can thus have shaken so firm a brain? We hear it said everywhere—"No: it is none of these; it is hatred of the Duke of Wellington. He is to be connected at any price with Polignac: and that connexion must be improved into a crime. But a crime it could not be, unless the Paris revolution were the birth of a glorious era for France." Is that, then, the key to this hideous scene, in which a writer of ability and honour exhibits himself, capering away in bacchanalian frenzy amongst the godless crew who are revelling by anticipation over the prostrate thrones of Europe; and not a few are clamouring for regicide? To hate the Duke of Wellington in his character of politician is

not amiss: but is it impossible to hate at a less price than that of sacred principles? We suspect that with that cause has concurred another. In a moment of weakness, and of *green* enthusiasm at the first arrival of the French news, the writer forgot himself, or mistook the bearings of the case: an expression of approbation escaped him: he fancied that all the world was now to be unanimous. Two or three days convinced him of his error. Wise magistrates refused to call meetings; the aristocracy stood aloof. Had his journal been a *weekly* one, he would have taken a different course. But a daily writer has little time for reflection. He was committed. To the editor of a newspaper, if he professes at all to *guide* in politics, there is little opening for repentance—ruin would follow the confession of an error. And thus the indiscretion of a moment pledges a man for ever. In this instance it increases the grotesqueness of the exhibition—that, whilst consistency obliges him to maintain his tone of frosty rapture at each allusion to the new order of things in Paris, a grin of rage is yet discoverable on his features at the rash haste which has betrayed him to such a cause, and a withering scowl upon the rabble of London ruffians, young and old, in whose worshipful society it has placed him. Sad necessity of violated duty, and of a single false step! Sir Robert Peel, it is generally believed, would give his first-born son that a lethargy had held him from the public service for the last eighteen months. This journalist would perhaps pay the same price to restore himself to that station of unsullied authority with the public which he occupied in the last week of July. The remorse of a man of honour and ability, when he will suffer us to suspect his remorse, commands our pity and respect.

For the present, however, he argues, and he does what obstinacy can to fight up against the seuse of his real situation. He contends for the late Revolution, (admitting at the same time, that his friends do not agree with him,) on the ground that it is in the analogy of the British Revolution in 1688-9, and not of the former French Revolution in 1788-9. What his arguments were on this

head, so little had they the air of having satisfied himself—so entirely did they wear the shape of showy refinements for a college thesis, or a special pleading, that we have already forgot them. The opposition between our Revolution and the late French one, is large and obvious in a degree which makes it necessary to spend but few words in marking the capital distinctions. The *radix* (so to speak) of all which can characterise any revolution of state, lies in the kind of provocations offered on the one side—the amount and quality of the aggressions upon national rights—and on the other, in the mode of the resistance: by what organs, how combined, in what alliance with each several order of the state. First, for the provocation: in the case of James II. it was no solitary act, but a long succession of acts through a space of five years. The *Quo Warrantos*, which placed all corporations at the king's mercy—the sweeping Irish confiscations and proscriptions—the attack upon the English bishops—the violent and lawless expulsion of citizens from their freeholds—the obtrusion, *vi et armis*, of papist fellows and tutors upon a Protestant university—not one of all these enormities was held sufficient by Whigs, as liberal as Bishop Burnet,⁴ to justify an armed resistance to the sovereign. It was the collective series of acts which in *their* view raised the true justification, as arguing on the part of the crown a settled plot for suppressing the religious worship of the land, fenced equally by conscience and by law, for establishing the popish superstition in its most idolatrous and intolerant form—for violating all the titles to private property—for annihilating civil rights—for abolishing Parliament—and, finally, for destroying the fundamental laws and constitution of the land. And that this plot was no casual or sudden thought, which might be abandoned upon proper remonstrances, is evident from

this: that it was many times with-
awn and dissembled under threatening or unfavourable circumstances, and as often resumed upon fresh encouragement arising. Now, what is there corresponding to all this in the conduct of Charles X.? His *orders in council* were, at any rate, a single act of a single day, not a series. There might be a long series of acts which expressed evil intentions to the constitution; on *that* we give no opinion; but it is not alleged that more than one carried these intentions into execution, so as signally to violate the charter. And it is a possible view of the case that this act was merely provisional; an act to meet a desperate conspiracy; not an act destroying or abolishing the constitution, but an act suspending it, or dispensing with it. However, let this be waived as a question which is yet *sub judice*; two capital differences are still to be found between the cases of James II. and Charles X. First, the measures of Charles X. were in the nature of a retort. In what degree they were also measures of anticipation and counteraction, is at present less distinctly known. But it is matter of notoriety to all the world, that, at any rate, they are to be considered in the light of a reply, or retaliation, to a long series of insolent, contumacious, and threatening behaviour from the legislative body. These men were resolutely ungrateful, refractory upon system. Their opposition, to the king's government was not upon cause shewn, but unconditional, predetermined, and systematic. Acts of grace could not conciliate them: concessions could not disarm them. They had resolved that the king should not conduct public affairs, but as a tool surrendered into their hands. We speak not of the ulterior conspiracy which they had organized for precipitating this end: we stand upon the public debates of the French Chambers, votes which are known to all Europe, and

⁴ Bishop Burnet's conduct was, however, timid and compromising. Panic gave a bias to his conscience in the language he held to Lord Russel in prison. And afterwards, when the Revolution allowed a larger license to people's thoughts, he could not take the full benefit of that advantage, from the unfortunate necessity under which he lay of harmonizing his latter language with that which he had held on so memorable an occasion.

insolence which is recorded. Now turn to James II.; what single instance of disrespect or hesitating confidence do the annals of those times present? On the contrary,—even reasonable remonstrance was forborne; as if to bribe the king back to his duty. The addresses of his subjects increased in fervour of affection as his Majesty gave them stronger cause for uneasiness. However unpopular his religion might tend to make him, he more than compensated that drawback by his connexion with the naval glory of his age. He was loved as a “blue-jacket king.” Dutiful reverence, affectionate homage, met him in every quarter; and we are told by an eye-witness of those scenes, that it was customary to say, upon any doubts arising of that kind, which the final issue too fatally warranted, “No: we must not doubt: we have the word of a prince, which was never broken.” Secondly, Be it remembered that the measures proclaimed by the *ordonnances* of July 25 were not adopted, at all events, as a direct *end*, and as welcome to the king in and for themselves; they were resorted to as a *means*, and after other less violent methods for attaining the same end, had been tried in vain. Without undertaking, in this place, to characterise the general spirit of Charles X.’s government, it is agreed even by his enemies (in fact it is their way of explaining the meaning of his conduct) that in this last act, by which he so much provoked his subjects, his purpose was simply to apply a remedy to the elections, which had not turned out as he wished. It was done, therefore, as a means for attaining an end which he would have been contented (possibly would have preferred) to attain by the regular course of the elections, had they happened to fall out to his wishes. He did not seek to proclaim his arbitrary power: in reality it is very possible (even his enemies admit) that he would have

preferred to obtain the same advantages at a much lower exertion of power. But the illegal violences of James were applied in a very different way: not *mediately*, as the readiest means to the advantage he had in view, but *immediately* and directly for themselves, as illustrations of that arbitrary and autocratic power which James courted for its own sake. He was a genuine despot and tyrant; for he was not content to obtain the ends he coveted, unless he might also put it upon record that he obtained them by violence.

So far with respect to the provocation given. But now for the quality of the resistance offered, how mighty was the difference! In England, it commenced and was sustained upon an influence of religion. And many persons have doubted whether the English Revolution ever could have been carried through, had not the conviction been at length matured in the minds of all who had an influential place in society, and in the last year of James’s reign, diffused powerfully by the pulpits of the land, that the alternative for the national choice was—a new king, or a new and idolatrous worship. That dilemma quieted many a scrupulous conscience, that else would have fought for James to the death. In France, on the other hand, at this day, such religion as there is with either party, nobody doubts to be all ranged on the side of the king.* The faction opposed to him are no champions of a purified and reformed faith, but the liberal scoffers at all religion whatsoever, as equally odious to the miserable cant which they profess, under the name of philosophy.

Such was the main supporting force of the British Revolution; one which, alas! could now be relied upon in no part of Europe; in France least of all. The other differences were equally conspicuous: In England, every organ in the social system—every division and order of people having a

* Most readers have been taught to regard Charles X. as a poor victim of superstition. And the noble Dauphiness has been traduced in the same way. A superstitious faith, however, is better than none at all. But suppose, that they live habitually under such a sense of divine power, as the great chastisements of Providence upon their illustrious house, and their own individual calamities, are fitted to maintain in meditative minds;—that would be sufficient in Paris to account for the reputation which has settled upon them.

corporate existence, or known to the constitution—every depository of power, wealth, or territorial influence, co-operated cheerfully to the common deliverance. The House of Commons did not, as their first act, attack the House of Peers in their fundamental privileges and existence; both concurred energetically in the one sole redress which the graciousness of Providence at that time pointed out. Both Houses merged their party dissensions in the general welfare. Whigs and Tories met in the same course of policy. The church had spoken authentically from the very first. The bishops had stood the wrath of the king, and had paid *their* tribute to the common contribution in the Tower. The lower clergy had refused to read the mandates of the court. The universities had stood prominently forward; Oxford, in particular, took the first step in the revolution, by the stout resistance of one of her colleges. The lords-tenant of counties, sheriffs, and inferior magistrates exerted themselves, each in his proper sphere. Many other public bodies signalized their concurrence in efforts appropriate, by kind and by degree, to their peculiar position. And, finally, even the army, except where Papists had been treacherously introduced into the ranks, testified their patriotism, by falling away from a prince who had not confined himself to a single act of violence, in maintenance of rights furiously and systematically assailed; but had maniacally proclaimed, for the whole course of his reign, that he was ready to sacrifice both life and throne, rather than one iota of his plot for denying that legal liberty to the consciences of his subjects, which, in defiance of all old English law, had been granted to his own.

In France, upon looking for the parallel which the English journalist assures us of, we find every feature of the correspondence failing. But the civil disunion of a great country announces itself, according to circumstances, by two different languages; either by that of open and triumphant discord, or, in cases where it happens that the balance of the several forces is utterly overthrown, by blank negations and expressive

silence. The mob is the power which at present lords it far and wide; whenever men are conscious that, upon any offence offered to a popular idol, a tumultuary force will in a few hours collect as rapidly as thunder-clouds in summer, and will visit political offences upon the property and persons of the obnoxious parties, with a power that is beyond even the control of armies,—there it is evident that the mob, though not always visibly dictating, are always present potentially, and by the terror of their influence. Nothing is free at this moment in Paris which is in opposition to the popular will. The little opposition which, in any case, seems to have been offered, is simply to some fraction of the people. Really unpopular sentiments are now uttered at a risk which few have the courage to encounter. In reality, few can stand in a situation which imposes any duty of that magnitude upon them. Hence, between the peril on the one hand, and the absence of any adequate call of duty on the other, we have little at this moment of the real voice of France, and the true sense of her enlightened citizens, as it would be found in their private and confidential correspondence. Yet, whenever accident, or necessity, or local security, gives it a free utterance, we find nothing but distraction through the land. The House of Representatives acted but as the obedient tool of the mob, as a formal organ for registering or countersigning their decrees. The House of Peers did not act at all; but was terrified and offended—angrily protested, and then timidly assented. The ecclesiastical body are in universal disgust and opposition; the bishops have either protested, as at Orleans, or have retired from public service, as at Marseilles. The prefects, (who may be considered as corresponding to our lords-tenant of counties,) and the inferior magistracy, are evidently hostile, in a vast proportion, to the new order of things, as appears by the very extensive dismissals which have been already reported. Finally, the army has not (as in the English Revolution it did) felt any summons of conscience to desert the king; but has adhered to him until he himself, by quitting

France, silently admonished them to comply with the necessities of the times, and the suggestions of a pacific policy. In short, it appears that the Revolution in France is the work of a party, and has begun by trampling on the rights of those who are liable to any suspicion, from their character or their position, of viewing it with hostile eyes. The Revolution of England was the work of the nation; opposed by no party at all then known to the state; and leaving the cause of James utterly without support, except from his personal adherents, who professed no public principles of any kind, or from those nonjuring bigots, who, though condemning the king's conduct, were yet embarrassed by extravagant notions of a divine and indefeasible right in kings, paramount to any considerations of national welfare. In one sole feature have the two revolutions any resemblance, and let *that* not be overlooked:—James II. was ruined by popish counsels falling in with his own popish bigotry; and in whatever degree it shall hereafter appear that Charles X. was actuated *definitively* by serious designs in the spirit of the late ordinances, it must be recollected that his delusions are of the same origin: the unlimited influence of the priesthood, which on other grounds is sufficiently suspected, can alone explain a policy (supposing that it shall appear to have been a *final* one) so exceedingly incompatible with the general temper of the age. It is a known fact, that the Romish priests, still adhering to the literature of a past era, expurgated for their private use—reading no journals that would set them on the level of the times to which they belong, and associating chiefly with their own order, or with any other only in the character of confessors and teachers, are superannuated in their political creed, and the spirit of their political calculations, to an extent which would not be credible on a less exclusive education. Meaning to be the guardians and buttresses of thrones, yet, of necessity for their own preservation, cherishing darkness, and wilfully separating themselves from their age, they have ruined two dynasties the most splendid in the world.

With this single exception for the part played by Popish influence, in

all besides, the French Revolution of 1830 has no point of affinity to that of Great Britain. Its true affinities, as we affirmed last month, are to the former Revolution of France herself. All the appearances, up to the present hour, fall in with that view. Take but one instance: The House of Representatives have been quite sufficiently eager in the service of that power which effected this democratic Revolution, and in attacking the aristocracy. Yet so far are this house from meeting the cravings of the popular party, that a violent cabal is now at work to extort from the king their speedy dissolution. Should that succeed, France will then have a new Chamber, returned by a new and extended class of electors, and under the immediate excitement of a revolutionary ferment. The composition of this body, considering the large infusion of democracy which it cannot fail to receive under the new law of election, will aggravate the dangers of France, whenever it shall happen. But, at this particular moment, a change of that character would carry forward that perilous spirit of licentious legislation, upon which all the prudent men of Paris are sensible that it is necessary to hang retarding weights, with an accelerated pace. Coming at this crisis, a new election would ensure the return of a House resembling, in its ferocity and its destroying activities, the old Convention: unfortunately at some period, sooner or later, it *must* come. Meantime, whatever may be the issue of that question, clubs are forming of the most alarming character, and placards are issued in a temper altogether incendiary. That which is ascribed to a society called *the Friends of the People*, (published in the London journals of September 17 and 18,) speaks the language of pure Jacobinical fanaticism as powerfully as any thing which appeared between 1790 and 1794.

But, if all these dangers were past or evaded, two will remain, of so formidable a character, that no discretion in the legislative body—no forbearance in the people, or (which is still more improbable) in the organs of the people, can by any possibility redress them or abate them. The King is annihilated, as regards

his functions in the constitution; this is the first evil: and the second is, that the army is annihilated as the creature of public authority. We should be glad to know in what point of real power the new King of the French has the advantage over his unhappy predecessor, Louis XVI., in that most slippery of stations—the throne of a republic. In one point, he is clearly below him—Louis did not owe his elevation to the people: then he had to thank only for the limitations of his office. But the present King, being so memorably the creature of one mob, for any right that he can plead, may be laid aside at the pleasure of another. And as to power, separated from right, if, in the present temper of France, he could venture upon an appeal of that kind, without an aristocracy to create a system of influence in his behalf, without an army to enforce his authority, what could he effect? He remains, what no doubt fulfils the utmost intentions of his constituents, a royal shadow—a state phantom, interfering by no chance with the reversionary hopes (as they will gradually evolve) of republicanism—and, for the present, a propitiation to the potentates of Europe, by which some of them at least will be duped. As to the army, it is singular to observe with how much blind exactness every thing has obeyed the precedent of 1789, in the relations of this great body to the state, and also in the internal relations of its own members. We have recently heard of the private soldiers in French regiments cashiering their officers, and electing new ones. In 1790, Mr Burke complained that “the principle of obedience” had been destroyed “in the great essential critical link between the officer and the soldier.” And how? Was it that any change in the military code expressly authorized such perilous novelties? Not exactly so, (though, in fact, some proposition of that nature was at one time favourably entertained by the Constituent Assembly,) but practices like these followed constructively upon the general doctrines of the day. “The soldier,” said Burke, (*Reflections on the Revolution*, p. 441,) “is told—he is a citizen, and has the rights of man and citizen. The right of a man, he is told, is to be his own

governor, and to be ruled only by those to whom he delegates that self-government. It is very natural he should think that he ought, most of all, to have his choice where he is to yield the greatest degree of obedience. He will, therefore, in all probability, systematically do what he does at present occasionally; that is, he will exercise at least a negative in the choice of his officer. At present the officers are known at best to be only permissive, and on their good behaviour. In fact, there have been many instances in which they have been cashiered by their corps.” But were it otherwise—had the internal organisation of the army remained unaffected by the contagion of democracy, still the external relations of the soldier to the state are vitiated. The same great political philosopher, to whom *every* body must feel their reverence revived in these times, if it were only for the prophetic sagacity with which, so early as in 1790, he pointed out the inevitable termination of this martial anarchy in the rise of “some popular general,” who should make himself “the master of the whole republic,” insisted at that time upon the unusual necessity which had arisen to the civil power for the service of an army in supporting its authority. And why? Because the doctrines then promulgated, certainly not more so than at this moment, had “industriously destroyed all the prejudices and opinions, and, as far as possible, all the instincts, which support government.” In this extinction of moral force, no substitute remained but the physical force of armies. Yet again, by a perverse necessity of their own creation, the governing power of France had corrupted this instrument in those days: and that through a doctrine circulated with much less emphasis than at present. “You must rule,” said Burke, “by an army; and you have infused into that army principles, which, after a time, must disable you in the use you resolve to make of it. The king is to call out troops to act against his people, when the world has been told, and the assertion is still ringing in our ears, that troops ought not to fire on citizens.”

These evils were remedied in the progress of that revolution by foreign

war; they could have been remedied by no other. It is a prevailing notion, and in fact it has tended unduly to depreciate the authority of Mr Burke and of Mr Pitt, that the French republic was in fact forced into the development of her strength by the menaces and the assaults of her royal enemies; that the mere necessities of self-defence gradually drew her forward into her tremendous system of aggression. But this, though wearing a show of truth as to the letter, is false substantially. For, not to mention the previous aggression of her revolutionary overtures and solicitations, that diplomacy of sedition and revolt which she maintained in all countries, it is certain that the intrinsic evils in the composition of her army, and its real inefficiency for any of the applications by which the shattered authority of government sought to supply its own weakness, admitted of no cure but by plunging it into active service against a real enemy. A soldier, perfectly inefficient in his proper character, might be fatally efficient as an armed citizen supporting the sedition of the burgher by his own insubordination. The same evil recurring in these times, and from the very same cause, can be met only by the same remedy. War, however, if it is in her own choice to evade it, doubtless France will decline at this moment; because, under the circumstances of her present position, any war would assume a character which would be likely to attract a general alliance of crowned heads; it would be too obviously a struggle between Jacobinism and the thrones of Christendom. France, therefore, will wait, if she is permitted, until the critical era is past over for giving a character to the war so dangerous to her views; she will seek for a quarrel upon other grounds, such as will permit her to pick her enemy. But the state of a belligerent, as soon as she can attain it upon a colour of less ominous pre-

tence, she is in a moral necessity of courting; in that way only will she find it possible to re-baptize her now civic soldiery into their old and indispensable relations to the state.

War, indeed, is now possible upon other grounds, growing, however, immediately from the same; and some of them are such as may almost compel England, however crippled by her financial condition,* to move in that direction according to the poor ability that remains to her. She is bound by treaty to the Netherlands; she paid, and with a profusion wholly uncalled for, the cost of establishing the barrier fortresses. Even the Duke of Wellington, ridiculously as he has neglected our foreign policy, understands *their* value; for he has received, we believe, a considerable sum for express tours of inspection, to provide against any chance of their being neglected. He cannot look on with indifference, and suffer the present monstrous revolution in Brussels, Liege, Louvain, &c. to take its course. Nor, if *he* should fail in his duty, will the marriage ties of Russia and Prussia suffer them to be quiescent. Besides, that this revolution, under the most puerile mimicry of that in Paris, is really without a pretext: grievances there were none; and when asked what they wanted at the first outbreak of the tumults, the citizens, thrown suddenly upon a perplexing question, as yet unconsidered and "premature," replied, after a long pause,—"*Justice!*" as though any special act of oppression could have wanted a special name. The simple truth is, that, being Papists, whilst the seven United Provinces happened to be Protestants, the universal distinction which holds between the reformed churches and the idolatrous church of Rome, is conspicuously illustrated in this case. The Dutch are the and enterprising—the Belgians retrograde; the Dutch enlightened—the Belgians bigoted and ignorant. Hence the impartiality of the Court,

* A writer in the *Dublin Evening Post*, though arguing, some weeks back, with considerable ingenuity, for the probability of war, yet forgets himself so far as to say, "It is inferred naturally enough that the Powers of the Continent cannot go to war while the purse-strings of England are closed." But this policy, besides that it is impossible, is superannuated; already in the last great and ever-memorable coalition, the subsidizing system was abandoned.

which confessedly had no prejudice to the Belgians, and was open to any merit they could bring forward, did but the more conspicuously proclaim the Dutch superiority. Real injustice would secretly have delighted the Belgians, since, in that case, they might have charged upon the hostility of the government what, as things are, too flagrantly expresses the low condition of Belgic intellect: a condition which is entirely due to Poverty.

The many other disturbances in Germany, which last month we pointed out as inevitable—those, for example, in the Prussian city of Aix-la-Chapelle, in the territory of Hesse Cassel, of Hesse Darmstadt, of Brunswick, and, above all, in various cities of Saxony—will excite a fearful sympathy in the Cabinets of Berlin and Vienna. And if, in any of these instances, especially on behalf of Belgium, the vanity of France should for one moment seduce her from her commanding interest of neutrality—such a movement would infallibly determine all the powerful courts of the Continent to active hostilities. The state of Piedmont will immediately call down an overwhelming Austrian force into the North of Italy. And, in that position, a trifle may light up war with France, whose powerful motives to peace may easily give way to the irritability of republicanism, and the vivacity of the national temperament.

For England, if it were otherwise possible by her finances, and acceptable to her Cabinet, war would at this time, we are satisfied, be resolutely negatived by the voice of the people. What is shewy and flattering in the condition of France is obvious to the popular feeling; what is menacing, and points with terrific solemnity to ourselves and the disease in our vitals, is a little in the rear, and withdrawn from the notice of the inconsiderate. Never yet was any nation in the condition of England; her whole constitution of political power, as it exists both in church and state, being the object of profound hatred from all classes below the gentry, and of long—earnest—and systematic hostility from the press. Even against British property in various modes, there exists an or-

ganized conspiracy—against the property of the West Indians—against the property of the fundholders, and, finally, against the property of the church. But above all, the great and paramount conspiracy lies against the guardian of all our property and rights—the aristocracy of the land—the accumulation of landed property upon which that order is built, and the primal safeguard both of the property and the order—the law of primogeniture. So long as the aristocracy and the church subsist, so long England will retain her place amongst nations. But if a breach is made in either, upon those principles of wicked and desolating spoliation, which are now listened to both in and out of Parliament, and by a far different class from that which would have lent them any countenance thirty years ago, all is lost; and we are thenceforth at the mercy of a revolutionary spirit, and a frenzy of democracy, more powerful, if once unchained, in this country even than in France. If the indirect influence of the aristocracy upon the House of Commons, by means of the close boroughs, were once destroyed, the one sole equipoise is gone by which at present we make head against the democratic forces of the great commercial districts. Left to themselves, the manufacturing body and half-educated tradesmen would act, all England through, as Yorkshire has lately acted, in one conspicuous instance. Yet, with these tendencies in the people, who are every day rising in that half knowledge which is of no avail, except for evil, it is a melancholy fact, that the weak Cabinets we have lately seen, are more and more co-operating. It is now rumoured, that *reforms* in Parliament, of a character which, if they do not even greatly strengthen the popular cause, will countenance the worst plans of that kind, are likely to be proposed in the next Session by the ministers themselves. This cannot surprise us: since we know already, by the Catholic Bill, that no sacrifices of the Constitution would be scrupled if they gave one chance more for any personal object. These ministers will not, perhaps, long afflict us. But it is a sad consideration for us all, that with every reason to anticipate a rather long minority, and a female reign,

naturally full of faction and change, coinciding also, too probably, with times of general confusion for Europe,—we have no man now before the public, who is pointed out by his rank, and at the same time, by commanding powers, as a minister matched with the times.

All the evils which beset us are aggravated by the closeness of our present connexion with France, and the irreligious character of the age. In the former revolution, there was nothing in this country which lent force to the contagion of its evil, and we were soon separated from its communion by war. At present, war is for us almost impossible, and the temper and principles of the country are dangerously altered. Perhaps England is not more immoral than in 1790: but politically it is brought much nearer to the temper of presumptuous revolution; and the religious principles and the religious heart of the country are sapped, in a degree which renders it probable that we shall be delivered up to a spirit of eminent delusion, until great calamities and national humiliation fit us for being reclaimed. Lord Wilton, at the late Manchester dinner, reasonably complained of the hatred which prevails to the aristocracy. It is through that quarter that the French Revolution will appear to have given us our most searching wound. Previously to that event, (by causes

which it would require a separate essay to unfold, but chiefly by the systematic assaults of the metropolitan press,) that order had been continually losing ground; and a body of malignant Jacobinism had been attracted to every aspect under which it connects itself with the public service. And now, when many channels of communication have been opened, and a regular connexion and sympathy proclaimed for the first time with a great country which glories in having destroyed the few and weak influences of her aristocracy that yet survived, there is every chance that a continued irritation will be supplied to our worst political infirmity. We of this journal love liberty with truth and simplicity: and had we seen any prospect of service to that great cause in the French Revolution, we should have been among the first to hail it with gratitude. But in the destruction of those bulwarks which stand between us all and democratic frenzy, we saw no ground for congratulation to any party. In every quarter of the horizon we desery little else than clouds and storm; we see the certainty of troubled times, and infinite confusions; manifold strife and disunion, with little final gain; and a long course of national chastisements and humiliations too probably at hand, both to the French and to ourselves.

It is stated in the note, p. 548 of our last Number, that the "D. de Berri left two children, the eldest a son." We find, however, that this is a mistake, and that the eldest was a daughter—Mademoiselle; the younger was the D. de Bourdeaux, a *posthumous child*, and of course the youngest.

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EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, NO. 45, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH;

AND T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

To whom Communications (post paid) may be addressed.

SOLD ALSO BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND CO. EDINBURGH.

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POLITICAL ANTICIPATIONS.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE, a brilliant diplomatist, and practically acquainted with his own age, expressed, upon one occasion, his sense of the importance which belonged to a particular year by a striking figure:—transferring to time an attribute of space, he described that year as the summit of a physical elevation, from which the many currents took their rise that afterwards were likely to swell into mighty rivers, and from which, therefore, the entire prospect of many generations to come could, in some sense, be commanded. We ourselves are in such a year. This, if any ever was, is a year of boundless change and preparation for change, in which every crown has waned, and a shadow of coming evil has settled upon all thrones. At one time we had resolved to keep a journal, registering the different districts of Europe according to the order of succession in which the political storm swept over them, and noticing the most striking forms which it assumed, and the stages through which it travelled. This has now ceased to be possible; attention could not be commanded to the long catalogue of convulsions and insurrectionary movements. The question is no longer—which are the lands that have yielded to the contagion of the times; but where—in what secret corner of Europe, are those which have resisted it? Christendom, from north to south—east and west—is now mastered by the frenzy of revolution: some countries are reaping the perfect harvest of ancient jacobinical training: some have been manured plentifully for approaching opportunities by the emissaries of secret societies, in many in-

stances, in all by immediate sympathy with the prosperous insurrections of neighbouring states: the press, everywhere expanding into a more tremendous organization, and being everywhere governed chiefly by the aspiring and the needy, co-operates with ferocious energy: the *prestige* of regular armies, under merciful commanders, in conflict with great cities, is finally dissolved: with the forms of Titans, rising up from the earth against the potentates of the civilized world, their ancient weapons are slipping from their faltering grasp: old things are passed away, and the spirit of desolating change is unchained through every Christian land—never more to be sealed up in slumber and repose, until, after infinite havoc, mere exhaustion shall have performed the work of civil prudence, or strong military despotisms shall have again locked up the tumultuous agitations of the capital cities throughout Europe into the silence of universal prisons.

It is not true that men are disposed to exaggerate the importance of their own times. Their tendency is in the other direction, and for the same reason that they undervalue the great men who are contemporary with themselves, and owe nothing to the elevating power of abstraction which belongs to remote distance. We feel, upon many grounds, that we are justified in ascribing to this present year the dignity of an era far more important even than that of 1788. That was but the beginning of woes. A few words of explanation on this point will serve also to set us right on another, which has drawn upon us some reproach. Several critics, who

were otherwise friendly to our views, have taxed us with injustice to Mr Pitt, in the strictures we hazarded upon his policy at the epoch of 1793. We had ventured to suppose that perhaps he was too severe in the measures which he took for struggling with jacobinism, and vigorous beyond the occasion. In this we may have been wrong; but let the extent of our objection be fully understood:—Mr Pitt's policy, as the appropriate instrument for dealing with the jacobinical mania, we approve. It is with respect to the time and occasion which called for it that, with the hesitation due to so great a man, we find ourselves compelled to dissent. Viewed simply in and for itself, the power of jacobinism was an awful one during and after the reign of terror in France. But, if we turned our eyes to the temper and preparation of the recipients throughout Europe, it was *not* awful. There is, indeed, a native jacobinism lurking in all human hearts,—a hatred, in the abstract, to authority seated in weak human administrators, and a wish to see the distinctions of merit, originally created by nature, supplanting those which are created by law and arbitrary institutions. This jacobinism has manifested itself largely on many great occasions of modern history; in the insurrection of Jack Cade and Ball, in the Jacquerie, in the ferocious tumults of the German peasantry at the period of the Reformation, in the English Levellers of the age of Cromwell, &c. &c.; and at no era could it have been appealed to wholly without effect. So far, therefore, the jacobins of 1793 had an inert ally in the heart of poor men of every nation. But at that time it had not been extensively excited or cultivated, nor for any long period; and in very many it was held in a state of neutrality by opposite prejudices of ancient growth, and in some by moral or religious principles. Even where these had no influence, prudential ones supplied their place, by suggesting to each individual, that, without distinguished personal merit, he had little chance of benefiting much by a revolution, and that *with* such distinctions his chance was a good one for at least an equal success in paths countenanced by the existing state of things. The plants, therefore, were

ready; but the soil was not then prepared to receive them. Now, in 1830, all this is changed; Europe is overshadowed, as by some great Hercynian forest, with a rank growth of anti-social desires and disorganizing principles. Forty years have been sufficient to prepare the minds of the poor and illiterate for cheerful co-operation with any mode of civil revolution. The wars which grew out of the first French revolution, have impoverished all Europe. In this country, above all, the legacy which these wars bequeathed to us now presses with such overbearing weight upon the nation, that every man—the meanest, poorest, humblest—is aware, notwithstanding the very small proportion in which the working classes do really contribute to the revenue, that the abolition of the national debt, or even the reduction of the interest upon it by one half, would instantaneously improve his condition by lightening essentially the burden upon those above him. Here then, if there were no other, is a definite temptation to innovating schemes, a bounty upon insurrection, which cannot be gainsaid by the wisest and most moderate among us. And for the ten thousand chimerical boons held out by the jacobinical tempters, if they stand no better final chance of being realised in this year than they did in 1793, yet how widely diffused—as compared with that era—are the plausible and specious grounds upon which the tempters build at present! In short, at the dawn of the first French revolution, whatever activity was put forth in bringing all neighbouring countries within the circle of revolutionary intrigues, it found no other ally than that spirit of discontent which is coeval with the human mind—which has existed under every form of government alike, and will continue for ever to threaten the very best. On the other hand, at present (so infinite is the change!) every individual understanding amongst the most ignorant and excitable classes, the classes who think that they have nothing at all to lose, has been brought under captivity to arguments, specifically adapted to their weakness and guilty wishes, in favour of designs which were previously but too attractive to their minds. In 1793, Jacobinism relied upon man with his

natural infirmities: in 1830, it relies upon man trained and disciplined to discern an interest in pursuing their suggestions.

Hence, upon comparing the two epochs, we were disposed to doubt the necessity of a policy so rigorous as Mr Pitt's, in a condition of danger so eminently inferior to the present. The whole is a question of degree: but it is evident at least that, if Mr Pitt's measures of restraint were necessary in *his* time—*à fortiori*, and ten thousand times over, they are necessary in ours—the very time when no such measures, no measures in that direction of any degree or quality whatsoever, will be attempted or would be tolerated; when there is neither courage in our rulers to try the experiment, nor temper in the people to endure it. For it is the peculiar characteristic of our age, that the enormous growth of those very principles of disaffection to the state, which so forcibly call for the resumption of Mr Pitt's policy, does of itself almost preclude the most timid imitation of it,—even though William Pitt and Harry Dundas should rise from the dead, and could evoke to their assistance, from the shades of time, that same Parliament who vigorously seconded their efforts; that Parliament who drove Charles Fox, the true Demosthenes of England, simply because he *philippized*, and either did not or would not see the dangers of the crisis, into the necessity of an abject secession. But, alas! for *our* Parliaments,—they now assemble with a sort of halter about their necks. They are felt, and they feel themselves, to exist in some measure upon sufferance and good behaviour. They are too much threatened, to venture upon threatening; too much themselves a mark for the experiments of licentious innovation in the one extreme, to hazard experiments of vigour in the other. Then for the Minister who should represent William Pitt, where is he? Is it the old withered pantaloon, who now presides at the Treasury Board? Is that the man who should wield the weapons, or launch the thunderbolts, of Pitt? Is he a likely person to shake the Se-

nate, or put his hook in the nostrils of leviathan? Call him up as he was when fresh and buoyant with exultation from that *energetic* act of sweeping five thousand vagrant wretches into the waters of the Malpurba,* and it must be confessed that if the one paramount qualification for a minister who would emulate Mr Pitt, were a blood-stained hand and vigour beyond the law, *that* might be pleaded in those days by him who now leads the councils of England. But those days are gone by for thirty years. Or, if mere treachery to the constitution were a sufficient title for administering our government, *that* he has to shew of a very recent date. But alas! treachery of that sort could at no time have won any man but Mr O'Connell; and now it will no longer purchase a smooth word from *him*.

With enemies so mighty to face, with no better leaders to face them, the English cabinet of this day, as compared with that of Mr Pitt, may be valued as children compared with men; and the subalterns of the cabinet are confessedly even more deficient in the qualities for confronting a great crisis—if *that* is possible—than their miserable leaders. Yet, when we reflect upon the nature of this crisis, and ask ourselves to what it tends, we feel the imperative call which it makes for Mr Pitt's policy; and that, comparatively speaking at least, that policy was premature—being adapted, by its vigour, to a scale of dangers by a thousand times greater than that which did, in fact, produce it. It was adapted to the kind of evil which Mr Pitt contemplated, but not, in our opinion, to the degree. That degree is now developed and matured; it will be met by a system in the order of means natural and appropriate to those “sons of the feeble” who now sit in the seat of Mr Pitt. The simple truth is, that, with the single exception of Prince Metternich, there is not one statesman of this day in Europe, on a level with the times and the emergency of 1830.

Hence arose that opinion of ours upon Mr Pitt, which has provoked the censure of some amongst our

* See Sir Arthur Wellesley's own account of this memorable transaction in the third volume of Sir Thomas Monro's Correspondence.

friends. Assuredly those are wrong, who suppose us to feel any thing short of the highest admiration for that great man. And, indeed, the very-terms of our strictures, and the regret which we expressed, that his energy had not been reserved to our own times, sufficiently imply that we thought his system the sole adequate engine for measuring forces with jacobinism; although it is true that, taking into consideration the immature development of jacobinism in his day, we were disposed to think his vigour beyond the occasion. In this, we repeat that we are willing to believe ourselves wrong; and doubtless it is true, that if, in Great Britain, the whole population in every rank was untainted and sound, in Ireland it was not so: *there*, from the very highest, the premier house of the peerage, down to the very lowest, a general disaffection to the English government prevailed. It is possible that we did not sufficiently allow for Mr Pitt's difficulties. But, on the other hand, if in any thing we underrated the political evils of his day, undeniably we do not overrate those of our own. Look at the face of Europe, look at England, and now—when one of the capital mounds which protected us all from the inundation of levelling principles, has given way to popular violence, in the sudden overthrow and virtual abolition of royalty in France—let us calculate what we have to expect from this day forward. How many millions of human hearts, what a long line of princes and nations, have had reasons for rueful sympathy with the first French revolution! But it will easily appear, that we have not exaggerated in pronouncing the present a far more important era; and that to the events of July 1830, will be traced up hereafter the woes and political sufferings of all European nations. This epoch will furnish a date for future times, more memorable than the crusades, the colonization of a new world, the Reformation, or any of those mighty events which have thrown society into new moulds, or given a new impulse and direction to the activity of nations.

Let us begin our survey by a few hints on points in close connexion with our subject, but likely to be over-

looked—on France, in her relations to the rest of Europe; on the peculiar Statistics of modern nations, as affected by commerce and debts; and, finally, on the Press, its actual and its possible extent of influence.

France, speaking of her morally, is more emphatically central to Europe, than ever before any nation has been to other nations not federally connected in the same political system. A celebrated continental philosopher wrote an essay expressly insisting upon the stupendous interest manifested by all Christendom in revolutionary France as a novel phenomenon in the history of man, honourable, and in the highest sense hopeful, and of triumphant promise for the future advancement of the human species. His reason for viewing it in this light was, that to him it proclaimed a disinterested sympathy with man as a moral being, and on purely moral grounds. As to the interpretation of this universal and violent sympathy, we differ with the foreign philosopher. We conceive that it arises out of the general diffusion of the French language, which (however poor for higher purposes) furnishes the greatest possible variety of expressions for those distinctions which are likely to occur in colloquial intercourse; secondly, out of the popular cast of the French prose literature; and thirdly, out of the dramatic interest and showy character of the French history for the three last centuries, diffused by the long series of French private memoirs. Other causes co-operate; and none of them, we believe, so honourable to the feelings of Europe as the philosopher in question imagined. But whatever be the key to this catholic sympathy with France, and her concerns, the fact is undeniable, that such a sympathy does exist, and in the liveliest form; every note of national feeling in France, joyful or sorrowful, is immediately reverberated from the remotest quarters of Europe. Hence arises an advantage of position for the experiments of the modern jacobins and innovators, greater than could be compensated to them by any other benefit whatsoever, in a different land. Even a much greater success elsewhere would operate far less in their favour, and less powerfully forward their final objects. In this respect, it may be

laid down as an axiom in politics, familiarly known to all the disorganizers of social institutions as they now exist in Europe, that France bears to the rest of Christendom, a relation corresponding to that of the heart in the animal system; and that every important blow struck, is propagated to the very outposts and extremities of civilisation with incomparably more certainty, velocity, and effect from Paris, than it could be from any other quarter of the globe. England, it is true, is contemplated with more admiration, more awe, more uniform respect. But something in the manner of Englishmen, the reserve, misconstrued into *hauteur*, the chilling dignity, the uniform jealousy of personal contamination from too familiar intercourse with people whose pretensions are not distinctly appraised; all this has given to the English character an unamiable and repulsive air with those who know us superficially: whilst the insular position of England, and the uncertainty of her connexion with continental politics, depending (as it does) upon the humour of a Minister, or the financial views of a House of Commons, makes it a matter of necessity that England should be less uniformly included in the views of continental schemes of revolution. But the French affability—their courtesy to strangers, and gaiety of demeanour, universally recommend them, where nothing occurs peculiarly to search or probe their principles; whilst the absolute impossibility of detaching France for a single instant from the continental system, concurs, with the other causes we have mentioned, to point the eyes of all Europe with intense interest to every movement of this showy nation. Hence, in a degree unknown to the world at any former period, the political revolutionists of our times have a fulcrum in the very name of Paris, for supporting the machinery of those enormous levers, by which they operate on the rest of the world.

And we repeat, that, by means of this European sympathy with France, all political impressions are propagated, unimpaired and unbroken, in a way which binds the entire continent into one household, and which could not have been achieved by the most perfect mechanic agency of the Press, taken singly. Meantime,

Secondly, this also is necessary as a concurring instrument; and, accordingly, the Press has advanced, and is, by determinate movements, advancing, to the rank of a perfect ally. We go back fondly to the æra of the invention of printing as a capital step in the progress of man, and the harbinger of a new stage in civilisation. It was so; but wherefore? Had it been found impossible, in times long forerunning that great discovery, to carry on extensive intellectual commerce? Far from it: the system of copiers, and the full publication of books for the classes who sought them, were matured even in Pagan Rome before the Christian æra. In what, then, lay the benefit of printing? In this,* that by creating the possibility of a large diffusion of this luxury, it created almost simultaneously a commensurate class of demanders. By extending the means of enjoyment, it extended the wish to enjoy. This, then, was no improvement in *kind* upon the previous system of copiers, but simply an improvement in degree. Now, unquestionably, in the various inventions, substitutions, and abridgements of labour applied to all the arts connected with the press and the paper manufacture for the last forty years, printing has advanced at least as much upon itself and its own early achievements in the middle of the fifteenth century, as those did upon the system of manual transcription. If books, when manuscripts, ranked with paintings and statues as the luxuries of senators and nobles, but were first diffused amongst needy scholars, and the middle classes generally, by means of printing; it is

* It has been suggested, on occasion of the ancient Roman *affiches* found against the sides of houses in the buried city at Portici, that perhaps the true obstacle to the further diffusion of this very obvious invention, was the want of any paper sufficiently cheap; and that, therefore, the true discovery which set the art of printing in motion, was that of manufacturing paper from substances easily and cheaply obtained in sufficient abundance.

no less certain, that by improved printing, and concurrent improvements in the arts allied to it, books and journals of every order are now rapidly coming into the hands of the humblest poor. In the American United States, even newspapers are multiplied with an enormous profusion, and at a cost so trifling, that with some improvements applied to the art of compiling such journals, they are likely to supply as much and as useful reading as a poor man's daily labours will allow him to indulge. Why are they not diffused in the same vast extent through Europe? Simply because the state interferes everywhere at present to cut short the circulation by heavy taxation, the object in this being notoriously, not mere revenue, (for there is no direct tax levied upon books,) but the very wise one of applying a *sufflumen*, or drag, to the ruinous diffusion of political irritation, in carrying speculations so intelligible, and so easily abused, to the firesides of the poor. Every thing, however, announces that a prodigious effort will be made, both in France and England, to abolish all taxes upon the publication of newspapers, and perhaps (as in America) nearly all charges of the post office upon their conveyance. In France, we are satisfied that this will be obtained in no long time—already the stamp duty is abandoned by the government. In England, where sobriety of mind and good sense are more general and more available, the resistance will be longer and more strenuous. But there also, in a few short years, it will give way to the far more zealous combination of bad men for bad purposes. Next, both in France and England, we shall have smaller, coarser, and in that respect also far cheaper newspapers, in size and appearance resembling those of France. Next, we shall have societies for distributing even these at diminished prices; and societies again amongst the poor for passing them rapidly from hand to hand. And as it is often observable that arts which are in a measure subsidiary and ministerial to each other, advance, by mere accident, apparently, in harmonious steps; so here it is worthy of notice, that exactly the subjects of intellectual enjoyment have

been carried down amongst the poor, the means of enjoying them have made an independent progress almost *pari passu*. Immense exertions have been pushed forward by good men and bad men throughout Europe for the last twenty-five years to promote the education of the poor: and at the very moment when books (as we rejoice to know) and newspapers (as we tremble to anticipate) are on the point of being carried plentifully amongst that class, the whole body are in the fullest state of preparation to read and understand them, and to follow out the worst appeals of incendiary demagogues, in the worst spirit, and to the last results. Knowledge, true knowledge, does not grow with the growth of mechanic skill in the arts of reading, writing, and arithmetic. Conceit and discontent are the natural products of such accomplishments, unless where they are accompanied by that discipline of sober thinking, which forms no part of the modern system of tuition for the poor, and assuredly is not the *natural* associate of poverty. Let no man cling to deceptions. The press, the incendiary press, is on the eve of a great revolution. Books never can accomplish the objects of the revolutionists. The blow must be repeated from day to day, to work any durable change: and the effectual circulation and operation of poisonous and corrupting doctrines must be secured by combining them with the excitement of daily news and daily rumours. One solitary barrier stands between the jacobins and this darling purpose: the whole machinery of their mighty engine is complete—a populace that can read, a press that can print with marvellous cheapness, and a system of public conveyances that can distribute with a speed that would have been pronounced impossible fifteen years ago, and which is at this moment looking forward to indefinite improvements. The exchequer interposes, and locks up these tremendous energies of power on the one hand, and capacity on the other, arrayed, as it were, face to face. How long do we suppose that, in the present temper of the public mind, this will be endured? As things are, a daily paper is a costly article both to those who sell and to those who buy:

the capital necessary to establish such a vehicle of sedition, not less (we have been assured) than fifteen thousand pounds, is of itself a security for some prudence and moderation in its politics. The monopoly which results is the original temptation to the capitalist, and his subsequent protection. Hence even those who are the most jacobinical in heart amongst the proprietors of the daily press, whether in London or in Paris, as in other respects they have been obliged to mask their inclinations, in this carry even their sincere inclinations, under the bribe of overruling self-interest, to the anti-democratic cause.

But, though backed by the government, and powerful by the organ through which they act, how feeble will they find themselves in conflict with the forces of jacobinism, when once organized, and understanding their own position! Besides, that the governments, both of France and England, are now pursuing the policy of propitiation and concession; the first from dire necessity, the other from infatuated weakness. In France, therefore, as we have said, the stamp-duty is abandoned for some nominal substitute. In England, should the Duke of Wellington continue in power for two sessions more, he will volunteer the remission of these duties as a peace-offering to the mob. In that case, the same capital will suffice for a daily paper which now suffices for the Sunday papers of London, viz. one or two hundred pounds, and the reputation of having been well and severely kicked for repeated libels and scurrilous calumnies. Upon no better funds than these, various conductors of political journals have rushed into notoriety. And hence the anxiety they shew, which to mere rustics is perplexing, to advertise and certify to the world

the thickness of the cudgel by which they have been chastised. Naturally, indeed, when all pecuniary hostages for good behaviour are remitted, and men of desperate fortunes resort to so uncertain a mode of livelihood, they will pursue it in the spirit of pirates and buccaneers. Once thrown open to the spirit of needy rapacious adventure, the press of the provinces, where men are more amenable to the court of public opinion, may still, by possibility, retain some deference to the decencies of life; but the London newspaper press will abandon itself to a ruffianism worse by much, because more ingenious and elaborately varied, than that of Kentucky. Nor will the law of libel at all avail in so great a multitude of offences and offenders. The government will then experimentally learn the solid force of the plea put forward on this subject by Polignac and his brethren; "to what purpose," they argued, "for the king's attorney to select six, perhaps from as many thousands of libels published within a short space of time, and to press the matter forward to a conviction through the circuitous forms of law—infinite loss of time—infinite expense—and the possibility of final defeat and mortification to the crown, when, in the very best result, the libeller's expenses will be reimbursed to him by a public subscription; and when, on that same day which witnesses a decision of a jury against some solitary case, scores of others, emboldened by their very multitude, and the conscious assurance of impunity to the large majority, are swimming through the meshes of the offended law?"* All things tend to this consummation. Paris has read the text, and acted upon it in the face of Europe. A steady and determined outcry will commence at the proper season for this boon.† The Duke of Wellington

* Let it not be said, that by this reference to Polignac, we are insinuating a necessity for his scheme of redressing the evil by further restraints upon the press; we disclaim all such wishes: the present restraints are sufficient; but we are certain, that by a timid and compromising government they will be sacrificed to popular clamour, as soon as ever it is steadily directed, under such a man as O'Connell, to this object.

† This part of our paper was written with no expectation of seeing any practical movement in that direction for some months, by which time we were satisfied that the example of France, and other influences, at present in the background, would begin to operate. But we have since found, that about the very hour when we were

will be easily satisfied that this is all which is wanting to cement the national unanimity. At his bidding, the safe-guards of the press will give way as smoothly as the safe-guards of the Protestant church and the British Constitution; and by that time, the populace will begin to understand wherefore and for what ulterior purposes they have been taught to read.

Thirdly, The Statistics of modern Europe, under the most favourable selection of their bearings, offer many striking aggravations of the coming embarrassments and perils: they would fetter the motions of the greatest statesmen whom the world has yet seen: the Burleighs, the Richelieus, the Colberts, the Somerses, would shrink from the administration of an inheritance so burdened and crippled. Not so the breed of modern political craftsmen, who, without even a diplomatic apprenticeship, or any training to the public service, walk forth from a college or a guard-room, ready-furnished for the mightiest cases of policy which have ever occupied the cabinets of Christendom, and in the most agitating crisis of affairs that has occurred for three centuries. Let us notice a few of these embarrassments as they affect England. First of all, for the National Debt, it is difficult to say in how many ways this will harass and fetter the government. It is no light evil, as respects the just preponderance of England upon the continent, that she is known to be almost emasculated for all purposes of war by her mountainous debt. She may look as fierce as she will, but it is known that she has not the means of fighting. Were it only that she found herself checked in seeking slight occasions of quarrel, there would be little to regret. But a war of defence—a war of mere justice—a war, above all, for the highest purposes of a truly magnanimous policy—for character, and the repulsion of insult or outrage, such a war is no longer open to the means of Great

Britain. This fact has doubtless had its due weight with Don Miguel, and is, indeed, the only key, upon any rational principles, to some parts of his conduct. But we notice it with no view to foreign politics; its worst bearing is that which affects the position of the government in respect to the revolutionary party at home. Even the bare knowledge of state difficulties is not left without anxiety in such keeping; but a party, as unprincipled as that of which we speak, possess the means of improving this knowledge to a practical result—ominously perplexing to a weak government, and agitating to the nation. The House of Commons has already listened to suggestions of confiscation and national robbery, as regards the Funded Debt; it cannot be said that they were entertained with favour and welcome: they were rejected, and on the whole were, for that time, disapproved; but they were heard with patience, as once they would not have been, and even with attention; and no temptation to a signal act of wickedness can look for success on a first overture. Any proposal of this tendency admits of many modifications. But, if once the principle shall be admitted, (as, with so feeble a government acting against so strong a body of revolutionary malecontents, in no long course of time very probably it *will* be admitted,) that perfect faith is not to be maintained with the public creditor—that, to meet a momentary, or even a durable, condition of state necessity, his interest may be diminished, all is lost; character, which is every thing, is gone; and a precedent is established, under which no robbery, as robbery, can be afterwards discountenanced. Considering the behaviour of the ministers on the West India question, though we cannot acquit them of rashness and timidity, (and these manifestations it is, which have invited the many frantic attacks* on the property

writing the above paragraph, Mr Owen, and a meeting at Freemasons' Hall, had drawn up petitions to the King and both Houses of Parliament, for the very purposes here anticipated.

* Will it be believed, that in October 1830, at a public meeting in Edinburgh, a distinguished Scottish advocate, wishing to serve the abolitionists, put forward, among many other equal misstatements, the following, which are in contradiction to facts so

and the characters of the West India the other hand, concede, that they proprietors,) we must in justice, on have not in this instance, upon the

notorious, that one is at a loss to understand how any man of ordinary information in the statistics of the British empire can at this day be unacquainted with them. But suppose that he really is so, what are we to think of his presenting himself as a qualified agitator of the cause, and placing himself in the front of the assailants upon a body of gentlemen whom he so cruelly slanders? This orator spoke of the average period of work, taking the year through, as being "not less than 16 hours out of the 24!" And he added by way of aggravation, that this was "under a burning sun:" which is pretty much like demanding our pity for the fishes because they are eternally wet, and with no means of drying themselves. The ingenious advocate would find, upon application to his black friends, that they would not greatly thank him for any change he could propose in their very excellent climate, unless it were by the addition of a little warmth to their early mornings and nights. He spoke also of "*want and distress*" as fertile sources of crime amongst the slaves. Want! which under the present system is impossible, and under that which he advocated would be the portion of the whole population, unless driven (as in the *happy Haiti*) to the field at the point of the bayonet. After these instances of misrepresentation, it can hardly surprise us to find the same eloquent person asserting that "the negro may be separated from the members of his own family;" that every lash of the whip "strips off the skin;" that a second lash "lays bare the flesh to the bone," that 40 stripes (such as, upon his representation, are commonly inflicted on the slaves for trivial faults) are "equal to 500 lashes at a drum-head." By the way, there was no need to resort to the military practice for a standard in this case; for we regret to say, that in the civil punishments of England, the scourge is much employed by the magistrates, and a good deal more (we believe) since the year 1821, than previously to that time. From the same authority (resuming our account of the Edinburgh meeting) we learn that marriage is "*not tolerated*" by the West Indian proprietors amongst their slaves; and that Sunday is the "*only day*" conceded to the slave for the cultivation of his own "bit of ground," on which we are assured that he and his family are entirely dependent for support!!—In charity we must conclude, when we hear such things from the lips of a man of honour and unblemished character, either that he has by mistake laid hold of some old fasciculus of Clarkson's and Wilberforce's theatrical memorials belonging to that period when the slave-trade and not slavery was the bone of contention; or else that, as an advocate, however well instructed in the real facts, he conceives the case to lie within an advocate's privilege; and that all misstatements in one extreme are allowable, so long as there is a reasonable probability that they will be met and balanced by corresponding misstatements in the other. This excuse, however, is available only to the professional pleader, and offers no sort of apology for the Christian minister of religious instruction, who in all things is bound to the strict literal truth. Some of these have recently used their public opportunities for disseminating error and pernicious prejudices in so unquipping a way, that honest indignation and just sympathy with the outraged West Indian gentlemen—a body as honourable as any on earth—induce us to be silent. One argument, however, used by the most eminent of these reverend pastors, we shall notice: he recurred to it frequently, and manifestly esteemed it a clincher: indeed he said as much. This argument took the shape of a dilemma:—"You say," said he, addressing himself to the West Indian, "as a reason why no change is necessary, that your slaves are happy—happier than the peasantry of England; and at other times, as a reason why a change would be dangerous, you say that your slaves would prove refractory and unmanageable citizens, if suddenly emancipated. Now both these statements cannot possibly be true; they are inconsistent. Either your slaves are really not happy, and thence arises the prospect of danger which you predict; what you fear is just retaliation: or, on the other hand, your slaves being truly and unaffectedly happy, they are satisfied with you; and your fears are chimerical, perhaps even assumed." Such was the reverend gentleman's dilemma, of which, we presume that neither horn could toss a flea. What! because a poor ignorant race of beings, (intellectually speaking,) perfectly in the condition of children, are represented as being (what in fact they are) comfortable and relieved from all pressure of want or anxiety, will it follow that they recognise and consciously appreciate their own reasons for content? Because they have no real grounds of complaint, will it follow that they have none which are imaginary? Such a state

capital point of compensation, be- told the frantic brawlers in this
trayed their duty. Sir Robert Peel cause, with as much sternness as he

transcends the power of any master and any government. To take an illustration from a case in some points answering to this; who doubts that schoolboys are really much happier in their evenings, and their hours of relaxation, after the restraints and the business of the day, than they could have been after twelve hours of idleness? Yet rare indeed are the boys who would have the good sense to admit this, and the firmness to resist an offer of perpetual holidays. Let it be remembered, that the very measure in debate would create causes for discontent, and turbulent expression of discontent, that, under the present arrangements of West Indian society, cannot exist. No longer entitled to ample provision and medical care, from the purse of a benevolent master, the negro must now look to himself for aliment and comforts of every kind. But with all negro slaves, it is notorious that "Emancipation" has no other meaning than that of a plenary privilege of idleness. Liberty to do nothing is the one sole liberty intelligible to a West Indian slave. A formal Parliamentary creation of freedom would, therefore, be understood as a positive summons to be idle. And they would so use their new-born privilege, as abusing it in the very utmost excess which can be conceived in people with full-grown appetites and infantine intellects. What they *would* do—is now past speculation: enquire what they *have* done, and are now doing, in the unhappy island of St Domingo. The same dissolute idleness would take place, followed by the same hideous distress, rapine, bloodshed, anarchy: a West Indian property, already ruinously depreciated by the frenzy of the times, would no longer bear even a nominal price in the market: multitudes of honourable families, many widows, many orphans, would sink down irretrievably to the lowest condition of abject poverty: and, finally, when the ruin was completed, a military force, kept up at a most extravagant cost to this impoverished nation, would drive the melancholy files of emancipated labourers to the scanty reliques of that rural industry, which, in its palmy days, had supported a splendid benefactor amongst a crowd of peasants, healthy and contented, bearing the name of slaves amongst us in Europe, but esteeming themselves servants, and very often treated as indulgently as children. The picture of what *would* be, we repeat, can never be so undeniably delineated as in the unquestioned records of what *has* been in Haiti: and the West Indian proprietors ought, by all means, to print and circulate an abstract, with a proper commentary, of an excellent tract we remember to have seen, (called *Notes upon Haiti*, or some such title,) which gives an awful portrait of the final wretchedness, and fierce military police, which wind up the drama of sudden emancipation. In taking our leave at this point of the subject, we have one hint to offer to the West Indians, upon a new vista which has lately opened upon us in the policy of the Abolitionists. Many of them, with a specious and insidious moderation, are now becoming aware that, since the open and resolute declaration of Ministers, any attempt to carry the question, without something in the shape or the name of compensation, is hopeless—"Yes, yes," they now say, "indemnity ought to be granted; and indemnity shall be granted. We must not do good out of other men's purses." Accordingly, an indemnity has been devised: but of what kind? Listen. Formerly it was said by the West Indians—"Well: if you mean to plunder us without reimbursement of our slaves, at any rate, as mere robbers, you must stop there; a horse-stealer takes away my horse, but he does not insist upon my paying afterwards for the horse's corn and hay; the horse's keep he takes henceforward upon himself. Now, reverting to the slave, having emancipated him, what do you mean to do with him? Who pays for corning *him*?" This question was a poser to many worthy gentlemen. And, when Sir Robert Peel announced the solemn sentence of compensation, *that* was another poser. Here was a sweet prospect for those who had so pledged themselves to the cause of emancipation, whilst it was fully understood to be a mere call for a frothy oration entirely at other men's cost, that they could not decently withdraw, even after it seemed to threaten some cost to themselves. First, there was the fee simple of the slave to be bought up (say sixteen years' purchase, computed on his annual net produce); and, secondly, there was his keep for ever. One man, whose name ended in *idge* or *ridge*—Brakenridge, or some such name—an Abolitionist, but, as it turned out, an honest worthy fellow for all that, at a public meeting in London, wound up his address in the following way—"God forbid, gentlemen," said he, "that I should ever do so foul an act, as vapour about beneficence that is to cost me nothing, —far less, that I should join in compelling my fellow-citizens to perform an act of

is capable of assuming, that compensation was a *sine qua non* among the preliminaries to every possible measure for the abolition of slavery. He was heard with fury and hatred; so bent are these agitators to build misery for the slave upon ruin to his master.

Questions of this nature are so

many nurseries of jacobinical "agitation," (to use the old emphatic Cromwellian term so aptly revived by Mr O'Connell,) all useful in their several ways: some to unsettle men's principles, and to disturb the sacred foundations of property (in which respect even the abolitionists of slavery serve the ends

charity beyond the munificence of kings, or the fables of romance, at the price, perhaps, of total ruin to themselves, and with a final reversion of credit, not to them who suffered, but to us who only spoke;—no! again I say, God forbid! Let us be honest before we are liberal; let us pay for what we are all determined to seize. Let the slave be free; but also let his master suffer no wrong. Here is my contribution:”—saying which, the conscientious man laid upon the table a bank-note for L.100. Upon such terms we have no objections ourselves to join the abolitionists: we cannot promise so much, but we will do something for any well-digested plan, which shall prepare emancipation to the slave under restraints, which may save him from being a burthen to himself, and a terror to the community. This mode of liberation, however, at the price of one, five, or ten guineas to each abolitionist, is far from satisfactory, even to those who have consented to compensation. They are now, therefore, agreed upon a scheme which they flatter themselves will meet both demands—that for compensation, and that for keep. They solve the one perplexity by means of the other. The same mode which provides for the keep, in their ideas, provides for the compensation. For, say they, take things as they now are—what is it that a proprietor can make by his slave? Simply the return of his labour, so long as he lives. Very well; then the existing relation between the master and the slave shall not be utterly abolished, it shall be purified and baptized by a new name. He that was a slave, shall now be a day-labourer; instead of food, shelter, clothing, medicine, he shall now have wages, which will regulate themselves as in England. Thus all difficulties are met, all interests consulted; the slave has his "keep," the master his "compensation." How so, gentlemen, how so? Suppose the proprietor to bring his estate into the market, what has become of the price which, on the old arrangements, he would receive for each slave—able-bodied, or not? Where is the *λυτρον*, the ransom, for his live stock? But again, if he should *not* sell, but retain the property in his own hands, what is this mysterious and undefined relation which has been substituted for the old one? Is the slave quartered in a new character upon the old estate for ever? Is the meaning of the provision, that the employment of this same slave is compulsory, and matter of indefeasible obligation upon his old master? That would be a novel kind of compensation indeed, and would amount to this—that by way of reimbursing the master for his loss, he should be entitled (and also obliged) to employ a man at fixed wages for labour necessarily *not* fixed, after all means of enforcing it were abolished. On the other hand, if the meaning is—that with the obligations of the slave, those of the master should be dissolved at the same time, and that all labour should find its just price in an open market, as with ourselves, then under what possible fiction can it be pretended that the master obtains even a shadow of compensation? He has his land; he has his buildings; he has his machinery; about these there never was any question. But he has *not* his live stock; *that* has been violently taken from him; for that it is he seeks indemnification; and upon this plan no shadow of indemnification is offered. But observe the final result: the negroes will not work; that is certain. Then comes compulsion, military compulsion, as in Haiti. Who is to pay for this, and for the immense police requisite to keep down an army of starving brigands? This is the question which the new-born compensation-mongers keep in view. Their hope is, that by forcing the slaves (with reversionary duties and rights on each side) upon their old proprietors, under some juggle of ideal compensation, they may afterwards compel the proprietors to pay for the vast armed police, as for a measure of interference called for by themselves; whereas, in the case of the proprietors refusing to accept of any such visionary indemnity, and determinately throwing along with the plunder, the keep and whole management of the plunder upon the plunderers, they exonerate themselves from all responsibility, and the whole burden would devolve upon the government and nation that had sanctioned so unexampled an outrage.

of jacobinism as zealously as any class of disturbers whatever); some to bring men together, and accustom them to act in union and in opposition to the government of the land; others for purposes much less indirect, and having a more instant reference to themselves. Any thing, which opposes the existing government, though trivial for itself, serves the end of general faction and dissent. But the national burdens, as we before said, are on their own account so important, that they furnish an engine of excitement to the rudest disturber of the public peace more formidable than ever has existed in any state ancient or modern. Let it be recollected that, in the present condition of our revenue, supposing it divided into three equal portions, about two are swallowed up in the mere payment of the interest upon our pecuniary obligations. What a trying temptation for those who are nurtured in rapacious hopes by the eternal harangues against colonial property, against church property in England and Ireland, against the accumulations of the aristocracy in both countries, to know that by a word—a breath—a motion of the hand from a *reformed* Senate, obedient to the nod of the people, in a moment and for ever two-thirds of every man's contributions to the state might be abolished! Commerce, again, and manufacturing industry, subject as they are to eternal palsies, which are falsely viewed as rare contingencies due to some peculiarly unhappy concurrence of circumstances, being in fact essentially connected with the prodigious depth and intricacy of our commercial relations, not only present continual critical excitements to outrage in those parts of the country where our population is the most accumulated, but in various other forms of danger, remind us, that, in this respect, England is travelling on a road as yet thoroughly untried. Other states have been commercial; but never any have carried commerce to so giddy a height; nor has commerce, in any other country, been so perilously connected with a disturbed action upon the natural expansion of population in the lowest ranks. With us the stimulus applied to the population, under the mighty agency of manufactures in

England, and very different causes in Ireland, proceeds by the blindest but most gigantic steps. What is called the "depressed state" of a trade, or its particular branches, is pretty nearly the permanent state—broken only by now and then a few weeks' sudden encouragement, succeeded by refluxes of languor for months. Under this system of ebbs and flows, an eternal process is going on, apparently alternate, of depression and excitement, but really and substantially uniform, of superfluous increase. As fast as hands are thrown out of employ in Manchester, or the crowded districts adjacent, that vast beehive discharges its swarms in search of subsistence elsewhere. A few weeks pass, and, either in the same or in some kindred branch of trade, a momentary revival calls for new supplies of labour. Hands are now taken up into employ, in amount corresponding to those recently discharged, but individually not the same. Fresh draughts are made upon the remote villages of Wales and Ireland; a new race of labourers is rapidly created, to be again disgorged upon the nation at large, under some one of the endless stagnations to which English commerce, in its present stupendous maturity, is liable, in a degree unknown to the periods of its earlier growth. The continual changes effected by the discovery or the extensive application of machinery tend to the same result; and we are advancing every year more deeply into the unwieldy, miserable, and, for European policy, perilous condition of a Chinese population. Even the very perfection of many of our arts contributes to formidable political effects. The vast improvement of our means of communication, for instance, of our roads, since the termination of the war, of our steam navigation, and at this moment the new project of our railroads, which in a year or two will traverse every part of our dense population, and will superannuate even our canals—all this co-operates, in an unspeakable degree, with other great tendencies of the times. It is scarcely to be imagined in what degree the organization, in a political sense, of any country, and the excitement of powerful political sympathies and determinate expressions of the pub-

lie will, depend upon the velocity and certainty with which interchanges of opinion and feeling are maintained from vast distances.

Very many other features might be noticed in the aspect of civilization at this æra, which will incalculably aid the revolutionary effects likely to unfold themselves through the next ten years. But we content ourselves with the heads we have already noticed; and, bearing them in mind, shall briefly wind up our survey of the menacing circumstances of our position at this moment.

Will there be war? We have affirmed that for England war is impossible. That is our belief. But war is of various degrees: a war of active hostility, with spasms of demoniac and exhausting energy, such as characterised the latter years of the last war, and drew upon us for nearly one hundred and thirty millions sterling in one little period of twelve months,—*that* will not be thought possible, we suppose, by any speculator whatever. We hear a perpetual outcry about the necessity of economy and the call for retrenchment, a policy which is doubtless agreeable, but does not seem peculiarly, or in any special sense, indispensable, immediately after a succession of reductions which have so sensibly lightened our burdens.—However, though it is evident this outcry grows out of a factious purpose, and not out of any possible oppression of the taxes, by relation with former experience, yet it will readily be allowed by every body, that the temper of the times would not tolerate for an instant that increase of expenditure which would be necessary to give effect to a war conspicuously offensive. It is possible, however, that England may co-operate with the cabinets of the Continent, by arming and maintaining a martial attitude, with a suitable system of restraint and embargo upon the objects of her vigilance. Whatever may be asserted, as daily we see that such things *are* asserted by violent journals, it is certain that Belgium will no more be allowed to create a republican government, than any of the mediatized States of Germany would be allowed to resume an independent existence. The delicacy and reserve, which have been

practised hitherto towards that rebellious country, are due in part perhaps to the necessary delays for concerting and communicating measures amongst the great powers of Europe, and in a very great degree, no doubt, to a spirit of moderation and respect for the difficulties of the new King of the French. There is a reasonable forbearance in hastily precipitating a prince of just intentions, into a collision with the fermenting spirit of republicanism in France. The merest trifle of resistance offered to the popular will, would overthrow a king, whose tenure is purely personal, and in no degree by the powers of his office. We shall not repeat what we have so largely insisted upon in former papers—the shadowy and fleeting evanescence, or rather blank nihility, of the regal office and functions, as nominal powers in the constitution. It is a melancholy consideration for all Europe, as well as France, that more substantial power was not thrown into this organ of the state, if indeed, in the prostrate condition of the French aristocracy, this had been possible. Certainly it must surprise us, that a prince so upright as we are willing to believe the present king, could have allowed himself to accept an office, the titular honours of which had probably little fascination for a mind so soberly inclined as his, under a total denial of all those essential attributes of royalty which are indispensable to the exercise of any salutary influence upon the course of affairs. The decision by the people of Paris for a titular king, rather than for a president of a republic, seems to have been adopted partly as a propitiation to the crowned heads of Europe,—partly, also, as a compliment and expression of gratitude to the Duke of Orleans, as a patriotic prince who had not disguised his liberal sentiments; and in some degree it may be presumed to have been governed by a consideration of the old age, and probably approaching imbecility, of La Fayette, the only person who could have been proposed for the station with any cordial unanimity of public sentiment. Preserving the name, however, of king, the people of Paris seem to have been resolved that the office should be shorn of all the functions which could be per-

verted; but which happen to be no less essential on the one hand to its utility, than liable on the other to a possible abuse. In this they acted naturally, but unwisely, under too keen a sense of the dangers which they had just escaped. They consulted, as they believed, for their own welfare and security. But it is remarkable, that the very quarter from which these are most threatened, is precisely the king's official imbecility. However, it must be allowed, after all, that this results rather from the circumstances of his creation, than from positive enactments. Meantime, standing on what origin it will, this condition of impotence in the king is most ominous for the happy progress of public affairs; and it is even probable, that, in a prince of so exemplary and conscientious a character, it will lead, at no very distant period, to his resignation of the titular dignity; in which case, France—having gained one of her foremost ends in the creation of a king, viz. that of breaking the first shock of the revolution to neighbouring courts—will assume, with triumphant pleasure, the form and name, as well as the substantial organization, of a republic. Until then, the scruples of moderation and just principles in the king, will betray him continually into painful conflicts with the national will.

France is improved in moral elevation; France is nobler than she was under the soul-withering and truly barbaric government of Napoleon Buonaparte; but let no man persuade himself that the time is yet come, or will come for many a weary decade of years, when France will be generally capable of sacrificing military glory to the humbler and more tranquil policy which watches over the true interests of a people, or will allow their full value to principles of upright dealing and counsels of moderation. Blood must flow in rivers, tears will be shed by gene-

rations, before, in that respect, France will attain the level of England. It is true, and we admit, that in England, as elsewhere, too fond an admiration settles upon the trophies and conspicuous leaders (often men of feeble powers) in martial successes. In this respect a childish spirit will perhaps haunt the mind of man, even in the fullest development of its powers. But it is false to say, that in England any general sympathy could ever sustain itself with victories in a cause confessedly unjust. In France it is otherwise. War is there desired by multitudes; and if there were no other exciting cause of a warlike spirit than the general return to power and consideration of Napoleon's agents, military as well as civil, we might anticipate an early explosion of hostile feeling towards the old hereditary enemies of France. But the fact is, that in many respects it is the interest of all parties to court a state of war. The army, shaken in its natural relations to the crown by the trying and severe dilemma of their position, can, by that *hustration* only, be purified and restored to its allegiance. The crown itself might create opportunities in that way only of reinforcing its languid and shattered prerogative. An aristocracy also, such as it is, the only aristocracy* possible for France, might arise on the basis of martial distinctions amongst the marshals and admirals of France. The legislature, benefiting by this distraction of the public gaze, might strengthen itself against the mob influence. These are just and sound reasons for war; but another, far more extensive and more potent, would be found in the national anxiety to efface the recollections of 1813-14-15 in new days of Marengo, Austerlitz, and Jena.

Under these circumstances, and governed even to frenzy by the influences last noticed, France is seen to call for 72,000 men, and in a week

* The writer of an admirable article in the last Quarterly Review, rehearsing the secret history and *rationale* as to facts and principles of all the cardinal changes of policy in France since 1814, having happened to speak of an aristocracy as capable of being erected, is arrogantly taken to task by a London newspaper, and admonished that the English aristocracy was of 800 years' growth. Be it so; but for all that, a few simple institutions and legal foundation of privileges might create such a body in one generation for many essential effects, however much it might want the consecrating prestige of antiquity.

or two afterwards, for 108,000 more; and it is now generally affirmed that arms for more than that number are ordered by the French government, in a pressing and hurried manner, at Birmingham. Such are the facts. What is the interpretation of the newspapers? With their usual shameless effrontery, having a party purpose to serve, they roundly assert that all this imports nothing like preparation for war. What is the object, then, of such violent demonstrations of energy? Simply, the same journals assure us, to supply the defalcations in the line, on account of the dismissal of the Swiss mercenaries, and the absence of General Clausel's army at Algiers. It is dangerous to indulge mendacious propensities in the face of arithmetic. The French army may be *minus*, by the Swiss secession, to the amount of 8000 men; and the Algerine expedition at the utmost deducted 40,000 men—of whom from 12 to 15,000 are ordered home. Consequently, fewer than 35,000 men would fill up the vacancy. Wherefore, then, so enormous, and truly Napoleonic a demand, as that for 180,000 recruits? The truth is, that, by their own forgeries, the London and Parisian journals have darkened and confounded the real state of things, until they have become their own dupes. Last month, we pointed out the monstrous knaveries of the press, in forging *ad libitum* recognitions of the new French régime, first for one great power, and then another, without any shadow of authority. Seventeen times they have asserted, in particular, that the Russian government had sent its recognition—therein consciously lying sundry (to wit, seventeen) times. The last time of lying was from the 17th of October to the 20th, the present falsehood in this case being hatched by the *Constitutionnel* paper of Paris. It is very possible, therefore, amidst this cloud of falsehoods, (for it is indeed still

doubtful, as respects public evidences, whether *any* government has sent in an absolute and unconditional recognition of the new system of things at Paris,) that, so far from having recognised King Philippe, the Russian and Austrian cabinets may have menaced King Philippe. At all events, the call for 180,000 men speaks the language of war so peremptorily, that he must be infatuated who can suffer any glozing newspaper to argue him out of the plain evidence of his senses.* War may not certainly, or immediately, follow; but war is certainly lowering over France at this moment, or else we must conclude that her counsels are guided by lunatics. Her sky is overcast; but it is very possible, that, under the vigorous preparations with which she has met the danger, all clouds may disperse for a few months.

Spain, meantime, is now actually becoming the theatre of war, or of that partisan warfare, which is the utmost that will probably ensue. Persia is better known to us at this time than Spain, in her real internal condition of political feeling. We know enough, however, of her incapacity for any vigorous efforts, and for any combined efforts, to doubt exceedingly the possibility of even a temporary success for the insurgents. The world, besides, is too little acquainted with their real purposes and motives, to be at all warranted in heartily wishing them success. Mina and Valdez, if any reliance can be placed upon private letters, have actually entered Spain. In Catalonia, and generally in the east, they may create much trouble to the government. But we have seen no indications of any such extensive dispositions to co-operate with them in the heart of Spain, as can justify our placing them in the light of opponents at all on a level with the government. We repeat, that, in common with the rest of the world, we

* But this is in strict keeping with the previous conduct of the newspaper press. When the cabinet of St Petersburg recalled all Russians from France, and excluded the tri-coloured flag from the waters and ports of Russia, the London press swore that this was the most touching expression of Czarine regard to the new order of things in Paris. By the same logic of interpretation, of course an immense camp, and 300,000 stand of arms, should bode peace. And the same journals are at least consistent in assuring us, that a hurried summons to 180,000 men, expresses a strict determination to pursue a pacific policy. *Euge!*

are much in the dark about this quarter of Europe; but our overruling impression is, that Mina's attempt will be finally baffled and confounded, notwithstanding the assurance we have already had in a leading article of a veracious evening paper (which has not yet contradicted its own statement) that Cadiz itself had fallen into the hands of the domestic insurgents! Seriously however, that relation of too strict an intimacy with the rest of Europe, and too powerful an influence upon her counsels, which we ascribed above to France, is precisely reversed by Spain. She is, in this respect, an imperfectly organized limb of Europe, neither giving nor receiving much influence or sympathy of any kind.

War, on the whole, preponderates in the chances at present. But a Congress of the great powers, which will probably meet in two or three months in Germany, may easily avert it. Who is it, since the death of Lord Londonderry, that can adequately represent Great Britain in such a meeting? Something, we suspect, will happen like what Bishop Burnet reports of our military successes at one time in Flanders; the officers, says he, committed infinite faults; but all were continually redressed and made good by the admirable valour of the English troops. Perhaps the weight of the English name, and the memory of her immortal services in the last war, as they must be the sole, may be the sufficient reliance of England in such a congress; for as to any diplomatic representation, it is shameful to know, that not one is on the public stage who would not be a jest to Metternich, or even to M. Talleyrand.

Difficulties of this kind occupy, however, but little of our venerable Premier's attention. At this moment even the qualities of a new Parliament, which may perhaps require six weeks for their full development, will fail to command a foremost place in his interest. Even a restive House of Commons, plunging and jibbing under every old rule of expert driving, will be a secondary concern. All anxieties, of ancient or modern growth, foreign or domestic, will be swallowed up in the one overwhelming judgment—yes! we may call it a providential judg-

ment—which is now gathering upon this apostate Cabinet from Ireland, the theatre of its apostasy. Oh! righteous retribution!—that even there, where they sinned against the light of their consciences, the heaviest cloud of pain and confusion is gathering to blight their councils. Let us not be thought to exult in the misfortunes of the country, when we say that, according to all appearances, the most memorable period of disorder is now impending over Ireland that has been known for two-and-thirty years. The distress of Ireland, from a total want of poor laws, is, in every case, considerable; even the most prosperous years are marked by scenes that, in other countries, would be thought a scandal to Christianity and civilization. Annually do the selfish amongst the landlords, and the mean in spirit amongst the *very* noblest of the land, club their beggarly quotas to ship off poor labourers, either to England, for the momentary purpose of scrambling for a pittance wrested from the impoverished peasantry of England and Scotland, or else to Canada, where they are unmercifully turned adrift by thousands at a time, without any preparation for the climate or the state of society, and trepanned from their native country by the foulest misrepresentations. But these and other scenes of distress are upon a trifling scale compared with what is now going on in Ireland, as one immediate consequence of the bill for balancing the Catholic concession, by destroying the forty-shilling freeholders. This part of the tenantry, or cottiers, protected no longer by their political value as voters, are everywhere expelled without mercy—being now looked upon as mere nuisances and vermin. The land swarms with these miserable outcasts; and the coming winter will be the darkest and most portentous for Ireland that she has long known.

Such would be the state of things even without political ferment. But at this moment of tremendous agitation from wide-spread domestic misery, does Mr O'Connell descend, like some incarnation of the evil principle, to vex and plague the wretched land with systematic agitation for the repeal of the Union, the taxation of absentees at the rate of

75 per cent, and other measures of that character. Never was Ireland in a situation to give such dreadful effect to his inflammatory doctrine. The country is overspread by exasperated malecontents; and in cities crowded with such auditors,—Cork, Waterford, Kilkenny, and others,—he has scattered his firebrands with an affected caution to beware of combustibles.—Let not the English senators, who may know Mr O'Connell only as the degraded being to which he sank in the House of Commons, under the scourge of Mr Doherty and others, measure his Irish power by this. The very memory of this English degradation it is, which now stings him into madness; and it is not too much to say, that the general contempt, the roars of laughter, which he provoked by his "vow that was registered in heaven,"—the "blood upon his right hand,"—and all the rest of his theatrical rants, in excuse for his white feather,—these memorable disgraces are the very pledges for his pushing forward his union-agitation to some extreme result. He feels that it is essential for him to do some great thing to reinstate him in the credit which he won by his triumph over the whole English government in the business of emancipation, and which he afterwards lost so easily to an individual in England. Whatever may be thought of Mr O'Connell's motives, considering him as a politic man of the world, measuring forces with a government as profligate as himself, and a thousand times weaker, it is impossible to refuse him some degree of sympathy. In Parliament he is nobody; in Ireland he is inspired, and "hath a demon." The Duke of Northumberland becomes a cipher by his side; the combined government is ridiculous in his presence; he trampled them like mire beneath his feet in his former struggle: if it is possible for Ireland, united as one man, to resist 60,000 British bayonets, he will do so again.

Let us not be misunderstood: we exult not in the perplexities of the country; but we do exult in the perplexities of government, recoiling upon them from their own compro-

mises, whether weak or base. The Duke of Wellington's character is perhaps little understood. It has no foundation of either subtlety or force, as is sometimes imagined, but is essentially commonplace. He is a man of slow and dull feelings: he yawned probably at Waterloo; and he yawns at his formal celebrations of its anniversaries. It is likely that his concession of the Catholic claims originated neither in the excessive blundering which is ascribed to him by some, nor in sheer profligacy and the appetite for vicious actions, as has been supposed by others.—Simply the necessity of keeping himself in motion—a wish to stir the languid circulation in his veins, and the vulgar taste for impressing his own hand upon every movement of the political machinery of his times, may account for the whole of *his* share in the transaction. This view of the case is countenanced by the many different accounts which his Grace has given of his reasons for that job, doubtless with entire veracity at the moment, notwithstanding the utter irreconcilability of the several statements. In particular, we vouch for the following as one of his various versions of the case. Soon after the bill was first launched upon the astonished Parliament, the Duke of Wellington wrote to two or three among the great territorial aristocrats, explaining his motives, and varnishing the case. One of these favoured friends, whom the minister thought it necessary to propitiate, was the Duke of Rutland: *his* letter we did not see, but we *did* see one to another great man, which, in the opening sentence, was declared to be of the same tenor and date as that to his Grace of Rutland. Now in this letter, the noble inditer, disclaiming all the pretences with which he had imposed on Parliament, avowed as his real and substantial reason for granting emancipation—not the hope of conciliation and "all that," by which "the marines" were hocussed—but simply, that without some such boon he "could not trust the army,"* being in so large a proportion Popish.

Probably even the Duke's himself

* If this were the Duke of Wellington's motive, or any part of his motive, for the Catholic bill, then we must again remark the singular fatality, by which all the objects of his bounty, the Irish generally, or Mr O'Connell, or the army, seem to take a pride in showing ingratitude. It so happens that the first mutiny in a Popish regiment for a Popish object, (viz. for leave to insult a Presbyterian town by their music on a Sunday,) has occurred *since* the Emancipation bill.

never did, nor ever will, know exactly on what motives or whims, where perhaps so many blended, this tremendous breach was made in the constitution. Enough that it was made, and upon grounds that never will receive any consistent vindication. That in particular, which Sir R. Peel alleged, viz. that a great military force would be liberated from the task of watching Ireland by a

measure of peace and amity, has never received a momentary countenance from facts, and will this winter be triumphantly refuted. The boon was to have reconciled all parties in Ireland—the lamb was to have lain down with the lion—and after all, in this coming winter, the greatest military force will be accumulated that ever yet has been found necessary in that unhappy island.

NOTE.

Upon the question of French politics, we last month attacked, with great but just indignation, the conduct of a London journal, which has astonished and scandalized all its friends by the grossness of its departure from that *standard* in politics which it had originally promised to maintain. We said nothing more than we have heard expressed in one shape or other by all men professing those principles which we and that journal equally professed at one time, which we still adhere to, and which that journal (we cannot but again declare our belief) has betrayed. Meantime, the very strength of our indignation expressed for us sufficiently the respect which we granted to the general integrity and ability of the journal, as it could not be imagined that we should have honoured with our indignation any person who was deficient in either. But, to leave no doubt on this point, we expressly spoke of his general services in terms of honour; and this we were the more careful to do, from having remarked that, for so veteran a journalist (under other names), he manifested a sensibility, somewhat marvellous, to the hackneyed compliments of the press on the score of "talent," &c. Resolving, therefore, to shew that our hostility was not personal, but singly applied to his principles, or departure from principles, we took care to be wanting in no point of courtesy, always, of course, with a reservation of the particular subject of our attack, and the allowable warmth of indignation which it provoked.

To this notice of himself, that journalist immediately replied; and, as he assumed, with "good temper" and "good manners;" a praise which there was some ingenuity in claiming, as it was true up to that particular sentence in which the claim was made, but immediately afterwards ceased to be true either for the "temper" or the "manners." On the contrary, he became very personal, and displayed a feminine pettiness of spite, and an affectation of scorn, which betrayed a pitiable want of self-command. To all this, it would be easy indeed to reply in the same terms: nothing so readily learned as the vocabulary of scorn; it is "as easy as lying." But the writer of that and of this paper, if he could so far forget himself as to descend to such unworthy scurrilities, yet would not feel himself at liberty to degrade the distinguished journal, in which he has the honour of writing, by any thing of so ignoble a nature. He willingly, therefore, dismisses the language of the journalist, and addresses himself to what is material in his reply. The journalist asks, *what* cause it is that he has betrayed? We tell him, in answer, that it is the cause of legitimate thrones, the rights of good governments, and anti-jacobin principles, all over Europe: these are what he has betrayed; and these were violated, not by the refusal to obey the ordinances of Charles X., or by any thing which that party *forbore to do*, but by what they subsequently *did*. He asks farther, whether our doctrine is—that the French were passively to submit to the despotic mandates of Charles X.? Our answer is, most determinately, No: but in resistance, there are many modes, and infinite degrees. There is room for much discussion as to the kinds of remonstrance, and expostulation, that might have been tried with the king; and it is a fair question for a casuist, whether all was done that might have been done, before coming to extremities. But we will suppose *that* ground traversed; and that we have arrived at this concession—that by no course short of a violent revolution could the case have been met; in short, that the revolution, as it is, was the sole redress open to the aggrieved nation;—was it therefore necessary to rejoice, to exult, in this revolution? Suppose a case for resistance made out, such a case is always matter of grief. A bad king, we shall suppose a bad dynasty, if you please, has been expelled. But is it no evil that royalty itself, the very tenure by which kings reign for the benefit of the meanest, is degraded—virtually abrogated? Yet this is but one of many evils. Answering by memory, with no copy of the journal before us, we cannot reply to some captious verbal quibbles. And we must conclude with remarking, that the journalist does not reply to any one of our specific objections, but harangues upon a text of his own framing; a policy which we have observed him to pursue on some other occasions.

A SUNDAY PASTORAL.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

COLIN. Good morning, Keatie—Fie, for shame,
To sleep sae lang ye're sair to blame :
Then at your glass to smile an' smirk,
An' be the hindmost at the kirk !

KATE. Ay, 'tis o'er true—O, wae's my heart !
An' to reprove is weel your part ;
Your neighbours o' their faults to tell,
When ye're sae early there yoursell !

COLIN. Ah, cunning Kate ! I ken your way,
An' darena wrangle w' ye the day ;
For ye're sae tart when ye begin,
Ye lead aye into words o' sin.
An' now, when we hae met thegither,
An' like sae weel to be wi' ither,
Let's chat, without a' taunts or scorning,
O' things befitting Sabbath morning.
I am o'er late, an' sair to blame—
But, O, I've sic a charge at hame !

KATE. Nae doubt, nae doubt ! 'Tis a' o'er true,—
Naebody else has aught to do ;
Ilk turn to Colin's hand maun lie,
The lasses a' to court forbye !

COLIN. Now, Kate, I canna stand sic joking,
There's nought on earth is sae provoking ;
When weel ye ken I never parl
Either to kiss, or court, or quarrel,
Or sit me down to mince or mell
Wi' ony lass except yoursell.

KATE. Alas ! poor lad, ye're sair abused then,
An' fausely, wickedly accused then ;
Sic tales are through the country fleeing !—
But then the country's ill for leeing.
It wasna true that Meg M'Gill
Cam greeting to you on the hill ?
I heard sic story, an' the cause o't.
It wasna true ;—I'm sure it was not ?

COLIN. 'Tis hard on twall. Good morning, Kate ;
I hate at preachings to be late ;
Besides, it's sinfu' to get mad
At sic a glib-tongued wicked jade.

KATE. Colin, I'll gang as fast as you
On this fine day, and faster too ;
Besides, I'll chat of what you will,
The Bible, or the Papish bill ;
The statutes of the ancient law,
Or beauties of Queen Bathsheba.
Now, tell me, Colin, on your life,
What think you o' that winsome wife ?

COLIN. Kate, ye're a witch—sae haud your tongue ;
An elf sae wicked, yet sae young,
Was never nursed on mother's knee—
What are Bathsheba's faults to me ?

KATE. O, nought to you ! Wha said they were ?
I only wanted to prefer
Some Scripture argument 'bout sin,
And chanced with woman to begin.

But, Colin, 'tis right strange o' you,
 Yet I hae noted, an' 'tis true,
 Whene'er o' womankind I hint,
 Then up you flee like fire frae flint,—
 Frae whilk it weel might understood be,
 That things are no just as they should be.

COLIN. Sweet Kate! wi' that provokin' tongue
 My heart wi' rage is aften wrung,
 But when I turn me round, an' see
 The wily twinkle o' your ee,
 The cherry cheek an' dimpled chin,
 My heart-strings dirl my breast within.
 Kate, I suspect, that, chance what may,
 We'll hardly reach the kirk the day;
 We wad be blamed by matrons dour,
 Gaun in at sic a daftlike hour,
 An' some auld maids I ken beside
 Wad cast us looks we coudna bide.
 Let's turn, an' up beneath the heuch
 O' the wild glen o' Gilmanscleuch;
 We'll spend, in nature's green alcove,
 The day in pure delights of love;
 Read on our Bibles, pray bedeen,
 An' maybe steal a kiss between.
 If there's a blink o' heavenly bliss
 On human nature, it is this.

KATE. Weel, Colin, I shall not gainsay,
 A wilfu' man maun hae his way;
 Since ye propose't, an' think nae shame,
 If 'tis a sin, ye'll bear the blame.
 But tell me this—though gay an' braw,
 War ye gaun to the kirk ava?

COLIN. Whisht, Kate! an' speer nae that again,—
 There's maybe mae to blame than ane;
 There are some things 'tween man and maid
 Mair natural to be thought than said;
 But now, our resting-place is here,
 Come to my side, my comely dear,
 Close to my side, nor ance avert
 The vision dearest to my heart.
 Look round you, Kate; the scene you see
 Is wild as mountain scene can be;
 Here sit we in a hollow swarth,
 Scoop'd from the bosom o' the earth;
 Our palace-wall the shaggy fell;
 Our couch of state the heather-bell;
 The sounding rivulet, combined
 With music of the mountain wind,
 The only anthem which we list;
 Our canopy the yielding mist;
 Yet here, within our desert den,
 Far frae the walks and eyes of men,
 Think o' our heavenly Maker's kindness,
 For a' our sins an' mortal blindness.
 Beyond the bliss o' kingly bowers
 An earthly happiness is ours.

O, Keatie, when this scene I spy,
 Imbedded in thy deep blue eye
 Like a wee vision o' the mind,
 A dream of heaven an' earth combined,
 My ardent soul is all on flame
 With a delight that wants a name—

A flame so holy an' divine,
 An angel's heart might envy mine.
 My own rapt image, too, I see,
 As if I stood 'twixt heaven and thee—
 Forbid it, a' ye powers above!
 An' O, forgie this tear o' love;
 For ne'er was vision so complete
 In window of a soul so sweet.

KATE. Colin, I like nae sic pathetics;
 When chaps get into their poetics,
 They rave on like the winter winds,
 An' mischief whiles comes in their minds:
 Sac, that I still may haud you dear,
 An' keep you sober and sincere,
 Kneel down upon that purple lea,
 An' pray to God for you an' me—
 The path o' grace has a beginning,
 An' praying winna gang wi' sinning;
 'Tis sweet an' comely to express
 Our homage in the wilderness,
 An' train our youthfu' minds away
 Frae courting on the Sabbath day.

Colin, without another word,
 Kneel'd down upon the lonely sward,
 His comely face turn'd to the sky,
 With ardour in his dark blue eye;
 And thus unto his God he pray'd,
 As near as't can in rhyme be said:

COLIN. O thou, who dwell'st beyond yon sun!
 Where the sinful soul can never won;
 Thou God of all beings on earth that dwell,
 The angels of heaven, an' spirits of hell—
 O! wilt thou deign, in thy love divine,
 To list to such a prayer as mine?
 Not for myself do I crave thine ear,
 But for one beside, than life more dear;
 And for her sake I heard shall be,
 For a virgin's soul is dear to thee.

Then thou, who reared'st yon ample sky,
 And planted the Paradise on high,
 When the morning stars together sung,
 And its arch with hymns of angels rung;
 Who placed the sun on his golden throne,
 His God's vicegerent, and His alone;
 Who clothed the moon in her silver veil,
 And the little stars in their diamond mail;
 Who wall'd the ocean's mighty wave,
 O'er coral beds to roll and rave;
 And form'd these mountains, great and small,
 And the soul of man, the last of all—
 O, hear in heaven, most graciously,
 For we had our lives and souls from thee!

O thou, who laid'st thine infant head
 In a manger for thy cradle bed,
 When the spirits of guilt were moved with awe,
 And the angels marvell'd at what they saw—
 The babe of heaven hush'd to his rest
 Upon an earthly virgin's breast,
 Then yield his life upon the tree,
 And lie in the grave for such as me—

O hear us in heaven, thou holy one!
 For in thy merits we trust alone!
 Thou spirit of grace, adored, believed,
 Great messenger all unconceived;
 Thou THREE in ONE, and ONE in THREE,
 Potent, supreme Divinity,
 As one great God we worship thee!
 Then hear our prayers whilst here we live,
 And when thou hearest, Lord forgive!
 We have no earthly thing to crave;
 We are more than happy with what we have:—
 We have youth and health, and love beside,
 And thee for our father and our guide;
 Thy own blue heavens smiling o'er us;
 Religion, hope, and the world before us;
 And all we can do, is to express
 Our gratitude and our thankfulness.
 One blessing would earthly hope fulfil,
 If 'tis accordant with thy will:—
 May we two, kneeling thee before,
 Be join'd as one for evermore!
 And that a prospect may remain
 Of acting earthly scenes again,
 May she be as a fruitful vine—

KATE. Stop, Colln, stop! I canna join!
 Ye may pray for marriage gin ye will,
 To think of that can do nae ill;
 Its sinless joys our God will grant them—
 We'll pray for bairnies when we want them.
 Ye cou'dna ask for aught that's worse,
 Than the heaviest portion o' woman's curse.

COLIN. Ah, my dear Kate! gin ye be spared,
 You'll change your chine on that award.
 If pure affection's from above,
 If "love is heaven, and heaven is love,"
 If loveliness conceived may be,
 Can ye a sight so lovely see,
 As a young comely mother's rest,
 With sweet babe to her bosom press'd;
 Its round and chubby cheek laid low,
 Misshapen on her breast of snow?
 Ah, Kate! if pure, unmingled bliss
 Be found in life's imperfection,
 All love, all fondness is outdone
 By mother's o'er her first-born son:
 That glow is bright, its workings kind,
 Calm, chasten'd, ardent, yet refined.
 I think—O! may I be forgiven—
 That nought can lovelier be in heaven,
 Far less upon the earth below;
 Methinks I see the visions now—

What, Keatie, do ye rue our meeting?
 I think ye're fuffing now, an' greeting?
 KATE. Tuts! what for will ye speak sae queer,
 Of things unmeet for maiden's ear?
 I canna bide that stuff sae sensuous,
 It sounds like something that's licentious:
 Yet these are truths the heart that strike—
 Ye may pray for babies gin ye like.

COLIN. Ha, Keatie! truth will aye bear sway,
 An' nature work in her ain way,

For ye are nature's child complete,
 A mountain rose unsoil'd an' sweet,
 A gem the desert that perfumes,
 A flower that hardly kens it blooms.
 When we grow auld, an' bow'd wi' age,
 We'll make an yearly pilgrimage
 Unto this wild an' lonely scene,
 An' greet o'er days lang past an' gane.
 'Twill mind me of thy guileless heart,
 Of what remains and what thou wert,—
 And I'll think of a day of bliss,
 And maiden made to love an' kiss,
 Wha aince gart me the preaching miss :
 An' waur than that ; when her behest
 A solemn task had on me press'd,
 She flew up wi' a wicked screed,
 An' pat a' praying frae my head.

KATE. Here, with the tear drop in my ee,
 Colin, I beg you'll pardon me.
 I did amiss, 'mang passions rife,
 But could not help it for my life.
 In my reproof, though scarce ye'll trow,
 I was at least sincere as you.
 And now I beg of me you'll take
 This book, an' keep it for my sake ;
 It was my honour'd father's gift
 That day when I our cottage left,
 With bitter grief, and youthfu' dread,
 In the wide world to earn my bread.
 " My bairn," quo' he, " ye're gaun to leave me ;
 I hope through life you'll never grieve me.
 If ever sin your fancy brook,
 Think on the Author of this book—
 Think how he reads the heart within,
 And grieves if you should yield to sin.
 An' think o' your old father too,
 And how his soul yearns over you.
 An' O, my bairn, when I am dead,
 Cling to this blessed book, an' read
 Its holy precepts when you may,
 An' God will give you grace to pray,
 To pray in purity of heart.
 Farewell, my bairn, since we maun part !"

Now, Colin, as my sole director,
 My trusted, generous protector,
 Here do I render up to thee
 The charge of baith my book an' me,
 And ne'er again, by it I swear,
 'Twixt you and heaven to interfere.
 Accept, dear Colin, the propine,
 An' O forgie the heart that's thine !

He took the book, an' first he kiss'd
 The donor, then the volume bless'd,
 An' hid it in his bosom true,
 While on his eyelids stood the dew ;
 Then hand in hand they trode the brae
 That looks o'er Ettrick's wilder'd way,
 An' parted on the mountain green,
 Far happier than a king an' queen.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF SIR FRIZZLE PUMPKIN, K.C.B.

My brethren of the sword have astonished me in nothing so much as in their complete mastery of the pen, and all the graces of composition. Where they picked up their style I cannot in the least make out. The mess-room is seldom redolent of the flowers of rhetoric, and the camp is, if possible, still less adapted to literary pursuits. It used formerly to be a reflection against the army, that very few members of that honourable profession were much addicted to the habit even of reading; but what would Smollett, and other worthies, who have painted us in such disparaging colours, say to us at the present day, when there are few messes which cannot boast of a considerable number of authors—historians, novelists, and memoir-writers, not to mention a confused and indistinguishable multitude of politicians and poets? Every officer now not only can read books, (which is perhaps the greater achievement of the two,) but is expected to write them also. At all events, if this literary mania does not seize us while on active service, any interval of repose is certain to induce it with the utmost virulence. Immediately on retiring into civil life a wonderful change takes place even on the most anti-bookish of one's messmates. The epaulettes expand into reams of foolscap, the sword converts itself into a pen, and the jolly soldier of half a year before, is transmogrified into an author. The world, in consequence, is inundated with military sketches;—ladies' maids and sentimental milliners have wept over the soft recollections of romantic majors;—mercenary apprentices have handled the yard with the swagger of a field-marshal, from the inspiring stories of bloody-minded ensigns; and, in short, the slang of the camp has become as familiar as the words of ordinary conversation. The navy also has started in the same glorious pursuit. The gun-room is the scene of many a heroic description. Captains and lieutenants club to celebrate the honour, virtue, cleanliness, and piety of the British tars. Yard-arms, taffris, tarpaulins, gaffs, and booms, hustle each other through every page; and boys

and virgins are elevated and astonished at the elegant phraseology of the cockpit. My wonder all this time has been, in the first place, how they can find stories to tell; and, in the next place, how they can find words to tell them. For myself, I am as good as the best of them at an anecdote after dinner; my words come as pat to the purpose as possible; but the moment I take my pen into my hand—presto—all my power of story-telling is gone. Some word appears twice or thrice in the same sentence, my characters become confused, and the personages, whose wit is sure to create a laugh as I tell the story to my friends at table, are the stupidest fellows I ever met, when I write down their facetious responses in black and white. My opportunities of observation have been as good as those of any officer of my standing, and, as I said before, how the devil it is that they manage to tell long stories of two or three volumes, while I can't muster a single page, I can by no means divine. But though I have hitherto failed in my attempts, I have not been altogether discouraged. Perseverance, they say, will conquer in the end; and some of these days, I doubt not, I shall be able to manufacture a warlike tale as well as my neighbours. Besides the honour and reputation, there are other considerations which, it may easily be imagined, would make a successful novel by no means an unpleasant achievement to a captain on half-pay. Plutus, I am sorry to confess, mingles in all my dreams of fame. I envy Col. C. Thornton less for his inimitable style, and power of description, as the means of raising his reputation, than as the means of raising the wind. With such a pen as his, I should soon be in danger of becoming prouder of my purse than of my glory—my pocket should re-echo "sweet music of a silver sound," where now the jingling of keys "make the void mirthful without change." But why should I indulge in such golden dreams? My confounded fingers grow stiff before I have finished a sentence, and sometimes I give way to despair, and fear I must rest contented as a story-

teller, which is very different indeed from a story-writer.

While engaged with these thoughts, for I assure you I have long been tormented with this literary and money-making ambition, I luckily received an invitation to pass a few days in the country with a distinguished military friend. When I name General Sir Frizzle Pumpkin, K.C.B. T.K. &c. your curiosity will of course be excited to know something of the private habits of a hero whose public actions have awakened throughout his long and brilliant career so much admiration. In this I shall only gratify you in a slight degree. It is needless to inform you of his hospitality, his generosity, and his winning, and, indeed, his fascinating manners. These are all already sufficiently known. But while on this visit, I was struck with something in his demeanour different from what I had ever remarked before. The General seemed sometimes ill at ease. His habitual good-nature seemed on some occasions to be inclined to leave him, and I could easily perceive that he was teased and harassed more than he cared to shew, by the compliments which a young nobleman of the party heaped on him. I confess with no sparing or delicate hand. This I ascribed to the natural modesty of a brave man—and I loved my distinguished host the more that I saw he shrank from the applauses his actions had deserved. Our time past very pleasantly in spite of these interruptions, and I began to feel my regret, at leaving so excellent a friend, increased as the day of my departure approached. The rest of the guests had left us, and the day before that on which I had fixed to return to my lodging, the baronet and myself were entirely alone. All the morning I had noticed something mysterious in his manner. He seemed on the eve, every now and then, of making me some communication, but suddenly checked himself, and turned the conversation to some other subject. We dined, and after dinner when the bottle had made two or three rounds, the General told me he had something to relate—he began by inveighing more bitterly than I thought the occasion justified against the courtly and complimentary lord I have mentioned. He then, to my astonishment, said something of his

conscience not allowing him to accept such praises, and on my expressing my wonder at his squeamishness, he told me he had long wished for some one to whom to make his confession, and on my faithfully promising to assist him with my counsel and advice, he filled up his glass and began as follows :—

You are aware that I am in possession of what the world generally considers the highest favours of fortune. I have risen to a distinguished rank in my profession, my wealth is more than commensurate with my desires, my friends, I may say without presumption, are zealously attached to me, and all these blessings are enhanced by the enjoyment of uninterrupted good health. In the enumeration of my advantages, it may be necessary also to remind you, that my actions have not been altogether unknown. Reputation, and an honorary addition to my name, are the rewards of my achievements. Crowning “a youth of labour with an age of ease,” with every comfort which can rationally be desired, it might be thought there was nothing wanting to my entire felicity. But alas! there is always something to mar our enjoyments—“some fatal remembrance—some sorrow that throws its bleak shade alike over our joys and our woes,”—and by one overwhelming evil all my blessings are rendered of no avail. When I look around me, and see my fields rich with harvests, my lawns green with verdure, and remember that they were acquired from a generous and grateful country, a pang shoots through my heart, and I feel, with the writhings of humiliation and remorse, that I have not deserved its favours; that I have raised myself by a life of hypocrisy, and in short, that these honours and riches which were heaped upon me as the rewards of my bravery and resolution, have been bestowed—upon a coward—Yes, on one of the most nerveless and pusillanimous of human beings. The praises of the public, the compliments of my friends, the whole paraphernalia of my stars and ribbons, fill me with a loathing of myself. If I had really merited such encomiums, I might have felt gratified by their being so universally accorded; but as it is!—You shall hear :

My youth was the most miserable period of my existence. My unresisting and easily intimidated character, made me the slave of any one who chose to domineer over me. The school at which I was educated was to me a collection of tyrants, rather than playmates, and though I was good-tempered and attentive, and consequently a favourite with the master, I was buffeted and despised by the very youngest of the boys. The name Miss Molly, by which I was known throughout the school, sufficiently shews the estimation in which I was held; and if any trick was to be played, any ghost to be raised, any toes to be tied at night, or any one tossed in a blanket for the amusement of the bedroom, Frizzle Pumpkin was sure to be the victim. Amidst scenes such as these, with any spirit which at first I might have possessed, entirely broken, I arrived at the age of sixteen. Thin as a whipping-post, and remarkably tall for my years, I left the scene of my miseries, and resided for some months at home. Many consultations were held as to my future destination. My father, a good easy man, spoke in favour of the church, but my mother, who was a woman of spirit, and whose father had been an officer of considerable reputation, would hear of no other profession for me but the army. Their difference of opinion produced the result which might naturally have been expected, namely, complete submission on the part of my father; and at last it was decided that their only hope should gain everlasting laurels as a soldier. This resolution took me entirely by surprise. My dreams at night were of nothing but wounds and blood. I thought of the certainty of being cut to pieces by some tremendous Frenchman; resistance never entered into my calculations, and as for glory I never could imagine what was the meaning of the word. In this state of dismal foreboding my time was passed, and although I dreaded the profession to which I was doomed, still I was too much afraid of my mother's domineering temper, to protest against the choice she had made for me. A commission was speedily procured, and my fears as the day of my departure approached, amounted to agony. My uniform itself failed to animate

my courage, and my sword would have remained undrawn for ever, so great was my repugnance to cold iron. My mother, however, extricated it from its sheath with an impetuosity that made me tremble, and praised its make and temper with all the warmth of approval. My military troubles oppressed me beyond expression, even before I left my home. The trepidation of my mind on first discharging a pistol, it is impossible to describe; if any one has suffered shipwreck, or been spectator of an earthquake, or been bitten by a dog notoriously mad, he may form some slight idea of my feelings when I touched the trigger. Earth swam around me as I listened for the report, and a thousand lights danced before my closely-shut eyes as my senses seemed to expire in a kind of mental delirium.

All this time I must, however, inform you, my fear rested almost entirely in my mind. My outward man shewed few symptoms of the internal struggle; and I am not aware of having betrayed the intensity of my terrors on any occasion, unless by an additional paleness, and a total incapacity to speak. The day fixed for my joining the *depôt* at last came on; and my courage was, if possible, diminished by every hour that passed. My father, who evidently participated in my alarms, but did not dare to shew them, talked, with a faltering voice and a tear in his eye, about Westminster Abbey and a peerage, and made convulsive efforts to be facetious, while it was evident his fears for my safety were only repressed by his fears of his spouse's displeasure. However, at length the moment arrived, and, after ascertaining of the driver the steadiness and good-temper of his horses, I stepped into a post-chaise, and soon found myself in the small country-town of —, where the *depôt* of my regiment was stationed. The introduction to my brother officers it is useless to describe. Most of them were young and inexperienced like myself; but, unlike me, they were all filled, to overflowing, with enthusiasm for the service, and anticipations of future glory. Our time was spent in the usual way that time is spent by military officers in a country town. The post-office was

regularly visited after parade; an old billiard-table, with a considerable part of the cloth remaining, was a resource for two or three hours; and lounging from one end of the main street to the other, shewing ourselves and feathers to the best advantage, constituted all the rest of our employment. My fears now began gradually to abate. There was no immediate prospect of our being ordered on foreign service, and the routine of my existence became more agreeable, in the exact proportion that I found it less dangerous than I had expected.

As the town of — is situated on a river, many parties were of course formed for boating, and when the weather grew warm, for bathing also. I have always had a horror of the water; but as I was aware that accidents might occur, however carefully guarded against, I lost no time in providing myself with a sustaining belt. In spite, however, of this precaution—and I was assured it was amply sufficient to support even two men in the water—I most sedulously avoided joining my messmates in any of their excursions. I was considered quiet and shy, but in general, I believe, I was rather liked than otherwise—so my excuses were taken, and I was left to follow my own inclinations in peace. One day, when I was walking quietly by the side of the river, in considerable dread that some cows which were feeding in the meadow might be attracted by my coat, I came on a branch of the stream, forming a large water tank through the field; and over this, which was of considerable width, a plank, laid across, acted as a bridge. As I was carefully stepping along this rickety pathway, I was arrested by the shouts of my regimental friends, who were amusing themselves, as the day was oppressively warm, by bathing in this secluded part of the river. I stopped on the plank, and watched their motions for some time, and I could not help envying them their courage in trusting themselves so carelessly as they did into the very deepest part of the stream. Not for all the wealth of India could I have prevailed on myself (guarded as I was with the sustaining belt, which I constantly wore) to have done the same. There was horror in the very thought; and I was going

to continue my walk across the ditch, and retire from so dangerous a vicinity, when I was thrilled by a cry of agony from the water beneath where I stood. I looked down, and in the very mouth of the ditch of which I have spoken, I saw Jack Wharton, the liveliest and kindest-hearted of our set, evidently in the greatest danger. He had crept quietly under the sedges at the side, in order to come upon me by surprise; but unluckily, on arriving almost under the bridge, he was seized with the cramp in both legs. He looked up to me in the greatest despair.—“Save me, save me!” he cried in an agony—“Oh! save me!” and sunk below the water, apparently quite exhausted. A thousand thoughts rushed into my brain—I saw his head and pale brow, after coming up for a moment, go down a second time,—a dimness fell upon my eyes, a faintness came over my spirit, and, in the intensity of my apprehension, I lost my balance, and fell into the hole where my poor friend was struggling. A little recalled to my recollection by the plunge, I grasped convulsively at the nearest object, and, supported by my belt, I made directly for the land. Instinctively I clambered up the bank, still clenching the object I had seized in the water. I just saw it was the arm of poor Wharton, and that I had saved him—when again my terrors overcame me, and I fainted.

When I recovered my senses, I was saluted with shouts of “bravo, bravo!” Slowly I opened my eyes, and found myself surrounded by my friends; Wharton was still chafing my temples, and calling me his deliverer, and pouring forth the most profuse expressions of his gratitude. Though still shuddering at my narrow escape, I expressed in a few words my happiness at having been the instrument of his preservation, but I told him at the same time, with truth, that my exertions had scarcely been voluntary, and that as I was quite unable to swim, it was only overpowering necessity which obliged me to plunge into the river. The fame of this exploit soon spread through the somewhat contracted circle of the town of —; my total ignorance of swimming enhanced the merit of my heroic contempt of danger, and for a week or two I was

quite the lion of the parties in the neighbourhood. But my gallantry, as it was termed, had a more enduring memorial than the applauses of the beaux and belles of ——. "The officers, at that time in the depot," presented me with a handsome snuff-box, on which is an inscription, testifying their high opinion of my merit in plunging in, at the imminent risk of my life, to the assistance of a brother officer.—This box I of course still preserve, and although it is nearly thirty years since the adventure took place, I can scarcely now look on that complimentary testimony to my courage without a blush.

Young Wharton after that became the warmest of my friends; but in my intercourse with him, there was always on my side a feeling of embarrassment. My conscience would not allow me to accept the gratitude which he offered, and my pride would not allow me to confess to him the real circumstances of the case. This struggle within myself produced a coldness in my behaviour, and I saw that the boy was mortified and disappointed, that his warm advances were so indifferently received. At length, though it was evident he longed for an opportunity to shew his affection for his preserver, as he still thought and called me, he desisted from cultivating any greater intimacy than had previously subsisted between us. I was now considered among my friends a person whose courage was only equalled by his modesty; and an idea began to be spread that I was so reckless of life, in the pursuit of fame, that under the melancholy and quietness of a Jacques, I concealed the spirit and ambition of a Hotspur.

I shall not trouble you with the further details of our residence at —, nor need I describe to you the terror which fell upon me with threefold force from the hopes I had fondly indulged of security, when a dispatch came down for us to join our regiment, which was just ordered abroad. Our march was conducted without any remarkable occurrence; and in the highest possible order, with the steadiness and regularity of veteran campaigners, our new levies made a most imposing appearance when united for the first time to the main body of the regiment, upon parade. Forces had been collected

from all quarters, and concentrated at Portsmouth. Our destination was not as yet known, and my fears were accordingly divided between the sabres of the French and the murderous rifles of the Yankees. We were detained for upwards of a fortnight by contrary winds, and I confess to you that my prayers were most fervent and sincere, that the weathercock might never change its direction. At last, however, a calm succeeded to the tempest which had restrained us so long; the transports were anchored as near to the shore as possible, and on the 17th day of —, in the year —, for I love to be particular in my dates, I bade adieu to the shores of England. The voyage left me ample time for serious reflection. I was conscious of my own utter cowardice; I was aware that on the very first occasion of danger I should disgrace myself; and I need scarcely inform you that my spirits, naturally placid, were by no means elevated by the contemplation of my future prospects. The mirth of my companions grated harshly on my ears. I could scarcely believe that their anxiety to meet the enemy was not feigned,—and yet disagreeable as the passage was, I could never persuade myself to wish for its conclusion. Our destination we now found was —. The enemy were known to have made every preparation for our approach, and even the bravest of my messmates, though they were doubtful for a moment of ultimate success, expressed their anticipations of tremendous loss in forcing our way to land. The night before we expected to come to an anchor, my forebodings of evil would not allow me to rest in my cot; I therefore went on deck, and leant despondingly against the mast. The moon was high in heaven, groups of soldiers were lying on the boards, apparently asleep, and the only moving objects on the scene were the few sailors attending to the necessary operations of the vessel. With a sort of desperate resolution I had determined to rush upon death and put an end to my tormenting fears at once,—I had summoned to my aid all that I had ever heard or read of heroic achievement, and having thus made up my mind for the worst that could befall me, I sunk into a state of calm and almost self-devoting des-

pair. I was interrupted in my reverie by a voice at my side—"Pumpkin!" it said, "what a glorious moon!" I turned round, and saw young Wharton gazing intently upon the bright planet; and in my life I think I never saw so beautiful an expression in any one's face as at that moment in his. Languidly I looked upwards to the same object, and said in a low and subsided whisper, "Yes, very."—"Why, you seem in low spirits, considering the noble prospect we have before us."

Never, you will believe me, could it enter into my calculations, that any one would describe the hateful certainty of going into battle as a noble prospect. I accordingly thought he was expressing his admiration of the scenery.

"Such contemplations," I said, "are by no means calculated to raise the spirits. There is something so awful and sublime in the motions of the mighty host now marshalled in such beautiful array within our view, that the mind sinks under it, and admiration is strongly mingled with awe."

"That may be the case," he replied, "to a philosopher, but I never knew any thing of philosophy, and never shall. All that I know or care for is this—that all our operations are regulated by the commander-in-chief; obedience is all we can give, and if you and I are lucky, we shall perhaps be captains within the week."

This soon recalled me to the horrors of my situation, I painted to myself the contempt with which every one, even the warm-hearted boy who looked to me now with admiration and esteem, would regard me after to-morrow's fight. My dogged resolution, prompted by my despair, almost gave way, and I was undecided whether or not it would be better to ease my conscience by confessing the truth to my friend, and rushing at once upon the disclosure which every hour became more hideous to me by delay. That it was inevitable, I did not doubt. I had no high feeling to support me, and I would gladly have exchanged honour, hopes, and reputation, for safety and oblivion. If I could have instantly got to a distance after the confession, I should not have put it off one moment,—but to be pointed at, jeered, laughed at, ridi-

culed, spurned, despised,—it was too much,—and I resolved to wait patiently the course of events, and not precipitate my disgrace by a premature discovery.

"We shall have bloody work of it at all events, and a glorious victory, whoever lives to see it. We shall first have to stand the fire of all the batteries in going ashore; and after we land, we shall be attacked by the whole army of the enemy drawn up on the coast,—bullets will be as plentiful as peas in August, and our regiment will have its full share, as we shall most likely be pushed first to land."

"Indeed?" I said, as you may imagine with no diminution of my dislike to honourable service—"that arrangement strikes me to be very unfair. The rest of the troops"—

"Spoken like yourself: you are always so kind and considerate—why, it may be their turn next time, and they should not grumble if we step for once before them, into the field of glory."

"Oh no, I have no doubt they don't envy our situation in the least. For my own part, if I were in their place"—

"You would be in a devil of a passion at being kept behind—But however I expect great things from you to-morrow. I shall be very happy if I can only follow your example. The eyes of the whole regiment are upon you, and all of us expect something quite out of the way."

"They will most probably not be disappointed," I said with a bitter consciousness—"I have no doubt they will see many things to amaze them."

"How? have you fixed on any plan? That you will distinguish yourself, I have no doubt; but if in doing so you require the assistance of another, my sword, my life, which I owe to your intrepidity, is at your service."

My feelings became bitterer and more irritable every instant that our conference lasted. I hated the brave young fellow who thus offered every thing in his power to aid my reputation; for you may be sure your true coward hates no man for any thing so much as for his courage. While I was musing on the difference between our dispositions, he again asked me most earnestly by what means I hoped to render myself distinguished?

Worked into a state of frenzy by this harping on what was to me the most disagreeable subject in the world; hating the army, him, myself, and all the universe, I grasped him by the arm, and said slowly and distinctly—"By exposing myself! Mark my words, and remember what I have told you."

Having made this confession, I let his arm go; and as I slowly turned away to hide my agony and humiliation, instead of his eyes being turned on me with the contempt I deserved, they were fixed with a look of generous enthusiasm.

"For God's sake," he whispered, "do not expose yourself too much—but wherever you are, I shall be at your side. God bless you, good night."

Day came at length, and land was descried at the distance of less than twenty miles. Expectation was raised to the utmost height. Officers were busied in all parts of the vessel gazing intently through their telescopes. For myself, I felt no curiosity. I knew that all places were alike to me, and I remained amidst that busy and inspiring scene, in apathy and silence. Every minute revealed to us more distinctly the features of the shore. An abrupt hill, at a little distance from the sea, thickly studded with trees and brushwood, was crowned by a battery apparently of considerable size. To the right of this a thickly-wooded district stretched out as far as the eye could reach; while on the left a level country was spread to an immense extent, and admirably adapted for the manœuvres of an army. The object of our chiefs, we could easily divine, would be to seize the commanding height, and we could not doubt that so important a station would be defended to the last. Exclamations of joy and delight burst from the gazers as the scene gradually unfolded its beauties. The height was evidently manned by a very strong detachment, while large masses of infantry were distinguishable on the plain. To an unprejudiced eye the coup-d'œil would have been wonderfully striking, while no inconsiderable part of the beauty of the prospect, would have been derived from the transports and ships of war covering the whole sea with a white cloud of canvass. Every heart except my own bounded with anima-

tion; but, alas! with me the sensation was only one of increased misery and despondence.

Two frigates were sent forward to demolish the battery, and cover the landing of the troops. How nobly this service was performed, it is needless for me to mention,—the noise of the cannon sunk me into tenfold confusion; the smoke rose in dense wreaths, and under cover of the bombardment, the boats pushed to land. Of my own behaviour, I can give you no account. Listening only to the thunder of the artillery, thinking, I suppose, of nothing, but in a state of complete torpor and bewilderment, I took my station in the boat. We soon found ourselves drawn up on the shore; and a shout, which for a moment drowned the roaring of the guns, shewed the enthusiasm of our men, and the success of our enterprise.

Mechanically I marched along with the others—rushed up the hillock of which I have spoken, and after a melee mingled with many horrid sounds, half-maddened with groans, shrieks, shoutings, and exclamations of every tone and nature, I found myself alone. Awakened a little from my amazement, by this appalling discovery, I looked around me: Our troops had pushed most gallantly up the hill, but just as some of the foremost had crowned it, a large reinforcement of the enemy met them at the top, and by overwhelming numbers, repulsed us with incredible slaughter. How it occurred I have never been able to guess—but alone, on the hostile side of the hillock, cut off from our own forces, the bravest might have been excused for giving himself up for lost. I saw no possibility of escape, unless by concealing myself in the thicket to the right, and I accordingly directed my course to the nearest clump. Suddenly the earth was shaken beneath my feet, and on looking round to the place from which the noise proceeded, I saw a charge of our own cavalry which had deployed round the base of the height, upon a regiment of the enemy's light horse, stationed under its cover. The fate of the attack was not long doubtful. The enemy began to waver, and in a short time a complete rout took place. Horses in great numbers, wild and unmanageable, rushed past me on every

side. In momentary expectation of being cleft by some retreating horseman, or trodden to death by the hoofs of his charger, I shrieked and holloed, but luckily the enemy were generally more frightened than myself.

In the despair of the moment, although from my childhood in the utmost terror of trusting myself on horseback, I determined, as the only chance of avoiding being ridden over, to seize some masterless charger, and trust to good fortune for the rest. I luckily soon caught one as it galloped past me, and climbed into the saddle. In an instant the horse continued its flight, and badly as at all times I rode, and half delirious as I was with alarm, I rejoiced to see that its speed would soon get me out of the crowd. Intently anxious to preserve my seat, I clung with desperate energy to the mane, and unfortunately my sword, which I still retained in my hand, was jerked by the tossing of my career against my face, and inflicted this ghastly wound, of which you see the mark upon my brow. My horse with untired speed continued its flight, and was evidently gaining rapidly upon those who had fled before. In particular, I saw I was following exactly in the track of an old officer, evidently of distinction, whose horse gave tokens of fatigue. The blood, I perceived, was trickling from several wounds it had received, and I began to be dreadfully alarmed that its rider, when I should overtake him, would blow out my brains with the pistols at his holsters. In this state I managed to catch hold of the reins, but alas! I found that I had little power in reducing my horse's speed. Just, however, as I got up with the officer I so much dreaded, I succeeded in checking my terrified animal, and assumed something approaching to an upright seat. The officer seeing me at his side, and recognising the English uniform, pulled up his horse at the same time. "The fortune of war is yours," he said,—"I yield myself prisoner." Saying this, he bowed, and presented me his sword. Bewildered with the whole adventure, and scarcely believing the reality of my safety, I bowed in return, and took advantage of the stop to which my horse had come to turn him round in hopes of rejoining our own forces. My prisoner who was wounded and fatigued, rode dejectedly at my side. I confess I was un-

der considerable alarm lest he should retract his surrender, and perhaps turn the tables upon his captor. But luckily he entertained no such idea. Our cavalry had gone on in pursuit of the main body of the fugitives, and we still saw them, though at a great distance, furiously engaged. Of the fate of the battery and forces on the hillock, I was of course ignorant, and was in prodigious alarm lest I should fall into the enemy's hands before rejoining our army on the beach. My fears, however, were vain. On rounding the eminence, still accompanied by my prisoner, we found ourselves in presence of the victorious British force. My face being covered with clotted gore, and being altogether excited by my terrors to a degree of fever, my appearance must have created some surprise among our troops. By good fortune I rode up to the station of my own regiment, where I had been long given up for lost. The joy of my companions was warmly and loudly expressed, and I soon was observed by the General, who happened at that moment to be passing along the line. His acute eye saw immediately how affairs were placed. He called me to him, enquired my name and rank, and complimented me highly on my behaviour. My prisoner, in order I suppose to account for his own surrender, related some wonderful instances of my valour; and his rank being no less than lieutenant-general of the enemy, added no little reputation to my exploit. The issue of this battle, so far as I am concerned, is soon told. I was raised to a captaincy on the spot, and sent home with the dispatches. In the general's account of the engagement, the following passage occurred:—"Allow me also to recommend to your notice Captain Frizzle Pumpkin, the bearer of this dispatch. Throughout the affair his conduct was the admiration of the whole army. Alone and surrounded by the enemy, he dismounted a trooper, sprung on his charger, and succeeded, in the face of his own forces, in capturing and securing Lieutenant-General the Baron De ——. I consider myself indebted to his calm yet daring courage, for raising the spirits of the troops to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and I regret it is not in my power to bestow on him a reward adequate to his transcendent merits."

(*To be continued.*)

TO THE MOUNTAIN WINDS.

BY MRS HEMANS.

—How divine
 The liberty, for frail, for mortal man,
 To roam at large among unpeopled glens,
 And mountainous retirements, only trod
 By devious footsteps!—Regions consecrate
 To oldest time!—And, reckless of the storm
 That keeps the raven quiet in his nest,
 Be as a presence or a motion—One
 Among the many there.

WORDSWORTH.

MOUNTAIN winds! oh! whither do ye call me?
 Vainly, vainly would my steps pursue!
 Chains of care to lower earth enthrall me,
 Wherefore thus my weary spirit woo?

Oh! the strife of this divided being!
 Is there peace where ye are borne on high?
 Could we soar to your proud eyries fleeing,
 In our hearts would haunting memories die?

Those wild places are not as a dwelling
 Whence the footsteps of the loved are gone!
 Never from those rocky halls came swelling
 Voice of kindness in familiar tone!

Surely music of oblivion sweepeth
 In the pathway of your wanderings free;
 And the torrent, wildly as it leapeth,
 Sings of no lost home amidst its glee.

There the rushing of the falcon's pinion,
 Is not from some hidden pang to fly;
 All things breathe of power and stern dominion—
 Not of hearts that in vain yearnings die.

Mountain winds! oh! is it, is it only
 Where man's trace hath been, that so we pine?
 Bear me up, to grow in thought less lonely,
 Even at nature's deepest, loneliest shrine!

Wild, and mighty, and mysterious singers!
 At whose tone my heart within me burns;
 Bear me where the last red sunbeam lingers,
 Where the waters have their secret urns!

There to commune with a loftier spirit
 Than the troubling shadows of regret;
 There the wings of freedom to inherit,
 Where the enduring and the wing'd are met.

Hush, proud voices! gentle be your falling!
 Woman's lot thus chainless may not be;
 Hush! the heart your trumpet sounds are calling,
 Darkly still may grow—but never free!

FIRST AND LAST.

No. VII.

THE FIRST AND LAST BIRTHDAY.

"Not to-day, George, but to-morrow week," said Mrs Coventry.

"And why to-morrow week, Sarah?" replied her husband.

"Can't you guess, sir?" rejoined Mrs Coventry, in a tone of assumed rebuke.

"To-morrow week—to-morrow week," he repeated, as if really endeavouring to task his memory—"to-morrow week is"—

"The second of June, sir," interrupted Mrs Coventry, in the same tone of playful displeasure.

"Oh! I remember now—aye, to be sure—to-morrow week is the second of June—and the second of June—isn't that the second anniversary of our wedding-day, love?"

"Yes, dear George, and the *first* birthday of my sweet boy," folding the infant which she held in her arms rapturously to her bosom.

"The *first* birthday of our *first* child," said he, with a sly emphasis on the word "*first*."

"Of our *first* and *only* child," murmured Mrs Coventry, with an emphasis equally marked, but far different in expression; while, as she spoke, she clasped it to her with a mournful eagerness, as if she then felt it was a precious, but destined to be a solitary, treasure.

There *was* this feeling at her heart. She could not account for it; she could not get rid of it; but whenever, in those fond anticipations which are among the brightest visions of early wedded life, they talked of their future family, and of what their domestic plans should be, as their family increased, she always seemed to have a foreboding that this boy would alone be spared to her; that whatever other children she might have, they would only pass through a short existence to the grave. At first, her husband ridiculed the presentiment; it was too strong, however, for ridicule to overthrow, and gradually became too sad for it to approach. It was no less inaccessible to reasoning; for all that affection could obtain, was the

tender assurance she would try to think of it as little as possible.

And who were George and Sarah Coventry? The reader shall know all that I know myself respecting them.

George Coventry was found one summer's evening under a hawthorn tree, sewed up in a hand-basket. The person who found him was an eccentric old bachelor, of the name of Price Williams, who was very fond of nightingales; and there was a cop-pice, about a quarter of a mile from his house, which the nightingales loved to frequent. Hither he would betake him about sunset; and seated at the foot of this hawthorn, listen to the ravishing melody of the lone songstress till his maid *Jemima* came to tell him supper was ready, at the hearing of which, he was never known to tarry another minute for the sweetest descendant that ever rolled, rich and musical, from a nightingale's throat. On the evening in question, he found his seat pre-occupied by the little stranger; and *Jemima* was infinitely perplexed, as she saw her master returning so soon with a basket in his hand, which at a distance appeared like her own market-basket. But her own market-basket was hanging in its place, behind the kitchen door. It was clear, therefore, the basket belonged to somebody else, though she knew of nobody who had such a kind of basket but Widow Pugh, of Rosebank cottage; and Widow Pugh, as she remarked to herself, "lived in a clean opposite direction to the nightingales."

Meanwhile, the old gentleman stalked on, stately and sedate, with this puzzling basket, which he seemed to carry with much care; a circumstance that naturally increased *Jemima's* perplexity. He passed into the house through the front door, instead of through the kitchen, as he was commonly wont to do. This was adding fuel to the fire of curiosity that already burned fiercely enough in *Jemima's* breast. He entered his

room. She heard him talking to himself. Presently his bell rung, and Jemima was the most punctual of servants in answering it.

"See whether this is a boy or girl," said he, pointing to the infant, which he had taken out of the basket, and laid upon the table. "If it is a boy," he continued, "we'll nurse it between us; if a girl, it shall go to the parish."

"Lord, sir!" exclaimed Jemima, lifting up her hands in astonishment, "I dare say it is nothing but a by-blow! Where did you get it?"

"I get it!" cried Mr Williams, tapping his box, and taking a pinch of snuff as he spoke,—*"Pooh!"*

"Well, sir," continued Jemima, looking in the infant's face, "I can't tell whether it is boy or girl, for my part—not I—but I dare say it is one or the other, for it is God's providence that these things when they come, never come out of nature."

"No," said her master, scratching behind his left ear; "they are all in nature, Jemima."

"Poor little thing!" she added, "it is for all the world just like a wax doll in a sweet sleep. I'll be sworn it is a girl, it is so quiet, and looks so innocent."

It happened unfortunately for Jemima's characteristics of her sex, that at this moment Mr Williams unpinned from the bosom of the infant a piece of paper, till then unperceived by him, on which were written these words, in a small but legible hand—*"George Coventry—preserve the name, whatever fate betide the bearer of it."*

Mr Williams adhered to his declaration, save that he and Jemima did not nurse the boy between them. Enquiries were instituted to discover the parents, but they proved unsuccessful. There were those, indeed, who hinted, that if the old gentleman could find out the mother, they would be bound to name the father—an insinuation which always greatly scandalized Jemima, who was not without a theory of her own, however, to explain cause and effect; for, as little George grew up, she discovered a striking likeness between him and sundry "hussies" of the place, whom, as she said "she could not abide to look upon." Nay, on one occasion, she went so far as

to remark to her master, that, "the rogue was getting just such a double chin as the vicar, and was wonderfully like him too, when he had his black pinafore on." But she never ventured to repeat this, after the old gentleman admonished her she was liable to do penance in a white sheet in the parish church, for speaking slander.

When George was in his fifteenth year, his benefactor died, leaving him well provided for; though the legacy was subject to sundry whimsical conditions. Among other things, it was required that "he should make choice of the army or navy, but must embrace one of those services within twelve months after the testator's death;" and, that "the principal of the legacy should be at his entire disposal when he was forty, provided he was then a bachelor, and changed his name from George Coventry, to George Hawthorn Nightingale, in commemoration of the circumstances attending his discovery." In default of any one of these, besides many other strange conditions, the property depending upon them, which amounted to some thousands, was "to be divided between any twelve men his executors might select, having each of them a wooden leg, and being bachelors above the age of fifty."

George entered the army, obtained a majority before he was five-and-twenty, and up to that period contrived to steer clear of all the rocks and shoals placed in his course by the humorous ingenuity of his protector. But then it was he first saw Sarah Cecil, a *portionless* orphan, whose asylum was under the roof of as gentle a creature as Charity ever called to her divine ministry. The grace and beauty of Miss Cecil's person, great as they were, were poor in comparison with that purity of heart, and simplicity of character, which, while they threw a lustre around her moral nature, heightened the fascination of her charms. Deliberation soon became solemn mummery with Major Coventry. Yet would he take himself very seriously to task, for fitting on chains, every link of which, he knew, must cost him its weight in gold, if once fairly riveted. They were riveted; and he was bound hand and foot, long

before he came to the resolution of making a vigorous resistance. In short, when he was only six-and-twenty, he renounced all substantial advantages of fortune as George Hawthorn Nightingale, Esq., at forty—and, by the same act which made him the happiest of men, showered down unexpected felicity upon twelve of his fellow-creatures, living in single blessedness and single leggedness. And so perfect, so all-sufficient was his happiness, that never once had a shadow of regret stolen over his mind at a sacrifice, the very existence of which, from motives of the purest delicacy, he had carefully abstained from mentioning to Mrs Coventry.

And what was the subject of discourse between them, which she desired might be postponed till the morrow week?

A mere trifle—but one of those trifles that identify themselves with some of the dearest feelings of the heart. He had seen a pair of amber bracelets in a jeweller's shop,—the price was moderate; and he wished Mrs Coventry to say whether she liked the pattern, before he bought them. "I need not go to look at them," said she, when the conversation was resumed, "for you know, George, I always prefer your taste to my own; but give them to me to-morrow week, and then they will be sanctified by the recollection of the two happiest days my life has yet known." A gentle pressure of the hand which he held in his, and a smile that told of sinless idolatry, were his only answer.

On the evening of this anticipated morrow—of this day of promised blissful remembrance, Major and Mrs Coventry strolled into the fields which surrounded their pleasant suburban dwelling. George was more than usually thoughtful and silent during the walk,—that is, he was less than usually cheerful and animated; for such was his general flow of spirits, that a very slight abatement of their intensity, produced, from the force of the contrast, the effect of extreme dejection. At first, Mrs Coventry feared he was ill; but that apprehension removed, she strove to rally him out of his pensive mood. Her efforts were partially successful. He laughed; he talked more gaily; but she

fancied there was a sadness in his laugh, a forced buoyancy in his conversation. She fancied, too, though she knew not why, there was an earnestness, a tender solicitude, in his manner, like that which the sense of past unkindness, or the secret consciousness that we may soon be denied all power to lavish kindness upon a beloved object, sometimes inspires. From such promptings, come the silent, heart-breaking endearments of the slowly dying. The kiss, the embrace, the unwearied indulgence, are all so many gentle farewells of the soul; so many fond and lingering repetitions of pleasures, each of which may be the last, while each that *is*, springs from deeper and deeper yearnings of the parting spirit.

As they ascended a small eminence, a range of landscape spread before them, bathed in the liquid and trembling lustre of a setting sun. It was a gorgeous spectacle. "How beautiful!" he exclaimed, pausing to gaze around; "how beautiful!—But who, that knew he was to die to-morrow, could look upon a scene like this, and feel the serene holiness of mind it inspires? Yet there *are* eyes—aye, and of thousands—now bent on that glorious orb, which shall never see it rise—while some, though spared till then, shall be closed in death ere it sets again!"

There was a mystery in all this, as well as in his general deportment during the remainder of the evening, which attracted the observation, rather than excited the fears, of Mrs Coventry. She believed something had occurred to vex him; what it was, she did not seek to know, because, from the unreserved confidence on all subjects that subsisted between them, she was aware the cause of his present disquiet, whatever it might be, was one which, for reasons she had no desire to scrutinize, he evidently did not then wish to disclose.

On the following morning, he rose somewhat earlier than his accustomed hour, to take his usual walk before breakfast. While waiting for his return, a livery servant rode up to the door, delivered a letter, and putting spurs to his horse, galloped off immediately towards London. The letter was for Mrs Coventry, and in the handwriting of her husband! Its contents confounded her.

"MY BELOVED SARAH,

"Come to me without loss of time. I would spare you the shock—but I shall be happier when I hear from your own lips that you will bear your trial with resignation. Come, the instant you receive this. Lose not a moment, I beseech you."

She neither wept nor raved, as, with bloodless cheek, and a palpitating heart, she read these fearful words. "What *can* have happened?" breathed in a stifled whisper, was all that fell from her; and she pressed her hand upon her brow, to quell the furious beating of her temples. The next instant, hastily folding up the letter, she prepared to obey its melancholy summons.

A postscript directed her whither she was to go; a post-chaise was soon at the door; and silent, as one bereaved of speech, tearless, as the infant that sleeps its first sleep of life beside its joyful mother, this grief-stricken creature, who had hailed that morning with strangely blended feelings of bridal and maternal pride and happiness, now pursued her sad journey! The distance was but a few miles. In less than half-an-hour she was at the place indicated—a small road-side public-house. There, in a low white-washed room, meanly furnished, dark and dirty, laid on a miserable bed in one corner, she saw—no—the ghastly object before her, so hideously disfigured, she could not believe was the same idolized being who had quitted her side, only a few short hours, high in health, and in the full flush of manly grace and vigour. But that outstretched hand—and the motion of it, for her to approach, and the piteous expression of those eyes, which still spoke a language whose mute eloquence had so often thrilled through her soul, revealed the appalling truth. And then it was, the anguish she had borne so meekly burst forth. She clasped the extended hand—she looked at the mutilated face—she knew her husband—and her agony was expressed in loud lamentations and long weeping.

While she mourned, George Coventry breathed his last. He had—put that morning to fight a duel. Two challengers, not the challenged. Two shots were exchanged; the seconds interfered; but Major Coventry was immovable; he would not ac-

knowledge he had received satisfaction till one or both pistols took effect. In the third fire, the ball of Captain Beverley struck him in the mouth, shattered it frightfully, and taking an oblique direction, passed out behind the left ear. He fell; was conveyed to the nearest public-house; and a surgeon sent for, who immediately pronounced upon the mortal nature of the wound. When he heard this, he signified by motions that he wished for pen, ink, and paper. The first thing he wrote was, "Can I be removed home?" The surgeon assured him that any attempt to move him would hasten his death, by increasing the effusion of blood. He then, with much difficulty, traced the few lines to his wife. They were given to Captain Beverley's servant to convey, and he was ordered by his master to proceed afterwards to town, with all possible speed, and return with an eminent surgeon whom he named.

Here were havoc and desolation! A noble heart, struck at by death—a gentle and a loving one, smote by sorrow, even in the fullness of its joy! Alas! there is no treachery in life so to be feared, as the treachery of life itself. The day that has passed prosperously, let it challenge our gratitude; but for the coming one, wrapped in shadows, welcome it with trembling. Each minute has its allotted dispensation of misery to countless thousands. This we know, and it is all. Who among us is warned of that which brings his own?

It was a sharp aggravation of the sufferings of Mrs Coventry, that her husband's wound disabled him from speaking. To have heard his voice once more—to have been blessed by him—to have received his parting benediction for their child, would, she vainly imagined, have been some mitigation; though, in truth, her incessant recurrence to this thought was only the melancholy indulgence of that strange pleasure which sorrow finds (for sorrow has its voluptuous enjoyments) in cherishing itself, in deepening the sources of its tears, and in refusing to be comforted.

In the evening of this miserable day, as she sat weeping by her now widowed hearth, she drew aside the curtains of the cradle where her infant slept. They had been tastefully

ornamented with festoons of white satin ribbon—a portion of that same ribbon which had adorned herself at the altar—thus, in all her thoughts, still mingling those two blissful recollections of her short life of happiness—the bride and the mother. They were recollections still; but blissful ones no more. Every feeling that had made them so, seemed blotted from her heart by that sudden affliction which had destroyed their living source. She bent over the slumbering innocent, and, in a voice that bespoke the depth of her anguish, exclaimed, “Our ONLY child! I ever knew it WOULD be thus!” Then, after a pause, during which she had gazed without a tear, she added, in a lower tone, but breathed with such touching tenderness as might beseem a pitying angel, “Poor soul!—and this is thy FIRST birthday? An orphan, now, in thy very cradle—a thing hereafter for charity’s cold smiles! God be merciful to thee, my sweet boy, when I am gone!”

God *was* merciful. He strengthened the fainting spirit of the mourner; and she lived to shelter her “only one” from that cold smile of charity, which proud benevolence, or compassion, kindled at the shrine of duty, bestows on the unfortunate. The burden was heavy, but not insupportable; the trial was exceeding tribulation, but not utter despair; for He who sent them, vouchsafed fortitude to bear the one, and breathed hope into the soul to assuage the other.

It was, in truth, a severe blow. THE COTTAGE, with all its endearing recollections as her first connubial home, —with all those attachments which the mind forms even to inanimate objects, when some circumstance or other, still fondly remembered, gives them a place in the heart,—had to be relinquished for an humble lodging in the outskirts of the metropolis. Here Mrs Coventry took up her abode, as poor as virtue, and almost as friendless; for she shunned, rather than sought—not from false pride, but from proud economy—those who, in her better days, had been the guests or acquaintance of her husband. This resolution was early taken, and it was easily kept. There were many who expressed their *wonder* as to

“what had become of poor Mrs Coventry and her child;” but none who devoted half-an-hour to enquiries which would have conducted them to the widow’s dwelling. All were “*sorry* that so amiable and excellent a creature—so gifted and so fascinating too—should have met with such a sad reverse, and *wished* they knew how they could serve her;” but they bore their sorrow with edifying resignation, and exhibited an exemplary forbearance in not seeking to gratify their wishes. A few short months saw the end of their wondering, their sorrowing, and their wishing; and if “poor Mrs Coventry and her child” had lived and died during the Saxon Heptarchy, they could scarcely have been less remembered.

Small as was the pittance on which she now had to subsist, she contrived, by such self-denials as are known only to honourable poverty, to put aside a little, every year, as a sacred fund for her child’s future education, when he should be of an age to derive full benefit from instructions, which she well knew would be too costly to be defrayed out of her current income. This plan was commenced long before she could possibly judge whether his natural endowments would repay her provident love. But it seemed to impress upon that love the inspiration of a higher power, when, as he advanced in years, there was an unequivocal developement of mental faculties surpassing her most sanguine expectations.

Charles Coventry was, indeed, no “common boy.” Still less was he one of those very common prodigies, who astonish us while they are ten years old, and *because* they are ten years old, but grow up every-day men and women; little runaways and stragglers, who get the start of Time at the beginning of their journey, and when overtaken by the steady old gentleman, find themselves left behind all the rest of it. Nature had been prodigal in her gifts. There was much of youthful beauty in his person; and he was gentle in his disposition, save when crossed, as he might think, capriciously or spitefully; and then, the haughtiest rebel to submission which a proud and daring spirit ever made. He had great energy of cha-

racter; felt on the instant what it was he would like to do, and on the instant determined whether and how he would do it. At school, remarkable rather for certainty than celebrity in his studies, his class-fellows would sometimes take the lead, and keep it for a while, but in the end he was always above them, and never lost an inch of the ground he once gained. His reading was of every thing; a book was a book to him, as any meat is a meal to a hungry man; and before he was twelve years old, he had read, "The Whole Duty of Woman," "Salmon's Chirurgery," "A Brief Treatise of Testaments and Last Wills," "Hobbes's Decameron Physiologicum," and an "Alphabetical Book of Physical Secrets," which were the property, and happened to be the entire library, of the old lady in whose house his mother lodged.

It would feebly express Mrs Coventry's feelings, as she watched the opening character of her son, simply to say, they were a parent's. When all the love of which the heart is capable, is concentrated upon one object—when all those sympathies and affections which embrace husband, kindred, children, friends, are called home, as it were, and made to twine themselves about a single being, it is hardly possible to conceive the degree of their intensity. This was her case. Had the boy been as much beneath the ordinary standard of personal and mental excellence, as he was certainly above it, it is not likely there would have been one jot of abatement in this intensity, for love sees more perfections than the judgment can catalogue. But, challenging admiration, as he did, from strangers; the theme of praise with all; the favourite of every one, what could a proud and happy mother do, but, as she gathered in this tribute, adding it to the store which was already great, let her heart o'erflow with its joyful treasure? And she did so, even to the excess that brings agony; for she grew a worshipper of that which, as "a vapour, appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." She could hardly be said to live, or have her being, in any sense distinct from the life of her darling boy; and the thought of what a shadow it was in which her

soul found its sum of earthly contentment, would often make her most sad in her very happiest moments. Her constant prayer to Heaven was, that she might live to see him take root where *he* was to flourish, when she herself should decay and go down to the grave.

The humble fortune of which Major Coventry was possessed at his death, consisted of bank stock, and his widow empowered a Mr Lionel Cranfield to receive the dividends for her as they fell due. Mr Cranfield was a *money-getter*; one of those men in whose eyes every thing has a money value, or none at all. Money was his god; nor was it ever the less acceptable, because a little dirty, from the channels through which it flowed. What he would *not* do to get it, no one had ever discovered; what he would, all who knew him could tell. The sordid taint ran through every action of his life. But what then? He paid his debts, so he was duly accounted an upright man in his own circle. He had a son, who inherited in absolute perfection all his money-value notions of men and things, having been taught from his cradle to comprehend only one description of rewards and punishments in this life, the reward of sixpence if he did well, the punishment of losing it if he did ill. This son, when of a proper age, he established in the same line of business as himself; and, as he had hitherto acted for Mrs Coventry without receiving the usual commission, he thought he might as well transfer the agency to him, calculating that Mrs Coventry could hardly expect a young beginner to forego his profits. He was right; Mrs Coventry cheerfully consented to pay Mr William Cranfield, what she had never wished to withhold from Mr Lionel Cranfield, and the latter thus got rid of a gratuitous trust, while he "put money into the purse" of his son. Little contrivances of this sort he delighted in, where, without broadly trading in dupery, he could practically overreach.

Unfortunately for Mrs Coventry, Mr William Cranfield, besides having all the virtues of his father, had a few vices to boot, of his own special rearing. At the head of these was the love of gambling. Need the re-

sult be told? He lost largely. He grasped at whatever was within his reach to cover his losses. An act of forgery gave him possession of every shilling belonging to Mrs Coventry; he absconded in time to escape the gallows, and she was ruined!

The utter destitution to which she was thus suddenly reduced, crushed the feeble remnant of that spirit which had so long buffeted with adversity. In his first terror, Mr Cranfield (who had a sort of animal affection for his offspring) professed his eagerness to indemnify her loss, as it had been sustained in consequence of her compliance with his own wishes. But when he found that his son was beyond danger, that no halter in England was long enough to reach him, and that paying the money would benefit neither him nor himself, he offered her the loan of fifty pounds, with an assurance that he would never "trouble her," though, "for mere form's sake, he would take a bill of sale of her furniture." Necessity must accept, not stipulate, conditions. Mrs Coventry, scarcely knowing what she did, and anxious only to meet present exigencies, thankfully closed with what, in the humility of her indigence, she deemed the almost generous proposal of Mr Cranfield. It was sufficient for her remaining wants in this world! Three weeks after the dreadful shock, she breathed her last.

Mr Cranfield kept his word. He did not "trouble" the wretched sufferer. Nay, the day after her death, he employed a broker to value the furniture; and upon his estimate, gave orders, at his own cost, for a decent funeral. When this was over, he completed the sale; paid himself, (with a month's interest;) paid the undertaker, (with a discount of five per cent;) gave the poor orphan a guinea for pocket-money; and calculated, that the balance would nearly liquidate the last half year's school-bill for his youngest daughter.

Charles Coventry was only fourteen when his mother died. He felt his loss, and lamented it, with more sorrow than is incident to that age; for home and mother were equivalent terms in his mind, and in losing one, he had lost both. All his thoughts, all his affections, all his wants, his pleasures, his hopes, had

hitherto moved, within that little circle, and revolved round the being that was its centre. There was a dreary void, a blank, a valued thing, gone for ever, which his young heart felt; which every moment recalled; which in sleep lay heavy upon his spirit in dim dreams; which oppressed him when he awoke; but which no reason he was yet master of could make level to his comprehension. A deep sense of his forlorn state, of his having no human creature whom he could call sister, brother, or kinsman, possessed him; and it rose to a feeling of despair almost, when he entered the rooms which were once his mother's, saw them stripped of their furniture, and looked upon the bare walls, which seemed to bid him depart, for *there* was his home no more!

But whither should he go? Young as he was, the meal which pity set before him was bitter on his lips. The bed whereon he lay was not the place of rest his own had been. The neighbours were kind, most kind; tears would often come into his eyes at what they did for him; but there was a feeling swelling at his heart which warned him he could not be, and be that which his departed mother's prophetic fears had pictured, a "thing for charity's cold smiles." Even at this early age, a haughty, impetuous spirit of independence was kindling, and silently becoming the monitor of his actions. "Is there no work that a boy can do, to get his bread?" was the question he put one day, half angrily, half proudly, to two or three benevolent persons, whom he heard consulting about the best means of disposing of him.

Mr Cranfield was applied to on his behalf. "I will provide for him, for the present," said he; "send him to me."

Charles was delighted, and went with alacrity. Mr Cranfield was upon the point of engaging with a copying clerk at a guinea and a half per week, when he was spoken to about young Coventry. It immediately occurred to that thrifty philanthropist, he could confer two benefits at once—one upon Charles, and another upon himself. Instead of giving *him* a guinea and a half per week, he only gave him board and lodging, his cast-off clothes, and five

shillings a-month to spend or hoard, as he might choose; save that two out of the five were to be deducted for washing, which would be "done at home," at much *less* expense to Charles, and at *no* expense to his master.

In the drudgery, the servile drudgery, of Mr Cranfield, (for such he made it,) the noble-minded youth remained three years. There was nothing his generous master could put him to, however menial or fatiguing, at which he repined; and there was nothing too fatiguing, or too slavish, with which to task him. Indeed, the more labour he gave, the better he was satisfied, for then he knew he earned his food, clothes, and lodging—a reflection precious to his proud nature. "I have a right to them," he would often mentally exclaim; and that sense of right would have given to a mouldy crust and a drop of water, a flavour which not the delicacies of a palace could have had for him, without it. In the midst of all his toil, too, he still found time, while others slept, to lay in a store of various knowledge; devoting his three shillings a-month, not to buying books, which would have poorly fed his eager appetite for them, but to subscribing for their perusal at a large circulating library in the neighbourhood.

It was to be supposed, that a mind like his, as its energies ripened, would find the vassalage of Mr Cranfield's service insufferably irksome; and the more so, because of an increasing contempt for his sordid character. He longed for a wider and a better sphere of action; but in all his aspirations, he traced as its boundary the sturdy principle, that he would *have his worth, and no more*. "A million should not content me," he would sometimes cry, when meditating on the future, "if something within told me my price was greater; but, by the same rule, less than the least that ever satisfied a human being, shall suffice me, if so it ought to be."

About this time, the second son of Mr Cranfield left school; and as his father considered that he *must* find *him* in board and lodging, clothes and washing, it would be an economical arrangement to put him in the place of Charles. The advantages were

so obvious, that ~~hesitation~~ was out of the question.

"I shall not want you, Mr Coventry, after next Friday," was all the notification he thought it necessary to give one Monday morning.

"Very well, sir," was Charles's reply, as he continued the writing he was upon, while the curl of his lip spoke more scorn than his tongue could have uttered.

"We'll say nothing about the washing for this month," observed Mr Cranfield, when Friday night came, and he put half-a-crown into his hand.

"It wants a fortnight of the month, sir," replied Charles calmly, as he laid the half crown upon the table. "Take *your* shilling, and give *me* my eighteenpence. To *that* I have a right."

Mr Cranfield was struck with admiration. He took back the half crown, and gave him eighteenpence. "You are an honourable young man," said he, shaking him warmly by the hand. "Your heart is in the right place; you'll be a shining character yet. I trust I know how to appreciate such delicacy of feeling. You have my best wishes for your welfare, go where you may. God bless you, and good night."

With these words the door of Mr Cranfield was closed upon him; and with the eighteenpence in his pocket, a small bundle under his arm, and his "heart in the right place," as the worthy Mr Cranfield observed, did Charles Coventry turn from it to "go where he might."

It was summer time; the weather sultry in the extreme; the moon shining brightly; and without knowing whither he bent his steps, without indeed thinking where he was going, for his mind was a chaos of tumultuous thoughts, he found himself in the midst of fields. He followed the path that lay before him. It brought him into a narrow lane, with lofty trees on each side, which interlaced their branches at the top, forming a verdant canopy too thick for the moon to penetrate. He paused a moment to consider whether he should go to the right or left. He had no motive for choice, but turned mechanically to the right. He soon perceived he was ascending a somewhat steep hill, and when he gained

the summit, seated himself on the trunk of a tree to take breath.

And now was the first moment he began to think. All, till now, had been a rapid succession of dreams; one unbroken series of visionary abstractions, which had passed through his mind. He burst into a loud laugh; clapped his hands, and chuckled like an over-joyed child.

"Why this is brave!" he exclaimed: "this is a golden beginning of life's journey—free as the air that blows upon me, and like it, unseen of man; unheeded by him, whence I come, or whither I go. By Jupiter! but this is the way to learn philosophy. Oh! there is no master of them all can teach it half so feelingly as this," taking the eightpence from his pocket, and looking at it as it lay in the palm of his hand. "Let me ask counsel of you, my friends," he continued with a laugh. "Will you buy me a bed to-night? Aye, say ye, if I will go without a dinner to-morrow. But when to-morrow comes, there will still be a to-morrow, and another, and another, to the end of time; while thy ending will be with the to-morrow's sun-down—and then!"

He paused suddenly; he examined closely the money he held—he chinked one piece against the other—and then burst into a louder and longer fit of laughter.

"Does the devil hoodwink his own?" he cried. "Yea, doth he; for only by such a trick could this have happened. I said right when I called it a golden beginning. It is a guinea I look upon; twenty-one shillings and sixpence; and so, twenty times a more precious philosophy than I took it to be. Now, had a man who knew the honest value of a guinea been self-cheated thus, I would retread every step I have taken to do him right; but it would be a sin to steal from so poor a wretch, in virtue, as is he who was my master, the blessings he will purchase from every want of mine which his involuntary bounty shall relieve. So to your hiding place again—and now, God speed me!"

It was very true, that Mr Cranfield had given a guinea instead of a shilling. It is no less true, that when he discovered his mistake, he set the matter right, by withdrawing his sub-

scription for one year from a lying-in charity to which he belonged, for the benefit of having his wife's poor relations delivered at their own houses.

The rhapsody of Charles was no sooner finished, than he sprung from his seat, and pursued his walk. The morbid excitement of his feelings had subsided; his over heated brain no longer teemed with confused thoughts and images; the violence of the paroxysm was passed, into which he had been thrown by the staggering novelty of his situation—a night wanderer, without a home, without a friend; without the means to procure the first; almost without the wish to possess the second. From the moment when Mr Cranfield's Spartan annunciation rung in his astonished ears—"I shall not wait you after next Friday"—he had determined in his own mind, that that "next Friday," should be to him the hegira of his life—his point of departure in the world's voyage:—and though he knew he was to set sail without chart or compass, a sort of reckless fascination, suited to his romantic spirit, seemed to dwell upon his resolve. "I can live where there are men to serve," was his frequent exclamation during the interval; and with this feeling at its climax, he turned his back upon the door of Mr Cranfield.

But there is a difference, which only experience discovers, between romantic intentions, and romantic performances. When we revel in the former, we are like the simple country wench, who reckoned up all the things she would buy with the produce of her pail of milk; and when we begin the latter, we very often give the untoward kick which scatters our anticipated delights in the dust. Our hero was already approximating towards such a catastrophe. Tired, drowsy, with an inconvenient appetite, (all of them mere common propensities of vulgar mortality,) the poetical qualities of his situation were fast losing their hold upon his imagination. There was no picturesque bank of violets upon which he could repose; no woodbine bower, the haunt of Dryads or of fairies, with a crystal stream purling through it, which invited him to seek silvan slumbers in its cool recess; no cottage chimney, sending

up its wreaths of pale-blue smoke, (the fragrant vapour of turf or green-wood bough,) between two aged trees,

"Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savoury dinner set,
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses."

In short, he was wandering somewhere on the confines of Middlesex and Berkshire, than which the deserts of Arabia are hardly less productive of the romantic in adventure, and he would fain have had his supper and gone to bed, than which there are no two conditions of existence less conducive to the romantic in feeling.

Again he seated himself by the road-side to rest, and sleep came over him. It was broad-day ere he awoke. He found he had not been, as he imagined himself in his soliloquy, on the top of the hill, "unseen of man," or "unheeded" by him. His hat and bundle were gone.

"They would have taken my money too, I warrant, if it had not been for the fear of disturbing me."

There *was* this fear, and therefore due precaution had been employed to do it without disturbing him. There was neither guinea nor sixpence in his pocket! The then possessor of both, as well as of his hat and bundle, was a Scotch pedlar; no thief by profession; one who would not go out of his way to pick a pocket; but one who had no virtue in his soul strong enough to resist picking up whatever came in his way.

Charles was confounded! The colour fled from his cheek, his lip quivered, and tears of vexation, rather than of grief, stood in his eyes. He who was light-hearted, and not without hope, with a fancied eighteen pence only, as his sum of worldly wealth, felt, for the moment, as if he had lost an inheritance, because now he had not a farthing; so little capable are we of putting their true value upon either the frowns or the smiles of fortune. Despondency, however, was as foreign to his character, as it generally is to his time of life. As a matter of choice, he would rather have had his hat, his wardrobe, and his money; as a matter of necessity, he submitted to the privation with a very good grace, after he had done

what older and wiser heads are apt to do in like cases, adopted the prudent resolution of never running the same risk again. But could he have seen himself, he would, at least, have confessed there was now something wild, romantic, and picturesque enough in his appearance. Charles Coventry was tall for his years, perhaps about five feet nine; slim, graceful in his carriage, and his figure a perfect model of symmetry; his hair, raven black, hanging in profuse natural curls over his forehead; his features decidedly handsome; of a manly cast of beauty; and their general expression denoting a haughty firmness of mind, softened only by a bewitching smile, that seemed to play perpetually round his mouth. In his gait he was erect, carrying his head far back, and stepping along with a bounding, elastic tread, as if the earth yielded to its pressure, but returned again, with force, to give it a more vigorous spring.

Such a rover, unbonneted, untended, wandering the highways, like a denizen of their vagrant liberties, could not be expected to pass along and rouse no wonder; and fortunately for him, he roused something more than wonder, in one who saw him. He came to a small village, after a walk of nearly fifteen miles, so faint with hunger, that further he felt he could not go, and sat down upon a large stone, which seemed the fragment of some ancient cross, just at the entrance of it. He had wholly forgotten the singularity of his appearance, till it was recalled to his recollection by observing a group of children gazing at him from behind a barn-door, and by noticing the blacksmith, who had left his forge, and now stood midway between it and the footpath, with a horse-shoe, half red hot, in his pincers; the said horse-shoe therein not at all resembling the blacksmith's curiosity, which was at a white heat, to make out Charles, and his business. Charles beckoned him to approach. He advanced with a lazy, loitering step, as if he wanted a little more time for observation at a distance.

"Is it possible to get employment in this place?" was his first question.

"Yes, possible enough, I take it, for we have plenty of idle poor here, who will rather starve than work."

"I would work that I may not starve," replied Charles.

"Aye," responded the blacksmith, looking at him with a dubious eye, as though he thought he was likely enough to starve, notwithstanding, if he had nothing but his work to trust to for a dinner.

"I have been robbed on the road," continued Charles.

"Indeed! as how?" interrupted the Cyclops.

"While I slept."

"While you slept? Why, that's a bad look-out, young fellow; but you might expect as much, I think, in these parts, if you make the highways your bed; for *we* find enough to do to keep ourselves from being robbed with our eyes open."

"I am penniless, and in want of food," added Charles; "but," fixing his eyes earnestly on the man, "I seek no charity—whatever hand supplies my necessities shall be repaid by my labour."

"I daresay it's all very true what you say; however, as you are a stranger to me, you'll not take it amiss if I don't interfere."

With these words the blacksmith hastened back to his forge, and began to ply his anvil with redoubled diligence. Charles covered his face with his hands, and felt at that moment more anguish of mind than he had ever known. He remained in this attitude, bitter forebodings crowding fast upon him, until he was roused from it by a soft female voice.

"Young man! If you please, my mistress wants to speak with you."

He looked up. A rosy-cheeked lass, with dove-like eyes, in a mob cap, black stuff-gown, and a white apron, tucked up sideways, stood before him.

"And who is your mistress, pretty one?" said Charles, with that indescribable smile of his, for there was a something in the girl's manners and appearance which operated like a charm—"Who is your mistress, and where does she live?"

"Over the way, if you please, sir. Her name is Mrs Saville."

"I don't know her, my dear," replied Charles.

"I know that, sir," and a sort of awkward blush diffused itself over her countenance, called there as much by the strange meaning of

Charles' gaze, as by his flattering epithets of "dear," and "pretty one."

"Are you sure you are right?" he continued.

"Quite sure, sir," she replied; "my mistress said, 'Mary, do you see that poor young man sitting there?—he seems ill—go and tell him I want to speak with him.'—So I have come to tell you."

The innocence and simplicity of this mode of authenticating her embassy left no doubt upon Charles's mind, that Mrs Saville, whoever she might be, *did* "want to speak with him;" and he followed his conductress to a large, old-fashioned, but substantially built mansion, which stood back twelve or fifteen yards from the public road. He was ushered into a spacious parlour, solidly rather than elegantly furnished, where he found Mrs Saville. She was considerably advanced in years, somewhat below the middle height, with flaxen hair, and a remarkably pale, but delicately transparent complexion. Her air was courteous and refined, and bespoke the gentlewoman of the old school. There was a clear silvery tone in her voice, coupled with a certain emphatic precision in her mode of talking, and a quiet ease in her stately unembarrassed manner, which forcibly reminded Charles of his own beloved mother; nor was this impression weakened by a peculiar character of benignity and goodness which dwelt upon her still interesting countenance.

Benevolence and pity, when they are of the right quality, (equally remote from the parade of doing good, and the impertinence of worthless curiosity,) perform their task with a gentle impatience to hasten relief, by sparing the unfortunate every anxious feeling of suspense. Mrs Saville, in a few kind words, informed Charles of her motive in sending for him. He was touched to the very heart. It seemed, as if the years of his infancy and boyhood had returned; for, never since those years, never since his mother's death, had the voice of man or woman reached his heart. It seemed, too, as if here were a being the heart might trust; one who would not fling upon its breathings the churlish spirit of a selfish world, nor interpret its desires by the cold cunning of sordid calcula-

tion; one whom even he, with all his proud scorn of unrequited benefits, could be content to call and feel his benefactor. He related what had befallen him on the road, and how it had hence chanced that he was in his present plight. But this was only half the tale; his expressive features, his natural grace, and the simple eloquence of ingenuous truth, told for him, while, as he partook of refreshments he so much needed, Mrs Saville extracted in detail the "story of his life."

"You have spoken much of your mother," said Mrs Saville; "but nothing of your father."

"I never knew him; he died when I was in my cradle."

"That was a sad mischance."

"My mother felt it so," replied Charles; "for as often as she talked to me of him, it was with a grief as fresh as when he died."

"Then you know the manner of his death?" observed Mrs Saville.

In answer to this question, Charles related all the circumstances of that event, as he had heard them from his mother. Mrs Saville appeared greatly interested with the narrative; for it partook of that deep-toned melancholy with which it was ever invested by her from whose lips alone he had listened to its recital.

"I do think," said she, when he had concluded, "it were a thousand pities you should not have a friend at this critical moment of your life."

"It is a wide world, madam," replied Charles, thoughtfully, "and there are paths enough for all who are in it: sooner or later, I shall find *my* way into one of them."

"So I doubt not you will," answered Mrs Saville; "but it is because the world *is* wide, because there are many paths, and because of those many, there be some that are very bad, that they who are entering upon it, and have their path to choose, stand in need of those who have gone before them to direct their steps."

"I have been the child of misfortune hitherto by decree," said Charles; "henceforth, I elect myself the child of fortune by choice, and bind myself upon her wheel, the seeker of all its giddy turns."

His features brightened, and a bold daring flashed from his eyes, as the

still fascinating vision of a troubled destiny dimly floated before his fancy.

"I will not seek to turn you from your choice," continued Mrs Saville, with the same unperturbed and mild tone of expostulation she had all along maintained; "I would only ask to be permitted to give myself *one* of those turns of fortune's wheel, of which you are so enamoured."

Charles was silent.

"Come, young man," added Mrs Saville, "let *me* have power to persuade you, there is an over-ruling Providence that guides (and to fulfil its own inscrutable purposes) all the seeming chances of this life. Compare our journey through it, from the time when we commence it alone, to a traveller having to cross a broad and rapid river, by the aid of stepping-stones, placed at irregular, and sometimes hazardous, distances. You are that traveller; you have arrived at the margin of this river; you are considering how you shall cross it; let me place your foot on the first of these stepping-stones. How you are to reach the next, and the next, and the next, and whether you are to find them many or few, that so your passage shall be easy or difficult, nor you nor I can tell; but Fortune, your chosen goddess, offers you the *first*."

This unexpected and irresistible appeal, urged with such singular adroitness and delicacy, urged, too, in tones, and with a persuasive gentleness, that strangely recalled thrilling remembrances of his mother, overpowered the feelings of Charles. A thousand emotions struggled for utterance; but all he could say, or rather attempt to say, was a stammering acknowledgment of gratitude, without accepting or refusing the kindness that excited it.

"Your agitation," continued Mrs Saville, after a short pause, "convinces me I have struck the chord whose vibrations are in unison with my desires. I take your answer from the unerring oracle of awakened feelings which have no words, but express themselves in the trembling language of the eye, or the burning of the flushed cheek. You are my guest to-day. To-morrow, you shall depart upon an errand that I dare promise myself will not disappoint *mine* or your hopes. Remain here,"

she added, rising from her chair, "I will return directly." With these words she left the room.

Before Charles could recover from the spell-like trance into which this address had thrown him, Mrs Saville re-entered the apartment, with an open letter in her hand.

"I feel assured," said she, "I am only fulfilling an appointed duty in what I have done, for these things are *not* the work of chance. This is a letter to my brother. He is an excellent man, and has the power, where he sees the propriety, of befriending the friendless. If he take you by the hand, it must be your own fault should you not adequately benefit by the introduction. You shall hear what I have said, that you may know precisely the circumstances under which you will present yourself to him."

Mrs Saville then read the letter. It was little more than a statement of the manner in which she had become acquainted with Charles and his history, and a simple, but earnest entreaty, that he would endeavour to complete what she had begun.

"Now," continued Mrs Saville, "you shall depart with this early to-morrow. If you are at the first milestone, beyond the turnpike where the two roads meet, a little before five o'clock, the stage will pass in which you may proceed to London."

"I am utterly unable, madam"—exclaimed Charles, with an agitated voice—

"Spare yourself and me," interrupted Mrs Saville. "I should be sorry if you *were* able to say what it is natural you should feel, on an occasion like this. So here let us dismiss the subject. We shall not be at a loss, I dare say," she added, smiling, "for others;" and immediately led the conversation into various channels, till the excitement of Charles's mind gradually subsided. He then entered with animated freedom into discourse; and it was easy to perceive how her first favourable impressions were deepened, as she insensibly drew from him the authentic transcript of his mind.

When night came, he took leave of Mrs Saville. His farewell was imprinted on the hand extended towards him, with a silent fervour that would have satisfied the excellent

Mr Cranfield his heart was indeed "in the right place." In his bedroom he found the letter lying on the table, sealed and directed; and beside it a neat silken purse, containing twenty guineas.

Charles sat down to think; to live over again the extraordinary day he had passed. He was too young and inexperienced to read its eventful history, by the sober light of reason. The world and its concerns, the human heart and its mysteries, the holy deeds of unobtrusive virtue, were to him all unknown. What had happened, therefore, seemed more like a tale of fairy-land, than that thing merely which men call good fortune; of which the instances are so many, that were they all recorded, we should cease to write romance, as less romantic than truth. Thought could not help him out of his perplexity. "View it how I will," he exclaimed, at the close of his meditations, "it is a miracle; but at all events I will see the end of it."

With this declaration he retired to bed. In the morning he awoke refreshed and cheerful. When he descended from his room, the only person he saw was the pretty dove-eyed lass, who had been the ambassadress of Mrs Saville the preceding day. She looked as if she knew all that had happened, and rejoiced in her knowledge. A passing word of gallantry escaped his lips, as she opened the door for him; and hastening to the "first mile-stone beyond the turnpike-gate," the stage soon arrived in which he was conveyed to London.

It should be here mentioned, that when Charles entered the village, and seated himself upon the old stone, in the way already described, Julia Montague, a young lady in her eighteenth year, and the niece of Mrs Saville, was standing at the parlour window, while her aunt was busy settling the accounts of the week in another part of the room. It is not meant to be insinuated, that if, instead of Charles Coventry, (and the reader remembers what sort of a looking person Charles Coventry was,) a poor, decrepid, aged man, had rested his weary limbs on that same piece of antique stone, there would have been the least difference in Julia Montague's humanity. Be that as it may, however, it was en-

tirely owing to her humanity, in the first instance, that Mrs Saville saw Charles at all; for the weekly accounts were very long, and it is exceedingly probable he would have left his seat before they were finished, had not her niece been the first to pity his distressed condition. Oh, the unsearchable depths of woman's sensibility!

The letter which Charles carried with him was directed to Nicholas Howard, Esq., Thames Street. Thither he proceeded the moment he arrived in London. Mr Howard was at home. He read the letter, and there was a smile upon his features, as if mentally exclaiming, "another of my good sister's benevolent whims!" Mr Howard, however, though, as Mrs Saville had said, "an excellent man," was very much a man of the world. His reception of Charles, therefore, was marked by a degree of caution which appeared cold and repulsive. It was evident too, from the questions he put, (and which Charles answered frankly but haughtily, because they were tacit impeachments of his veracity,) that he did not quite believe the story of himself as related to Mrs Saville. At the close of the interview, he said he must enquire further of Mr Cranfield, before he could promise to attend to his sister's request, offering him, meanwhile, some small pecuniary aid, if he stood in need of it.

"I do not, sir," said Charles respectfully; "Mrs Saville has placed me beyond the reach of immediate difficulties; but were it otherwise, I could not consider myself worthy of your bounty, till you thought me worthy of your confidence."

Mr Howard smiled, as men in whom experience has worn off the first fine edge of ingenuous feelings are apt to smile, when they listen to sentiments which they remember as once their own, and remember too, how, like the perfume of a gathered flower, they are hastening to decay in the beaten paths of life. He named a day when Charles was to call again, and they separated.

"What a difference between brother and sister!" he exclaimed, as he left the house; ignorant that their hearts might be cast in the same mould, but that the brother knew the world, and the sister did not. "No-

thing will come of this, I see," he added, "for he has suspicions of me, which I would rather sweep the streets than condescend to remove"—and his proud blood mantled into his cheek.

Charles repeated his visit at the appointed time, armed with premeditated dislike—almost with an irritable spirit of predetermined offence. Mr Howard's altered manner dissipated in a moment the petulant humours of a week's nursing. He was a man of few words; but his words, like his dealings, were direct, and to a given purpose.

"Mr Coventry," said he, when Charles had taken a seat, "I can now give you my confidence. I have seen Mr Cranfield; I have also, unexpectedly, had opportunities of making other enquiries; and the best proof of their result is, the offer I at once make of receiving you into my employment." What followed may be briefly described. The situation was one of small emolument; but to Charles, (who accepted it with silent contrition for his ungenerous suspicions of Mr Howard at their first interview,) it was an estate, compared with his earnings in the service of Cranfield.

Years rolled on, and in each successive one Charles Coventry still found something to make it brighter than that which went before. There were no sudden bursts of prosperity: no charming windfalls, that "came pat like the catastrophe of the old comedy;" but there was a sober, steady, progressive improvement, which, by the time he was three-and-twenty, trebled his original salary. Nor was this because Mr Howard was liberal. It was because Charles was diligent, to render himself worthy of advancement. Had he been without that stirring quality which will not let its possessor keep the valley, while others tread the heights, his merely faithful services would have reaped the harvest which thinly strews the garners of negative virtue, while bolder, if not always better, husbandry, gathers in its abounding crop. But he had in his composition the first element, the fundamental basis of all prosperity in life, where prosperity waits upon desert—a fixed determination to be master of his situation whatever it might be. Had he been only a shoe-black, he would infallibly have

been the *best* shoe-black of his time or place.

This impulse led him to widen the range of his studies, so as to embrace those comprehensive principles of commerce, which, in their practical application, produce that combination so rare in every country save England, the merchant-statesman; who makes knowledge the handmaid of enterprise; and surveys, with a philosophic mind, the rational and artificial wants, the physical resources, the moral characteristics, and the political institutions of all nations, to render all tributary to the prosperity of his own. Mr Howard quickly discovered the expanding resources of Charles's mind, and insensibly began to treat him with that deference, which intellectual superiority, in whatever shape it manifests itself, enforces alike from those who can, and those who cannot, estimate its precise value. Charles was gradually admitted to his confidence, consulted upon specific undertakings, and referred to for facts, connected with complicated questions of foreign or domestic trade. In no one case did Mr Howard find this confidence misplaced, or the advice he sought, or the information he required, inapplicable to its purpose.

Thus fortified in his opinions of his eminent qualities, and satisfied, from experience, that his prudence, and his cautious habits, were in no way injuriously affected by the impetuous energy of his general character, he confided to his management an affair of vital importance, as connected with both the honour and the stability of the house. A voyage to India, however, was necessary; and thither Charles went (then only in his five-and-twentieth year,) intrusted with full power to act upon his sole responsibility, in a matter of such vast magnitude, that it might have added furrows to a brow already wrinkled by a long life spent in adjusting similar transactions. But he approached the question undismayed; not from any over-weening reliance upon himself, but because, having deliberately investigated it, he believed he clearly saw where the justice of the case lay, and in that (if he were right) he had determined his strength should lie. He *was* right: and he stood like a rock. One by one, he

obtained, from the adverse parties, the admissions which built up the defences of his own position; and when the whole was complete, they had no alternative but to concede the issue, or deny their previous acquiescence in all the premises upon which it was legitimately established.

At the expiration of three years, Charles returned to England. Mr Howard received him with warm congratulations, being already apprised, by his letters, of the course and issue of the negotiation. The sum which it involved was little less than half a million sterling; and this had not merely been released, but the mode of its release had completely effaced every mark of apparent dishonour, which eager enemies and cold friends had sought to fix upon the business. The name of Howard stood, if possible, higher than it had ever done; and the owner of that name not only felt the obligation, but it was his pride to acknowledge it suitably. His first act, in a spirit of munificent gratitude, was to transfer to the name of Charles Coventry, in the books of the house, one hundred thousand of the sum he had redeemed; his second, to notify on Change, and by all other usual means, that henceforth the house itself would be the firm of Howard and Coventry.

It was shortly after this event he saw Mrs Saville, for the first time since that memorable morning when, friendless, hungry, and destitute, he told his disastrous story to the churlish blacksmith, and attracted, unknowingly, the pitying notice of the fair Julia. He had never forgotten his kind benefactress; on the contrary, it was his delight, at each fresh turn of fortune in his favour, to make her acquainted with it; and she always received the intelligence with unabated interest in his welfare. She had come to town for the benefit of medical advice in that incurable disease old age, (for all her complaints were but the falling to pieces of an excellent constitution preparatory to the closing scene,) and taken up her abode in Mr Howard's house, where Charles renewed his personal acquaintance with her. He was shocked to see the dilapidations time had wrought in so short a period; forgetting that, be-

tween sixty-five and seventy-five, ten years make sad havoc. Her stature, always diminutive, had assumed the stoop of decrepitude; her flaxen hair was a silver white; her delicately pale complexion had the wan hue of sickness; and her clear, musical voice had lapsed into a cracked, tremulous tone. But there was the same benignity of countenance; and her carriage, though feeble, retained its impress of courtesy and refinement.

Mrs Saville was accompanied by her niece, who, strange to say, was still Julia Montague, though now bidding adieu to six-and-twenty. Julia, if not absolutely beautiful, was at least something more than interesting in her appearance; and united to elegant manners, an amiable disposition, and a richly cultivated mind. Whether she could have married, but would not; whether she would, but could not; or lastly, whether neither was the case, but that she was single for the same reason that she had auburn hair, are points which it were utterly indefensible to discuss. It is enough that she was single, and that the sterling qualities of her character attracted the notice of Mr Coventry in the frequent opportunities he now had of observing her. He, too, was beyond that period of life when either the heart or the eye is alone consulted, provided there be a head to lend its assistance. But Julia Montague had attractions for all three. The eye of a husband might dwell with conscious pride upon her personal charms; his heart, with fond devotion, upon her gentle virtues; and his mind, with calm admiration, upon the natural endowments and acquired treasures of hers. There was food for passion, for love, for esteem. When the first decayed, as decay it must, though "to a radiant angel linked," endearing love would fill the void, and sober reason, that knows no change, shed its mild lustre to the last.

After this preparation, the matter may as well be settled at once, for there can no longer be any secret in the business. Every reader has already anticipated the inevitable union between Charles Coventry and Julia Montague. It took place about six or seven months after her arrival in London, and scarcely as many

weeks before the decease of Mrs Saville, who expired suddenly, while sitting at breakfast on the very morning of the day she had fixed for returning into the country, under the firm persuasion of signal benefit derived from the skill of her physician. It was a falling asleep, rather than that terrific struggle between soul and body, when they are to separate. She leaned back in her chair—the shadow of death passed for a moment over her countenance—there was one long-drawn sigh—and all was over! Thus mild and peaceful was the departure of Eugenia Saville from a world through which she had passed as mildly, as peacefully,—and most holily! Tears were shed for her, not such as fall upon the grave of all who leave behind kindred or friends to mourn a common loss with common grief; but such as hallow the memory of the good; tears, whose source was in the heart, and which dropped from eyes where many a time and oft they had been dried by the benign being they now bewailed.

Mr Howard did not survive his sister more than two years; the exact number by which he was her junior in age, so that their earthly pilgrimage was of the same duration, almost to a day. Having no family, and all his relations being in opulent circumstances, he bequeathed the bulk of his immense property to charitable institutions; and to his partner, Mr Coventry, the valuable possession of the business of the late firm. To his niece, Julia Coventry, he gave a legacy of five thousand pounds; "being," as he expressed it in his will, "the fifth part of the sum he had intended to leave her, had she not already succeeded to two fortunes—the one that was her aunt's, his dear departed sister, Eugenia Saville; the other, the far better fortune of a good husband."

From this period, the career of Charles Coventry was marked by unexampled prosperity. Wealth flowed in upon him through a thousand channels, with all its concomitants, vast influence, the highest distinction that can surround a commoner, and the ambition to become the founder of a family. As a first step towards effecting the last, he obtained a seat in Parliament; as a second, a pre-

ponderating voice in the nomination to other seats; and as a third, he concentrated all the energies of his mind and character to acquire public reputation as an orator and politician. He had the requisites for both; and his political principles were upon record, in a work which had excited an unusual degree of popular notice, from its caustic analysis of Whig patriotism, and its sarcastic delineations of the leading Whig patriots, for the last half century.

He was soon satisfied he had not placed before his hopes a visionary prize. Scarcely had he taken his seat, and certainly had not addressed the House more than three or four times, when he was singled out for one of those ferocious attacks by the Opposition, which they never make except upon an imbecile Minister, or a formidable adversary who is rising to his proper level. It embodied every mode of parliamentary warfare, from polished sarcasm and eloquent invective, to deep-mouthed reproof, and the light artillery of ridicule. The Whig benches rang with acclamations; the Treasury ones were silent. To have echoed those acclamations, would have been to recognise, as a champion, one who was on his trial to establish whether he had the mettle in him which would proclaim him such, or only the ardour of a well-disposed, but feeble auxiliary. There was not a man in the house who better understood the true nature of his position, or all that hung suspended on the issue, than Mr Coventry himself. Pride, ambition, glory, conscious strength, contempt of despicable motives, inflamed into resentment at the anticipated possibility of their success, every feeling that could inspire an ardent, generous nature, concurred to animate him. He rose. His exordium was placid, easy, playful even; but there was a collected energy of purpose on his brow; a kindling, but smothered fire in his eye; and a dignified repose of manner, which bespoke the secret knowledge of a reserved strength for the decisive onset. It came.

There had been the stillness that foretells the hurricane; the rising gusts and furious eddies that are its immediate harbingers; and there was the hurricane itself! The devastation

was complete. Not a vestige remained of the mighty fabric which sarcasm and invective, reproof and ridicule, had raised to arrest his progress; and when he sat down, with the emphatic declaration, "that as he hoped he should never invite hostility by presumptuous arrogance, so would he never bend to it, when it wore, in his judgment, the livery of that most degenerate of our vices, or, if they liked it better, meanness of our infirmities," peals of tumultuous cheers bore testimony to the eloquence, manliness, and justice of his defence. The Minister was loud in his encomiums, and personally congratulated him upon the display he had made; while the adherents of government, now that he had shewn he was able to assert his own cause, came forward with oppressive alacrity to assert it for him. With modest self-denial, he belied the swelling exultation which throbbed in every pulse of his excited frame; but he who has fought hard for victory and gained it, with whatever well-beseeming diffidence he may teach his tongue to disclaim the laurel, has that within, even at the moment when he wraps the cloak of humility in its thickest folds about him, which whispers to his proud heart that he is a conqueror. Charles Coventry had feverish dreams that night. Titles, and ribbons, and glittering stars, and bright honours, dazzled his sleeping fancy; and such a glass as Banquo held in his hand, when the weird sisters "grieved the heart" of Macbeth, seemed to shew him "gold-bound brows" which he could "smile upon, and point at for his."

At length he found himself with his foot planted on the first step of "ambition's ladder." An executive appointment, with a baronetcy, were offered him in requital of his long, disinterested, and valuable support of government. He accepted them. Then came another night of feverish dreams, as he laid his head upon his pillow, Sir Charles Coventry, a member of the administration. He was now approaching his fiftieth year, and was the father of a numerous family, three of whom were sons. If, therefore, he had touched the boundary of his hopes, he had the satisfaction of knowing that with his wealth, he should transmit a title to

his posterity. But the same prudence, talent, and unwearied ardour in the pursuit of whatever he undertook, which had conducted him thus far, opened the path to his further advancement. He distinguished himself greatly by the vigorous and efficient discharge of his official duties; and while he impressed his colleagues and the country with a high opinion of his fitness for more important functions, he silenced the hostility of political adversaries, who, when he accepted office, were not slow to fling upon him their taunts, as an adventurer for place without the requisite qualifications. A few short years saw him raised to the dignity of a privy-councillor, and graced with the ribbon of the order of the Bath.

Behold him now! The Right Honourable Sir Charles Coventry, K.B. giving weight to the measures of Government by his advice, and supporting them afterwards by his eloquence in Parliament, where he was no longer the candidate for distinction, but the possessor of it. He had wholly withdrawn himself from mercantile affairs, partly because their adequate superintendence was incompatible with the other demands upon his time; but more because they might stand in his way, if the occasion presented itself, for grasping at the great object of his ambition. He had realised a princely fortune, which he used with the unostentatious virtue of one who remembered what he was thirty-five years before; for it was just that period since his forlorn condition had awakened the sympathy of Mrs Saville, whose memory was idolized in his recollection. He never forgot that condition. The "neat silken purse," which contained the first twenty guineas that had ever called him master, was religiously preserved; and he would often fancifully compare it to a little rivulet welling forth from the side of some lofty mountain, which, augmented in its course by many tributary streams, becomes at last a mighty river, pouring its ample waters in a majestic tide to the green ocean.

One of those political emergencies, arising from the jealousies of rival statesmen, which have frequently lifted into power men who had been all their lives vainly striving to bring about such a consummation of their

hopes, operated propitiously for Sir Charles Coventry. It is true he had sown the seeds; but it is no less true, that without such a concurrence of circumstances, in all probability he would never have reaped the harvest. Matured, however, as his experience now was, and unabated as was that ardour of character which had distinguished him from his cradle, a transient misgiving of himself crept over his mind when the prize lay fairly within his reach, and he was invited to stretch forth his hand. But the misgiving was only transient. A noble enthusiasm succeeded; the more certain to conduct him prosperously through his trial, because it had been ushered in by a wise diffidence. He accepted the seals of office; took his seat at the council-table, as a Cabinet Minister; and saw himself honoured, in a pre-eminent degree, by the personal and constitutional confidence of his sovereign. As on the other occasions of his life, he at once filled the space in which he moved. The energies of his nature developed themselves with increased amplitude; the dimensions of his intellect were enlarged to the full extent of its new sphere. This extraordinary quality, whose existence could never have been known, but by the means which actually disclosed it, (although its secret influence was the hidden-spring of all his actions, as it ever must be of all men who build themselves a name,) created so much astonishment in one of his colleagues, that he observed, "If Sir Charles Coventry were to become King of England, every body would say he was *born* to wear a crown; for he always seems to have been intended by nature for the precise station he occupies." A profound mystery of the world was solved in this half-jocular, half-petulant remark. It is those, and those only, "intended by nature for the precise station they occupy," who rule the world, from the Macedonian conqueror down to the village oracle; and many a heart, which has the noble quality, lives and dies in ignorance of its presence, because occasion has not called it forth.

Sir Charles Coventry exercised the high function of a Cabinet Minister for eleven years; and during the last three, that of Prime Minister.

But he had now passed his grand climacteric; and though free from any of the more enfeebling symptoms of age, began to feel a desire for repose. He had lived long enough for others, and for worldly objects. He wished to find a quiet interval, this side the grave, for the peaceful enjoyment of himself. Such, however, is the fascination of power, (next to life, the hardest thing, perhaps, to part with voluntarily,) that the desire languished two years before he could resolve to intinate it to his Royal Master. When he did, permission was granted, but with many flattering expressions of regret, and the still more flattering declaration of a wish that the memory of his eminent services should be perpetuated by the honours of the peerage. A few weeks after, the Minister resigned the seals of office as VISCOUNT GLENCRAIG!

Here terminated his public life; but it was the dispensation of Providence that he should live to a ripe old age in the serene luxury of a gradual unfelt decay, surrounded by an affectionate family, beloved by many friends, and honoured in the world's esteem. Lady Glencraig, who had been his companion in climbing the dazzling heights of rank and power, shared with him, a short time, the tranquil retirement that followed; but she set out before him on the great journey of eternity. The separation was tender, not agonizing; for no earthly happiness is blighted, no fondly-cherished hopes of years to come are destroyed, when, trembling on the verge of eighty, hearts are unlinked by death, which have throbbled in unison through all their foregone days. "Tarry yet a little space, and we will go together," may speak the natural wish of the survivor; but the soul breathes this consolation, "*to-day* is appointed for *thee*—and for *me* a *to-morrow* which is at hand." The venerable Glencraig felt this, as he bent over the aged form of her, on whose pale wrinkled face there beamed the placid smile which told of blameless joy that she was summoned first; yet, not till parting was like the current of a quiet stream, whose waters, separated by some dark and rocky fragment, flow in a

divided course round its base, but meet again to be for ever joined.

Two sons and four daughters of Lord Glencraig were married, and the parents of a numerous offspring. The elder of the former, who was heir to the title, had distinguished himself in several foreign missions of great delicacy. Two other sons, and one daughter, remained unmarried, the last probably because she was devoted to a science which withdrew all her thoughts from earth. She was an astronomer; but beyond looking at the heavenly bodies through magnificent telescopes, it never appeared that any thing came of her star-gazing.

It was delightful to see him, with unimpaired faculties of mind, and few infirmities of body, wearing out the remnant of a life that had been so full of busy incidents. Some branches of his family were always with him, and once in each year it was his custom to have them all assembled at his table, children, grandchildren, and great-grand-children, even down to the nursing of six months old, or younger, if there chanced, at such time, to be a fresh arrival. Oh! the flow of sublime and holy feeling that would seem to gush from the old man's heart at those moments, as he looked round and saw the living images of his Maker, in whose veins ran kindred blood! How, like a patriarch of the chosen land, he would discourse wisdom with the elders, mingling the maxims of this world with the piety of the next! And then, he had cheerful thoughts, and a lightsome spirit, to call up mirth and laughter on the unclouded brow of youth; while infancy itself, seated on his knee, would chuckle, and clap its dimpled hands, as he danced before its sparkling eyes the glittering watch-chain, or radiant diamond that adorned the shrivelled shaking hand. All were happy; but he, of all, the happiest; for *his* share of happiness was swelled to overflowing by the addition of theirs.

"Julia, how old are you?" said the venerable peer, at one of these annual heart-greetings, addressing the daughter of his eldest son.

"Seventeen," was the reply.

"Stand by me:—And you, Mr

Frederick, with your fearless hawk's eye, what is your age?"

"Eleven, grandfather."

"Come you here too."—Then, casting his looks round, he fixed upon another, and another, and another, till he had gathered eight of his children's children about him.—"I want another yet," he continued, "and it must be that little Miss who is so busy with her doll, in a corner by herself."

The child was brought. The laughing, rosy group stood wondering at what was to follow.

"By this living multiplication table," said he, with a gay, good-humoured air, "I reckon my age."

Then he began counting them: seventeen—eleven—fourteen—twelve—ten—six—eight—four—two—EIGHTY-FOUR.

"Heigho!" he exclaimed; "to think that I have had for my single share of life, as much as has yet fallen to the lot of this whole cluster!

Well—next year you will steal a march upon me, and make a terrible stride, so that I must drop you, Madam," (patting the sweet cherub-face of Harriet Beauchamp, who had answered with a pretty lisp she was eight years old,) "and make up eighty-five without you."

But this was his LAST BIRTHDAY. Never again did that happy circle gather round him; for when the time came that so they would have done, Charles Coventry, Viscount Glencraig, was made partaker of that awful secret whose mystery stretches not beyond the grave. His end was peaceful. He laid down life, as a man who had tasted of its sweetness even to satiety; and he put on immortality—for eternity dawns upon the soul before this world fades from its glimmering consciousness for ever—as one who had humble hope in having done well.

M.

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A LATE PHYSICIAN.

CHAPTER IV.

Consumption—The Spectral Dog—The Forger.

CONSUMPTION.

CONSUMPTION!—Terrible, insatiable tyrant! who can arrest thy progress, or number thy victims? why dost thou attack almost exclusively the fairest and loveliest of our species? why select blooming and beautiful youth, instead of haggard and exhausted age? why strike down those who are bounding blithely from the starting-post of life, rather than the decrepid beings tottering towards its goal?—By what infernal subtilty hast thou contrived hitherto to baffle the profoundest skill of science, to frustrate utterly the uses of experience, and disclose thyself only when thou hast irretrievably secured thy victim, and thy fangs are crimsoned with its blood?—Destroying angel!—why art thou commissioned thus to smite down the first-born of agonized humanity?—What are the strange purposes of Providence, that thus letteth thee loose upon the objects of its infinite goodness?

Alas, how many aching hearts have been agitated with these unanswerable questions, and how many myriads are yet to be wrung and tortured by them!—Let me proceed to lay before the reader a short and simple statement of one of the many many cases of consumption, and all its attendant broken-heartedness, with which a tolerably extensive practice has, alas, crowded my memory. The one immediately following has been selected, because it seemed to me, though destitute of varied and stirring incident, calculated, on various accounts, to excite peculiar interest and sympathy. Possibly there are a few who may consider the ensuing pages pervaded by a tone of exaggeration. It is not so. My heart has really ached under the task of recording the bitter premature fate of one of the most lovely and accomplished young women I ever knew; and the vivid recollection of her sufferings, as well as those of her anguished relations, may have led me to adopt strong

language,—but not strong enough adequately to express my feelings.

Miss Herbert lost both her father and mother before she had attained her tenth year, and was solemnly committed by each to the care of her uncle, a baronet, who was unmarried, and, through disappointment in a first attachment, seemed likely to continue so to the end of his life. Two years after his brother's death, he was appointed to an eminent official situation in India, as the fortune attached to his baronetcy had suffered severely from the extravagance of his predecessors. He was for some time at a loss how to dispose of his little niece. Should he take her with him to India, accompanied by a first-rate governess, and have her carefully educated under his own eye; or leave her behind in England, at one of the fashionable boarding-schools, and trust to the general *surveillance* of a distant female relation? He decided on the former course; and, accordingly, very shortly after completing her twelfth year, this little blooming exotic was transplanted to the scorched soil, and destined to "waste its sweetness" on the sultry air, of India.—A more delicate and lovely little creature than was Eliza Herbert, at this period, cannot be conceived. She was the only bud from a parent stem of remarkable beauty:—but, alas, that stem was suddenly withered by consumption! Her father, also, fell a victim to the fierce typhus fever only half a year after the death of his wife. Little Eliza Herbert inherited, with her mother's beauty, her constitutional delicacy. Her figure was so slight, that it almost suggested to the beholder the idea of transparency; and there was a softness and languor in her azure eyes, beaming through their long silken lashes, which told of something too refined for humanity. Her disposition fully comported with her person and habits—arch, mild, and intelligent, with a little dash of pensiveness. She loved the shade of retirement. If she occasionally flitted for a moment into the world, its glare and uproar seemed almost to stun her gentle spirit. She was, almost from infancy, devotedly fond of reading; and sought with peculiar avidity books of sentiment. Her gifted preceptress—one of the most ami-

able and refined of women—soon won her entire confidence, and found little difficulty in imparting to her apt pupil all the stores of her own superior and extensive accomplishments. Not a day passed over her head, that did not find Eliza Herbert riveted more firmly in the hearts of all who came near her, from her doting uncle, down to the most distant domestic. Every luxury that wealth and power could procure was, of course, always at her command; her own innate propriety and just taste prompted her to prefer simplicity in all things. Flattery of all kinds she abhorred—and forsook the house of a rich old English lady, who once told her to her face she was a beautiful little angel! In short, a more sweet, lovely, and amiable being than Eliza Herbert never adorned the ranks of humanity. The only fear which incessantly haunted those around her, and kept Sir — in a feverish flutter of apprehension every day of his life, was, that his niece was, in his own words, "too good—too beautiful, for this world;" and that unseen messengers from above were already flitting around her, ready to claim her suddenly for the skies. He has often described to me his feelings on this subject. He seemed conscious that he had no *right* to reckon on the continuance of her life; he felt, whenever he thought of her, an involuntary apprehension that she would, at no distant period, suddenly fade from his sight; he was afraid, he said, to let out the whole of his heart's affections on her. Like the Oriental merchant, who shudders while freighting "one bark—one little fragile bark," with the dazzling stores of his immense *ALL*, and committing it to the capricious dominion of wind and waves;—so Sir — often declared, that, at the period I am alluding to, he experienced cruel misgivings, that if he embarked the whole of his soul's loves on little Eliza Herbert, they were fated to be shipwrecked. Yet he regarded her every day with feelings which soon heightened into absolute idolatry.

His fond anxieties soon suggested to him, that so delicate and fragile a being as his niece, supposing for a moment the existence of any real grounds of apprehension that her

constitution bore an hereditary taint, could not be thrown into a director ~~for~~ for her grave, than in India; that any latent, lurking tendency to consumption would be quickened and developed with fatal rapidity in the burning atmosphere she was then breathing. His mind, once thoroughly suffused with alarms of this sort, could not ever afterwards be dispossessed of them; and he accordingly determined to relinquish his situation in India, the instant he should have realized, from one quarter or another, sufficient to enable him to return to England, and support an establishment suitable to his station in society. About five years had elapsed since his arrival in India, during which he had contrived to save a large portion of his very ample income—when news reached him that a considerable fortune had fallen to him, from the sudden death of a remote relation. The intelligence made him, comparatively, a happy man. He instantly set on foot arrangements for returning to England, and procuring the immediate appointment of his successor.

Unknown to his niece, about a year after his arrival in India, Sir — had confidentially consulted the most eminent physician on the spot. In obedience to the injunctions of the baronet, Dr C — was in the habit of dropping in frequently, as if accidentally, to dinner, for the purpose of marking Miss Herbert's demeanour, and ascertaining whether there was, so to speak, the very faintest adumbration of any consumptive tendency. But no—his quick and practised eye detected no morbid indications; and he reiteratedly gladdened the baronet's heart, by assuring him, that, in any present evidence to the contrary, little Miss Herbert bade as fair for long and healthy life as any woman breathing, especially if she soon returned to the more salubrious climate of England. Though Dr C — had never spoken professionally to her, Eliza Herbert was too quick and shrewd an observer, to continue unapprized of the object of his frequent visits to her uncle's house. She had not failed to notice his searching glances; and knew well that he watched almost every mouthful of food she eat, and scrutinized all her movements. He

had once also ventured to feel her pulse, in a half-in-earnest, half-in-joke manner, and put one or two questions to the governess about Miss Herbert's general habits, which that good, easy, communicative creature unfortunately told her inquisitive little pupil. Now, there are few things more alarming and irritating to young people, even if consciously enjoying the most robust health, than suddenly to find that they have long been, and still are, the objects of anxious medical surveillance. They begin naturally to suspect that there must be very good reason for it; and especially in the case of nervous, irritable temperaments—their peace of mind is thenceforward destroyed by torturing apprehensions that they are the doomed victims of some insidious, incurable malady. I have often and often known illustrations of this. Sir — also was aware of its ill consequences, and endeavoured to avert even the shadow of a suspicion from his niece's mind as to the real object of Dr C —'s visits, by formally introducing him, from the first, as one of his own intimate friends. He therefore flattered himself that his niece was profoundly ignorant of the existence of his anxieties concerning her health; and was not a little startled one morning by Miss Herbert's abruptly entering his study, and, pale with ill-disguised anxiety, enquiring if there was "anything the matter with her." Was she unconsciously falling into a decline? she asked, almost in so many words. Her uncle was so confounded by the suddenness of the affair, that he lost his presence of mind, changed colour a little, and, with a consciously embarrassed air, assured her that it was "no such thing," quite a mistake—a "very ridiculous one," a "childish whim," &c. &c. &c. He was so very earnest and energetic in his assurances that there was no earthly ground for apprehension—and, in short, concealed his alarm so clumsily, that his poor niece, though she left him with a kiss and a smile, and affected to be satisfied, retired to her own room, and from that melancholy moment resigned herself to her grave. Of this, she herself, three years subsequently, in England, assured me. She never afterwards recovered that gentle buoyancy and elasticity of

spirits which made her burst upon her few friends and acquaintance like a little lively sunbeam of cheerfulness and gaiety. She felt perpetually haunted by gloomy, though vague suspicions that there was something *radically wrong* in her constitution—that it was from her birth sown with the seeds of death—and that no earthly power could eradicate them. Though she resigned herself to the dominion of such harassing thoughts as these while alone, and even shed tears abundantly, she succeeded in banishing, to a great extent, her uncle's disquietude, by assuming even greater gaiety of demeanour than before. The baronet took occasion to mention the little incident above related to Dr C—; and was excessively agitated to see the physician assume a very serious air.

"This may be attended with more mischief than you are aware of, Sir —," he replied. "I feel it my duty to tell you how miserably unfortunate for her it is, that Miss Herbert has at last detected your restless uneasiness about her health, and the means you have taken to watch her constitution. Henceforward she may *appear* satisfied—but mark her if she can forget it. You will find her fall frequently into momentary fits of absence and thoughtfulness. She will brood over it," continued Dr C—.

"Why, good God! doctor," replied the baronet, "what's the use of frightening one thus? Do you think my niece is the first girl who has known that her friends are anxious about her health? If she is really, as you tell her, free from disease—why the devil!—can she *fancy* herself into a consumption?"

"No, no, Sir —; but incessant alarm may accelerate the evil you dread, and predispose her to sink, her energies to droop, under the blow—however lightly it may at first fall—which has been so long impending. And besides, Sir —, I did *not* say she was free from disease, but only that I had not discerned any present *symptoms* of disease."

"Oh, stuff, stuff, doctor! nonsense!" muttered the baronet, rising and pacing the room with excessive agitation. "Can't the girl be *laughed* out of her fears?"

It may be easily believed that Sir

— spent every future moment of his stay in India in an agony of apprehension. His fears exaggerated the slightest indication of his niece's temporary indisposition into a symptom of consumption; anything like a cough from her would send him to a pillow of thorns; and her occasional refusal of food at meal-times was received with undisguised trepidation on the part of her uncle. If he overtook her at a distance, walking out with her governess, he would follow unperceived, and strain his eyesight with endeavouring to detect any thing like feebleness in her gait. These incessant, and very natural anxieties about the only being he loved in the world, enhanced by his efforts to conceal them, sensibly impaired his own health and spirits. He grew fretful and irritable in his demeanour towards every member of his establishment, and could not completely fix his thoughts for the transaction of his important official business.

This may be thought an overstrained representation of Sir —'s state of mind respecting his niece—but by none except a young, thoughtless, or heartless reader. Let the thousand—the million heart-wrung *parents* who have mourned, and are now mourning, over their consumptive offspring—let *them*, I say, echo the truth of the sentiments I am expressing. Let those whose bitter fate it is to see

"The bark, so richly freighted with their love,"

gradually sinking, shipwrecked before their very eyes, say, whether the pen or tongue of man can furnish adequate words to give expression to their anguished feelings!

Eighteen years of age—within a trifle—was Miss Herbert, when she again set foot on her native land, and the eyes and heart of her idolizing uncle leaped for joy to see her augmented health and loveliness, which he fondly flattered himself might now be destined to

"Grow with her growth, and strengthen with her strength."

The voyage—though long and monotonous as usual—with its fresh breezy balminess, had given an impetus to her animated spirits; and

as her slight figure stepped down the side of the gloomy colossal Indian-~~man~~ which had brought her across the seas, her blue eye was bright as that of a seraph—her beautiful cheeks glowed with a soft and rich crimson, and there was a lightness, ease, and elasticity in her movements—as she tripped the short distance between the vessel and the carriage, which was in waiting to convey them to town—that filled her doting uncle with feelings of almost frenzied joy.

"God Almighty bless thee, my darling!—Bless thee—bless thee for ever, my pride! my jewel!—Long and happy be thy life in Merry England!" sobbed the baronet, folding her almost convulsively in his arms, as soon as they were seated in the carriage, and giving her the first kiss of welcome to her native shores. The second day, after they were established at one of the hotels, while Miss Herbert and her governess were riding the round of fashionable shopping, Sir ——— drove alone to the late Dr Baillie. In a long interview (they were personal friends) he communicated all his distressing apprehensions about his niece's state of health, imploring him to say whether he had any real cause of alarm whatever—immediate or prospective—and what course and plan of life he would recommend for the future. Dr Baillie, after many and minute enquiries, contented himself with saying, that he saw no grounds for present apprehensions. "It certainly did sometimes happen, that a delicate daughter of a consumptive parent, inherited her mother's tendencies to disease," he said. "And as for her future life and habits, there was not the slightest occasion for medicine of any kind; she must live almost entirely in the country, take plenty of fresh dry air and exercise—especially eschew late hours and company;" and he hinted, finally, the advantages, and almost the necessity, of an early matrimonial engagement.

It need hardly be said, that Sir ——— resolved most religiously to follow this advice to the letter.

"I'll come and dine with you in Dover Street, at seven to-day," said Dr Baillie, "and make my own observations."

"Thank you, doctor—but—but we dine out to-day," muttered the baronet, rather faintly, adding, inwardly, "no, no!—no more medical espionage—no, no!"

Sir ——— purchased a very beautiful mansion, which then happened to be for sale, situated within ten or twelve miles of London; and thither he removed, as soon as ever the preliminary arrangements could be completed.

The shrine, and its divinity, were worthy of each other. ——— Hall was one of the most charming picturesque residences in the county. It was a fine antique semi-Gothic structure, almost obscured from sight in the profound gloom of forest shade. The delicious velvet greensward, spread immediately in front of the house, seemed formed for the gentle footsteps of Miss Herbert. When you went there, if you looked carefully about, you might discover a little white tuft glistening on some part or other of the "smooth soft-shaven lawn;" it was her pet lamb, cropping the crisp and rich herbage. Little thing! it would scarce submit to be fondled by any hand but that of its innocent indulgent mistress. She, also, might, occasionally, be seen there, wandering thoughtfully along, with a book in her hand—Tasso, probably, or Dante—and her loose light hair straying from beneath a gipsy bonnet, commingling in pleasant contact with a saffron-coloured riband. Her uncle would sit for an hour together, at a corner of his study-window, overlooking the lawn, and never remove his eyes from the figure of his fair niece.

Miss Herbert was now talked of everywhere in the neighbourhood, as the pride of the place—the star of the county. She budded forth almost visibly; and though her exquisite form was developing daily, till her matured womanly proportions seemed to have been cast in the mould of the Venus de Medici, though on a scale of more slenderness and delicacy,—it was, nevertheless, outstripped by the precocious expanding of her intellect. The sympathies of her soul were attuned to the deepest and most refined sentiment. She was passionately fond of poetry—and never wandered without the sphere of what was first-rate.

Dante and Milton were her constant companions, by day and night; and it was a treat to hear the mellifluous cadences of the former uttered by the soft and rich voice of Miss Herbert. She could not more satisfactorily evidence her profound appreciation of the true spirit of poetry, than by her almost idolatrous admiration of the kindred genius of Handel and Mozart. She was scarcely ever known to play any other music than theirs;—she would listen to none but the “mighty voices of those dim spirits.” And then she was the most amiable and charitable creature that sure ever trode the earth! How many colds, slight, to be sure, and evanescent, had she caught, and how many rebukes from the alarmed fondness of her uncle had she suffered in consequence, through her frequent visits, in all weathers, to the cottages of the poor, and sick! —“You are describing an *ideal* being, and investing it with all the graces and virtues—one that never really existed,” perhaps exclaims one of my readers. There are not a few now living, who could answer for the truth of my poor and faint description, with anguish and regret. Frequently, on seeing such instances of precocious development of the powers of both mind and body, the curt and correct expression of Quintilian has occurred to my mind with painful force—“*Quod observatum fere est, celerius occidere festinatam maturitatem*,”* aptly rendered by the English proverb, “Soon ripe, soon rotten.”

The latter part of Dr Baillie’s advice was anxiously kept in view by Sir —; and soon after Miss Herbert had completed her twentieth year, he had the satisfaction of seeing her encourage the attentions of a Captain —, the third son of a neighbouring nobleman. He was a remarkably fine and handsome young man, of a very superior spirit, and fully capable of appreciating the value of her whose hand he sought. Sir — was delighted, almost to ecstasy, when he extracted from the trembling blushing girl, a confession that Captain —’s company was any thing but disagreeable to her.

The young military hero was, of course, soon recognised as her suitor; and a handsome couple, people said, they would make. Miss Herbert’s health seemed more robust, and her spirits more buoyant, than ever. How, indeed, could it be otherwise, when she was daily riding in an open carriage, or on horseback, over a fine, breezy, champaign country, by the side of the gay, handsome, fascinating Captain —?

The baronet was sitting one morning in his study, having the day before returned from a month’s visit to some friends in Ireland, and engaged with some important letters from India, when Miss B—, his niece’s governess, sent a message requesting to speak in private with him. When she entered, her embarrassed, and somewhat flurried manner, not a little surprised Sir —.

“How is Eliza?—How is Eliza, Miss B—?” he enquired hastily, laying aside his reading glasses. “Very well,” she replied, “very;” and after a little fencing about the necessity of making allowance for the exaggeration of alarm and anxiety, she proceeded to inform him, that Miss Herbert had latterly passed restless nights—that her sleep was not unfrequently broken by a cough—a sort of faint *churchyard* cough, she said, it seemed—which had not been noticed for some time, till it was accompanied by other symptoms—“Gracious God! madam, how was this not told me before?—Why—why did you not write to me in Ireland about it?”—enquired Sir —, with excessive trepidation. He could scarcely sit in his chair, and grew very pale; while Miss B—, herself equally agitated, went on to mention profuse night-sweats—a disinclination for food—exhaustion from the slightest exercise—a feverishness every evening—and a faint hectic flush —

“Oh, *plague-spot*!” groaned the baronet, almost choked, letting fall his reading-glasses. He tottered towards the bell, and the valet was directed to order the carriage for town immediately. “What—what possible excuse can I devise for

bringing Dr Baillie here?" said he to the governess, as he was drawing off his gloves. "Well—well—I'll leave it to you—do what you can. For God's sake, madam, prepare her to see him somehow or another, for the doctor and I shall certainly be here together this evening. Oh!—say I'm called up to town on sudden business, and thought I might as well bring him on with me, as he is visiting a patient in the neighbourhood—Oh, any thing, madam—any thing!" He hardly knew what he was saying.

Dr Baillie, however, could not come, being himself at Brighton, an invalid, and the baronet was therefore pleased, though with ill-disguised chagrin, to summon me to supply his place. On my way down, he put me in possession of most of the facts above narrated. He implored me, in tenderness to his agitated feelings, to summon all the tact I had ever acquired, and alarm the object of my visit as little as possible. I was especially to guard against appearing to know too much; I was to beat about the bush—to extract her symptoms gradually, &c. &c. I never saw the fondest, the most doting father or mother, more agitated about an only child, than was Sir — about his niece. He protested that he could not survive her death,—that she was the only prop and pride of his declining years, and that he must fall, if he lost her—and made use of many similar expressions. It was in vain that I besought him not to allow himself to be carried so much away with his fears. He must let me see her, and have an opportunity of judging whether there were any real cause of alarm, I said; and he might rely on my honour as a gentleman, that I would be frank and candid with him, to the very utmost—I would tell him the worst. I reminded him of the possibility that the symptoms he mentioned might not really exist; that they might have been seen by Miss B—— through the distorting and magnifying medium of apprehension;—and that, even if they did *really* exist—why, that—that—they were not *always* the precursors of consumption, I stammered, against my own convictions. It is impossible to describe the emotions excited in the baronet, by my

simple uttering the word "consumption." He said it stabbed him through the heart!

On arriving at — Hall, the baronet and I instantly repaired to the drawing-room, where Miss Herbert and her governess were sitting at tea. The pensive sunlight of September shone through the Gothic window near which they were sitting. Miss Herbert was dressed in white, and looked really dazzlingly beautiful; but the first transient glance warned me that the worst might be apprehended. I had that very morning been at the bedside of a dying young lady, a martyr to that very disease which commenced by investing its victim with a tenfold splendour of personal beauty, to be compensated for by sudden and rapid decay! Miss Herbert's eyes were lustrous as diamonds; and the complexion of her cheeks, pure and fair as that of the lily, was surmounted with an intense circumscribed crimson flush—alas, alas!—the very "plague-spot" of hectic—of consumption. She saluted me silently, and her eyes glanced hurriedly from me to her uncle, and from him again to me. His disordered air defied disguise.

She was evidently apprized of my coming, as well as of the occasion of my visit. Indeed, there was a visible embarrassment about all four of us, which I felt I was expected to dissipate, by introducing indifferent topics of conversation. This I attempted, but with little success. Miss Herbert's tea was before her on a little ebony stand, untouched; and it was evidently a violent effort only that enabled her to continue in the room. She looked repeatedly at Miss B——, as though she wished to be gone. After about half an hour's time, I alluded complimentarily to what I had heard of her performance on the piano; she smiled coldly, and rather contemptuously, as though she saw the part I was playing. Nothing daunted, however, I begged her to favour me with one of Haydn's sonatas; and she went immediately to the piano, and played what I asked—I need hardly say, very exquisitely. Her uncle then withdrew, for the alleged purpose of answering a letter, as had been arranged between us; and I was then

left alone with the two ladies. I need not fatigue the reader with a minute description of all that passed. I introduced the object of my visit as casually and gently as I could, and succeeded more easily than I had anticipated in quieting her alarms. The answers she gave to my questions amply corroborated the truth of the account given by Miss B—to the baronet. Her feverish accelerated pulse, also, told of the hot blighting breathings of the destroying angel, who was already hovering close around his victim! I was compelled to smile with an assumed air of gaiety and nonchalance, while listening to the poor girl's unconscious disclosures of various little matters, which amounted to infallible evidence that she was already beyond the reach of medicine. I bade her adieu, complimenting her on her charming looks, and expressing my delight at finding so little occasion for my professional services! She looked at me with a half-incredulous, half-confiding eye, and with much girlish simplicity and frankness put her hand into mine, thanking me for dispersing her fears, and begging me to do the same for her uncle. I afterwards learned, that as soon as I left the room, she burst into a flood of tears, and sighed and sobbed all the rest of the evening.

With Sir —— I felt it my duty to be candid. Why should I conceal the worst from him, when I felt as certain as I was of my own existence, that his beautiful niece was already beginning to wither away from before his eyes? Convinced that "hope deferred maketh sick the heart," I have always, in such cases, warned the patient's friends, long beforehand, of the inevitable fate awaiting the object of their anxious hopes and fears, in order that resignation might gradually steal thoroughly into their broken hearts.—To return. I was conducted to the baronet's study, where he was standing with his hat and gloves on, ready to accompany me as far as the high-road, in order that I might wait the arrival of a London coach. I told him, in short, that I feared I had seen and heard too much to allow a doubt that his niece's present symptoms were those of the commencing stage of pulmonary consumption; and that

though medicine and change of climate might possibly avert the evil day for a time, it was my melancholy duty to assure him, that no earthly power could save her.

"Merciful God!" he gasped, loosening his arm from mine, and leaning against the park gate, at which we had arrived. I implored him to be calm. He continued speechless for some time, with his hands clasped.

"Oh, doctor, doctor!" he exclaimed, as if a gleam of hope had suddenly flashed across his mind, "we've forgot to tell you a most material thing, which perhaps will alter the whole case—oh, how could we have forgotten it!" he continued, growing heated with the thought; "my niece *eats* very heartily—nay, more heartily than any of us, and seems to relish her food more." Alas, I was obliged, as I have hundreds of times before been obliged, to dash the cup from his lips, by assuring him that an almost *ravenous* appetite was as invariably a forerunner of consumption, as the pilot-fish of the shark!

"Oh, great God, what will become of me! What shall I do?" he exclaimed, almost frantic, and wringing his hands in despair. He had lost every vestige of self-control. "Then my sweet angel must *DIE*! Damning thought! Oh, let me die too! I cannot, I will not survive her!—Doctor, doctor, you must give up your London practice, and come and live in my house—you must! By G—, I'll fling my whole fortune at your feet! Only save her, and you and yours shall wallow in wealth, if I go back to India to procure it!—Oh, whither—whither shall I go with my darling? To Italy—France?—My God! What shall I do when she is *gone*—for ever!" he exclaimed, like one distracted. I entreated him to recollect himself, and endeavour to regain his self-possession *before* returning to the presence of his niece. He started. "Oh, mockery, doctor, mockery! How can I ever look on the dear girl again? She is no longer mine; she is in her grave—she is!"

Remonstrance and expostulation, I saw, were utterly useless, and worse, for they served only to irritate. The coach shortly afterwards drew up; and wringing my hands, Sir —— extorted a promise that I would see

his niece the next day, and bring Dr Baillie with me, if he should have returned to town. I was as good as my word, except that Dr Baillie could not accompany me, being still at Brighton. My second interview with Miss Herbert was long and painfully interesting. She and I were alone. She wept bitterly, and recounted the incident mentioned above, which occurred in India, and occasioned her first serious alarm. She felt convinced, she told me, that her case was hopeless; she saw too that her uncle possessed a similar conviction, and sobbed agonizingly when she alluded to his altered looks. She had felt a presentiment, she said, for some months past, which, however, she had never mentioned till then, that her days were numbered, and attributed, too truly, her accelerated illness to the noxious clime of India. She described her sensations to be that of a constant void within, as if there were a something wanting—an unnatural hollowness—a dull, deep aching in the left side—a frequent inclination to relieve herself by spitting, which, when she did, alas! alas! she observed more than once to be streaked with blood.

"How long do you think I have to live, doctor?" she enquired faintly.

"Oh, my dear madam, do not, for Heaven's sake, ask such useless questions!—How can I possibly presume to answer them, giving you credit for a spark of common sense?" She grew very pale, and wiped her forehead.

"Is it likely that I shall have to endure much pain?" she asked with increasing trepidation. I could reply only, that I *hoped* not—that there was no ground for *immediate* apprehension—and I faltered, that *possibly* a milder climate, and the skill of medicine, might yet carry her through. The poor girl shook her head hopelessly, and trembled violently from head to foot.

"Oh, poor uncle!—Poor, poor Edw——" She faltered, and fell fainting into my arms; for the latter allusion to Captain—— had completely overcome her. Holding her senseless, sylphlike figure in my arms, I hurried to the bell, and was immediately joined by Sir——, the governess, and one or two female attendants. I saw the baronet was

beginning to behave like a madman, by the increasing boisterousness of his manner, and the occasional glare of wildness that shot from his eye. With the utmost difficulty I succeeded in forcing him from the room, and keeping him out till Miss Herbert had recovered.

"Oh, doctor, doctor!" he muttered hoarsely, after staggering to a seat, "this is worse than death! I pray God to take her and me too, and put an end to our misery!"

I expostulated with him rather sternly, and represented to him the absurdity and impiousness of his wish.

"D—n—n!" he thundered, starting from his chair, and stamping furiously to and fro across the room, "What the—— do you mean by suivelling in that way, doctor? Can I see my darling dying—absolutely dying by inches—before my very eyes, and yet be cool and unconcerned? I did not expect such conduct from you, Doctor;"—he burst into tears. "Oh! I'm going mad!—I'm going mad!" and he sunk again into his seat. From one or two efforts he made to gulp down again, as it were, the emotions which were swelling and dilating his whole frame, I seriously apprehended either that he would fall into a fit, or go absolutely raving mad. Happily, however, I was mistaken. His fearful excitement gradually subsided. He was a man of remarkably strong and ardent feelings, which he had never been accustomed to control, even in the moments of their most violent manifestations; and on the present occasion, the maddening thought, that the object of his long, intense, and idolizing love and pride was about to be lost to him irretrievably—for ever—was sufficient to overturn his shaken intellects. I prevailed upon him to continue where he was, till I returned from his niece, for I was summoned to her chamber. I found her lying on the bed, only partially undressed. Her beautiful auburn hair hung disordered over her neck and shoulders, partially concealing her lovely marble-hued features. Her left hand covered her eyes, and her right clasped a little locket, suspended round her neck by a plain black riband, containing a little of Captain——'s hair. Miss

B——, her governess, her maid, and the housekeeper, with tears and sobs, were engaged in rendering various little services to their unfortunate young mistress; and my heart ached to think of the little—the nothing—I could do for her.

Two days afterwards, Dr Baillie, another physician, and myself, went down to see Miss Herbert; for a note from Miss B—— informed me that her ward had suffered severely from the agitation experienced at the last visit I had paid her, and was in a low nervous fever. The consumptive symptoms, also, were beginning to gleam through the haze of accidental indisposition with fearful distinctness. Dr Baillie simply assured the baronet that my predictions were but too likely to be verified; and that the only chance of averting the worst form of consumption (a galloping one) would be an instant removal to Italy, that the fall of the year, and the winter season, might be spent in a more genial and fostering climate. We, at the same time, frankly assured Sir ——, who listened with a sullen, despairing apathy of manner, that the utmost he had to expect from a visit to Italy, was the faintest chance of a temporary suspension of the fate which hovered over his niece. In a few weeks, accordingly, they were all settled at Naples.

But what have I to say, all this time, the reader is possibly asking, about the individual who was singled out by fate for the first and heaviest stroke inflicted by Miss Herbert's approaching dissolution? Where was the lover? Where was Captain ——? I have avoided allusions to him hitherto, because his distress and agitation transcended all my powers of description. He loved Miss Herbert with all the passionate romantic fervour of a first attachment; and the reader must ask his own heart, what were the feelings by which that of Captain —— was lacerated.

I shall content myself with recording one little incident which occurred before the family of Sir —— left for Italy. I was retiring one night to rest, about twelve o'clock, when the startling summons of the night-bell brought me again down stairs, accompanied by a servant. Thrice the bell rung with impatient violence before the door could possibly be

opened, and I heard the steps of some vehicle let down hastily.

"Is Dr —— at home?" enquired a groom, and being answered in the affirmative, in a second or two a gentleman leaped from the chariot standing at the door, and hurried into the room, whither I had retired to await him. He was in a sort of half military travelling dress. His face was pale, his eye sunk, his air disordered, and his voice thick and hurried. It was Captain ——, who had been absent on a shooting excursion in Scotland, and who had not received intelligence of the alarming symptoms disclosed by Miss Herbert, till within four days of that which found him at my house, on the present occasion, come to ascertain from me the *reality* of the melancholy apprehensions so suddenly entertained by Sir —— and the other members of both families.

"Good God! Is there no hope, doctor?" he enquired faintly, after swallowing a glass of wine, which, seeing his exhaustion and agitation, I had sent for. I endeavoured to evade giving a direct answer—attempted to divert his thoughts towards the projected trip to the continent—dilated on the soothing, balmy climate she would have to breathe—it *had* done wonders for others, &c. &c.—and in a word, exhausted the stock of inefficient subterfuges and palliatives to which all professional men are on such occasions compelled to resort. Captain —— listened to me silently, while his eye was fixed on me with a vacant unobserving stare. His utter wretchedness touched me to the soul; and yet, what consolation had I to offer him? After several profound sighs, he exclaimed, in a flurried tone, "I see how it is. Her fate is fixed—and so is mine! Would to God—would to God I had never seen or known Miss Herbert!—*What* will become of us!" He rose to go. "Doctor, forgive me for troubling you so late, but really I can rest nowhere! I must go back to —— Hall." I shook hands with him, and in a few moments the chariot dashed off.

Really I can scarcely conceive of a more dreadful state of mind than that of Captain ——, or of any one whose "heart is in the right place," to use a homely but apt expression, when placed in such wretched cir-

cumstances as those above related. To see the death warrant sealed of her a man's soul dotes on—who is the idolized object of his holiest, fondest, and possibly *first* affections! yes, to see her bright and beautiful form suddenly snatched down into “utter darkness” by the cold relentless grasp of our common foe—the “desire of our eyes taken away as with a stroke”—may well wither one! That man's soul which would not be palsied, prostrated, by such a stroke as this, is worthless, and worse—it is a foul libel on his kind. He cannot *love* a woman as she should and must be loved. Why am I so vehement in expressing my feelings on this subject? Because, in the course of my professional intercourse, my soul has been often sickened with listening to the expression of opposite sentiments. The poor and pitiful *philosophy*—that the word should ever have been so prostituted!—which is now sneaking in among us, fostered by foolish ears, and men with hollow hearts and barren brains, for the purpose of weeding out from the soul's garden its richest and choicest flowers, sympathy and sentiment—*this* philosophy may possibly prompt some reader to sneer over the agonies I have been attempting to describe; but, oh reader, do you eschew it—trample on it—trample on it whenever, wherever you find it, for the reptile, though very little, is very venomous.

Captain —'s regiment was ordered to Ireland, and as he found it impossible to accompany it, he sold out, and presently followed the heart-broken baronet and his niece to Italy. The delicious climate sufficed to kindle and foster for a while that deceitful *ignis fatuus*, hope, which always flits before in the gloomy horizon of consumptive patients, and leads them and their friends on—and on—and on—till it suddenly sinks quivering into their grave!—They staid at Naples till the month of July. Miss Herbert was sinking, and that with fearfully accelerated rapidity. Sir —'s health was much impaired with incessant anxiety and watching; and Captain— had been several times on the very borders of madness. His love for the dear being who could never be ~~his~~, increased ten thousand fold when

he found it hopeless!—Is it not always so?

Aware that her days were numbered, Miss Herbert anxiously importuned her uncle to return to England. She wished, she said, to breathe her last in her native isle—among the green pastures and hills of — shire, and to be buried with her father and mother. Sir — listened to the utterance of these sentiments with a breaking heart. He could see no reason for refusing a compliance with her request; and accordingly the latter end of August beheld, the unhappy family once more at — Hall.

I once saw a very beautiful lily, of rather more than ordinary stateliness, whose stem had been snapped by the storm over-night; and on entering my garden in the morning, alas, alas! there lay the pride of all chaste flowers, pallid and prostrate on the very bed where it had a short while before bloomed so sweetly!—This little circumstance was forcibly recalled to my recollection, on seeing Miss Herbert for the first time after her return from the continent. It was in the spacious drawing-room at — Hall, where I had before seen her, in the evening; and she was reclining on an ottoman, which had been drawn towards the large fretted Gothic window formerly mentioned. I stole towards it with noiseless footsteps; for the hushing, cautioning movements of those present warned me that Miss Herbert was asleep. I stood and gazed in silence for some moments on the lovely unfortunate—almost afraid to disturb her, even by breathing. She was wasted almost to a shadow,—attenuated to nearly ethereal delicacy and transparency. She was dressed in a plain white muslin gown, and lying on an Indian shawl, in which she had been enveloped for the purpose of being brought down from her bedchamber. Her small foot and ankle were concealed beneath white silk stockings, and satin slippers—through which it might be seen how they were shrunk from the full dimensions of health. They seemed, indeed, rather the exquisite chiselling of Canova, the representation of recumbent beauty, than flesh and blood, and scarcely capable of sustaining even the slight pressure of Miss Her-

bert's wasted frame. The arms and hands were enveloped in long white gloves, which fitted very loosely; and her waist, encircled by a broad violet-coloured riband, was rather that of a young girl of twelve or thirteen, than a full-grown woman. But it was her countenance—her symmetrical features, sunk, faded, and damp with death-dews, and her auburn hair falling in rich matted careless clusters down each side of her alabaster temples and neck—it was all this which suggested the bitterest thoughts of blighted beauty, almost breaking the heart of the beholder. Perfectly motionless and statue-like lay that fair creature, breathing so imperceptibly that a rose leaf might have slept on her lips unfluttered. On an easy-chair, drawn towards the head of the ottoman, sat her uncle, Sir —, holding a white cambric handkerchief in his hand, with which he from time to time wiped off the dews which started out incessantly on his niece's pallid forehead. It was affecting to see his hair changed to a dull iron-grey hue; whereas, before he had left for the continent, it was jet-black. His sallow and worn features bore the traces of recent tears.

And where *now* is the lover? Where is Captain —? again enquires the reader. He was then at Milan, raving beneath the tortures and delirium of a brain-fever, which flung him on his sick-bed only the day before Sir —'s family set out for England. Miss Herbert had not been told of the circumstance till she arrived at home; and those who communicated the intelligence will never undertake such a duty again!

After some time, in which we around had maintained perfect silence, Miss Herbert gently opened her eyes; and seeing me sitting opposite her uncle, by her side, gave me her hand, and with a faint smile, whispered some words of welcome which I could not distinguish.

"Am I much altered, doctor, since you saw me last?" she presently enquired, in a more audible tone. I said I regretted to see her so feeble and emaciated.

"And does not my poor uncle also look very ill?" enquired the poor girl, eyeing him with a look of sorrowful fondness. She feebly extended her arms, as if for the purpose of

putting them round his neck, and he seized and kissed them with such fervour, that she burst into tears. "Your kindness is killing me—oh don't, don't!" she murmured. He was so overpowered with his emotions, that he abruptly rose and left the room. I then made many minute enquiries about the state of her health. I could hardly detect any pulsation at the wrist, though the blue veins, and almost the arteries, I fancied, might be seen meandering beneath the transparent skin. * * * My feelings will not allow me, nor would my space, to describe every interview I had with her. She sunk very rapidly. She exhibited all those sudden deceitful rallyings, which invariably agonize consumptive patients and their friends with fruitless hopes of recovery. Oh, how they are clung to! how hard to persuade their fond hearts to relinquish them! with what despairing obstinacy will they persist in "hoping against hope!" I recollect one evening in particular, that her shattered energies were so unaccountably revived and collected—her eye grew so full and bright—her cheeks were suffused with so rich a vermillion—her voice soft and sweet as ever, and her spirits so exhilarated—that even *I* was staggered for a moment; and poor Sir — got so excited, that he said to me in a sort of ecstasy, as he accompanied me to my carriage—"Ah, doctor, a *phœnix*, doctor! a *phœnix*. She's rising from her ashes—ah! ha! She'll cheat you for once—darling!" and he raised his handkerchief to his eyes, for they were overflowing.

"Doctor, you're fond of music, I believe; you will not have any objection to listen to a little now, will you?—I'm exactly in the mood for it, and it's almost the only enjoyment I have left, and Miss B— plays enchantingly. Go, love, please, and play a mass from Mozart—the one we listened to last night," said Miss Herbert, on one occasion, about a week after the interview last mentioned. Miss B—, who was in tears, immediately rose, and took her seat at the piano. She played with exquisite taste and skill. I held one of my sweet patient's hands in mine, as she lay on the sofa, with her face turned towards the window, through which the retiring sunlight was

streaming in tender radiance on her wasted features, after tinting the amber-hued groves which were visible through the window. I need not attempt to characterise the melting music which Miss B—— was pouring from the piano. I have often thought that there is a sort of *spiritual*, unearthly character about some of the masses of Mozart, which draws out the greatest sympathies of one's nature, striking the deepest and most hidden chords of the human heart. On the present occasion, the peculiar circumstances in which I was placed—the time—the place—the dying angel whose hand was clasped in mine—disposed me to a more intense appreciation of Mozart's music than I had ever known before. The soft, soothing, solemn, swelling cadences undulated one after another into my full heart, till they forced the tears to gush from my eyes. I was utterly overcome. Oh, that languishing, heart-breaking music, I can never forget! the form of Eliza Herbert flits before me to this day when I hear it spoken of. I will not listen to any one *play* it now;—though I have often wept since on hearing it from Miss B——, to whom Miss Herbert bequeathed her piano.—To return. My tears flowed fast; and I perceived also the crystal drops oozing through the closed eyelids of Miss Herbert. "Heart-breaking music, is it not, doctor?" she murmured. I could make her no reply. I felt at that moment as if I could have laid down my life for her.—After a long pause—Miss B—— continuing all the while playing—Miss Herbert sobbed—"Oh, how I should like to be buried while the organ is playing this music!—And ~~he—he~~ was fond of it, too!" she continued, with a long shuddering sigh. It was echoed, to my surprise, but in a profounder tone, from that quarter of the room where the grand-piano was placed. It could not have been from Miss B——, I felt sure; and looking towards her, I beheld the dim outline of Sir ——'s figure leaning against the piano, with his face buried in his white handkerchief. He had stolen into the room unperceived—for he had left it half an hour before, in a fit of sudden agitation—and after continuing about five minutes, was compelled, by his feel-

ings, again to retire. His sigh, and the noise he made in withdrawing, had been heard by Miss Herbert.

"Doctor—doctor"—she stammered faintly, turning as white as ashes, "who—who is that? what was it?—Oh dear—it can never be—no—no—it cannot"—and she suddenly fainted. She continued so long insensible, that I began to fear it was all over. Gradually, however, she recovered, and was carried up to bed, which she did not leave again for a week.

I mentioned, I think, in a former part of this narrative, Miss Herbert's partiality for poetry, and that her readings were confined to that which was of the highest order. While sitting by her bedside, I have heard her utter often very beautiful thoughts, suggested by the bitterness of her own premature fate. All—all are treasured in my heart!

I have not attempted to describe her feelings with reference to Captain ——, simply because I cannot do them justice, without, perhaps, incurring the reader's suspicions that I am slipping into the character of the novelist. She did not know that Captain —— continued yet at death's door at Milan, for we felt bound to spare her feelings. We fabricated a story that he had been summoned into Egypt, to enquire after the fate of a brother who had travelled thither, and whose fate, we said, was doubtful. Poor girl! she believed us at last—and seemed rather inclined to accuse him of unkindness for allowing *any thing* to withdraw him from her side. She never, however, said *any thing* directly of this kind. It is hardly necessary to say, that Captain —— never knew of the fiction. I have never, to this day, entirely forgiven myself for the part I took in it.

I found her one morning, within a few days of her death, wretchedly exhausted both in mind and body. She ~~had~~ passed, as usual, a restless night, unsoothed even by the laudanum, which had been administered to her in much larger quantities than her medical attendants had authorized. It had stupified, without at the same time composing and calming her. Poor—poor girl! almost the last remains of her beauty had disappeared. There was a fearful hollow-

ness in her once lovely and blooming cheeks; and her eyes—those bright orbs which had a short while ago dazzled and delighted all they shone upon—were now sunk—quenched—and surrounded by dark halos! She lay with her head buried deep in the pillow, her hair folded back, matted with perspiration. Her hands—but I cannot attempt to describe her appearance any further. Sir——sate by her bedside, as he had sat all through her illness, and was utterly worn out. I occupied the chair allotted to Miss B——, who had just retired to bed, having been up all night. After a long silence, Miss Herbert asked very faintly for some tea, which was presently brought her, and dropped into her mouth by spoonfuls. Soon after she revived a little, and spoke to me, but in so low a whisper that I had great difficulty in distinguishing her words. The exertion of utterance, also, was attended with so much evident pain, that I would rather she had continued silent.

"Laudanum—laudanum—laudanum, doctor! They don't give me enough of laudanum!" she muttered. We made her no reply. Presently she began murmuring at intervals somewhat in this strain: "Ah—among the pyramids—looking at them—sketching—ascending them, perhaps—oh! what if they should fall and crush him? Has he found his brother? On his way—home—sea—ships—ship." Still we did not interrupt her, for her manner indicated only a dim dreamy sort of half-consciousness. About an hour afterwards (why did I linger there; it may be asked, when I could do nothing for her, and could ill spare the time? I know not—I *could* not leave) she again commenced, in a low moaning, wandering tone—"Uncle! What do you think? Chatterton—poor, melancholy Chatterton, sat by my side all night long—in that chair where Dr——is sitting. He died of a broken heart—or of my disease—didn't he?—Wan—wan—sad—cold—ghostly—but so like a poet!—Oh, how he talked—no one, earthly, like him!—His voice was like the mysterious music of an Eolian harp—so solemn—soft—stealing!—* * He put his icy fingers on my bosom, and

said it must soon be as cold!—But he told me not to be afraid—nor weep, because I was dying so young—so early. He said I was a young little rose-tree, and would have the longer to bloom and blossom when he came for me." She smiled faintly and sadly. "Oh, dear, dear!—I wish I had him here again! But he looks very cold and ghostly—never moves—nothing rustles—I never hear him come, or go—but I look, and there he is!—and I'm not at all frightened, for he seems gentle—but I think he can't be happy—happy—never smiles, never!—* * Dying people see and hear more than others!"—

This, I say, is the *substance* of what she uttered. All she said was pervaded by a sad romance, which shewed that her soul was deeply imbued with poetry.

"Toll!—Toll!—Toll!—How solemn!—White plumes!—White scarfs!—Hush—'Earth to earth'—oh dreadful!—It is crumbling on my breast! They all go—they leave me all—poor, poor Eliza!—they leave me all alone in the cold church.—He'll often walk in the church by himself—his tears will fall on the pavement—but I shall not hear him—nor see him!—He will never see me!—Will the organ play, I wonder?—It *may* wake me from sleep for a while!" I listened to all this, and was fit for nothing the rest of the day. Again—again I saw her, to let fall tears over the withered petals—the blighted blossoms of early beauty!—It wrung my heart to see her little more than a breathing corpse. Oh, the gloom—anguish—desolation, diffused through——Hall! It *could* be felt; it *oppressed* you, on entering!

* * * On Saturday morning, (the — day of November, 18—,) I drove down early, having the preceding evening promised to be there as soon as possible the next day. It was a cold, scowling, bitter November morning, and my heart sunk within me as my chariot rattled rapidly along the hard highway towards——Hall. But I was too late. The curtain had fallen, and hid poor Eliza Herbert from this world, for ever!—She had expired about half an hour before my arrival.

As I was returning to town, after attending the funeral of Miss Herbert, full of bitter and sorrowful thoughts, I met a travelling carriage and four thundering down the road. It contained poor Captain —, his valet, and a young Italian medical attendant—all just returned from the continent. He looked white and wasted. The crape on my hat—my gloves—weepers—mourning suit, told all instantly. I was in a moment at his side—for he had swooned. As for the disconsolate baronet, little remains to be said. He disposed of — Hall; and, sick of England—ill and irritable—he attempted to regain his Indian appointment, but unsuccessfully; so he betook himself to a solitary house belonging to the family, in —shire; and, in the touching language of one of old, “Went on mourning to the end of his days.”

THE SPECTRAL DOG—AN ILLUSION.

THE age of ghosts and hobgoblins is gone by, says worthy Dr Hilbert; and so, after him, says almost every body now-a-days. These mysterious visitants are henceforth to be resolved into mere optical delusion, acting on an excitable fancy, and an irritable nervous temperament; and the report of a real *bona fide* ghost, or apparition, is utterly scouted. Possibly this may not be going too far, even though it be in the teeth of some of the most stubborn facts that are on record. One, or possibly two, of this character, I may perhaps present to the reader on a future occasion; but at present I shall content myself with relating a very curious and interesting case of acknowledged *optical delusion*; and I have no doubt that many of my medical readers can parallel it with similar occurrences within the sphere of their own observation.

Mr D—— was a clergyman of the Church of England, educated at Oxford,—a scholar, “a ripe and good one,”—a man of remarkably acute and powerful understanding; but, according to his own account, destitute of even an atom of imagination. He was also an exemplary minister; preached twice, willingly, every Sun-

day; and performed all the other duties of his office with zealous fidelity, and to the full satisfaction of his parishioners. If any man is less likely to be terrified with ghosts, or has less reason to be so, than another, surely it was such a character as Mr D——.

He had been officiating on Sunday evening for an invalid friend, at the latter's church, a few miles' distance from London, and was walking homewards enjoying the tranquillity of the night, and enlivened by the cheerful beams of the full moon. When at about three miles distance from town, he suddenly heard, or fancied he heard, immediately behind him, the sound of gasping and panting, as of a dog following at his heels, breathless with running. He looked round, on both sides; but seeing no dog, thought he must have been deceived, and resumed his walk and meditations. The sound was presently repeated. Again he looked round, but with no better success than before. After a little pause, thinking there was something rather odd about it, it suddenly struck him, that what he had heard was nothing more than the noise of his own hard breathing, occasioned by the insensibly accelerated pace at which he was walking, intent upon some subject which then particularly occupied his thoughts. He had not walked more than ten paces further, when he again heard precisely similar sounds; but with a running accompaniment—if I may be allowed a pun—of the pit-pit-pattering of a dog's feet, following close behind his left side.

“God bless me!” exclaimed Mr D—— aloud, stopping for the third time, and looking round in all directions, far and near; “why, really, that's *very* odd—very!—Surely I could not have been mistaken again?” He continued standing still, wiped his forehead, replaced his hat on his head, and, with a *little* trepidation, resumed his walk, striking his stout black walking-stick on the ground with a certain energy and resoluteness, which sufficed in re-assuring his own flurried spirits. The next thirty or forty paces of his walk Mr D—— passed over “*erectis auribus*,” and hearing nothing similar to the sounds which had thrice attracted

his attention, was relapsing into his meditative mood, when, in a few moments, the noise was repeated, apparently from his right-hand side; and he gave something like a start from the path-side into the road, on feeling the calf of his leg brushed past—as he described it—by the shaggy coat of his invisible attendant. He looked suddenly down, and, to his very great alarm and astonishment, beheld the dim outline of a large Newfoundland dog—of a *blue* colour! He moved from the spot where he was standing—the phantom followed him—he rubbed his eyes with his hands, shook his head, and again looked; but there it still was, large as a young calf, [to which he himself compared it,] and had assumed a more distinct and definite form. The colour, however, continued the same—faint blue. He observed, too, its eyes—like dim-decaying fire-coals, as it looked up composedly in his face. He poked about his walking-stick, and moved it repeatedly through and through the form of the phantom; but there it continued—indivisible—impalpable—in short as much a dog as ever, and yet the stick traversing its form in every direction from the tail to the tip of the nose! Mr D— hurried on a few steps, and again looked;—there was the dog! Now the reader should be informed that Mr D— was a remarkably temperate man, and had, that evening, contented himself with a solitary glass of port by the bedside of his sick brother; so that there was no room for supposing his perceptions to have been disturbed with liquor.

“What *can* it be?” thought he, while his heart knocked rather harder than usual against the bars of its prison—“oh, it must be an *optical delusion*—oh, ’tis clearly so! nothing in the world worse! that’s all. How odd!”—and he smiled, he thought very unconcernedly;—but another glimpse of the phantom standing by him in blue indistinctness instantly darkened his features with the hue of apprehension. If it really *was* an optical delusion, it was the most fixed and pertinacious one he ever heard of! The best part of valour is discretion, says Shakspeare; and in all things; so, ob-

serving a stage passing by at that moment, to put an end to the matter, Mr D—, with a little trepidation in his tone, ordered it to stop; there was just room for *one* inside; and in stepped Mr D—, chuckling at the cunning fashion after which he had succeeded in jockeying his strange attendant. Not feeling inclined to talk with the fat woman who sat next him, squeezing him most unmercifully against the side of the coach, nor with the elderly grazier-looking man fronting him, whose large dirty top-boots seriously incommoded him, he shut his eyes, that he might pursue his thoughts undisturbed. After about five minutes’ riding, he suddenly opened his eyes—and the first thing that met them was the figure of the blue dog, lying stretched in some unaccountable manner at his feet, half under the seat!

“I—I—hope THE DOG does not annoy you, sir?” enquired Mr D—, a little flustered, of the man opposite, hoping to discern whether the dog chose to be visible to any one else.

“Sir!” exclaimed the person he addressed, starting from a kind of doze, and staring about in the bottom of the coach.

“Lord, sir!” echoed the woman beside him.

“A dog, sir, did you say?” enquired several, in a breath.

“Oh—nothing—nothing, I assure you. ’Tis a little mistake,” replied Mr D—, with a faint smile; “I—I thought—in short, I find I’ve been *dreaming*; and I’m sure I beg pardon for disturbing you.” Every one in the coach laughed except Mr D—, whose eyes continued riveted on the dim blue outline of the dog lying motionless at his feet. He was now certain that he was suffering from an optical illusion of some sort or other, and endeavoured to prevent his thoughts from running into an alarmed channel, by striving to engage his faculties with the *philosophy* of the thing. He could make nothing out, however; and the Q. E. D. of his thinkings startled him not a little, when it came in the shape of the large blue dog, leaping at his heels out of the coach, when he alighted. Arrived at home, he lost sight of the phantom during the time

of supper and the family devotions. As soon as he had extinguished his bedroom candle, and got into bed, he was nearly leaping out again, on feeling a sensation as if a large dog had jumped on that part of the bed where his feet lay. He *felt* its pressure! He said he was inclined to rise, and make it a subject of special prayer to the Deity. Mrs D—— asked him what was the matter with him? for he became very cold, and shivered a little. He easily quieted her with saying he felt a little chilled; and as soon as she was fairly asleep, he got quietly out of bed, and walked up and down the room. Wherever he moved, he beheld, by the moonlight through the window, the dim dusky outline of the dog, following wherever he went! Mr D—— opened the windows, he did not exactly know why, and mounted the dressing-table for that purpose. On looking down before he leaped on the floor, there was the dog waiting for him, squatting composedly on his haunches! There was no standing this any longer, thought Mr D——, delusion or no delusion; so he ran to the bed—plunged beneath the clothes, and, thoroughly frightened, dropt at length asleep, his head under cover all night! On waking in the morning, he thought it must have been all a dream about the dog, for it had totally disappeared with the daylight. When an hour's glancing in all directions had convinced him that the phantom was really no longer visible, he told the whole to Mrs D——, and made very merry with her fears—for she would have it, it was “something supernatural,” and, good lady, “Mr D—— might depend upon it, the thing had its errand!” Four times subsequently to this did Mr D—— see the spectral visitant—in nowise altered either in its manner, form, or colour. It was always late in the evenings when he observed it, and generally when he was alone.—He was a man extensively acquainted with physiology; but felt utterly at a loss to what derangement, of what part of the animal economy to refer it. So, indeed, was I—for he came to consult me about it. He was with me once during the presence of the phantom. I examined his eyes with a candle, to see whether the inter-

rupted motions of the irides indicated any sudden alteration of the functions of the optic nerve; but the pupils contracted and dilated with perfect regularity. One thing, however, was certain—his stomach had been latterly a little out of order, and every body knows the intimate connexion between its functions and the nervous system. But why he should see spectra—why they should assume and retain the figure of a dog, and of such an uncanine colour too—and why it should so pertinaciously attach itself to him, and be seen precisely the same, at the various intervals after which it made its appearance—and why he should hear, or imagine he heard it utter sounds,—all these questions I am as unable to answer as Mr D—— was, or as the reader will be. He may account for it in whatever way his ingenuity may enable him.—I have seen and known other cases of spectra, not unlike the one above related; and great alarm and horror have they excited in the breasts of persons blessed with less firmness and good sense than Mr D—— displayed.

THE FORGER.

A GROOM, in plain livery, left a card at my house one afternoon during my absence, on which was the name, “MR GLOUCESTER, No. —, REGENT STREET;” and in pencil, the words—“Will thank Dr — to call this evening.” As my red-book was lying on the table at the time, I looked in it, from mere casual curiosity, to see whether the name of “Gloucester” appeared there—but it did not. I concluded, therefore, that my new patient must be a recent comer. About six o'clock that evening, I drove to Regent Street, sent in my card, and was presently ushered by the man-servant into a spacious apartment, somewhat shewily furnished. The mild retiring sunlight of a July evening was diffused over the room; and ample crimson window-curtains, half drawn, mitigated the glare of the gilded picture-frames which hung in great numbers round the walls. There was a large round table in the middle of the room covered with papers, magazines, books,

cards, &c.; and, in a word, the whole aspect of things indicated the residence of a person of some fashion and fortune. On a side-table lay several pairs of boxing-gloves, foils, &c. &c.—The object of my visit, Mr Gloucester, was seated on an elegant ottoman, in a pensive posture, with his head leaning on his hand, which rested on the table. He was engaged with the newspaper when I was announced. He rose as I entered, politely handed me to a chair, and then resumed his seat on the ottoman. His countenance was rather pleasing—fresh-coloured, with regular features, and very light auburn hair, which was adjusted with a sort of careless fashionable negligence. I may perhaps be laughed at by some for noticing such an apparently insignificant circumstance; but the observant humour of my profession must sufficiently account for my detecting the fact, that his *hands* were not those of a *born and bred* gentleman—of one who, as the phrase is, “has never *done any thing*” in his life; but they were coarse, large, and clumsy-looking. As for his demeanour also, there was a constrained and over-anxious display of politeness—an assumption of fashionable ease and indifference, that sate ill on him, like a court-dress fastened on a vulgar fellow. He spoke with a would-be jaunty, free-and-easy, small-swagger sort of air, and changed at times the tones of his voice to an offensive cringing softness, which, I daresay, he took to be monstrously insinuating. All these little circumstances put together prepossessed me with a sudden feeling of dislike to the man. These sort of people are a great nuisance to one; since there is no knowing exactly how to treat them. After some hurried expressions of civility, Mr Gloucester informed me that he had sent for me on account of a deep depression of spirits, to which he was latterly subject. He proceeded to detail many of the symptoms of a disordered nervous system. He was tormented with vague apprehensions of impending calamity; could not divest himself of an unaccountable trepidation of manner, which, by attracting observation, seriously disconcerted him on many

occasions; felt incessantly tempted to the commission of suicide; loathed society; disrelished his former scenes of amusement; had lost his appetite; passed restless nights, and was disturbed with appalling dreams. His pulse, tongue, countenance, &c. corroborated the above statement of his symptoms. I asked him whether any thing unpleasant had occurred in his family? Nothing of the kind. Disappointed in an *affaire du cœur*? Oh, no. Unsuccessful at play? By no means—he did not play. Well—had he *any* source of secret annoyance which could account for his present depression? He coloured, seemed embarrassed, and apparently hesitating whether or not he should communicate to me what weighed on his spirits. He, however, seemed determined to keep me in ignorance, and with some alteration of manner, said, suddenly, that it was only a constitutional nervousness—his family were all so—and he wished to know whether it was in the power of medicine to relieve him. I replied that I would certainly do all that lay in my power, but that he must not expect any sudden and miraculous effect from the medicines I might prescribe;—that I saw clearly he had something on his mind which oppressed his spirits—that he ought to go into cheerful society—he sighed—seek change of air—that, he said, was, under circumstances, impossible. I rose to go. He gave me two guineas, and begged me to call the next evening. I left, not knowing what to make of him. To tell the plain truth, my suspicion was that he was neither more or less than a systematic London sharper—a gamester—a hanger-on about town—and that he had sent for me in consequence of some of those sudden alternations of fortune to which the lives of such men are subject. I was by no means anxious for a prolonged attendance on him.

About the same time next evening I paid him a second visit. He was stretched on the ottoman, enveloped in a gaudy dressing-gown, with his arms folded on his breast, and his right foot hanging over the side of the ottoman, and dangleing about as if in search of a stray slipper. I did not like this elaborately careless and con-

ceited posture. A decanter or two, with some wine glasses, stood on the table. He did not rise on my entering, but, with a languid air, begged me to be seated in a chair opposite him. "Good evening, Doctor—good evening," said he, in a low and hurried tone; "I'm glad you are come, for if you had not, I'm sure I don't know what I should have done. I'm deucedly low to-night."

"Have you taken the medicines I prescribed, Mr Gloucester?" I enquired, feeling his pulse, which fluttered irregularly, indicating a high degree of nervous excitement. He had taken most of the physic I had ordered, he said, but without perceiving any effect from it. "In fact, Doctor," he continued, starting from his recumbent position to his feet, and walking rapidly three or four paces to and fro—"d—n me, if I know what's come to me. I feel as if I could cut my throat." I insinuated some questions for the purpose of ascertaining whether there was any hereditary tendency to *insanity* in his family—but it would not do. "He saw," he said, "what I was *driving at*," but I was "on a wrong scent."

"Come, come, Doctor!—after all, there's nothing like *wine* for low spirits, is there? D—me, Doctor, drink, drink. Only taste that claret"—and, after pouring out a glass for me, which ran over the brim on the table—his hand was so unsteady—he instantly gulped down two glasses himself. There was a vulgar offensive familiarity in his manner, from which I felt inclined to stand off; but I thought it better to conceal my feelings. I was removing my glove from my right hand, and putting my hat and stick on the table, when, seeing a thin slip of paper lying on the spot where I intended to place them—apparently a bill or promissory note—I was going to hand it over to Mr Gloucester; but, to my astonishment, he suddenly sprung towards me, snatched from me the paper, with an air of ill-disguised alarm, and crumpled it up into his pocket, saying hurriedly,—“Ha, ha, Doctor—d—me!—this same little bit of paper—didn't see the name, eh? 'Tis the bill of an extravagant young friend of mine, whom I've just come down a cool hundred or two for—and it wouldn't

be the handsome thing to let his name appear—ha—you understand?" He stammered confusedly, directing to me a sudden and penetrating glance as I ever encountered. I felt excessively uneasy, and inclined to take my departure instantly. My suspicions were now confirmed—I was sitting familiarly with a swindler—a gambler—and the bill he was so anxious to conceal, was evidently wrung from one of his ruined dupes. My demeanour was instantly frozen over with the most distant and frigid civility. I begged him to be re-seated, and allow me to put a very few more questions to him, as I was in great haste. I was thus engaged, when a heavy knock was heard at the outer door. Though there was nothing particular in it, Mr Gloucester started, and turned pale. In a few moments I heard the sound of altercation—the door of the room in which we sat was presently opened, and two men entered. Recollecting suddenly a similar scene in my own early history, I felt faint. There was no mistaking the character or errand of the two fellows, who now walked up to where we were sitting: they were two sullen Newgate myrmidons, and—gracious God!—had a warrant to arrest Mr Gloucester for *FORGERY*! I rose from my chair, and staggered a few paces, I knew not whither. I could scarce preserve myself from falling on the floor. Mr Gloucester, as soon as he caught sight of the officers, fell back on the ottoman—suddenly pressed his hand to his heart—turned pale as death, and gasped, breathless with horror.

"Gentlemen—what—what—do you want here?"

"Isn't your name E—— T——?" asked the elder of the two, coolly and unconcernedly.

"N—o—my name is Glou—ces—ter," stammered the wretched young man, almost inaudibly.

"Gloucester, eh?—oh, d—me, none of that there sort of blarney! Come, my kiddy—caged at last, eh? We've been long after you, and now you must be off with us directly. Here's your passport," said one of the officers, pointing to the warrant. The young man uttered a deep groan, and sunk senseless on the sofa. One of the officers, I cannot conceive how, was

acquainted with my person; and, taking off his hat, said, in a respectful tone—"Doctor, you'll bring him to his wits again, an't please you—We *must* have him off directly!" Though myself but a trifle removed from the state in which he lay stretched before me, I did what I could to restore him, and succeeded at length. I unbuttoned his shirt-collar, dashed in his face some water brought by his man-servant, who now stood looking on shivering with affright—and endeavoured to calm his agitation by such soothing expressions as I could command.

"Oh, Doctor, Doctor, what a horrible dream it was!—Are they gone?—are they?" he enquired, without opening his eyes, and clasping my hand in his, which was cold as that of a corpse.

"Come, come—none of these here tantrums—you must *off* at once—that's the long and short of it," said an officer, approaching, and taking from his coat-pocket a pair of handcuffs, at sight of which, and of a large horse pistol projecting from his breast-pocket, my very soul sickened.

"Oh, Doctor, Doctor—save me! save me!" groaned their prisoner, clasping my hands with convulsive energy.

"Come—d—n your cowardly snivelling!—Why can't you behave like a man now, eh?—Come!—Off with this peacock's covering of yours—it was never made for the like of *you*, I'm sure—and put on a plain coat, and off to cage like a sensible bird," said one of the two, proceeding to remove the dressing-gown very roughly.

"Oh, my God—oh, my God—have mercy on me!—Oh, strike me dead at once!" nearly shrieked their prisoner, falling on his knees on the floor, and glaring towards the ceiling with an almost maniac eye.

"I hope you'll not treat your prisoner with unnecessary severity," said I, seeing them disposed to be very unceremonious.

"No—not by no manner of means, if as how he behaves himself," replied one of the men, respectfully. Mr Gloucester's dressing-gown was quickly removed, and his body-coat—himself perfectly passive the while—

drawn on by his bewildered servant, assisted by one of the officers. It was nearly a new coat, cut in the very extreme of the latest fashion, and contrasted strangely with the disordered and affrighted air of its wearer. His servant placed his hat on his head, and endeavoured to draw on his gloves—showy sky-coloured kid. He was standing with a stupefied air, gazing vacantly at the officers, when he started suddenly to the window, manifestly with the intention of leaping out.

"Ha, ha! *that's* your game, my lad, is it?" coolly exclaimed one of the officers, as he snatched him back again with a vice-like grasp of the collar. "Now, since *that's* the sport you're for, why, you must be content to wear these little bracelets for the rest of your journey. D—me! it's your own seeking; for I didn't mean to have used them, if as how you'd only behaved perfectly;" and in an instant the young man's hands were locked together in the handcuffs. It was sickening to see the frantic efforts—as if he would have severed his hands from the wrists—he made to burst the handcuffs.

"Take me—to *Hell*, if you choose!" he gasped, in a hoarse hollow tone, sinking into a chair, utterly exhausted, while one of the officers was busily engaged rummaging the drawers, desks, &c. in search of papers. When he had concluded his search, filled his pockets, and buttoned his coat, the two approached, and told him to rise and accompany them.

"Now, d—me! are you for a rough or a quiet passage, eh?" said one of them, seizing him not very gently by the collar. He received no answer. The wretched prisoner was more dead than alive.

"I hope you have a hackney-coach in waiting, and don't intend to drag the young man through the streets on foot?" I enquired.

"Why, true, true, Doctor—it might be as well for us all; but who's to *stump up* for it?" replied one of the officers. I gave him five shillings, and the servant was instantly dispatched for a hackney-coach. While they were waiting its arrival, conceiving I could not be of any use to Mr Gloucester, and not choosing to be seen leaving the house with two po-

lice officers and a handcuffed prisoner, I took my departure, and drove home in such a state of agitation as I have never experienced before or since. The papers of the next morning explained all. The young man "living in Regent Street, in first-rate style," who had summoned me to visit him, had committed a series of forgeries, for the last eighteen months, to a great amount, and with so much secrecy and dexterity, as to have, till then, escaped detection; and had, for the last few months, been enjoying the produce of his skilful villainy in the style I witnessed—passing himself off, in the circles where he associated, under the assumed name of *Gloucester*. The immediate cause of his arrest was forging the acceptance of an eminent mercantile house to a bill of exchange for L.45. Poor fellow! it was short work with him afterwards. He was arraigned at the next September sessions of the Old Bailey—the case clearly proved against him—he offered no defence—was found guilty, and sentenced to death. Shortly after this, while reading the papers one Saturday morning, at breakfast, my eye lit on the usual gloomy announcement of the Recorder's visit to Windsor, and report to the King in Council of the prisoners found guilty at the last Old Bailey Sessions—"all of whom," the paragraph concluded, "his Majesty was graciously pleased to respite during his royal pleasure, except E—— T——, on whom the law is left to take its course next Tuesday morning."

Transient and any thing but agreeable as had been my intimacy with this miserable young man, I could not read this intelligence with indifference. He whom I had so very lately seen surrounded with the life-bought luxuries of a man of wealth and fashion, was now shivering the few remaining hours of his life in the condemned cells of Newgate! The next day (Sunday) I entertained a party of friends at my house to dinner; to which I was just sitting down when one of the servants put a note into my hand, of which the following is a copy:—

"The Chaplain of Newgate is earnestly requested by E—— T——, (the young man sentenced to suffer

for forgery next Tuesday morning,) to present his humble respects to Dr ——, and solicit the favour of a visit from him in the course of to-morrow (Monday). The unhappy convict, Mr —— believes, has something on his mind, which he is anxious to communicate to Dr ——.—Newgate, September 28th, 182—.

I felt it impossible, after perusing this note, to enjoy the company I had invited. What on earth could the culprit have to say to me?—what unreasonable request might the put me to the pain of refusing?—ought I to see him at all?—were questions which I incessantly proposed to myself during the evening, but felt unable to answer. I resolved, however, at last, to afford him the desired interview, and be at the cell of Newgate in the course of the next evening, unless my professional engagements prevented me. About six o'clock, therefore, on Monday, after fortifying myself with a few extra glasses of wine—for why should I hesitate to acknowledge that I apprehended much distress and agitation from witnessing so unusual a scene?—I drove to the Old Bailey, drew up opposite the Governor's house, and was received by him very politely. He dispatched a turnkey to lead me to the cell where my late patient, the *soi-disant* Mr Gloucester, was immured in chilling expectancy of his fate.

Surely horror has appropriated these gloomy regions for her peculiar dwelling-place! Who that has passed through them once, can ever forget the long, narrow, lamp-lit passages,—the sepulchral silence, save where the ear is startled with the clangour of iron doors closing harshly before and behind,—the dimly-seen spectral figure of the prison-patrol gliding along with loaded blunderbuss,—and the chilling consciousness of being surrounded by so many fiends in human shape,—inhaling the foul atmosphere of all the concentrated crime and guilt of the metropolis! My heart leaped within me to listen even to my own echoing footfalls; and I felt several times inclined to return without fulfilling the purpose of my visit. My vacillation, however, was abruptly put an end to by my guide exclaiming, "Here we are, sir." While he was unbar-

ring the cell-door, I begged him to continue at the outside of the door during the few moments of my interview with the convict.

"Holloa! young man, there—here's Dr ——— come to see you!" said the turnkey, hoarsely, as he ushered me in. The cell was small and gloomy; and a little lamp lying on the table, barely sufficed to shew me the persons of the culprit, and an elderly, respectable-looking man, muffled in a drab greatcoat, and sitting gazing in stupefied silence on the prisoner.—Great God, it was his FATHER! He did not seem conscious of my entrance; but his son rose, and feebly asked me how I was, muttered a few words of thanks, sunk again—apparently overpowered with his feelings—into his seat, and fixed his eyes on a page of the Bible, which was lying open before him. A long silence ensued; for none of us seemed either able or inclined to talk. I contemplated the two with feelings of lively interest. How altered was the young culprit before me, from the gay "Mr Gloucester," whom I had visited in Regent Street! His face had now a ghastly, cadaverous hue; his hair was matted, with perspiration, over his sallow forehead; his eyes were sunk and bloodshot, and seemed incapable of distinguishing the print to which they were directed. He was dressed in a plain suit of mourning, and wore a simple black stock round his neck. How I shuddered, when I thought of the rude hands which were soon to unloose it! Beside him, on the table, lay a white pocket handkerchief, completely saturated, either with tears, or wiping the perspiration from his forehead; and a glass of water, with which he occasionally moistened his parched lips. I knew not whether he was more to be pitied than his wretched, heart-broken father! The latter seemed a worthy, respectable person, (he was an industrious tradesman in the country,) with a few thin grey hairs scattered over his otherwise bald head, and sate with his hands closed together, resting on his knees, gazing on his doomed son with a lack-lustre eye, which, together with his anguish-worn features, told eloquently of his sufferings!

"Well, Doctor!" exclaimed the young man, at length, closing the Bible, "I have now read that blessed chapter to the end; and, I thank God, I think I *feel* it.—But now, let me thank you, Doctor, for your good and kind attention to my request! I have something particular to say to you, but it must be in private," he continued, looking significantly at his father, as though he wished him to take the hint, and withdraw for a few moments. Alas! the heart-broken parent understood him not, but continued with his eyes riveted—vacantly—as before.

"We *must* be left alone for a moment," said the young man, rising, and stepping to the door. He knocked, and when it was opened, whispered the turnkey to remove his father gently, and let him wait outside for an instant or two. The man entered for that purpose, and the prisoner took hold tenderly of his father's hand, and said, "Dear—dear father!—you must leave me for a moment, while I speak in private to this gentleman;" at the same time endeavouring to raise him from the chair.

"Oh! yes—yes—What?—Of course," stammered the old man, with a bewildered air, rising; and then, as it were with a sudden gush of full returning consciousness, flung his arms round his son, folded him convulsively to his breast, and groaned—"Oh, my son; my poor son!" Even the iron visage of the turnkey seemed darkened with a transient emotion, at this heart-breaking scene. The next moment we were left alone; but it was some time before the culprit recovered from the agitation occasioned by this sudden ebullition of his father's feelings.

"Doctor," he gasped at length, "we've but a few—very few moments, and I have much to say. God Almighty bless you," squeezing my hands convulsively, "for this kindness to a guilty, unworthy wretch like me; and the business I wanted to see you about is sad, but short. I have heard so much of your goodness, Doctor, that I'm sure you won't deny me the only favour I shall ask."

"Whatever is reasonable and proper—if it lie in my way—I shall

certainly—" said I, anxiously waiting to see the nature of the communication he seemed to have for me to execute.

"Thank you, Doctor; thank you. It is only this—in a word—guilty wretch that I am!—I have"—he trembled violently—"seduced a lovely, but poor girl—God forgive me!—And—and—she is now—nearly on the verge of her *confinement*!" He suddenly covered his face with his handkerchief, and sobbed bitterly for some moments. Presently he resumed—"Alas, she knows me not by my real name; so that, when she reads the account of—of—my execution in the papers of Wednesday—she won't know it is *her* Edward! Nor does she know me by the name I bore in Regent Street. She is not at all acquainted with my frightful situation; but she *must* be, when all is over! Now, dear, kind, good Doctor," he continued, shaking from head to foot, and grasping my hand, "do, for the love of God, and the peace of my dying moments, promise me that you will see her—(she lives at ———)—visit her in her confinement, and gradually break the news of my death to her; and say my last prayers will be for her, and that my Maker may forgive me for her ruin! You will find in this little bag a sum of L.30—the last I have on earth—I beg you will take five guineas for your own fee, and give the rest to my precious—my ruined Mary!" He fell down on his knees, and folded his arms round mine, in a supplicating attitude. My tears fell on him, as he looked up at me—"Oh, God be thanked for these blessed tears!—They assure me you will do what I ask—may I believe you will?"

"Yes—yes—yes, young man," I replied, with a quivering lip; "it is a painful task; but I will do it—give her the money, and add ten pounds to the thirty, should it be necessary."—"Oh, Doctor, depend on it, God will bless you and yours for ever, for this noble conduct!—And now, I have *one* thing more to ask—yes—one thing"—he seemed choked—"Doctor, your skill will enable you to inform me—I wish to know—is—the death I must die to-morrow"—he put his hand to his neck, and, shaking like an aspen-leaf, sunk down again into the chair from which he

had risen—"is—hanging—a painful—a tedious—" He could utter no more, nor could I answer him.

"Do not," I replied, after a pause, "do not put me to the torture of listening to questions like these. Pray to your merciful God; and, rely on it, no one ever prayed sincerely in vain. The thief on the cross—" I faltered; then feeling, that if I continued in the cell a moment longer, I should faint, I rose, and shook the young man's hands; he could not speak, but sobbed and gasped convulsively;—and in a few moments I was driving home. As soon as I was seated in my carriage I could restrain my feelings no longer, but burst into a flood of tears. I prayed to God I might never be called to pass through such a bitter and afflicting scene again, to the latest hour I breathed! I ought to have called on several patients that evening, but finding myself utterly unfit, I sent apologies, and went home. My sleep in the night was troubled; the distorted image of the convict I had been visiting flitted in horrible shapes round my bed all night long. An irresistible and most morbid restlessness and curiosity took possession of me, to witness the end of this young man. The first time the idea presented itself, it sickened me; I revolted from it. How my feelings changed, I know not; but I rose at seven o'clock, and, without hinting it to any one, put on the large top coat of my servant, and directed my hurried steps towards the Old Bailey. I got into one of the houses immediately opposite the gloomy gallows, and took my station, with several other visitors, at the window. They were conversing on the subject of the execution, and unanimously execrated the sanguinary severity of the laws which could deprive a young man, such as they said E—— T—— was, of his life, for an offence of merely civil institution. Of course, I did not speak. It was a wretched morning; a drizzling shower fell incessantly. The crowd was not great, but conducted themselves most indecorously. Even the female portion—by far the greater—occasionally vociferated joyously and boisterously, as they recognised their acquaintance among the crowd. At length, St Sepulchre's bell tolled the hour of

eight—gloomy herald of many a sinner's entrance into eternity; and as the last chimes died away on the ear, and were succeeded by the muffled tolling of the prison bell, which I could hear with agonizing distinctness, I caught a glimpse of the glistening gold-tipped wands of the two under-sheriffs, as they took their station under the shade at the foot of the gallows. In a few moments, the Ordinary, and another grey-haired gentleman, made their appearance; and between them was the unfortunate criminal. He ascended the steps with considerable firmness. His arms were pinioned before and behind; and when he stood on the gallows, I could hear the exclamations of the crowd—"Lord, Lord, what a fine young man! Poor fellow!" He was dressed in a suit of respectable mourning, and wore black kid gloves. His light hair had evidently been adjusted with some care, and fell in loose curls over each side of his temples. His countenance was much as I saw it on the preceding evening—fearfully pale; and his demeanour was much more composed than I had expected, from what I had witnessed of his agitation in the condemned cell. He bowed twice very low, and rather formally, to the crowd around—gave a sudden and ghastly glance at the beam over his head, from which the rope was suspended, and then suffered the executioner to place him on the

precise spot which he was to occupy, and prepare him for death. I was shocked at the air of sullen, brutal indifference, with which the executioner loosed and removed his neckerchief, which was white, and tied with neatness and precision—dropped the accursed noose over his head, and adjusted it round the bare neck—and could stand it no longer. I staggered from my place at the window to a distant part of the room, dropped into a chair, shut my eyes, closed my tingling ears with my fingers,—and, with a hurried aspiration for God's mercy towards the wretched young criminal who, within a very few yards of me, was, perhaps, that instant surrendering his life into the hands which gave it, continued motionless for some minutes, till the noise made by the persons at the window, in leaving, convinced me all was over. I rose and followed them down stairs; worked my way through the crowd, without daring to elevate my eyes, lest they should encounter the suspended corpse,—threw myself into a coach, and hurried home. I did not recover the agitation produced by this scene for several days.—This was the end of a FORGER!

In conclusion, I may just inform the reader, that I faithfully executed the commission with which he had intrusted me, and a bitter, heart-rending business it was!

THE PROPERTY AND GOVERNMENT OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

EVERY man who is a friend to that religion which is the most mild, tolerant, and scriptural in its doctrines—the most free from bigotry, fanaticism, and tyranny in its spirit and practice—the most in harmony with political freedom—and the most fruitful of national prosperity and happiness, must be a friend to the Church of England. And every friend to this Church must find in her modern history cause of bitter sorrow and gloomy apprehension.

Thirty or forty years ago, she had even her warmest friends in the middle and lower classes; she was enthusiastically supported by the body of the English population; while the dissenters, low in station, few in number, confined to particular places, destitute of political weight, and assailed by popular hostility, were so far from being able to attack her possessions, that they could scarcely enjoy the toleration allowed them by law. In Ireland, her laymen, as well as clergy, were, save in the exception, her devoted champions; and the Catholics, as a body, solemnly disavowed all enmity to her property and rights. While she was thus mighty in national attachment, she was the revered spouse of the State; the law gave her, directly, or otherwise, a monopoly of almost all influential and civil trusts.

At present the state of things is wellnigh reversed. It is not yet quite so much a matter of reproach to be a churchman as it was formerly to be a dissenter; but, however, the churchmen have sunk into a despised minority. To defend the Church is to provoke popular derision and enmity, and in almost every struggle her party is defeated. The middle and lower classes have transferred much of the animosity they heretofore entertained against the dissenters to her clergy; and with the higher ones, it has become a system to stand aloof from her and advise concession in every thing that affects her interests. While the dissenters have gained the first place in popular favour and support, they have been exempted from legal restriction, and they are alone, or in conjunction with her

other enemies, making offensive war on her in every direction. One party attacks her tithes, another her rates, and a third her authority; in both England and Ireland, the seizure of a large part of her wealth is openly advocated. To give the utmost effect to the turn of popular feeling against her, she has been divorced from the State, and made its political menial.

If any thing on earth can be certain, this must be so—if the Church of England continue to decline as she has long done, her fall cannot be far distant.

We might take hope, if we could see reason to believe that the things which have operated so calamitously against her had exhausted their powers of evil; but, alas! we can only see the contrary. The assurances which were so profusely given on all sides, that the razing of her fortifications would free her from assault—the removal of restriction from the Protestant dissenter and Roman Catholic would put an end to their hostility towards her—and the carrying of the Catholic question would unite the body of the community in her favour, have been put to the proof; and what is the issue? Attack has been transferred from the disqualifications of her foes to her own existence; concession, instead of filling the dissenters, Protestant and Catholic, with the spirit of peace, has only prompted them to attempt such inroads on her property and rights as, a few years since, they did not dare to mention. The carrying of the Catholic question has converted an immense portion of her defenders into assailants, destroyed the bond which combined the body of the people with the aristocracy and clergy, and done much towards uniting the community against her. In Ireland, it has changed the Orangeman into a Liberal, stripped her of friends, and suspended exertions for extending her religion. At the election, it was the great cause, in both England and Ireland, of giving the House of Commons to those who are hostile to her.

The principle, that she can only prosper through the things which must, of necessity, cripple and destroy her, is still the prevailing one; and its parents have gained the control of the Legislature. Her party is powerless and passive. The Ministry has been incapacitated for defending, and its interests have been turned against her. The clergy and laity have been involved in war, and the latter has been taught to call for her spoliation, as a matter of pecuniary benefit.

We might be consoled if the decline of the Church had produced no evil to the empire. But the constitution, the laws, constituted authorities—all things valuable in the political and social edifice, have sunk in public veneration with her. In proportion as her political influence has declined, principles of government have prevailed which have filled the realm with loss, want, and suffering, and which threaten the dissolution of society; opposition to her has been, as a matter of course, the support of the innovator, demagogue, and traitor. Her loss of such influence has been an equal one to truth, independence, and freedom: it has, in a great measure, destroyed the salutary control which the enlightened part of society, and that part which has an interest in being independent, exercised over the remainder; and replaced it with the tyranny of the party knave, and the profligate of faction. What religion has lost in her fall, it has not gained in the exaltation of her rivals; its power has fallen with her in the Cabinet and Legislature, in every class, from the highest to the lowest. The humbler part of the population has not forsaken her to fill the chapels of the dissenters, but to forsake religion, and to a lamentable extent embrace infidelity. Of course, morals have declined with her; and corruption, want of principle, vice, and crime, have proportionally increased.

In this state of things it is idle to tell us to be silent. We may be assured by this or that bishop, that the affairs of the Church are conducted in the most pure and perfect manner, but it is rendered worthless by the fact, that instead of being able to stand her ground, she is ra-

pidly sinking. This fact is alone sufficient to convince us, that in her system of government there is something radically vicious and defective, and to justify us in an unsparing examination of it. The insinuation lately put forth by an Irish prelate, in the words, "Lay Synod," calls for small notice, because we think no English one would venture to repeat it. When the Church exists for the benefit of the laity—when laymen, by law, supply her Head, select her functionaries, and have her under their control, it is too much to intimate that they have no right to intermeddle with her affairs. Too long, indeed, have laymen contented themselves with passive obedience, and the time has arrived when they must display something of a different character; not the least of the reasons for their doing this is to be found in the indolence, incapacity, and misconduct of the clergy in regard to her present condition. To the stigmas cast by that party which bears the name of High Church, on all who suggest remedy and reform, we reply, Prove that the Church is flourishing and secure, and we will at once admit that change is unnecessary; those are her enemies who resist all attempts to save her from obvious ruin.

But we can find ample apology for what we are about to say in this alone. The clergy have a bill before Parliament for making a great change touching her titles: and report states, that such a strong and comprehensive measure, as a new distribution of her property, is on the eve of being brought forward. Every one will own, that the moment when she is placed under process of purgation and repair, is a peculiarly fitting one for suggesting all the amendments which her state appears to call for. While we think that the measures we have named will be beneficial, we are convinced that, alone, they will do little for her salvation—they will not reach the weightier causes which are working her ruin.

Some years since, we recommended sundry amendments, which have since been adopted in different dioceses, with, we believe, considerable benefit. We confined ourselves to

such as were not calculated to produce any derangement and disorder in the Church; because the state of the Catholic question made it impolitic for us to go further; this restriction exists no longer; it has been changed into an obligation for us to call loudly for every reform which we then could not in prudence mention. In discharging this obligation, we shall deem ourselves at liberty to revert to the amendments we formerly proposed, in so far as their importance and their connexion with a new distribution of church property may render it necessary.

In offering some brief remarks on the measures we have named, touching such property, we will, in the first place, notice the disgraceful doctrines which have been put forth in various quarters respecting the disposal of it. It is not by the poor and ignorant alone, that "reforms" in it have been called for which confessedly, or evidently, mean its seizure in a greater or smaller degree, for the uses of the State, or the benefit of individuals, who in claim to it have not the slightest.

The title of the Church to her property is as good as that of any individual whatever to his; and it is far better than that of many very exalted people. Much of this property—we are sorry for it—belongs to individuals. This has been denied, on the ground, that the clergyman only possesses his living for life, while the interest of the individual in his property is absolute; but the distinction is clearly worthless; to entitle it to notice, the living ought to revert to the State on the death of the clergyman. The property of the Church belongs to her in perpetuity, as that of the individual belongs to him; it has been again and again solemnly guaranteed to her by every authority in constitution and law, which can give sanctity to right; and it is preposterous to argue that her title to it is defective, because it does not belong in perpetuity to those who enjoy it under her as her servants. It does not follow that the State is its real owner, because her ministers are public functionaries: the State has divested itself of all right and claim to it, without reserving any power of resumption, save through acts of forfeiture in her. We need

not enquire how much of it she has received from private individuals; it is sufficient to say, that whether property be given by the State, or acquired in any other manner, the right to it is precisely the same. The impeachment of her title must destroy all security of private fortune.

Passing from right, is there any evidence to prove that the property of the Church is too great? It may be urged, that some of her ministers have too much of it; but it is demonstrable that many of them have far too little, and that, on the average, it is less than it ought to be on public as well as other grounds. While this is the case, it continually sustains great relative diminution; amidst the increase of population and individual wealth, it remains almost stationary.

The uses for which this property is set apart can need little illustration. To those—and, alas! they are far too numerous—who seem to think that religion is of no value in regard to a future state of existence, we may say that all acknowledge public morals to be essential for the weal of the community in every particular; and that the chief of these uses is to teach not only them, but the only thing which can keep them in existence. But the property is intended to do much more than bestow religious and moral instruction; it is to provide every dwelling, without excepting the humblest, with a friend in trouble, a comforter in sorrow, and a benefactor in distress.

If the State should lay unhallowed hands on the property of the Church, the body of the population could gain little from it in relief from taxation. The property thus taken would pass principally to the great landowners, and the benefit which the country draws from the clergy, as a numerous body of small ones, would be greatly reduced. In Ireland, the mass of the people, from their habits, would scarcely be reached by any remission of taxes which church-robbery would yield; while the latter would take the land from the best of resident proprietors, and give it to the absentees. Such robbery would operate in the most pernicious manner to the population at large.

When this is looked at, it is alike astonishing and afflicting, that men can be found to call for the spolia-

tion of the Church, as a matter of public benefit. It forms the best of all reasons why, instead of yielding to them, redoubled efforts should be made for extending religious instruction.

Returning to the measure which relates to the tithes; a clamour is raised against the latter by many landowners and farmers, as well as others, which has for its object abolition rather than commutation. We repeat what we said some time ago, that every owner of land subject to tithes, or his ancestors, either received it as a gift, or bought it, subject to them for ever. If it were given, they were not included in the gift; if it were bought, they were not included in the purchase, but on the contrary, their full value was allowed in the purchase-money. The owner of such land has no more right to the tithes of it, whatever their operation may be, than any other individual; yet their abolition would give them to him without equivalent. The base dishonesty of asking for this needs no other exposure.

What makes the matter the more unpardonable, is the fact, that very many of the landowners, who wish to seize on the tithes, warmly supported the changes of law, which brought on them the distress they plead in excuse. By their besotted ignorance and party profligacy, they plunged themselves and their tenants into suffering; and now they seek relief in the robbery of the innocent. Their plea amounts to this,—the Church must be despoiled for their benefit, because they have been imbecile and unprincipled.

The case is similar with the farmers. The rent of titheable, is in proportion even lower than that of tithe-free land, therefore the occupiers really pay no tithes at their own cost. The farmer, in effect, has the full value of his tithes returned to him in the shape of reduction of rent, and should they be abolished, his rent would have this value added to it.

It is urged that tithes operate against improvements. Those who look at the advances which agriculture has made in the last thirty years, will not find in this sufficient

ground for wholesale knavery. They are either a stimulant to enclosures, because, by the latter, the Church has land given her in lieu of them: in some other improvements, they can be taxed for their proportion of the cost. The landlord has small cause to complain of them on this score; and when the tenant only pays in rent and tithes jointly what the occupier of tithe-free land pays in rent alone, he cannot have much more.

This will shew the absurdity of the assertion, that it is unjust for Catholic landowners and farmers to be compelled to pay tithes to a Protestant Church. They are under no such compulsion; the tithes taken from their land do not, and never did, belong to them; and in reality they pay no more tithes than the owners and occupiers of tithe-free land.

But the question of right must be carried further. A very large portion of the tithes does not belong to the church, but is the property of laymen; it is very evident that the abolition of tithes would be as direct robbery to these laymen, as the confiscation of his fortune would be to Lord Ebrington, or any other tithe-reviler. Farther, another very large portion is strictly private property, although it is enjoyed by the Church; we allude to the livings which belong, by purchase or otherwise, to individuals, both lay and clerical; and abolition would be similar robbery here. It may be said, that the better part of those who declaim against tithes do not go so far; but it is very obvious that they seek change as a matter of unjust gain to themselves, and unjust loss to the tithe-owners.

If, then, tithes should be abolished, the gain would be almost wholly monopolized by the owners of land subject to them, who would acquire it through the direct robbery of another part of the community; the occupiers of such land would gain very little, if any thing; the owners and occupiers of tithe-free land, and the country at large, would gain nothing. To enable the community in the aggregate to draw pecuniary profit from tithes, they must be sold or annually collected for the benefit of the Treasury; in such case the owners and

occupiers of land subject to them will find them considerably augmented.

It is thus demonstrable that the whole which the landowners and farmers who clamour against tithes, are justly entitled to, is, liberty to buy the latter, or to pay an annual sum in lieu of them, according to their fair value: the rights of others will not grant more. From the feelings which are abroad respecting tithes, the litigation they produce, and the injury they inflict on the Church by creating enmity between the clergyman and his flock, we should rejoice to see this liberty conceded. Every friend of the Church must, from these reasons, wish to see them, not taken from her, but converted into a different kind of property. We are of course glad that her heads have brought forward a bill for their general commutation, and we earnestly trust it will be successful.

The second measure for amending the distribution of Church property, is, according to report, to be brought forward by Mr Brougham. If the report be true—and, for any thing we know, it may be groundless—we must say, the hands of the learned gentleman are the very last in which such employment ought to be placed. Changes in the internal affairs of the Church ought to be introduced only by the faithful part of the clergy, or such of her lay members as are known to be her warm and conscientious friends. When the anti-church assertions and projects which abound so greatly in Mr Brougham's history are looked at, is it possible to regard him as one of her members, or to suppose him free from hostility to her? As almost every measure which he has hitherto brought forward has made the public good subservient to that of party, may we not reasonably fear, that in this matter his object is, less the benefit of the Church, than the production of war amidst the clergy for the promotion of Whig interests? Have we not cause to believe that his intemperance and party fanaticism wholly unfit him for undertaking the question? Having said this to put the friends of the Church on their guard, we will add, if Mr Brougham bring forward a sound

plan in a right spirit, let him be supported.

Every intelligent well-wisher to the Church will, we think, own that her interests would be greatly promoted by a better distribution of her property; he will own this, not because some of her ministers have too much, but because others have far too little. That system must be alike vicious and injurious, which gives to a wealthy Church a poverty-stricken parochial clergy. In addition, a part of this property might be employed much more advantageously to her in other ways than the payment of her ministers.

Improvement might be carried to a very high point without putting any thing to hazard, or provoking any important difference of opinion. No small part of the wealth of the Church is enjoyed by men who either have almost nothing to do, or whose duties are of no value; and certainly valid objection could not be raised to the abolition of sinecures and useless offices, in order to give the emoluments of them to the laborious and effective part of the clergy.

A point of more difficulty presents itself in the taking of income from such of the industrious and necessary ministers of the Church as are overpaid. The duties of a prelate are of the highest importance, and if they be properly performed, they are most laborious ones. Those, therefore, on whom they rest, ought to be paid liberally; they ought, for the sake of public benefit, to have too much rather than too little; but their emoluments should be regulated in some degree by the principles which govern salary in civil offices. If, without touching the poorer sees, a portion of revenue were taken from the rich ones, and given to small livings, there would be much justice as well as wisdom in the measure. It must be grievous wrong for a Bishop to enjoy a great excess of wealth, as long as there is one clergyman who has not a competency.

In many cases the living of a small village yields from L.500 to L.1500 per annum; while that of a populous town does not yield more than L.300 or L.400. The greatness of the income in the village is pernicious; it places the minister so far above his

flock, that he is either a stranger or tyrant, instead of what he ought to be. The smallness of the income in the town is equally pernicious; it disables the minister for employing proper assistance, and attending to the just claims on his benevolence. If, by any possibility, an exchange of livings could take place between the village and the town, it would be highly beneficial.*

The living of a village yields L. 1000 per annum, while those of two adjoining villages only yield each L. 100. For reasons which will soon be disclosed, we do not wish to see equality, but if, without making any change of fixed property, L. 100 per annum of income were taken from the rich living, and divided between the poor ones, it would, in regard to the interests of the Church, be highly beneficial to all the three. In many cases this could not be done, because the livings are private property; but even in them the transferring of a rich living from a small village to a large town in the way of exchange cannot be an impossibility.

In large cities and towns, the minister of the parish church has perhaps a revenue much greater than necessary, while his church can only accommodate a trifling part of the parishioners; it could be just, rather than the contrary, to attach the redundant part of his income to additional churches in the same parish. When the surplice-fees in such places are so considerable, and a fair division of them would operate so beneficially to unendowed churches and chapels, we cannot see why one church in a parish should monopolize them. The monopoly is injurious in many respects; it causes various rites of the Church to be performed in a manner which is a scandal to her.

We will go no farther into detail, because, if change be pronounced necessary, the important points it ought to embrace will be easily discovered. It ought evidently to look at practi-

cal good, and not at theoretic perfection, and to scrupulously avoid all attempts to produce chaos amidst Church property for purposes of speculative re-organization. Its grand object should be—the proper enlargement of small livings, and multiplication of churches, through the abolition of useless places, and the reduction of such incomes as are too large; and it should carry the latter no farther than may be required by the former. If it abolish and reduce, without looking at any thing save theoretic reform, and labour to bring down the emoluments of the heads of the Church to the lowest point, merely to raise those of the parochial clergy to the highest, it will produce much more evil than good.

There is, however, too much reason to believe that very many people mean, by a better distribution, nothing beyond the enlargement of the revenues of the working clergy. This alone would operate as little more than an act of justice to a meritorious part of the ministers of the Church; it would yield small benefit to her general interests. It is preposterous to imagine, that to make her more wealthy ministers poorer, and her parochial ones richer, is all that is necessary for causing her to flourish. In addition, provision must be made for giving places of worship and clergymen to that immense part of the population which now, practically, has none; and farther, radical changes must be made in her system of government. All this must be done to make a new distribution of her property yield material advantage to herself and the country.

Of the Church of England, it may be said, she has the best creed and form of worship that could be conceived, for enabling her to prosper, and the most effective system of government that could be invented for producing her ruin. To stand and flourish, she must, necessarily, possess the confidence and affection of the body of the population; to

* Such exchange could be justified on the present practice of the Church: The functionary of the cathedral is paid for serving it with the income of a country living he scarcely ever sees; the pluralist, if he do duty in one living, is partly paid with the income of another in which he does not officiate. In the first case, the income of the country living is really attached to the cathedral; and what practical difference can there be between this and the attaching of it to a town-church?

possess these, her ministers must display the qualifications and conduct, and her regulations and the general management of her affairs must be of the description, requisite for generating and promoting them. Her system of government is calculated to produce, in all respects, the reverse. It stands diametrically opposed to all reason and wisdom, to every thing which enables her rivals to triumph against her, and to the principles and rules which, throughout civil society, are found to be indispensable.

Her laymen are, as such, wholly excluded from sharing in the disposal of her trusts, and the management of her general interests; and not a single effective bond unites them with her; their power in her only extends to tithes, rates, and such other matters as make it a means of arraying them against her. They see and hear her ministers if they go from choice to her places of worship; but if they remain at home, they do not, in a religious sense, know that she has any. They, therefore, look on her as a national institution, common to all, which they are to be jealous of and oppose; but not as a religious body, of which they are members, and which it is their interest to protect and enlarge. They see in her ministers those of the Church, but not their own; a number of public functionaries, to be restrained from abuse of power; but not the leaders of their own cause, to be venerated and supported.

The exclusion we have named sits to almost the same extent on her clergy. They do not select her more important functionaries, or dispose of her benefices, or superintend her general affairs, in union. Their power is chiefly confined to minor matters; and where it extends further, they either have not the means of making a proper use of it, or they have every incitement to abuse it. They grant ordination, but the regulations under which they act, restrict them from rejecting unfit candidates; individually they select the curates, but they are surrounded with temptations to make the worst selection possible.

While the laity and clergy are, jointly and separately, positively and negatively, restricted in material

points, from appointing her functionaries, and managing her general affairs; those who do it, notoriously act in utter disregard of her weal, and under every stimulant to the sacrifice of it. When a bishop dies, where is the man who dreams that the new one will be chosen on account of his qualifications for the office; or that the lower vacancies caused by the event, will be filled with reference to merit? When a living in the gift of the Lord Chancellor is to be disposed of, who is so foolish as to imagine that it will be given to the most deserving parish clergyman? In both cases, qualification is disregarded, the most worthy are passed by, and the most unworthy are selected. The trusts of the Church are admitted to be, and used as, patronage, in the most vulgar and corrupt sense of the term; and the Minister of State who bestows them regularly, does it to enrich his connexions, reward his adherents, or bribe his opponents.

This, bad as it is, is not the worst. If the Ministry wish to carry any prejudicial measure to the Church, its practice is to bestow her preferments on such of the clergy only as will support it, and act the part of her enemies. From the turn which the carrying of the Catholic question has given to public affairs, the Ministry which is the most favourable to her must exist in a large degree through the support or neutrality of her enemies; therefore it will be compelled to discountenance effective zeal in her service, and to confine her leading trusts to men regardless of her interests. Farther, one of the great parties of the country regularly patronizes her enemies, and labours to humble her; of course, when it enjoys office, it must give her preferments to such of the clergy as will assail and betray her.

Why is this man made a Bishop? He has been tutor in one noble family, or he is connected by blood with another, or he enjoys the patronage of some polluted female favourite of Royalty, or he is the near relative of a Minister, or, at the nod of the Premier, he has been a traitor to the Church in a matter affecting her existence. Why is this man made a Dean? He has married a relative of the Home Secretary, or he is a turncoat who has joined the

enemies of the church in the destruction of her securities, or it is necessary to prevent some powerful family from going into Opposition. Why is this stripling invested with an important dignity in the Church? He is the illegitimate son of a member of the Royal Family, or he is the same to some nobleman, or he belongs to a family which, in consideration of it, will give the Ministry a certain number of votes in Parliament. And why is this man endowed with a valuable benefice? He has potent interest, or it will prevent him from giving further opposition to measures for injuring the Church, or he has voted at an election for a Ministerial candidate, or his connexions have much election influence, or he is a political tool of the Ministry. At the contest for the University of Oxford, which expelled Sir R. Peel, it was generally asserted, that certain members of the Ministry used every effort to gain votes for him by offers of church preferment; or in other words, they used the property of the Church as bribes to induce the clergy to support the assailant of her securities against the defender of them. According to the newspapers, something similar took place at the recent contest for the University of Dublin. After the carrying of the Catholic question, the preferments which fell on certain of the apostate Bishops, or their connexions, proved that these men had been bought with her own property to turn their sacrilegious hands against her. The disposal of what is called Church patronage in this manner, is not the exception, but the rule; it is not a matter of secrecy, or one which escapes public observation; it is looked on as a thing of course, and so far has the monstrous abuse been sanctified by custom, that while no one expects to see a vacancy in the Church filled according to merit, the filling of it in the most profligate way scarcely provokes reprobation.

Let us now look at those appointments in the Church which are not in the hands of government. A great number of livings are private property. On what principle are they disposed of? The owners fill them without the least regard for qualification; they practically give them to their relatives while yet in the womb

or the cradle, and these relatives enter into orders from no other reason than to enjoy them as private fortune; or clergymen and others buy such livings solely for private benefit. In the appointment of curates, those are chosen who are the cheapest, the least formidable as rivals, and in consequence the most disqualified; care for the interests of the Church is out of the question.

Thus, in the general appointment of the functionaries of the Church, whether it rest with the government or individuals, qualification is disregarded, and the reverse of it is, to a very large extent, made the ground of selection.

These are some of the inevitable consequences: In the first place, the office of clergyman is sought by the very last people who ought to receive it. Before it is decided that a youth shall be a barrister, a physician, an officer in the army, or even a member of a mechanical trade, it is ascertained that he possesses the requisite ability and turn of mind; but his lack of these is too often the reason on which it is decided that he shall be a clergyman. However brainless or profligate he may be, he still must enter into holy orders, because his friends have property or interest in the Church; perhaps they select him for it in preference to his brothers, because he happens to be the dunce of the family. While the most improper men are thus impelled to enter into orders, the most fitting ones are restricted from it. What can the man of talent and piety hope for as a clergyman, if he be destitute of fortune and friends? Preferment is to him impossible; his merit alone is a positive bar to it. He can scarcely regard a curacy as an attainable matter; for his ability might make him too popular; his integrity might incapacitate him for joining in illegal bargain, and his piety might bring on him the imputation of evangelism.

In the second place, the system directly operates, not only to keep ability and piety at the lowest points amidst the clergy, but to render the portion of them which may be forced into orders almost useless to the Church. If an able, pious clergyman exert himself zealously in her behalf, he crosses the wishes of the Ministry, and offends various of its sup-

porters; he is therefore looked on as a dangerous, impracticable person, who must be excluded from preferment. To gain the latter, he must imitate his incapable brethren, be neutral and inactive, and study the wishes of government, however hostile they may be to the interests it is his duty to guard. If the Ministry defend the Church, and the exertions of the clergy be therefore unnecessary, the Philpotts deluge the country with their pamphlets, and the Blomfields fill Parliament with their speeches, in her favour; rectors and curates vie with each other in giving utterance to the sentiments of martyrdom. But if the Ministry seek to injure her, and the clergy be therefore called on, in the most imperious manner, to exert themselves in her protection, they either do nothing effectual, or turn their arms against her. In melancholy proof, we need only point to what took place when the Catholic question was carried. The Ministry, by the simple revelation of its intentions, dissipated the zeal, and suspended the efforts, of the Clergy, to the utmost extent allowed by decency. While such laymen as the illustrious Lord Eldon, Lord Winchelsea, and others, demonstrated that they were ready to sacrifice their all for her, the bishops, who did not join her assailants, contented themselves with cold, commonplace opposition speeches, which left their sincerity doubtful. That Bishop of London, who, when Lord Liverpool was the Premier, spoke so vehemently and powerfully against the measure, now, although he professed to be still its opponent, deprecated all effectual opposition to it, undervalued the evils it was calculated to produce, and even spoke of his debt of gratitude to those who had made him what he was. If the Church be suffering vital injury from the want of reforms and improvements, the Clergy can say and do nothing, from the fear of giving offence to government. Where the influence of the latter does not reach, matters are no better. The curate knows, that if he confine himself to the cold performance of the duties prescribed by law, he is safe with his employer; but if he do more, he endangers both character and subsistence.

In the third place, the Clergy and Laity are separated from, and arrayed against, each other. The Minister has no interest in conciliating, preserving, and increasing his flock; its favour cannot benefit, and its hostility cannot injure, him. He therefore regards its members as men placed under him by authority, and whose duty is to hear and obey him, without reference to his conduct. In truth, their favour and affection, particularly if he be a curate, are more likely to prevent than to assist his promotion. The layman is estranged from his minister by his want of communication with him and the distance at which he is kept; he is disgusted with the manner in which the preferments of the Church are disposed of, and with the worldly-mindedness, indolence, and servility of the Clergy. In every emergency in which they ought to act together for the good of the Church, the Laity finds the Clergy, to a large extent, ranged with her enemies. They form, in regard to her interests, two separate and conflicting bodies.

To give to all this the most comprehensive powers of mischief, almost any man may, so far as concerns ability and character, gain admission into holy orders. A Clergyman may be destitute of religious feeling; he may be grossly immoral; he may discharge his duties in the most incompetent manner, and lose his flock—he may do almost any thing, short of legal crime, and still he will neither forfeit his living nor draw on himself any punishment.

On the whole, then, the interests of the Laity are placed in opposition to those of the Church—the case is the same with the interests of the Clergy—the Laity and Clergy are arrayed against each other—the Clergy are selected on the very best grounds for rendering them incapable, and then they are placed in the very best circumstances for making them impotent and negligent—all the temptations, stimulants, and restrictions, are ranged on the side of wrong—and the Church is deprived of all effectual defence in any thing the Ministry may resolve on against her.

There is wisdom in learning the art of war, or at least of self-defence, from an enemy; let us therefore

look amidst the Dissenters to discover what it is in their system of government which has rendered them so prosperous.

It is of the highest importance to the State, as well as to herself, for the Church to be mighty amidst the middle and lower classes, particularly in large places; and it is amidst these classes that the Dissenters have been the most omnipotent against her; they have, in truth, to a very large extent, deserted her. A leading cause of this is, they are, in a great measure, excluded from her places of worship; the latter, in large towns, are for the wealthy only, and, in addition, they are infinitely too few in number. On surveying the congregation of one of them, we are struck with its appearance of riches and splendour; we see almost every pew occupied by elegantly dressed people or their gaudy menials; more minute inspection enables us to discover a few of the poor in the aisles and some obscure corner, but these, instead of forming in the congregation, as they ought, the great majority, are little more than the exception to the rule. While the middle and lower classes are thus literally prohibited from entering the church by high pew rents and the want of room, they are tempted to the chapel by low rents and free seats.

The large revenues possessed by cathedrals for their support, are often expended very uselessly or improperly. If the Church should annually employ a portion of them, in providing new places of worship *principally for the accommodation of the poorer part of the community*, she would reap from it vast benefit; and no earthly reason exists why she should not do so. This, we trust, will not be overlooked, if any better distribution of her property be made.

Another leading cause is, that the clergy, as well as the places of worship, are calculated for the wealthy only. The dissenting ministers, Protestant and Catholic, rise in a considerable degree from the humbler classes; and in so far as they are expressly educated for the sacred office, they are not taught to exalt themselves above the station they are destined for; to this their influence with those classes is largely owing. The ministers of the Church are taken chiefly from amidst

the gentry; and this, with the education they receive, unfits them for mixing with the poorer members of their flocks as spiritual brethren, and performing the toil called for by duty. In general they are too much gentlemen to bestow any personal notice on the body of those who are placed under their care, and to do any thing beyond the performance of divine service. To carry this to the greatest possible height, some of the bishops decided not long since to refuse ordination to all who had not been a certain time at the university. The effect of this most impolitic regulation must be to make fortune and general unfitness the qualifications. The doctrine is most true, that it is highly beneficial to the Church for her trusts to be filled in a certain degree by members of the aristocracy; but while we admit this, we must insist, that on the same grounds it is highly beneficial to her for the parochial clergy to be taken in some measure from the lowest of the democracy; yet here is a regulation which prohibits both the lower and the middle classes from entering her priesthood. While the clergyman drives the body of the people from him, by shunning intercourse with, and placing himself above them; the dissenting minister gains them, by seeking their acquaintance, and treating them as religious friends.

A man cannot become a Protestant dissenting minister if he do not possess the requisite ability, piety, and sanctity of life; in consequence he cannot become one if he do not possess the qualifications for gaining the humbler part of the community. The clergyman, from the manner in which he obtains his office, often has not the necessary ability, piety, and sanctity of life, or the two latter, and therefore he is totally disqualified for winning the confidence and attachment of the lower and middle orders; he cannot go among them as a religious friend and adviser.

If the property of the church be distributed in a better manner, we earnestly trust that a portion of it will be employed in forming an establishment for the proper education of the clergy, and bestowal of holy orders. This might be done in the way of addition to the universities.

Instances may be seen almost daily in which young men of low or poor extraction, but of considerable natural powers, are anxious, from taste and a religious turn of mind, to take on them the sacred office; and it frequently happens that they join the Dissenters, because they have not the means for gaining orders in the Church. Such men would make the best of all parish clergymen; and it is greatly to be lamented, that instead of becoming the powerful servants of the Church, they too often become her powerful enemies. The establishment we have named ought to give them, in respect of education, cheap or gratuitous admission into her ministry, on satisfactory proof of qualification. While we would make the gaining of ordination as cheap and easy as possible to the most deserving, we would wholly deny it to the undeserving. The power to grant it ought to be confined to this establishment; and rejecting the present vague and negative rules of bestowal, proper powers of oratory, a reasonable share of ability, positive purity of life, industry, and religious character, should be insisted on.

Each body of the Dissenters practically forms a club: amidst both the Protestants and the Catholics, the members are firmly bound to each other and to their faith. This unites the laymen to the ministers, and makes them enthusiastic in favour of their religion; it keeps the ministers and laymen in friendly communication, and enables the former to visit the latter at their homes, both to preserve their attachment, and to use them as instruments for gaining new hearers and proselytes. With the Church, the case is different; she has hearers, but not members—a clergy, but not, in the proper sense of the term, a laity. Those who frequent her places of worship never see their ministers save in the pulpit, or at the communion table; they have no outward, valid tie to bind them to her as members, and they almost scruple to say that they belong to her; in every direct attack upon her they stand aloof, as not being affected by it. An inroad on the Methodists, the Independents, or the Catholics, is held to be one on the whole body, lay and clerical; but one on the Church is held to reach the

clergy only. It is idle to conceal the fact, that the petitions which were poured into Parliament against the Catholic claims, sprang much more from fear and hatred of Catholicism, than affection for the Church of England.

If those who compose the congregations of the Church were changed from a kind of no-religion people, into her regularly enrolled members—from mere dissenters from other religions, into zealous champions of their own; this would yield benefits not only to her, but also to the State, which transcend calculation. And what is there to render it impossible? Nothing. A plan for forming a Church society in every parish could be easily drawn, and rendered highly successful: amidst both rich and poor, it would find a sufficiency of supporters. Let it not be forgotten that the primary reason why the middle and lower classes have forsaken the Church is, she has forsaken them. This plan would remove the barrier which separates the clergyman from at least the humbler members of his flock, and make him their regular visitor and friend. Saying nothing of other matters, it would be of immense advantage to the physical comforts of the poor, if in this manner their circumstances were kept constantly under the eyes of the clergy, and they were brought into regular contact and communion with the charitable rich. Vast numbers of families which now never enter a place of worship, and scarcely know what religion means, might thus be placed under regular religious instruction, and be as much improved in circumstances, as in morals.

The Dissenters are careful that their ministers shall be not only duly qualified, but acceptable to their respective flocks. With some of them the laity appoints the minister, and changes him at pleasure; with others, while it is excluded from all share in appointing him, its taste is as far as possible consulted, and in addition he only remains in the same place a year or two; even amidst the Catholics, particular attention is paid to the feelings of the laity in this point. The Church appoints her clergyman without the most distant reference to the feelings

of his flock, and then if he be in the highest degree incapable and unpopular—if he deprive her of this flock altogether—she still keeps him for life in the benefice. If he be a curate, he is chosen and retained with the same utter scorn of the sentiments of the laity. This fact is sufficient to make it matter of surprise that she is not wholly forsaken.

The Dissenters act as we have stated, because they know it to be essential, not only for their prosperity, but their existence; and why cannot the Church imitate them? In reply, we will say, she surpasses them in means. To enable her, however, to suit the pastor to his flock, the power of selecting him must pass wholly into new hands.

In the first place, let the curate system, in so far as it is one of substitutes, and not of assistants, be totally abolished. The curates are pitied because they are poor, and eulogised, because they perform the labour for which others are paid; but nevertheless they are, as a whole, an incapable body of men. They are made incapable by the system, and they are employed for being so. Civil sinecures may plead in their defence, that they are practically duly earned pensions, or that they are necessary for supporting the poorer part of the nobility; but Church ones can plead nothing. The latter plunder the Church, the officiating clergy, and the laity; they debase one part of the clergy, incapacitate the other, and bestow an enormous portion of the revenues of the Church, which ought to be distributed by the hand of charity amidst the poor, on men who have not the slightest claim to it. It matters not if the possessor of two livings performs all the duties of one of them; he is still a sinecurist in respect of the other. The fact that almost any clergyman, however small his interest may be, can easily obtain the qualification for being a pluralist, is a sufficient answer to those who argue that the existing laws prevent pluralities as far as is necessary. Let no functionary of the Church be suffered to perform his duty by deputy; and let emolument be in both name and reality attached to the performance of duty. If a man be a bishop, dean, or canon, let

him be distinctly paid as one; but let him not, because he is one, be the rector or vicar of a parish in which the clerical duties are performed by another. If the officers of universities, cathedrals, &c. cannot be sufficiently paid in any other way than from the incomes of distant livings in which they never officiate, at any rate do not give them, with the emoluments, the power of nominating the acting ministers; let each living be charged with a specific annual sum for them, and do not suffer them to interfere with it farther, but give it, subject to this encumbrance, to the clergyman who performs its duties.

In the second place, having in so far as concerns the curate system, taken from individuals the power of appointing the acting clergy, take it, as far as possible, from them in those cases in which livings are private property. Such livings are constantly on sale; and it is matter of bitter reproach to the Church, that the right to nominate the clergy, and of course the spiritual interests of the community, are to so large an extent made the objects of mercenary, and even corrupt, traffic. If a new distribution of her property be made, let a few thousands per annum be set apart for the purchase of these livings on her behalf.

In the third place, we have no hesitation in saying, that the time has fully arrived when, for the benefit of all parties, the power of direct appointment, in respect of every grade of the clergy, ought to be taken from the civil government. Without speaking of the manner in which the King became the head of the Church, and thereby acquired a power possessed by no other sovereign, and submitted to by scarcely any other religious body, we will observe, it is as clear in experience, as in reason, that such power ought never to have been his. While we maintain that, for the weal of the state, government ought to have authority to prevent influential offices, not only in the Church, but in every religious body, from being obtained by religious ministers of dangerous political character; we maintain also, that, for the good of the state, this authority ought not to extend farther. The civil ruler is an infinitely more unfit person than a

disaffected archbishop or bishop, to be intrusted with the means of using the Church as an engine against public institutions; yet he must possess such means, if he possess the power to appoint her clergy.

We will put the King out of sight, for he is only nominally concerned in the matter; the question is really not one of prerogative, but of ministerial power and patronage. The Ministry is in reality the head of the Church. Looked at in the most favourable light possible, the case stands thus: The laity and clergy are, as such, strictly excluded from all share in electing the spiritual functionaries of the Church; and the selection is confided to such men as the Duke of Wellington, Lord Lyndhurst, and Sir Robert Peel; it is confided to these men, not in their character of members of the Church, but in that of trading politicians in the worst sense of the terms; they hold it only because they are such politicians. Could any thing be conceived more thoroughly at variance with every principle of reason and right? But this is now much too favourable a view of it. Henceforward the Ministry will generally consist partly of dissenters, and often of men anxious to injure the Church for the benefit of the dissenters. Thus the selection is confided to men who will not only sacrifice the weal of the Church to their private interests, but also endeavour, on religious or party grounds, to produce her ruin!

Can a single reason be urged why this monstrous state of things should continue? No. To be defensible, it ought to be necessary, either for restraining the Church from improper political conduct, or for extracting from her the requisite portion of public benefit. With regard to the first, if she were wholly independent of the government, she would be its supporter to the utmost extent called for by public good; the danger is, that she would be so farther: her interests would be identified with good principles of every description. But her absolute independence is not called for; and it would be perfectly easy to combine effectual restraint on this point, with all the freedom she needs in the management of her affairs. Touching the second, her bondage to Ministers disables her in every way,

and binds her as much as possible from the production of public benefit.

While nothing can be pleaded in its defence, state reasons of every kind demand its termination. In defiance of that sound principle which insists on keeping the patronage of Ministers at the lowest point, here is an enormous mass enjoyed by men without even a pretext to justify it. The disposal of civil patronage is in general placed under sufficient checks; the objects must in material points be selected on qualification; but ecclesiastical patronage knows no such checks, and it is always, save in the exception, disposed of in a corrupt manner. We know not where a greater error could be found than this—the giving to any Ministry the power to make the clergy support it without reference to the character of its measures; yet this power, under the present system, must be possessed by any Ministry that may exist: whether the Ministry be composed of the Wellington party, the Whigs, or the new party, which, under the name of Liberals, is assuming distinct and formidable shape in the House of Commons, it must, no matter what it may do, carry the clergy with it. The error is the greater, because it converts that into a mighty engine of evil which might be one of good. The clergy of a country like this, if properly independent, would form an invaluable guide to the public mind, and a potent safeguard against misconduct in the executive. Another gigantic error we have in this—a national church is established, and then she is placed under regulations which cripple her, impel the population to dissent from her, restrict her from use, and make her a source of abuse. The clergy must be party men or they can gain no patronage; from this those who oppose them in politics must avoid them as religious teachers; and thus the Church is perverted into an instrument of dissent and irreligion. One of the essentials in a free country is, to keep the population, as far as possible, independent of political parties, and under the guidance of proper leaders; but here is a system for denying it the latter, and attaching it, as far as possible, to such parties. Another of these essentials is, to keep religion separated from party politics; but here is a regulation for

forcing it into their spirit. A third essential is, to keep from the dissenters all causes of disaffection, and to make religion a source of loyalty and content; but here is a law for ranging the dissenters with the opponents of government, and rendering religion the parent of insubordination and disaffection.

Whatever might be the case when the body of the population was attached to the Church, her party support at present we fear weakens, rather than strengthens, the Ministry. Because it is connected with her, it must be opposed by the mighty mass of dissenters and people of no religion. To any Ministry, the effects of its compulsory connexion with her will be the same. It would add largely to the strength of the government, if it could stand in the eyes of the community at large free from mere party attachment and enmity to her. To one of the great parties of the state her political favour, and to the other her political hostility, is now a source of infinite odium and feebleness. The Tories are hated by a vast part of the population, because they are looked on as her party allies; and the Whigs are hated by another vast part, because they are regarded as her party enemies. Both would gain greatly from losing the character they thus bear, and being exempted when in office from the jealousy and opprobrium which the disposal of her trusts must bring upon them. She must be rendered independent of, and impartial between them, to give them this gain.

To the empire it has become a matter of the first consequence, that these parties should no longer be understood to fight the battles of one religious body against another; and that every thing should be removed which is calculated to make one of them the regular political leader and confederate of the Catholics against the Church. Every thing dear to it imperiously calls for the extinction of the causes, through which the Ministry and Opposition involve the religious bodies in political contention; and also for the disabling of both from making on the Church farther inroads. Her independence would operate powerfully to restrain them from injurious principle and conduct; while her slavery generates in them the

worst doctrines and acts; and makes her a mighty engine in their hands for assailing the public weal.

The Church has nothing to expect from a continuance of her slavery but certain ruin. No Ministry can now possess the power, if it have the wish, to manage her interests properly; and no Ministry will exist that will have the wish to do so. She must look for the appointment of deliberate traitors to her trusts, in addition to the things which have operated so destructively against her. Because her clergy are degraded into the menials of the Ministry, she is in essentials deprived of a laity,—because the Ministry is despised, she is overwhelmed with unpopularity,—because she is a political tool, she is fought against as a religious body by the mass of the people. Her laymen are neutral, or ranged with her enemies in the schemes which are advocated for despoiling and destroying her; and her clergy can do nothing in her favour, but on the contrary, can be used as instruments for inflicting any injury on her that Ministers, hostile to her from necessity or creed, may desire.

Let then the Church of England be taken from the political arena; let her funds no longer form the treasury of political corruption; and her clergy and laity be used no farther as the political means of her destruction. Let the King remain her head; but, instead of being the despot he is, in regard to the disposal of her trusts, make him her limited sovereign. Give him his negative—his power to exclude all improper men from her preferments; but here fix the limit of his authority.

Having taken the appointment of the functionaries of the Church from the destructive hands which now hold it, the next thing is, to place it in the most fitting ones. It is very evident that it ought to be strictly confined to such members of the Church, clerical, or lay, or both, as would exercise the momentous trust in the most righteous manner for her benefit only. We do not wish to see the laity possess any large share in the selection of the clergy; and perhaps the best plan would be to give it to a committee of management, composed of a limited number of prelates and parochial clergy. The Archbi-

shop of Canterbury might, *ex officio*, be the permanent head of this committee; but it would perhaps be better to change the other members triennially. The number of its members ought to be too great for bias, corruption, and intimidation; and too small for party divisions and strife. It might in every important vacancy place two or three names before the King for his choice; but beyond this, his power of selection, or, to speak more correctly, that of the Ministry, ought not to extend.

We do not, however, wish to see laymen denied all share in the choice of their ministers. Their rigid exclusion from all participation in managing the religious interests of the Church has contributed most powerfully to combine them with her enemies, and deprive her of a laity; to admit them into such management to the farthest point allowed by prudence, would have the best effects in giving them a deep personal interest in her welfare, uniting them with the clergy, and causing her to flourish. Those churches in which the parishioners select the afternoon lecturer, are filled to overflow in the afternoon, if they be almost deserted in the morning; and this fact is sufficient to establish what we have asserted. Whenever a living, or at least one in a populous parish, should become vacant, the committee might name two or three clergymen to perform the duty for a limited time, and then leave the election of one of them to the church society, of which we have spoken.

We have said that we do not wish to see an equalization of income amidst the Clergy, and we will now state our reasons. We dissent so far from the wish which was not long since expressed in Parliament for rendering the bishops incapable of translation, that we are anxious to see the principle of translation much more extensively acted on than it is. To take from the bishops the hope of farther preferment, is to destroy a potent stimulant to good, for the sake of removing a temptation to evil. The fault is not in translation, but in the power that now governs it; a bishop can only look for it to friends, sacrifice of duty, sycophancy, betrayal of trust, or any thing rather than merit; but let him gain it

through desert alone, and it will form a source of incalculable benefit. Having placed church appointments in proper hands, we wish some of the sees to continue much poorer than others, both as a means of stimulating their possessors to exertion, and of bringing them all frequently under new inspection and management.

On the same grounds we wish for considerable inequality to be preserved in the yearly value of parish livings. At present, the parish clergyman is destitute of all incentives to proper exertions; if he be a starving curate, without fortune and friends, he can scarcely hope that any display of ability and merit will enable him to better his condition; if he possess the living, he, in general, has nothing more to expect from the Church, whatever his services and qualifications may be. This state of things is not more disgraceful to the Church than to the country. If preferment consist primarily in rank of office, it cannot, under the best management, benefit, in any material degree, the great body of the Clergy; we are, therefore, desirous for it to consist likewise, to a great extent, in advance of income only.

To turn this inequality of revenue, in both sees and livings, to account, let every clergyman, without reference to birth and fortune, have one of the small livings only, when he commences his clerical life; and let all be assured that promotion must depend solely on ability and conduct—not on eloquence alone, but also on visiting the sick, relieving the distressed, preserving and increasing the lay-members of the Church, &c., &c. When a bishop, or the holder of a rich living, dies, let his successor be taken from the oldest, in point of service, of the ministers who are the most worthy to succeed him; and fill every vacancy on the same principle. Through this a single death will produce a considerable number of promotions, and every clergyman will have the reward of exertion sufficiently within his reach. We need not dilate on the mighty effect it would have in improving the clergy. It would continually change the parish ministers, and this alone would have excellent fruits amidst the laity.

The feelings which make us anxious to see the clergy exalted and rewarded according to desert, lead us to think that they ought to be degraded and punished for demerit. If one of them make himself obnoxious to his flock and banish it from the church, ought he to be suffered to retain his trust for life? No one will reply in the affirmative. If the fault lie not with him, the weal of the Church requires at least his removal: and if it do, he ought, according to the extent of his misconduct, to be expelled from the ministry, or sent to one of the smallest livings. If a clergyman be licentious and profligate—be a gamester, a duellist, &c., is it proper that he should retain the sacred office, even without admonition? The committee should be empowered to take cognisance of the moral conduct of the clergy, and to visit all grave cases with expulsion.

We do not say that there ought to be no functionaries, in point of rank, between the bishop and the parish clergyman, but we assert that all such ought to be made as industrious and useful as either. Suppose that a bishop had even two assistants given him, selected, in a large degree, on account of their eloquence; and that, while one of the three, in rotation, remained at home to discharge his duties there, the other two went, separately, from parish to parish, through his diocese, to remain a few days in each place, for the purpose of preaching in it, visiting the parishioners, examining the interests of the Church, &c., it would yield vast advantage, particularly in giving to the Church what she so greatly needs—a real Laity.

It is of the first importance that a parish clergyman should resign his trust when he is incapacitated by infirmity or age for performing his duties efficiently; and in consequence, if a better distribution of Church property be made, it ought to supply a provision for him on his retirement.

The Church at present has no general government; she is, in essentials, without a head and without rulers. Saving imbecile resistance to the attacks of her enemies, the Ministry pays no regard to her collective interests, and the Clergy pay as little. Is she sinking, she

may sink—is she ruined by neglect in one quarter and misconduct in another, she may be ruined; there is no one to stretch forth the arm to raise and to save. In this diocese the bishop is destroying her by indolence and inattention, in that he is doing it by the scandalous sacrifice of his duty to vicious politics; but he is despotic in the matter, and there is no remedy. In one parish the clergyman is depriving her of a laity by incapacity, and in another by gross immorality and negligence; but he has no master, and the state of things cannot be changed. Here she is nearly banished from a populous town by the want of places of worship, and there she is wellnigh expelled from a county by impotent curates and the lack of resident clergymen; but there is no one to take cognisance of it and apply correctives. As a whole, she is totally destitute, in both name and reality, of a government to watch over and promote her interests.

This must necessarily be just as destructive to her as it would be to any civil body. As a remedy, many people advise the restoring of the Convocation; but to this we who write, always have been, and still are, decidedly opposed; we have only to look at convocation-history, the divided state of the Clergy, and the feelings of the community, to be convinced that it would carry the ruin of the Church to completion. But while we are adverse to the forming of an Ecclesiastical Parliament, we are anxious for the creation of an efficient Church-government. We therefore propose that the Committee of which we have spoken should be invested with sufficient powers to form the latter. Let it regularly enquire into the state of every diocese and parish in the country; wherever it may find the Church feeble or declining, let it examine the causes, and build churches, change the ministers, or apply any other proper remedies. Place the conduct of the prelates, as well as that of the parochial clergy, under its cognisance. The perfection of civil government consists in subjecting the conduct of all functionaries, without excepting the highest, to jealous inspection and control; and that which is necessary touching a minister of state or a king, cannot be unneces-

sary touching a bishop or an archbishop.

In all this, we are advocating nothing that partakes of the nature of uncertain experiment. Every thing we recommend has been abundantly tried with triumphant success, not only amidst the dissenters, but in every department of civil life; we ask only for that which is found to be essential in every body, religious or civil, save the Church of England. If it were carried into effect, it would produce no sacrifice of property, no disorder, and no angry feelings. It would give the utmost satisfaction to the great body of the laity. We will add, we are advising no encroachments on the dissenters; we wish every thing to be done in the spirit of peace towards them. They have benefited the morals of the middle and lower classes to an incalculable extent, but the field here now is infinitely too wide for them to occupy. In large places, the mass of these classes, particularly of the lower ones, are literally sheep without a shepherd; they are excluded alike from the church and the chapel; they have neither a clergyman nor a dissenting minister to instruct them; and the Church might labour amidst them almost without a rival. She can have places of worship, and clergymen, as well calculated to gain them as those of the dissenters. If her present ministers be disqualified for it in many respects, it is her special duty to educate a certain number expressly for the purpose of sending them to labour amidst the humbler part of society in large places. She has abundant means for surpassing the dissenters in every thing.

Nevertheless, we see little to encourage hope. If we look at the Ministry, it is suspected, despised, incapable, and powerless; it can do nothing. If we look at the Prelates, they are grovelling at the feet of Ministers; nothing can they say or do which might give offence to their patrons and masters. Yet there are men among them, who ought to be found combating, with apostolic ardour and independence, for the cause of the Church and the Laity. There is a Bishop of Durham, who has risen from the lowest class of the clergy, and who was exalted to his present dignity—honoured for it be the mo-

memory of the good Lord Liverpool!—for his merits. He has the talent and experience, and we might ask him, whether he could discharge his debt of gratitude to his deceased benefactor in a better way, than by endeavouring to give an efficient clergy, and prosperity, to the Church of England. If we look at the Whigs, they have justly covered themselves with the jealousy and hostility of the Church; they, moreover, can regard nothing but theory and party interests.

In our despair, may we turn to the King. When we remember, that through his family the Church of England has already once been saved—that to her it owes a debt of incalculable magnitude—that their interests are inseparable—and that the warmest affection has hitherto subsisted between them, is it too much to hope that she may be saved through it a second time? In the exercise of that liberty given us by the inestimable constitution under which we live, we will say, that the unhappy occurrences of the last reign give her peculiar claims on the present one; and that these claims reach his Majesty personally. The time has fully arrived for ascertaining how far the monarchy has been benefited by the wretched policy of humbling her; and whether, if she fall, it can be preserved. What we have recommended is admirably calculated for gracing a new reign; it ought, according to the constitution, to emanate from the crown, and it would be most beneficial in every respect for it to do so. We will therefore venture to trust that his Majesty will propose a commission for enquiring how far the government of the Church is capable of improvement, and magnanimously offer to make any surrender on his part which such improvement may call for. He could not confer a more signal benefit on his people. Let him not be misled touching the extent of the sacrifice we have placed before him. He is the head of the Navy; but are its commissions and appointments at the disposal of the Premier and Lord Chancellor? or are its general interests left without guardians? No. A body of men is formed expressly for the purpose of selecting its officers, managing its other affairs, and watch-

ing over its weal. These men act in his name; but, under proper restrictions, they expend money, appoint to trusts, change or expel functionaries, make regulations, &c. at their discretion; they are really the heads of the Navy. The case is the same with the other departments of government. There is little practical difference, and none that militates against the just rights and interests of the crown, between this and what we have recommended touching a committee for conducting the affairs of the Church. Can any reason be assigned why the interests of the Church cannot be managed by a board, in the same manner as those of the Navy are? No; not even on the score of prerogative. The King would really lose nothing by the change; he would merely transfer certain duties from one body of servants to another, and the loss of patronage to his Ministers would, on the whole, be a gain to them.

If any thing be attempted, we devoutly trust that it will be kept free from the spirit of party. If the Whigs intend to take up the affairs of the Church, we appeal to such men as Earl Grey, whether she has not already suffered sufficiently from being dragged into the filth and iniquity of party strife; and whether they can reap any benefit from mutilating her farther, and heaping on her still more unpopularity. We appeal to Mr Brougham with less confidence, but even he cannot be inaccessible to reason. If we have on various occasions spoken of him with asperity, his public conduct has been the sole cause. He has fought his battles in violation of all the laws of civilized warfare; because he has been unable to crush his opponents in any other manner, he has sought to crush the State; unable to reach office through the carnage of foes, he has laboured to do it through the demolition of public institutions and the destruction of the foundations of society; he voluntarily made the Aristocracy and the Church, the relations between superior and inferior, and the property and bread of the community, obstacles in his way; and then, because he has found them so, he has employed his artillery against them. A man who acts in

this manner, will always, we trust, find us amidst his opponents. But if Mr Brougham will shake off that detestable spirit of party which hitherto has had such unexampled influence over him; and will, now that he has ample opportunity for doing so, seek to win office by honestly employing his magnificent powers for the good of the empire; even our pen shall not be tardy in rendering him assistance. To the Whigs as a whole we say, Consult the prelates, prove that the benefit of the Church is your real object, and act throughout in the spirit of peace and patriotism, or meddle no more with the affairs of the Church. Her farther weakness will operate as fatally against you as against your opponents; and your renewed attacks on her will at once throw you back into the insignificance and scorn from which you are emerging.

But perhaps the perversion of all attempts to save the Church, by necessary reform, into matter of party strife, is the most to be feared from that party which professes to consist of her exclusive champions. We cannot forget that this party, in late years, has done her infinitely more injury than the worst of her open enemies; on every occasion when she has really needed support, it has deprived her of it, by dividing her friends against each other. It fought against her extension in Ireland, by means of Bible, School, and Reformation Societies; it opposed the Brunswick Clubs; it apologised for the apostacy of the Duke of Wellington and Sir R. Peel; it regularly exasperates the Dissenters to the utmost by wretched scurrility; and it as regularly foments the unhappy division which rages in the Church, by casting the same scurrility on what it calls the evangelical part of her members. On every emergency this party is found on the side of her most bitter foes, with this difference only, that it uses more certain and destructive weapons—that it makes the Church herself their ally. If it, as is but too certain, make such attempts as we have named, a reason for blowing the trumpet of discord, we trust the remembrance of the deadly mischief it has so often produced, will cause it to be disregarded.

THE DEMONIAIC : A POEM IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.

BY THOMAS AIRD.

CHAPTER I.

MIRIAM'S INTERVIEW WITH CHRIST.

I.

In the green month of Zif, afar, beneath a palm-tree sate,
In the wide plain of Jericho, a mother desolate.
Her lips were cover'd with her robe, and on her head she cast
The dust of earth. And over her the hours unheeded pass'd.
Forth from the neighbouring trees came Christ, and stood at Miriam's feet;
His face with peace and ardour blent, unutterably sweet.

II.

She raised her head, she saw him, knelt, clasp'd his knees fervently :—
“ Help me, great Man of Nazareth ! give back my son to me !
Take pity on a mother's loins, broken with weary pain !
Over the cloudy hills I go—I seek him still in vain !
Hope's but the liar and the lie : sleep flees from me : for food,
Thy handmaid oft is fain to pick harsh berries from the wood :

III.

“ My heart breaks : Tell me, where is he ? ”—“ Daughter of Judah, how
Should I thy son know ? ”—“ I have seen thy might—a prophet thou !
And I have heard thee speak great things, like arrows dipp'd in gall,
Shot from a bow, against the proud ; have seen before them fall
The brows of haughty men : But aye, like honey-drops, distil
Thy words, the spirits of the grieved with healing balm to fill.

IV.

“ Tell me, where is my Herman wild ? At first, I staid at home,
Till it was cruel so to rest, whilst he was forced to roam.
At morn I look'd for him, from noon on to the twilight dim ;
And when in the uncertain light the evening shadows swin,
I shaped him thence : He came not—God from love has cast him forth ;
But he is dear to me, and I will hunt him o'er the earth.

V.

“ Hear me, thou Man of Nazareth ! O ! then thy handmaid bless !
Pride dares not in thy presence live : the tale of my distress
I hide not from thee. God had given, to glad my widowhood,
Two children fair exceedingly, but not more fair than good.
Peace to my Judith in the grave ! She died in her young days :
God took her to himself : and I bless'd the Almighty's ways.

VI.

“ And Herman yet was left to me, my hope ! my more than joy !
Bright as a mother's restless heart would fashion forth her boy !
With power, like an anointed child's, with glory his brow was clad ;
His cheek with virgin health : How bloom'd the beauty of his head !
His young eye was as when the sun shines in an eagle's eye ;
A life within a life was there, burnish'd, and bold, and shy.

VII.

“ And scarce the silky blossom of his yellow beard was seen,
When he the ancient forests traced with slings and arrows keen :
Heroic daring from each limb breathed : as the posting winds
Fleet, o'er the hills so high and bright he chased the dappled hinds.

Then with the men of Napthali, a lion-hunter bold,
He toss'd his golden head afar on their snowy mountains cold.

VIII.

" His boyhood with just joys enlarged, no guilt had spoilt, no fear;
Nor painted women lured his youth,—hence was his spirit clear.
And I had taught him the great acts of old embattled kings,
Champions, and sainted sages, priests, judges, all mighty things,
Till, from deep thought, his eye was like a prophet's burden'd eye:
And he was now a man indeed, built for a purpose high.

IX.

" God of my fathers! if my hopes in him presumptuous were,
From him to me the punishment, temper'd with love, transfer!
Help us, thou Man of God! Perhaps by hopeless passions bound
And render'd weak, the mastery a demon o'er him found:
Reason and duty all, all life, his being all became
Subservience to the wild strange law that overbears his frame.

X.

" Dark as the blue piled thunderlofts then grew his forehead high;
And gleam'd like their vein'd lightnings, rash and passionate, his eye;
For he was sorely vex'd and fierce. Anon, in gentle fits,
Like idle hermit looking at the clouds, all day he sits.
At length he fled far from my care; he felt his life disgraced:
Pride took him to the wilderness—shame keeps him in the waste.

XI.

" Strong as the eagle's wings of quest, on aimless errands runs
The beauteous savage of my love; but still his mother shuns.
Along the dizzy hills that reel up in the cloudy rack,
O'er tumbling chasms, by desert wells, he speeds his boundless track;
And in the dead hours of the night, when happier children lie
In slumber seal'd, he journeys far the flowing rivers by.

XII.

" And oft he haunts the sepulchres, where the thin shoals of ghosts
Flit shivering from Death's chilling dews: to their unbodied hosts,
That churn through night their feeble plaint, he yells: At the red morn
Meets the great armies of the winds, high o'er the mountains borne,
Leaping against their viewless rage, tossing his arms on high,
And hanging balanced o'er sheer steeps against the morning sky.

XIII.

" His food from honey of the rocks and old cleft trees is drawn,
From wild-fowl caught in weedy pools by the raw light of dawn,
From berries, all spontaneous fruits. In winter, in the caves
Of hills he sleeps: the summer tree above his slumber waves:
Nature's wild commoner, my child! On the bleak autumn eves,
When small birds shriek adown the wind, he lies among the leaves.

XIV.

" By day the sun, the frost by night, weariness, want, and pain,
Sorely his young eyes must have spoilt; and dried his wasted brain.
Gone are his youth's fine hopes: And mine, what are they? My poor child,
Sweet Patience for thy minister, go with thee to the wild!
What shalt thou do when sickness comes? How much it grieveth me,
That from thy mother's love thou shouldst, as from an enemy, flee!

XV.

" For him these chasten'd bones of mine have stood the winter's shock.
I've crept to reach him as he sate on the bald top of the rock;

When summer has enlarged the year upon the pleasant mountains,
I've seen him sit long hours afar beside their spangled fountains;
But the coy lightning of his eye sleeps not: My art is vain:
Swift as a roe-buck he is gone; and I must weep again.

XVI.

"Charmers, exorcists of old skill, wizards that muttering go,
All that deal subtly, I have tried: I add but sin to woe.
The Expiation-feast I've kept. I've pray'd by many a tomb
Of prophets, fervid men of old, that God would change his doom;—
All's vain! No, no, it shall not be; for I will track the earth,
Reach—hold him with strong bands of love—and drive the demon forth!"

XVII.

A cry rung in the distant woods: And Miriam rose and ran;
But turn'd, came back, knelt, kiss'd the robe of that mild holy Man,—
For anxious hope is dutiful. With beating heart again
She turn'd away, ere Jesus spake, and sought the woody plain:
And through the rustling alleys, through the wild glades, one by one,
She wander'd half the summer day, but could not see her son.

CHAPTER II.

MIRIAM'S INTERVIEW WITH HER SON, HERMAN THE DEMONIC.

I.

ON Jordan's banks, beneath a tree, then Miriam sate and wept.
She heard a groan: A man from out the shrubs before her crept:
And, like the Serpent damn'd of God—as if to crush the worm
Of hunger that within him gnaw'd, and ground his writhing form—
He trail'd his belly in the dust: his eye, that keenly burn'd
With famine's purging fire, to her—his mother—was upturn'd.

II.

"Bread! bread! Oh bread!" feebly he cried. Her little store she took,
Stoop'd, gave it to his trembling clutch; brought water from the brook
In hollow leaves; stood, gazed on him with patience strange; then she
Sate, gently drew his yellow head, and laid it on her knee:
With kiss long as an exile's kiss, she clung unto him there;
Bedew'd his cheek with silent tears, and wiped them with her hair.

III.

He slept, like an o'erwearied babe. She held her sobbing breast,
To stir him not; and hid his eyes, that he might longer rest;
Arranged his far-descending locks, dishonour'd with the dust.
And long and calmly did he sleep beneath her sacred trust.
At length he started with a groan, he knelt upon his knee:—
"Thou mother! why hast thou not sought Jesus the Christ for me?"

IV.

"Ha! this is harsh: O! pardon me! I know thy love, well tried,
Has me by the tall forests sought, and by the pastures wide,
Rocks, and dim sepulchres: dear one! O! think me not unkind;
The fiend has kept me from you so, wild as the wintry wind:
He takes me far, he brings me near: athwart your path I fleet;
But never in the green or dry wilderness you must meet.

V.

"Blest are the dead! What though their face no more beholds the sun,
Though fill'd with barren ashes be the breast of each loved one,
With dusty motes confused and dull the jewel of the eye;
Yet are they gone, and are at rest: how peacefully they lie!

Whilst I—would I were dead, smit through with blue plagues, each sore ill,
And not a wretched vessel fill'd with an infernal will!

VI.

"I am thy quarry of the wild! my faithful huntress thou!
And thinkst thou not thy toils for me my spirit down must bow?
The fiend will come again; leave me ere I leave thee: Away!
Spend not thy sweet limbs; so shall I less truly be thy prey."—
"Speak not to me; I will not go: thinkst thou thy youth's first prime
Was half so dear to me as thou, now old before thy time?"

VII.

"But come with me: fear not; 'tis past: we'll hear soft waters flow;
The stock-dove in the twilight woods shall soothe us as we go,
Which aye so well thou lovedst to hear; the stars, that softly burn
O'er the green pasture-hills, shall light our homeward glad return;
And then the holy moon will rise, and lead us all the way,
And the very God of peace and love will guard our home for aye!"

VIII.

"Ha! this is vain: why art thou here? haste, there is but one hope:
The Man of Nazareth alone can with the demon cope:
Man? Nay—the Son of God; for oft have I, in midnight hours,
Heard in Engaddi's howling caves whisperings of the Dark Powers
Speak of Messiah, and declare Jesus the same to be:
And, from some great event at hand, this pause is given to me."

IX.

"To-day—O! had I him constrain'd! With my own thoughts oppress'd,
Even I can see him more than man: From house to house distress'd
He breathes his noiseless peace: by shores of lakes, on the dim hills,
He teaches men: the lazarus-house his beaming presence stills:
A new spirit whispers through the woods of him to me at eve:
All nature seems with conscious hopes of some great change to heave."

X.

"Lord God! the fiend! hark!" Herman cried. "He left me here at noon,
Hungry and sick among the brakes; and comes he then so soon?"
Up from the shores of the Dead Sea came a dull booming sound:
The leaves shook on the trees: thin winds went wailing all around.
Then laughter shook the sullen air. To reach his mother's hand,
The young man grasp'd, but back was thrown convulsed upon the sand.

XI.

No time was there for Miriam's love. He rose; a smother'd gleam
Was on his brow; with fierce motes roll'd his eye's distemper'd beam.
He smiled—'twas as the lightning of a hope about to die
The last time from the furrow'd brows of Hell's eternity.
Like sun-warm'd snakes, rose on his head a storm of golden hair,
Tangled: And thus on Miriam fell hot breathings of despair:—

XII.

"Perish the breasts that gave me milk! yea, in thy mouldering heart,
Good thrifty roots I'll plant, to stay, next time, my hunger's smart:
Red-vein'd derived apples I shall eat with savage haste,
And see thy life-blood blushing through, and glory in the taste!"—
"Peace!" Miriam cried; "thou bitter fiend! 'tis thou, and not my son,
That speaks. Demon accursed! I know, I scorn thee, thou dark One!"

XIII.

"Glory beyond thy power, dark One! Him in the end of days—
My son redeem'd from thee—to Heaven my father's God will raise;

Whilst thou—ha! outcast from that God!—forth shalt be driven to dwell
With horned flames and Blasphemy, in the red range of Hell:
There prey the old Cares; the Furies there whirl their salt whips for aye,
And faces faded in the fire look upward with dismay.

XIV.

"And sighs are there, and doleful cries, and tongues with anguish dumb;
And through that glaring fierce abyss of years, no hope can come.—
Fiend! leave my child—God's child!—Avaunt! down to thy chambers blue
Of sulphur go! the palaces of Sodom yawn for you."—
"Amen, Amen, Amen!" the fiend with yelling laughter cried;
And like an arrow from the bow, her Herman left her side.

XV.

"Stay!" she exclaim'd; "hear me, my son; I spake not thus to you!"
Swift o'er the desert shore he ran; she hasted to pursue:
Crushing the salt-surf samphire weeds, and many a crusted cake
Of salt, stumbling o'er pits, she went: she saw Gomorrah's lake:
She saw her son plunge in the waves; but fast-descending night,
Mingled with storms, fell on the deep, and hid him from her sight.

XVI.

And she by the dark waters of great confusion stood;
Call'd on her son, pray'd to her God, to save him from the flood.
She beat her breast, she cursed her tongue which to the demon gave
Suggestion thus to drown her boy. She met the lashing wave;
And, bending forward, listen'd in each pause of the storm's sweep,
And thought she heard her Herman cry for help from out the deep.

XVII.

Then how!d the wind its wildest staves: she turn'd, intensely gazed,
And seem'd to see his arms above the flashing waters raised.
She felt at length that she was mock'd: Along the barren shore
Far did she wander, and sate down when she could go no more.
The storm was now o'erblown; the moon rose o'er the lulled sea.
She look'd behind her—murky crags rose beetling awfully.

XVIII.

Strange heads came stretching from the clefts of people shelter'd there,—
Wild tenants of the rock, waked by the cries of her despair,
Or by the tempest roused: With threats, they bade her thence be gone,
Nor vex their drowsy caves of night with her untimely moan.
"What creature of the shore art thou?" they cried. "Thee hence betake!
A woman? And hast dared to meet the storm-blast of the Lake?"

XIX.

"To hear the smother'd voices rack the Sodomitish sea,
Of Spirits pent in the whelm'd rooms? Whence may thy sorrows be?
Seek'st thou the apples fair and false?" Thence, back did Miriam run,
Less from her dread of violence, than haste to seek her son.
She sought till dawn; but found him not: Homeward she turn'd her then;
And as she went, sobbing, she cried, "God help the poor drown'd men!"

CHAPTER III.

MIRIAM FOLLOWS HERMAN TO THE SEPULCHRES.

I.

DEEP in the hollow night, a voice to Miriam's slumbering ear
Seem'd thus to say, "Sleep'st thou, when I can sleep not, mother dear?"
She started—listen'd—all was still:—" 'Tis but a dream's wild freak;
These haggard fancies vex me so, since grief has made me weak!"

Yet, yet in that dark hour of storms, from out the wa'ry waste,
Unseen by me, he might have come." She rose with trembling haste ;

II.

Quickly attired, she look'd abroad : The clouds away were gone ;
Blue ether, as if newly wash'd, with dewy gleams far shone ;
The stars were very lustrous ; and in the abyss of night
The moon was set, severely pure, a well of living light.
Deep peace lay in the shadowy vales : the solemn woods were still :
And nought was heard, save oft the bark of wild fox on the hill.

III.

Again upon her bed she lay, sleep hover'd o'er her eyes ;
Again unto her lattice came that voice, and call'd her twice.
" 'Tis but the tempter-fiend ! " she cried : She wept ; call'd on her God ;
Yet still from hope and changeless love again she look'd abroad ;
She heard a cry—she knew that voice ! with beating heart she ran,
And follow'd through the glimmering trees the figure of a man.

IV.

His form was hid : " Heaven help," she cried, " a mother's weary side !
No farther can I go ! " Again his shadow she espied ;
And fast forgot her weariness ; half wish'd to have the speed
Of demons too, to overtake—it is her son indeed !
But now she came unto the place of the white sepulchres ;
And paused—shall she pursue him there ? Deep fear her bosom stirs.

V.

For deepening clouds came o'er the moon : darkness fell all around ;
A shuddering wind grieved in the trees, skirting the charnel ground.
Then birds obscene clamour'd : and yells as from lean hounds of blood,
Mix'd with careering laughter rose : choked shrieks as from the flood ;
And gallowing cries, like grappled fiends' clinch'd with the last despair,
And hurried through Hell's fire-wrought gates, thicken'd the midnight air.

VI.

And Miriam saw white wispy fires dance, warp'd with vapours close,
Like exhalations kindled from the rotten churchyard gross.
She fear'd the vex'd fiend, fear'd the ghosts of milky babes to brave,
And fretted age that cannot rest within the wormy grave.
Yet there she heard oft Herman's voice : and morning soon shall rise :
Beneath a tree she sat to watch ; but sleep o'ertook her eyes.

CHAPTER IV.

HERMAN'S SICKNESS.

I.

'Twas now the time, when stepping down from her ethereal bowers,
The touch of Spring's dew-sandall'd feet kindles the earth with flowers.
Fair rose the morn on Judah's hills. And Miriam waked : a band
Of earnest men drew nigh ; there Christ led Herman by the hand.
" Woman, thy son's restored to thee," the blessed Jesus said ;
And with a shriek of joy she clasp'd, she kiss'd, her Herman's head !

II.

And he, too, wept, like one in whom pride is o'er-master'd last.
Meanwhile, with modesty divine, Jesus away had pass'd.
Then Miriam took her Herman's hand, and led him to her home.
Quiet days pass'd : he lived like one by some strange blight o'ercome :
Day was to him as night's ghost : with austere serenity
He bow'd his doom'd head, and prepared himself quickly to die.

III.

His spirit pined, his days declined. His mother watch'd the while
 With silent grief, as if herself and him she could beguile :
 From morn to night watch'd : if he sigh'd, she rose at midnight oft,
 Stoop'd o'er his head, and touch'd his cheek with hers so kind and soft :
 And brought him food, true as the bird, that plies its little quest
 Around the hedges all day long, to still its yearning nest.

CHAPTER V.

HERMAN'S BLESSING.

I.

'Twas now the golden autumn-tide. Herman lay on his bed :
 Through a small lattice on his face the yellow light was shed :—
 "Is it the matin hour, mother?"—for she was near at hand.
 "No, my dear boy; the setting sun shines sweetly o'er our land :
 With songs unto the fountains go the maids in a long train ;
 Why loiterest thou, dear idle one ? Up, list to them again.

II.

"Loved wert thou by them all.—I see th' illumined hills of oak ;
 Valleys, where bow the cumber'd trees 'neath autumn's mellow yoke ;
 The glitt'ring streams ; the upstay'd heavens of glory o'er our head.
 The barley-harvest days are come,—I see the reapers spread.
 Be up, my boy ! be up, fair boy ! and make thy mother glad :
 Sure health is dawning on thy face ; and we shall ne'er be sad."

III.

He raised his head with fearful haste ; but drooping nature fail'd :
 Feebly he groan'd. Yet, yet with might his filial heart prevail'd ;
 Again he rose ; he took her hand ;—"Eternal God above,
 Keep this tried mother when I die, and recompense her love !
 Her very love has almost been my cursing minister,
 So solemn has it made my life, so full of cares for her.

IV.

"Keen as the wild wolf's following o'er the glazed wintry waste,
 Biting the blast, whetting his fangs, upon the prey to haste,
 She hunted my distemper'd life—her heart could ne'er stand still !—
 Even where the sun unseals the snows, high on the perilous hill.
 Of whom but thee ? of none but thee, thou mother, dearest, best !
 Speak I : Beneath thy weight of love my spirit lies oppress'd.

V.

"I die from thee : I soon must go : my days are a swift stream :
 Thy fond hopes must be shatter'd like the frailty of a dream.
 Yet fear not ; He that heal'd thy son, shall soothe thee o'er my dust ;
 And thou shalt raise thy forehead crown'd with an immortal trust ;
 And, with salvation beautified, to thee it shall be given
 To walk, with the redeem'd on high, the starry floor of Heaven.

VI.

"What shall I say, that when I die my mother may not weep ?
 My blood, my life, would I could frame into one blessing deep !
 Spring, and dew-dropping heaven, each star of goodliest influence,
 Trees weeping balms, all precious things—O ! I would not go hence,
 If I could bless thee with all things ! Hear me yet—"
 "Nay ; cease, cease !
 I love thee so ! I love thee so ! I cannot be at peace !

VII.

"But to the Holy City I this night, this hour, will haste :
 Jesus is there: mercy I'll have." Beside his bed she placed
 Food—would not hear his kind reproof—hasted away—paused—turn'd—
 Again bent o'er him, and with love unutterable burn'd—
 Pray'd leave to go—staid not to hear denial or assent :
 And all the night led by the moon, wide o'er the hills she went.

CHAPTER VI.

MIRIAM AT THE HILL OF CALVARY.

I.

At dawn she reach'd Jerusalem. But Jesus was not there ;
 For he was gone to Galilee : She turn'd with mute despair ;
 With weary limbs retraced her path. Months slowly roll'd away ;
 Yet Herman lived, passing through each gradation of decay.
 Then Miriam was assured that Christ was in Jerusalem,
 And through the silent night again she went in quest of him.

II.

The morn arose. And Miriam heard the sound of camel bells.
 Another step—before her far a whiten'd valley swells :
 For from wide lands, and distant isles, the Passover could still
 Bring up the scatter'd tribes of God unto his holy hill :
 With tents the gorgeous vale was fill'd ; but all deserted stood,
 Save that some slaves went here and there to give the camels food.

III.

To Miriam's question they replied that men were gone to see
 A strange impostor crucified with thieves on Calvary.
 Then went she on until she saw, above the city fair,
 The Temple like a snowy mount far up in the clear air.
 Around its upward-circling courts, she saw the forms of men,
 That bending westward look'd as if some distant thing to ken.

IV.

Still was the sky. At once on them a mighty whirlwind fell,
 And toss'd their garments seen afar ; and brought with many a swell
 The city's din tumultuous. A blind and smothering fear
 On Miriam came ; with breathless haste she to the gates drew near,
 Pass'd through the hurrying streets, and gain'd the foot of Calvary.
 She turn'd—a pomp processional, and shouting crowds, were nigh.

V.

She saw—blind to all else, she saw Him whom she came to seek,
 Bearing his cross : and thorns were crush'd around that brow so meek !
 Immortal anguish held his face ; yet temper'd with a look
 That seem'd prepared, no shame, no pain, from mortal man to brook ;
 Ready to burst all bands, to flash, put indignation on,
 To shake—to thunder-strike—to quell his foes as from a throne.

VI.

This was his majesty. Yet still patience his aspect bound.
 How can she ask, in such an hour, his help ? He turn'd half round ;
 She felt that he read all her heart, when on her face was stay'd
 That eye, like an abyss of love : With clasped hands she pray'd,
 Mute lips, eyes veil'd with reverent hope. He turn'd from her again
 Yet left her to believe, with joy, her prayer had not been vain.

VII.

How can she selfish be ? How dare she leave that hill ? She burn'd
With holy gratitude to Christ : Upward she slowly turn'd ;
She saw the throngs go closing up ; the winding pomp before
A lustre all unnatural upon its ensigns bore,
Beneath a burning sun that smote the summit of the hill.
An ominous cloud, behind, o'erhung the City dark and still.

VIII.

Softly she join'd a company of women. And they stood
Afar, and oft with quick short look the glancing summit view'd.
They pass'd not what was done,—from this the greater was their fear.
Mute, with white lips, forward they bent as if some shriek to hear.
Horror on Miriam fell : she thought of Herman, and was glad
That in his sickness a just cause to haste away she had.

IX.

She went ; yet oft look'd back : She saw th' uplifted cross at last,
And shriek'd, and faster went till she the gates of Zion pass'd.
She pass'd the silent vale of tents, the camels grazing wide ;
The glittering streams shone in the sun, and shone the mountain side ;
A forest near, when she its first outstanding trees had won,
A horror of great darkness fell : the quenched day was done.

X.

She went into the night-lock'd wood. Silence reign'd, like th' old sleep
That watch'd life's gates, ere God call'd up Being from the hoar deep.
Then a sound shook the mountain bars, as when some fallen pile
Of ages sends a dull far voice o'er sea and sounding isle.
Without a breath the forest shook ; and then the earth was rock'd ;
And trees fell crashing all around ; and birds of night were shock'd

XI.

From out their rifted nests : screaming, with helpless wings they beat
The ground, and came and fiercely peck'd, fluttering o'er Miriam's feet.
Steps, as if shod with thunder, ran. Through the infested wood,
Slowly had Miriam groped her way, and in its skirts she stood,
When all at once burst forth the day from out the folds of night ;
And with rebounding glory flash'd along the heavens of light.

XII.

Wedges of terror clove her heart : stumbling she hasted on
With dazzled eyes, she reach'd her home—her Herman's life was gone !
Reeling she turn'd—rush'd blindly forth—wildly her sorrow burst—
Back to her couch she flew—she kiss'd his dead lips : then she cursed
Her journey, cursed that darkness strange, and beat her breast, and cried,
“ Had I not gone—had I been here, my Herman had not died ! ”

CHAPTER VII.

MIRIAM'S INTERVIEW WITH HER SAINTED DAUGHTER, JUDITH.

I.

The “ bread of men,”* and “ cup”† were o'er, the minstrels‡ forth were gone ;
And in the middle watch of night sate Miriam all alone,
Sleepless, in silent sorrow rock'd, with fixed gaze intense
On him dress'd for the grave, her last, still dear, inheritance.

* Ezekiel, xxiv. 17.

† Jeremiah, xxvi. 7.

‡ Matthew, ix. 23.

"Peace!" said a voice, like the far-off whisper of a soft wave;
She started, turn'd, she saw—"My child! my Judith from the grave!"

II.

With lips apart, with heaving heart, gazed Miriam on a form,
Lovely beyond the power of death, the grave's polluting worm.
A lucid air enswathed her head. How excellent are they,
Dear God, thy ransom'd ones! On her consummate forehead lay
The moonlight of eternal peace, solemn and very sweet.
A snowy vesture beautiful came flowing o'er her feet.

III.

"I see! I do! methinks I see my dear immortal child!
Come near me, God-given! Be not these the garments undefiled?
Those eyes, the spirit's sainted wells, o'erflowing still with love,
I know them! Ever look on me, my own celestial dove!
Art thou not come to take me hence, the awful worlds to see?
I long to go—I long to go, to dwell in Heaven with thee!

IV.

"Ah! no, 'tis but a dream!"—"Fear not, for I am ever thine!"
With beautiful tranquillity, with majesty divine,
Forth stepp'd th' unblemish'd Child of Life, and with a meek embrace,
Folded her mother's crowding heart, and kiss'd her breathing face:—
"Fear not: trust thou in Christ, who died this day mankind to save,
By whose dear leave I come to thee, redeem'd from out the grave.

V.

"Many have been, greatly beloved! thy days of trial sore,
Bereavement, grief, wanderings, and pain; but these shall soon be o'er:
And loss, woe, weariness, all pain, each want, each earthly load,
Work the strange fiercely-linked chain that draws earth up to God.
But look to Christ, th' assured One, and thou for aye shalt stand
In the Lord's palaces of Life, in th' uncorrupted land.

VI.

O! it is well with me, mother! No sin is there, no night;
There be the bliss-enamell'd flowers bathed with the showers of light;
Rivers of crystal, shaded with the nations' healing trees,
Whose fadeless leaves, life-spungled, shake in the eternal breeze;
The shining, shining multitudes; the angels' burning tiers;
And there God's face ineffable lights the perpetual years!"

VII.

"Speak of thy father, holy Babe! my youth's spouse, where is he?
Thy brother—he has left me too—O! are they saved like thee?
Then with great joy would I rejoice, and calmly wait the time
To join you all in Heaven. But speak, child of th' unfailing prime!
Thy mother's yet on earth—how lone? Shall they not also rise,
And come this night anew to bless these old o'erwearied eyes?"

VIII.

"Fear not: rest thou in hope and peace. To thee, on earth below,
More of the Spirits' hidden world 'tis not allow'd to know.
Now let me see my brother's face; night's mid watch passes fleet,
And in the Holy City I the risen saints must meet,
To pass with them into the Heavens." Silent, with trembling hands,
Miriam from Herman's face slowly undid the linen bands:—

IX.

"Judith, draw near and see his face; upon thy brother look."
And she drew near. Her glistering stole one moment ruffled shook;

Like light in tremulous water gleam'd her eyes divine, as they
 Gazed on young Herman's face as he in his bloodless beauty lay.
 With earth's dear frailty temper'd still—Heaven's great and perfect years
 Not yet attain'd—her eyes' sweet cups ran o'er with silver tears.

X.

She parted on his lofty brow his locks of yellow hair ;
 She kiss'd his forehead and his lips ; then with a sister's care,
 Around his imaged face serene, the grave's white folds she tied ;
 She took her mother by the hand, and led her from his side ;
 Then stood th' ethereal creature clothed with waveless peace :—" Thy leave,
 Sweet mother, let me go ; and say, dear one ! thou wilt not grieve."

XI.

" I shall not grieve ; I will not grieve. But come, through the dark woods
 Thy mortal mother shall thee guide, and o'er the crossing floods.
 O ! I am greatly glad for thee, my young lamb of the fold !
 Come near, and let me lead thee thus : thy mother gently hold !
 For thou art wash'd in our Christ's blood ! For thou art passing fair !
 The very Spirit of God's Heavens has breathed upon thy hair !

XII.

" Now let me guide thee forth. Nay, nay, the thought is foolish all,
 That thou canst wandering err, that aught of ill can thee befall.
 Young dweller of the Heavens ! mine own ! the angels pure that be,
 Primæval creatures of God's hand, in light excel not thee !
 Those vivid eyes can look through night ! No monster of the wild,
 Demon, or bandit of the cave, dares harm my sealed child !

XIII.

" In dazzling globes those angels wait, to bear thee with swift might,
 O'er the bow'd tops of tufted woods to Zion's holy height.
 Go then—Ah ! thou must go indeed !" She smiled—she turn'd to go ;
 But Miriam caught her shining skirts with a mother's parting woe,
 And knelt, and clasp'd her hands : Then turn'd the daughter of the skies,
 Raised—led the mourner to a couch, and breathed upon her eyes.

XIV.

Deep sleep on Miriam fell. With face meek as the moon of night,
 Far down in waveless water seen, a sleeping pearl of light,
 A moment gazed that child on her ; then brightening went. At morn,
 With hope through sorrow, Miriam saw to dust her Herman borne.
 Her faith was perfect now in Him whose blood for men had flow'd.
 Calm shone her evening life, and set in the bosom of her God.

END OF THE DEMONIC.

OPENING OF THE LIVERPOOL AND MANCHESTER RAILROAD.

THE papers have amply done their duty in detailing minutely the various proceedings of that ever-memorable day, the 15th of September, the opening of the railroad,—a day, I will venture to say, speaking numerically, which has made a greater impression upon a local population than any other within memory of man. But still, as every individual who was present to witness that extraordinary exhibition, had his own little private catalogue of observations, perhaps a few “*epæa pteroenta*” written “*currente calamo*,” of one amongst the multitudinous eye-witnesses, may prove acceptable; winged words, written with running pens, are, in truth, the best adapted to the temper of the times, when the heads of thousands are in a whirl; when time and space are fast hiding their diminished heads, and universal ubiquity, by universal suffrage, is announced to be the order of the day.

Happy he who could find a lodging of any kind in the town of Liverpool; but whether on beds of board, or beds of down, or beds of roses, I doubt much whether on that night any of the morrow’s favoured spectators indulged in their average quantum of sleep. There was a feverish conspiracy of pleasure, of curiosity, and perhaps, beyond what many chose to express or encourage, of solemn forebodings, of secret presentiments, of those qualms and misgivings of all sorts and sizes, which are wont to haunt timid minds when placed in situations to which they are unused. “I would give the world for a seat in the locomotives,” said one; “I would not venture the sole of my foot in them, as I value my life,” said another; such was the antipodal extent and scale of opinion. About four o’clock in the morning our slumbers were disturbed by a bleak autumnal whistling of wind, accompanied with driving showers pattering against the window. The sky looked dismally lowering, and the scud, as it flew by, gave but poor hope of the goodly day so ardently wished for. The rain did, however, cease; and the scud melting away disclosed patches of blue sky, gradually enlarging; in which the best of omens appeared, in the form of some

ten or a dozen swallows soaring in the air. In short, by seven o’clock, all were up, and all in spirits, literally speaking, basking in the full sunshine of hope, as its rays glanced upon the early breakfast-table. — Proceeding towards the scene of action, the whole country seemed alive; every lane was filled; every field was sprinkled with multitudes in their best and brightest apparel; some moving to the right, some to the left, crossing each other, as a seaman would say, on different tacks; but all nevertheless in motion for the same end; each hastening to take his station in the point selected in his judgment as the best, to witness the opening of the railroad. On reaching the more immediate suburbs of Liverpool, the plot began to thicken tenfold; avenues of approach were partially blocked up; streets assumed a choking inaccessible aspect; while roofs, ridges, and pinnacles, wherever they commanded a view of the line of operation, were thickly studded with spectators, often in the most perilous situations. Near the entrance of the great tunnel, two lofty insulated chimneys, in the form of beautifully proportioned columns, had been erected, for the steam engines destined to draw waggons up the long inclined plane, undermining the whole length of the town. From the orifice of these spiry shafts, about half-a-dozen gallant fellows thrust their figures, having, by perseveringly burrowing their way through the draft bore, fully entitled themselves to unquestionably the very best seat that could be imagined. Not far from these chimneys stood a windmill, in which, as all labour was suspended, the sails were furled, and the machinery at rest, and from the radiating lattice-work one individual, whose head must have been hard and immovable as Memnon’s, had very coolly laid himself out; and there, with folded arms, in perfect composure, sat through the morning on the narrow ledge of one of the skeleton arms, where a squirrel might have been excused for manifesting nervous symptoms, looking down from his airy seat on the busy world below, with as little apprehension as a jack-

daw on the weathercock of a cathedral. After shewing our tickets, the scene was changed. In a sort of area, surrounded by offices and high walls, were drawn up two ranges of carriages of every shape and quality, from the gorgeous car of triumph, decorated with gold and crimson, to plain homely unadorned butter-and-egg sort of market carts—much the kind of collection that might be made from a compound of the Lord Mayor's show and Epsom races. Here was just such a procession, as my readers may recollect on old Chinese screens, smart figures, gay dresses, musicians, wheeled carriages, all jostled together, with the characteristic ornaments (after the Chinese fashion) of a profusion of little flags, red, blue, brown, yellow, and green, all flapping and fluttering in the wind. All the world seemed collected in the same spot; not only nine-tenths of those I knew in the neighbouring counties were there, but three-fourths, at least, of my whole circle of friends, from Peking, westward to the Pacific. Nay more, some few persons crossed me whom I had long ceased to consider as tenants of this world; but there they were, all alive, with happy, smiling, merry looks, like every body else about them. The ill-humoured had, for the time being, put their ill-humour into their pockets; the frightened lost sight of their fears; the fretful had neither time nor inclination to be peevish. It was like the jubilee of the Jews, when all grievances were forgotten; enmities and heart-burnings evaporated like smoke, and the very Quakers, throwing aside their gravity, looked as gay as larks, and joined in the general joyousness.

This was our state. Alas! who could have surmised, at such a moment, that within the short space of another hour, this all-pervading joy should be exchanged for one pervading gloom—under a solemn lesson of man's mortality, and the frail tenure upon which his existence is held.

All had, at length, taken their seats, all, like the Gilpin family, "agog to dash through thick and thin," when the main-spring of the day's work, the Duke of Wellington, was announced, walking down the vacant

space between the carriages; his keen penetrating eye seemed, at the same identical moment, to recognise every individual, while, with a hearty laugh of surprise, he testified his satisfaction at the strange situation in which he, like the rest of the world, found himself so suddenly placed. To every carriage, or set of carriages, a trumpeter was appointed; in addition to which, a full military band was stationed at the head of the procession. On his entrance, each performer, in succession, burst into action, with lungs inflated and cheeks ready to crack, as he caught sight of the Great Captain of the age. Accordingly, by the time the foremost had well established himself in his part, the next had taken up the wondrous note, and so on through the line, till bar, time, and tune, were inextricably intermingled; all, however, having one and the same object in view, viz. to give full effect to "See the Conquering Hero Comes!" In the midst of this din of harmony, a gun was fired within a few yards; at the sound of which, as its smoke curled above the walls, the leading carriages were slowly launched away, each set following at short intervals, till the whole, gliding from the area, entered the smaller tunnel, with a low rumbling sound, as the iron wheels revolved on their iron beds. This minor tunnel, of 100 yards or thereabouts, in length, was, whether accidentally or intentionally, (for the sake of effect,) I know not, almost dark; the little light, at least, there was, not being more than sufficient to make the darkness visible. If intentional, nothing could have been devised in better taste, giving double effect to the scene that awaited our emerging into broad daylight—a scene which few, if any, can ever hope to see equalled. The deep valley, cut out of the precipitous solid bank of rock, into which the two tunnels opened, was commanded by positions, from whence, I am sure I speak within compass, above twenty thousand eyes riveted upon one procession, now assembled, for the first time, on the true line of railway; preparing for actual flight, as fast as eight fine engines could be harnessed; all emitting columns of vapour, all steaming, puffing, and

blowing, as if every boiler and bar within or about them, would burst, or rive asunder. All ready! The signal was repeated, and away we flew, amidst clouds of steam, while the rocks re-echoed with the deafening shouts of the myriads above and about us. I have said before that the papers have told all that can be told of sundry particulars, which it would be unnecessary again to notice. But no words of theirs or mine can convey an adequate notion of the magnificence (I cannot use a smaller word) of our progress. At first it was comparatively slow; but soon we felt that we were indeed going, and then it was that every person to whom the conveyance was new, must have been sensible that the adaptation of locomotive power was establishing a fresh era in the state of society; the final results of which it is impossible to contemplate. On looking over the side, the earth, with its iron stripes on which we shot along, seemed like a vast riband unrolling itself rapidly as we went. At one maximum of speed, the pebbles scarcely caught the eye; before the sight was fairly fixed upon them, they were far away and lost in the rear. The shouts of joy which greeted those in front, fell in their full gladness on us, who rapidly filled up the intervening space; while those which hailed us as we passed, were destined to be the compliment to others, who in another instant occupied our place. At times it was difficult to recognise or distinguish the countenances of the long continuous lines of spectators, as they seemed to glide away, like painted figures swiftly drawn through the tubes of a magic lantern. One engine (for what reason I could not exactly ascertain, unless left free to exhibit its unfettered powers) was placed on the corresponding parallel line of railway, so that, without interruption, it could move to and fro at pleasure. When we were at full speed, its coming was announced; far behind, I saw it as a speck in the distance, but rapidly increasing in size, it became, if I may use the expression, in a few seconds, largely visible, and shot by us, as though we were jogging on quietly in a farmer's market cart. In a trice, having reached the head of the column, it retro-

graded, and then exhibited what may be termed a frightful display of velocity, compounded not as before, when overtaking us, of our velocity to be deducted, but to be added. There was a loud whiz and a rattling of wheels; I could scarcely discern its form, as it bore down as if to crush all before it—a glance was all—it came and was gone—with a comparative speed (taking ours at twenty, and its own at about double) of nearly sixty miles an hour!

In the rapid movement of these engines, there is an optical deception worth noticing. A spectator observing their approach, when at extreme speed, can scarcely divest himself of the idea, that they are not enlarging and increasing in size rather than moving. I know not how to explain my meaning better, than by referring to the enlargement of objects in a phantasmagoria. At first the image is barely discernible, but as it advances from the focal point, it seems to increase beyond all limit. Thus an engine, as it draws near, appears to become rapidly magnified, and as if it would fill up the entire space between the banks, and absorb every thing within its vortex.

Hitherto all had gone on to admiration, when a trifling accident occurred, rather of a satisfactory nature than otherwise, inasmuch as it proved that, what might theoretically be considered perilous, may, practically speaking, be of no consequence whatever. One of our engine wheels, how I know not, contrived to bolt from the course—in plain words, it escaped from the rail, and ploughed along upon the clay, with no other inconvenience than an increase of friction, which damped our speed, and with the additional application of the break, soon brought us to an anchor. The engine, however, behind us, not being aware of our mishap, came pelting on at a smart pace, without receiving its signal for checking motion in time. Accordingly, those on the look-out hastily called on their fellow-passengers to be on their guard, and prepare for a jolt, which took place with a crash upon our rear, sufficiently loud and forcible to give an idea of what would happen, if by any strange chance it had charged us with the unrestrained impetuosity of its powers.

It is not necessary to describe how we were hailed in our progress with the enthusiastic cheers of wondering multitudes, rather let me mention the one exception. In passing by a dense mass of people, I observed, a few hundred yards distant from the road, a solitary being pursuing his daily work with as much indifference to what was going on as if he had been Robinson Crusoe on his desert island. He was in a field of oats; and there, with measured step, he slowly and leisurely followed the stroke of his scythe without a moment's pause; the broad flap of his hat was slouched over his face, and neither head was raised, nor eye turned upward, to cast a single look upon the helter-skelter party flying by him on the wings of the wind. He continued his work with a dogged indifference and imperturbability, which, could it in charity have been attributed solely to steady and industrious habits, would go far to make one hate steadiness and industry for the rest of one's life.

The time for taking in water was now at hand. Each set of carriages was either stopping or slowly proceeding to their respective tanks. On looking out, I observed the Duke's train drawn up parallel to another train, with a considerable number of persons on foot assembled in the intervening space; and, at the same time, I perceived an appearance of hustling, and stooping, and crowding together for which I could not well account. In another moment, a gentleman rushed forth, and came running up the line towards us; as he neared, I saw evidently that he was much agitated, and pale, and breathless—in short, that something dreadful had happened was obvious. At length he stopped, and fifty voices exclaimed, "Has any thing happened? What is the matter?" In a state of distracted nervousness, and in broken unconnected words, he at last broke silence—"Oh God! he is dead! He is killed! he is killed!"—"Who, and when, and how?" burst from every mouth; the first passing thought on my own, and probably every other mind, being, that some desperate and successful attempt had been made on the Duke's life. The truth, however, soon spread like wildfire to the right and left, acting, as it fell upon every ear,

like a spell. Smiles and cheerful countenances were changed for one general gloom. Amongst those who were near the fatal spot, the first feeling was one of thankfulness, that their own immediate relative was not the victim; the next, and most permanent, was sympathy with the unhappy lady who saw her husband stretched, lacerated and bleeding, on the ground. A further sympathy was, I am sure, as generally and as sincerely felt—a sympathy with those gentlemen, who, as directors, had for so long devoted themselves to the accommodation of the public, and looked forward to this day as a gratifying and auspicious termination of their labours; conscious, too, as they were, that had their printed directions, issued with the tickets, been adhered to, no such accident could by any possibility have occurred.

During the long interval spent in a state of uncertainty, individual feelings were vented in a variety of ways. Some were in tears, some retired from the crowd and paced hastily up and down the road, some seated themselves by the side in silence. Some stood absorbed, while others discussed the accident in little knots and parties—some were gesticulating, while others were looking on speechless and motionless.

The final decision being in favour of advancing, seats were resumed, and we moved on; but the buoyant exhilaration of the morning was past, and the whole now wore the sombre aspect of a funeral procession. The military band was left to return as it could; I saw them, crest-fallen, picking their way homeward through the mud and mire; our trumpeters, who had hitherto rather overpowered us with their efforts, were ordered to keep silence, and no responsive greetings met the shouts of spectators, as yet in ignorance of the sad event. The weather, too, began to assume a cheerless aspect, and the lively face of a well-cultivated country was soon exchanged for the dreary wilds of Chatmoss, that Paradise of Will o' the Wispes, snipes, and blue devils.

Speaking of snipes reminds me of an anecdote which occurred not long since in this very place. One of the engineers, hurrying across the moss

upon his locomotive, started a couple of these birds, which accidentally took the same line of course. As races with snipes are of rare occurrence in a man's life, he availed himself of the opportunity, and forthwith putting forth his whole physical powers, determined on trying the speed of his winged competitors. According to his own account, the contest, which continued neck and neck for some distance at the rate of thirty miles an hour, terminated in his favour; the birds then wheeling off for the interior of the moss. I have, however, very considerable doubts as to the conclusion drawn by the engineer, being perfectly confident that if by accident he did gain an advantage, the snipes most assuredly were not at their high pressure speed; for the flight of some of the slowest birds, the sparrow, the crow, and starling, for instance, averages thirty miles an hour; while others double, treble, and in some cases, as for example the swift, even quadruple that velocity.

A heavy shower, with distant thunder, tended little to raise our spirits in crossing this irreclaimable wilderness of nearly six miles in extent, continuing with more or less intermission till the end of our journey.

The population, which had for a time been thinly assembled, now, as we approached Manchester, became dense in a geometrical ratio. Straggling parties were succeeded by lines deeper and more closely packed every yard we proceeded.

Up to this point, an organized police had kept a passage open, and little or no inconvenience or obstruction was experienced; but now we were entering upon a world bidding defiance to order, and closing in upon the carriages on every side.

To have proceeded with even moderate speed, must have caused the inevitable death of hundreds. It was no longer in detached masses, however large, that human beings were now crowded to suffocation, but as far as the eye could reach, on points commanding any thing like a view, was one vast sea of people, on whom it was impossible to look without sensations of apprehension, or to reflect without dread on the probable consequences, had we returned to

Liverpool, and disappointed a mob already primed for explosion.

Malicious incendiaries were at hand, ready to fan any thing into a flame. It was well known, that for some days previous to the 15th, evil-disposed persons had been busy.—One wretch had, it was said, prepared some thousands of tri-color cockades for gratuitous distribution; but to what extent they were really issued, or where they were displayed, I know not, it so happening that four instances only came under my immediate observation; three consisting merely of short scraps of blue, white, and red ribbon, pinned to the button-holes of fellows of the very lowest description; the fourth, however, decorated a personage of such eminent consequence in his own estimation, that it would be an act of injustice to pass over unnoticed so perfect a pattern, the very beau-ideal of that class of deputy candle-snuffers to Hunt and Cobbett, here and there to be met with in our provincial towns. He had succeeded, by good luck, in establishing himself on a little insulated mound of hardened mud or rubbish, somewhat apart from the rest of his fraternity. There he stood, sole monarch of the soil, with arms a-kinbo, upholding his squab, broad-faced, and broad-bodied, coarse figure, by the assistance of a stout stick, which propped him up on the right side, with the evident intent of attracting notice, arrayed, as he was, with a profusion of collars, cockades, bunches, and bows of tricolor ribbon, fluttering from every band and button-hole; and affecting to look with sovereign contempt on the aristocratical pageantry, and, no doubt, convinced within himself, that the noble Duke and his party were quailing beneath the gaze of so important a representative of Radicalism; and, in good truth, if physiognomy may be taken as a test of intention, they had good reason so to do, were there the slightest prospect of he and his worthy associates having ever the power of putting the said intentions into execution. That coadjutors might be found was likely enough, from a very transient inspection of the unsightly rabble, who, having broken all bounds, and filled up the road, ac-

tually compelled us to force a passage, at the risk, in spite of the utmost caution and skill, of playing the part of the Jaggernaut car, and crushing human beings at every step. How different, in all respects, from the crowds we had left in the morning!

In or near Liverpool but one sentiment seemed to prevail, that of doing honour to the day by a display of honest, loyal feeling. Clothed in their Sunday best, the Liverpool, and other assembled crowds along the road, cheered us with repetitions of those hearty, sailor-like shouts, which come home at once to the heart, and admit of no misconstruction. Here, on the other hand, thousands pressed about us, "shewing no sign," but watching us pass with looks of sullen or insolent indifference. A slovenly, ragged set, with hair uncombed and beards unshaven, with waistcoats open, exhibiting unwashed skin, dirty linen, and bare necks, they presented the same character of "a rude people," as old Strype the Chronicler described them some hundred years ago.

But as the eye wandered over this vast ocean of human beings, other trains of thought passed across the mind. Some serious enough, acquiring weight from the recent and prominent feature of the day. What a congregated mass of life! How, and where, was each individual portion to be classed hereafter? and by what unerring fiat of justice, tempered with mercy, was the fate of each to be for ever fixed? How many had treasured up, or duly analysed, the talent committed to his care; how many had cast it aside with the indifference of the brute that perisheth! Then came considerations as to the quantum of benefit derived by the world from this accumulation of bodies and brains. What per centage of good or evil was in store from the march of intellect amongst them? In the midst of these and similar reveries, the speech of an orator in London suddenly came to my recollection, who, immediately after the king's accession, in moralising upon the numbers he had seen collected, took occasion to wonder that earth should ever be found wherein to bury them. At the time, I must confess that his

observation and his wonder seemed very unnecessary; for even now, where the numbers were ten, if not twentyfold greater, there appeared to me no manner of difficulty in the case. We had just passed a burying-ground sufficiently spacious and deep for the population of the whole United Kingdom. Chatmoss would at any moment swallow the whole of such an assemblage at a meal, and digest every man, woman, and child of them in a month. Following up the idea, however, and shifting it to other worldly requisites, I could not help marvelling at the quantity of beds such a host would require, how many acres of mattresses must be laid to provide a suitable dormitory. Then as to their commissariat—what droves of oxen to be boiled, roasted, or salted down, for a simple dinner; and what an infinity of cultivated lands to afford for each but one single loaf of bread!—The gross amount assembled on that day has been variously estimated; my own idea, on the following data, is, that it could not have been less than four hundred thousand. Liverpool, with its adjoining villages and seafaring population, say 150,000
Manchester parish, including Salford, say 187,000

Making an aggregate of about 337,000

From this we must, however, make a certain deduction for servants and others of necessity left at home; but these again may be fairly balanced by the extraordinary accession of strangers flocking from all parts of the world into those towns. The additional numbers may, without difficulty, be brought up from the thickly inhabited manufacturing districts, and numerous large towns within easy distance of the railroad, which poured forth indefinite numbers, placing every coach, cart, waggon, and horse, in requisition on this memorable day.—Another mode of computation, collected from observation, would yield a still larger amount. Calling the whole distance, in rough numbers, thirty miles, and allowing a sufficiency of space per head, we shall have a continuous single line on either side the railway, of about 8000 for every mile; but as, with the exception of Chatmoss, the crowds, if

drawn out, would, I think, have far exceeded that number, probably forming a double, and, in many parts, a treble rank for miles, the total amount of four hundred thousand (they were estimated by many at five) will appear to be far from overrated. To form some idea of the curiosity excited, and avidity for satisfying it, a reference might be made to the number of stands erected in every eligible position on the line; one, for instance, near the great viaduct and embankment at Sankey, was advertised to accommodate no less than a thousand persons; and, in order to command respectability, tickets were issued at ten shillings and sixpence, including conveyance to and from certain places, and a handsome collation. We passed it before the sad catastrophe, all in the highest spirits, preparing to fill up the time till our return by a ball. The musicians had taken their seats, and dancing had commenced, when such was the paralyzing effect of the accident, so general the sympathy, that the moment the news was received, by a simultaneous wish, the music was ordered away, and every symptom of festivity suspended.

The morning, so joyously spent at the western end of the line, had not been idly passed at its eastern termination. If Liverpool arose with the lark to witness our departure, Manchester had taken an early breakfast to be in readiness for our arrival. Large warehouses had been appropriated for our accommodation, and tables amply provided for a luxurious repast. In addition to these, an extensive platform, in an adjacent warehouse, had been reserved for a respectable selection of spectators, anxious to hail the first appearance of the procession. Unfortunately for them, no precaution had been taken to guard against the weather, and as the lowering clouds from the westward had bestowed their contents upon them at an earlier hour, caps, bonnets, pelisses, and patience, were beginning to be the worse for the wear, even before the time appointed for our approach. But that time passed, and still we came not—another hour passed, and still no tidings.

In the absence of certainty rumour began to be busy. Apprehension had before been excited by the sight

of a troop of dragoons in full trot, defiling over a bridge, in the direction of Liverpool, summoned, it was said, to disperse a mob at Eccles, who had collected in force, and were tearing up the railway. This alarm was in due time relieved by the return of the dragoons, rather angry from their fruitless errand, having found the railroad perfectly safe—no mob at all, and nothing damaged but their own best jackets and pantaloons, by the drenching rain. However, that something had happened, that the progress had been interrupted, was obvious; and the clattering of thunder over head, added to the nervous excitement of the situation, and the presentiments and forebodings of those who had friends *en route*, soon rose to their utmost height. At this moment the signal-gun fired, a distant cheer was heard along the line, and the cloudy vapour of an engine was seen above the houses. Umbrellas were lowered, every head stretched to the utmost, when the cheer gradually died away, as the Northumbrian, the Duke's engine, with a single car attached to it, dashed through the line of soldiers, appointed to guard the railway, to the front of the great warehouse: and in another moment the cry of "A surgeon!" "Lord Wilton wants a surgeon!" spread through the crowd.

One of the most eminent was within call. While he went off for his instruments, the engine hurried back to Eccles to replenish its boiler. In an incredibly short time both again met on the same spot. The boiler had been filled, the instruments procured, and away again flew the Northumbrian on its painful mission. In about another hour the train arrived, and all excepting the Duke descended to take refreshment; but this fatal event had not only cast insuperable gloom over all and every thing, but disorganized the admirably arranged plans of the day. We were expected in Liverpool at four. It was now past that hour and we were still at Manchester—evening was setting in—the sky was overcast—heavy dark clouds threatened a settled downfall—but the majority of the engines were absent taking in water. Hints had reached the police, that the populace in the sub-

urbs had evinced symptoms of impatience and turbulence; earlier in the day, respectable people, walking amongst them, had found it unpleasant, and latterly they had taken to the practical joke, so well suited to their character and taste, of bespattering the more decently dressed who came within reach, with clay and mud. Under such circumstances, it was decided that the Duke's train of carriages should move off with the engines already arrived, leaving the remainder, consisting of about twenty vehicles, containing upwards of six hundred passengers, to follow as soon as the other engines arrived. Five o'clock came, but none appeared, when word was brought that the ducal train had unluckily taken the same line as the returning engines; and that, as they could not pass each other, there was no alternative but for the Duke to retrace his steps to Manchester, through the now unmanageable mob, or drive our engines on before him to Liverpool. Of course the former was deemed the most advisable, and we had nothing for it but to wait in patience for their return, employing our leisure in pondering upon how and where the night was to be passed if they did not return at all, an event considered to be by no means improbable. Soon after five o'clock, however, our hopes were revived by the unexpected appearance of three engines, which had, it appeared, not been caught up with the rest, and with these, at a quarter after five, the whole remaining train commenced its retreat. Whether, that in the person of the Duke, the main attraction had been withdrawn, or that the rain from above, or the sloppiness from below, had damped their ardour, I cannot say, but we met with comparatively little obstruction, and finally cleared the suburbs without running over or being assailed by a single radical. Over-weighted as our three engines were, they evinced their power, by dragging us on with considerable speed, particularly over Chatmoss, which we passed (I believe, in great measure, because it has a fall from the dead level of one in about 1200)* at the smart rate of from eighteen to twenty miles an hour. But as fre-

quent delays, from various causes, occurred, our progress was, on the whole, tedious, and we were in darkness before we had completed half our journey; about nine o'clock, a cry was raised that two other engines were bearing down upon us, and with these harnessed on to the rest, we hoped for a speedy termination of the remainder. But all their united efforts were found incompetent to the task of taking such a load up the inclined plane near Sutton, and the gentlemen accordingly dismounted, in number about 400, to walk this ascending mile. There was something more striking perhaps than agreeable in this part of the day's work. The five engines throwing out jets of sparks into the air, which were carried far away by the wind, while the roadway was sprinkled with fiery particles falling from the furnace grates, the flames casting a bright golden light on the clouds of condensing steam which were constantly escaping—all combined to produce a strange but sombre illumination, gleaming partially on the long train of carriages, succeeded by such a numerous escort. Little more remains to be told. Suffice it to add, that about half past ten, the whole train defiled through the large tunnel, landing its six hundred and odd passengers, in a pitch-dark night, in a remote part of the town, far distant from the inns and hotels with which they were acquainted, hurrying about in confusion, in search of carriages which had driven off, or separated friends whom they were destined not to find. Many, never dreaming of such a delay, having secured no beds, and, therefore, in a state of utter uncertainty where they were to procure house room for the night; with the further conviction, that horses to take them away were not to be got on any terms. Strange adventures must have fallen to the lot of some, in such a scene of confusion, unpalatable enough at the time, though now, when nought is left but retrospection, leaving pleasant as well as painful reminiscences of a day whose counterpart they can never expect to see again.

A RAILER.

20th Sept. 1830.

Noctes Ambrosianæ.

No. LII.

ΧΡΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΤΛΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
ΗΔΕΑ ΚΩΤΙΛΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

Σ.

PHOC. *ap* Ath.

[*This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,
An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days ;
Meaning, " 'Tis right for good winebibbing people,
Not to let the jug pace round the board like a cripple ;
But gaily to chat while discussing their tipples."*
*An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—
And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.*]

C. N. *ap* Ambr.

SCENE—*Blue Parlour ;—Time, eight o'clock ;—North, Shepherd, and Jug.*

SHEPHERD.

Which o' us three, I wunner, looks best at the settin' in o' another wunter ? I suspect it's me—for to say naething o' the jug, wha has lost his nose, you're getting mair and mair spinuleshankit, sir, ilka year—as for your hauns, ane may see through them—and a'thegither you're an interesting atomy o' the auld school—I fear we're gaun to lose you, sir, during the season. But dinna mind, sir—ye sall hae a moniment erected to you by a grateful nation on the Calton-hill—and ships comin' up the Firth—steamers, smacks, and ither—amang them now and then a man o' war—will never notice the Parthenon, a' glowerin' through telescopes at the mausoleum o' Christopher North.

NORTH.

I desire no other moniment, James, than a bound set of the *Magazine* in the library of every subscriber. Yes—my immortal ambition is to live in the libraries and liberties of my native land.

SHEPHERD.

A noble sentiment, sir, beautifully expressed. Oh ! but you're a curious cretur—a Great Man !

NORTH.

James, I KNOW MYSELF. I am neither a great nor a small—but a middle-sized man——

SHEPHERD.

What the deevil ! dinna ye belang to the Sax Feet Club ?

NORTH.

No. The Fine Fellows invite me to their Feasts and Festivals—and I am proud to be their guest. But my stature is deficient the eighth part of an inch ; and I could not submit to sit at any board below either the Standard or the Salt.

SHEPHERD.

A noble sentiment, sir, beautifully expressed. Oh ! but you're a curious cretur—a Great Man !

NORTH.

I am not a curious creature, James, but a commonplace Christian. As to my intellectual stature—and of that I spoke when I said that I am but a middle-sized man—it is, I am satisfied, the stature best adapted for the enjoyment of tranquil happiness in this world. I look along the many levels

of life—and lo! they seem to form one immense amphitheatre. Below me are rows, and rows, and rows of well-apparelled people—remember I speak figuratively of the mind—who sometimes look up—ungrudgingly and unenvyingly—to where I am sitting—smiling on me as on one belonging to their own order, though placed by Providence—august Master of these august Ceremonies—a little loftier in the range of seats in a half-moon circling the horizon, and crowded to overflowing with the whole human race.

SHEPHERD.

A noble sentiment, sir, beautifully expressed. Oh! but you're a curious creetur—a Great Man!

NORTH.

I beg your pardon—but I did not hear you, James—will you repeat that again?

SHEPHERD.

Na. I makes a pint o' never sayin' the same thing twice owre for ony man—except a deaf aue—and only to him gin he uses a lug-trumpet.

NORTH.

Then looking right and left, James, I behold an immense multitude sitting, seemingly on the same altitude with myself—somewhat more richly-robed than our brethren beneath—till, lifting up my eyes, lo! the Magnates, and Potentates, and Princes, and Kings of all the shadowy worlds of mind, magnificently arrayed, and belounging rather to the heavens than to the earth!

SHEPHERD.

A noble sentiment, sir, beautifully expressed. Oh! but you're a curious creetur—a Great Man! (*Aside.*) I micht din thae words until his lug fifty times without his catchin' their meanin'—for whan the auld doited body begins haveriu' about himsell, he's deaf to a' things else in the creawtion.

NORTH.

Monuments! Some men have been so glorious, James, that to build up something in stone to perpetuate that glory, seems of all futile attempts the most futile, and either to betray a sinful distrust of their immortality, or a wretched ignorance of the

“Power divine of sacred memories,”

which will reign on earth, in eternal youth, ages and ages and ages after the elements have dissolved the brass or marble, on which were vainly engraven the consecrated and undying names!

SHEPHERD.

A noble sentiment, beau———

NORTH.

A monument to Newton! a monument to Shakspeare! Look up to Heaven—look into the Human Heart. Till the planets and the passions—the affections and the fixed stars are extinguished—their names cannot die.

SHEPHERD (*starting up.*)

A moniment to Sir William Wallace! A moniment to William Tell! Look at the mountains of Scotland and Switzerland—listen to their cataracts—look to the light on the foreheads—listen to the music on the lips of the Free—

“Kings of the Desert, ~~men~~ whose stately tread
Brings from the dust ~~the~~ sound of Liberty!”

NORTH.

A noble sentiment, James, beautifully expressed. Oh! but you're a curious cretur—a Great Man!

SHEPHERD.

What! You've been sookin' in my flattery a' the time, ye auld sinner—and noo turn intil a banter on mysell the compliment I paid you fra the verra bottom o' my heart? You're a queer deevil.—Hoo hae ye stood the weather this season, sir?

NORTH.

Weather ! It never deserved the name of weather, James, even during that muddy and mizzly misnomer—Summer ; while the Autumn——

SHEPHERD.

Weel, do ye ken, sir, that I never saw in a' my born days, what I cou'd wi' a safe conscience hae ca'd—bad weather ? The warst has aye had some redeemin' quality about it that enabled me to thole it without yawmerin'. Though we mayna be able to see, we can aye think o' the clear blue lift. Weather, sir, ablin's no to speak very scientially in the way o' meteorological observation—but rather in a poetical, that is, religious spirit—~~may~~ be defined, I jalouse, “ the expression o' the fluctuations and modifications o' feeling in the heart o' the heevens, made audible, and visible, and tangible on their face and bosom.” That's weather.

NORTH.

Something very beautiful might be written about weather—climate.

SHEPHERD.

But no by you—by me. Oh ! heavens and earth ! O God and man ! what I—a shepherd—hae felt in a spring-shower ! The dry waird a' at ance made dewy—dewy—dewy as the licht in the Angel o' Mercy's een, beheld by contrite sinner in a midnight dream !

NORTH.

James, your paw.

SHEPHERD.

A saft, fresh, silent change has been wrocht a' ower the ootward creation—and a congenial change—as saft, as fresh, as silent, has likewise been wrocht within your ain heart. Music is unist harmonious—but not mair harmonious nor licht ; for licht wears a coat o' many colours—and lo ! yonder is the web from which it was cut—hung aloft in the skies.

NORTH.

There spake at once the Ettrick Shepherd and the Tailor of Yarrow-Ford !

SHEPHERD.

The Rainbow ! Is she not the Lady o' Licht, the Queen o' Colour, the Princess of Prisms, the Heiress Apparent o' Air, and her Royal Highness of Heaven ? O Thou ! who bendest Beauty like a bridge across the valley—on which imagination's eye may ken celestial shapes moving to and fro along the braided battlements—Sun-begotten, Cloud-born Angel ! Emblem, sign, and symbol of mercy and of peace ! Storm-seeker and storm-subduer ! Pathway—so sacred Superstition sings—between Heaven and Earth ! Alike beautiful is thy coming and thy going—and no soul so savage as not for a while to saften, as thy Apparition comes gradually breathing and blushing out of the sky ! Immortal art thou in thy evanescence ! The sole light, either in heaven or on earth, of which the soul may not sicken when overcome with the agonies of grief or guilt ! O that on my death-bed I may behold a Rainbow !

NORTH.

Nay, James, the jug is empty ; and at that moment, with the sudden jerk of your arm, expecting a heavier load on the way to your mouth, you had nearly given yourself a bloody nose. Be more cautious in future—but replenish.

SHEPHERD.

In a single instant, a' the earth is green as emerald, and covered wi' a glorious glitter o' its ain, sic as never shone—or cou'd shine, over the bricht but barren sea. A's joy : The ~~knives~~ ^{hedges}, the banks, the braes, the lawns, the hedges, the woods, the single ~~trees~~ ^{groves}, the saughs, the heather, the broom, the bit bushes, the whins, the fern, the gerss, the flowers, the weeds—sic as dockens, nettles, aye, the verra hemlock—are a' harmless and a' happy ! They seem a' embued wi' a sort o' strange serene spirit o' life, and nought in a' creawtion seems—dead !

NORTH.

Life-embued by a poet's soul !

SHEPHERD.

Then look at the animal creturs. Isna that a bonny bit beastie, cayin' ?

its large-c'ed gracefu' head in the air, frae the elastic turf liftin' up and lettin' down again its lang thin legs sae elegantly, its tail a' the while a perfect streamer—in many a winding ring it gallops round its dam—and then, half frolicsome half afraid, returns rapidly to her side, and keeps gazing on the stranger. Some day or ither that bit silly foal will be winning a king's plate or a gold cup; for you see the Aurab bluid in his fine fetlocks, and erelong that neck, like his sire's, will be clothed with thunder.

NORTH.

You must ride him yourself, James, next year at Musselburgh.

SHEPHERD.

Fling your crutch, sir, intil a rose-bush, till a' the blossoms flee intil separate leaves, and a' the leaves gang careerin' in air owt-ower the lea, and that would be an ecmage o' the sudden slicht o' a heap o' snaw-white lambs, a' broken up in a moument as they lay amang the sunshine, and scattered far and wide o'er the greensward—sune to be regathered on the Startin'-Knoll; but there the ecmage wull na laud, for rose-leaves ance dissipated die like love-kisses lavished in dreams.

NORTH.

Rose-leaves and rose-lips—lambs and lasses—and love-kisses lavished in dreams! And all these images suggested in a shepherd's recollection of a Spring-Shower! Prevailing pastoral Poet, complete thy picture.

SHEPHERD.

See how the trooties are loupin' in the pools—for a shower o' insects hae come winnowing their way on the wings o' the western-wind, frae the weel-watered wavings o' Elibauk's whisperin' woods.

NORTH.

No such imitative melodies in Homer! The sentence is like a sigh.

SHEPHERD.

'Twas nae fawte o' mine, sir, for na mouth got fou o' double-Ws—and I had to whiff and whistle them oot. But hush and list, sir—list and hush! For that finest, faintest, amaisht evanescent music—merry, or mournful, just as ye may be disposed to think and feel it—but now it is merry—dear me! it's clean gane—there—there it is heard again—like the dying tone o' the sma'est chord o' the harp o' an angel happy in the heart o' the highest heavens—and what may it be—since our ears are too dull to hear seraphic string or strain—but the hymn, to us amaisht hushed by the altitude—although still poorin' and poorin' out like a torrent—o' the lyrical Laverock, wha, at the first patterin' o' the spring-shower upon the braid about his nest, had shot, wi' short, fast-repeated soarings, a-singing up the sky, as if in the delirium o' his delight he wou'd hae forsaken the earth for ever—but wha, noo that he has reached at last the pinnacle o' his aerial ambition, wull sune he heard descendin', as if he were naething but a sang—and then seem a musical speck in the sky—till again ring a' the lower regions wi' his still loud, but far tenderer strains—for soarin' he pours, but sinkin' he breathes his voice, till it ceases suddenly in a flutter and a murmur owre the head o' his brooding mate—lifted lovingly up wi' its large saft een to welcome her lover-husband to their blessed nest!

NORTH.

My dear James, you have illustrated your definition of weather by an exquisite example—

SHEPHERD.

But I'm no half dune yet—

NORTH.

For the present, if you please, James.

SHEPHERD.

But I dinna please—and I insist on being alloo'd to feenish my Spring-Shower.

NORTH.

Well, if it must be so—first tell me what you meant by averring that there is no such thing in nature as bad weather. I am rather disposed to believe that—whatever may have been the case once—now there is no such thing as good. Why, James, you might as well seek to prove by a definition that there is no such thing in nature as an ugly woman.

SHEPHERD.

• Neither there is, sir. There are different degrees o' beauty, Mr Tickler, frae the face that ootshines that o' an angel's seen in a dream—doon—doon—doon—ever sae mony hunder thoosan' degrees doon, till you meet that o' the tinkler-raudy, whose looks gar you ratherly incline to the ither side o' the road—but nae ugliness. Sometimes I've kent mysell likely to fa' intil a sair mistak—na, a sair fricht—by stumblin' a' at ance on a lassie gaen far doon in the degrees, and wha really did seem at first sicht unco fearsome;—but then, sir, the mistak arose frae the suddenness, and frae considerin' the face o' her by its ain individual sell, and no as ane o' many on the mysterious scale o' beauty. But then a man o' ony powers o' memory and reflection, and ony experience amang the better half o' creation, soon corrects that error; and fu's, afore he has walked hardly a mile alongside o' the hizzie, that she's verra weel-faured, and has an expression, mair especially about the een and mouth—

NORTH.

James! James!

SHEPHERD.

The truth is, Mr North, that you and the likes o' you, that hae been caved a' your days in toons, like poetry, hae seldom seen ony real weather—and ken but the twa distinctions o' wat and dry. Then, the instant it begins to drap, up wi' the umbrella—and then vanishes the sky. Why, that's affen the verra best time to feel and understaun' the blessed union o' earth and heaven, when the beauty is indeed sae beauteous, that in the perfect joy o' the heart that beats within you, ye wad lauch in an atheist's face, and hae nae mair doubt o' the immortality o' the sowle, than o' the mountaintap that, far up above the vapours, is waiting in its majestic serenity for the reappearance o' the Sun, seen brichtenin' and brichtenin' himsell during the shower, through behind a cloud that every moment seems mair and mair composed o' radiance, till it has melted quite away,—and then, there indeed is the Sun, rejoicing like a giant to run a race—

NORTH.

A race against time, James, which will terminate in a dead heat on the Last Day.

SHEPHERD.

Time will be beat to a stand-still.

NORTH.

And the Sun at the Judge's stand swerve from the course into chaos.

SHEPHERD.

That's queer tauk—though no withouten a wild dash o' the shooblime. But how do you account, sir, for the number o' mad dowgs this summer? And what's your belief about the Heedrofoby?

NORTH.

I have for many years, James, myself, laboured under a confirmed hydrophobia—

SHEPHERD.

Tuts, nae nonsense—I want to hear you speak seriously on canine madness.

NORTH.

Dogs, James, are subject to some strange and severe disease which is popularly called madness; and the question is, can they inoculate the human body with that disease by their bite? Perhaps they can—and I confess I should not much like to try the experiment. But an acute writer in the Westminster Review has declared his conviction, that the disease called hydrophobia in the dog has nothing to do with the disease of the same name in the human species—and I am strongly disposed to agree with him—

SHEPHERD.

What? Believe in a pairodowgs o' that outrageous natur?

NORTH.

Yes, James, to use his own words, that the madness of the biter has no effect on the madness of the bitten, and that a man who has been bitten by

a dog in perfect health, is just as likely to have all the symptoms of the hydrophobia as if he had been bitten by a mad one.

SHEPHERD.

A perfect pair-dowgs, sir—a perfect pair-dowgs!

NORTH.

He gives his reasons, James, and they are not easily set aside.

SHEPHERD.

Let's hear them, sir.

NORTH.

He observes, in the first place,—if I remember rightly—and if I forget his words, I have his meaning—that the effects of all poisons, which we are acquainted with, are certain and determinate. Do you grant that, James?

SHEPHERD.

Be it sac.

NORTH.

For example—suppose a thousand persons swallow each the same quantity of arsenic—sufficient to cause death—they either all die, or are all similarly affected, or nearly so, by the poison. No person can use arsenic in his tea instead of sugar—empty half-a-dozen of cups at breakfast, and that evening enjoy the wit and humour of a *Noctes Ambrosianæ*.

SHEPHERD.

Hardly.

NORTH.

But many persons, hundreds, have been bitten by mad dogs, and well bitten too, who have not been one whit the worse.

SHEPHERD.

But then they have swallowed antidotes.

NORTH.

Which is more than I have been able to do in such cases. But it is admitted on all hands, James, that there are no such antidotes. Can we believe, then, that the saliva of the rabid animal possesses the virulent property which occasions hydrophobia, when we know that so many persons have been inoculated with it without incurring the disease?

SHEPHERD.

That's gaen puzzlin'!

NORTH.

Secondly, my ingenious friend in the Westminster observes, that even on those who have been supposed to have been affected by this saliva, the time at which the symptoms appear is altogether indeterminate—contrary to all that we know of the action of poisons. Why—it is believed, that it may be injected into a wound, and lie there harmless for months, nay years—till all at once it breaks out, and you are more insane than Sirius. A strange sort of saliva indeed this—so capricious and whimsical in its action—whereas all other poisons may be depended on, and do their work subject to certain general regular and acknowledged laws. What say you to all this, James?

SHEPHERD.

Never having received a regular medical education, sir, I'm dumbfounder'd, and haena a word to throw to a dows. But are a' thae fearsome accounts o' the heidro naething but lees?

NORTH.

Many of them most miserably true. But my friend believes that the horrid malady originates in the nature and shape of the wound, and not from any virulent matter injected into it; a nerve has been injured, and tetanus sometimes ensues—direful spasmodic affections terminating in death. Any deeply-punctured wound may produce the disease called hydrophobia in man.

SHEPHERD.

As conclusion to be drawn frae the whole seems to be, that dows are mair dangerous animals than is usually suspected, since a dows that bites

you when he's in his perfect senses, is just as likely to gie ye the foby as when he snaps at ye in the licht o' his delirium in tongue-lolling madness.

NORTH.

Accidents will happen—but no very great number of people are bitten by dogs in their perfect senses; and it is only some wounds that occasion tetanus by injuring a nerve. This is certain, that in some of the few authenticated cases of the disease called hydrophobia in man, occasioned by the bite of a dog, there was not the least reason in the world for supposing the dog to have been what is called mad.—But fill your glass, James, to the memory of Bronte.

[*It is drunk in solemn silence.*]

SHEPHERD.

Let us hae about half an hour's tauk o' politics—and then hae dune wi' them for the rest o' the nicht. What o' France?

NORTH.

James, all men who had visited France with their eyes and ears open since the accession of Charles—now Ex-King—knew that a struggle was going on—only to cease with the overthrow of one of the parties—between the Royalists and the Liberals. Each party strove to change the charter given by Louis XVIII. into so many dead letters. But the Liberals—as they are called—were from the beginning far more unprincipled than the Royalists were even at the end—and had Charles and Polignac not acted as they did, in the matter of the ordonnances, the monarchy had been virtually destroyed by their enemies.

SHEPHERD.

Do you really say sac, sir?

NORTH.

Two courses were open to Charles—to abdicate the throne rather than sit there a shadow—or to support the ordonnances by the sword. That would not have been easy, but it would have been possible; and had Charles been the tenth part a Napoleon, it would have been done—and his enemies having been overawed by the army, the streets of Paris had not been stained with one drop of blood.

SHEPHERD.

Oh! but he was a weak man!

NORTH.

I do not know that he is a weak man, James; but on this emergency—this crisis of his fate—he reckoned without his host—and thence his second visit to Holyrood.

SHEPHERD.

I will ca' on him neist time I come to Embro'; and if he's no at hame, leave me caird.

NORTH.

Liberty, my dear Shepherd, is like the air we breathe—if we have it not, we die. You have heard these words before—and you and I have felt their meaning on the mountain top. Slavery is a living death.

SHEPHERD.

That's a bull——

NORTH.

But of all slaveries the worst is that, which, dancing in chains, supposes itself Freedom.

SHEPHERD.

But didna ye admire, sir, the behaviour o' the Mob o' Paris?

NORTH.

An old man like me, James, is chary of his admiration. In my youth—some forty years ago—I was too prodigal of it—and the sun I worshipped, set in a shower of blood. The French—with many and great defects—are a gallant—a noble people; but the mob that fought—and they fought well—through victorious over but feeble opposition—during what I leave others to call the Three Glorious Days—were not the French People—and I should be ashamed of myself were I to waste any of my enthusiasm on such actors, prepared long beforehand to play their parts—yet, after all, little

better than puppets—though the machinery worked well—and was triumphant.

SHEPHERD.

I thocht you wou'dna attend the Meeting.

NORTH.

Had I been a republican, I would; and have declared my delight and exultation at the downfall of a great and ancient monarchy. Probably I should have thought it a despotism, and would have sung odes and hymns of thanksgiving when all its towers and temples toppled into dust. Some such men, I believe, were at the meeting here—and believing them to be conscientious and consistent, they have my respect.

SHEPHERD.

And mine too—and I houp they'll be proud o't.

NORTH.

Other men, again, were at the meeting, James, who love what they call a limited monarchy—and limited the French Monarchy is now to their hearts' content! Till Louis-Philippe began to reign, (to reign!) eyes never saw a cipher.

SHEPHERD.

I hae mair power in the Forest—under the Young Dyuck, I verily believe—though I'm no his greave—than the son of *Égalité* now has in Paris, under old La Fayette and that sweet innocent invention for preserving freedom, the National Guard.

NORTH.

Good, James. They therefore lifted up their voices on high—like sounding harp and tinkling cymbal, and were applauded to the echo.

SHEPHERD.

Sae far a' seems to hae been richt. Then what hae you to complain o', sir?

NORTH.

I complain of nothing—not I, James—I have left my gout at John-o'-Groat's House—and my complacency and peace of mind are perfect. But oh! the superasinine stupidity of all those sumpls and sumphresses—those Jack and Jeanie donkeys—each row above row, rising up with ears of still-increasing longitude, till those at the acme swept the spiders from the cornice, and crushed the undevoured flies asleep on the ceiling!

SHEPHERD.

Haw! Haw! Haw! Haw! Haw!—What do you mean?

NORTH.

Tories leaning on the bosom of Whigs, and encircled in the arms of Radicals! Church-and-King men shouting their praises of altar-pullers-down, and throne-shatterers, and of all the fierce and ferocious foes of Old Establishments, with mattock and pickaxe razing them all from their very foundations, and howling in each cloud of dust that went darkening up the heavens!

SHEPHERD.

Puir infatuated fules! I'm owre angry to pity them—nor ought leal men and true to accept now the peace-offering o' their humiliation and their shame.

NORTH.

People there are, as you well know, James, who never can move one single step, either backwards or forwards, unless led by a finger and a thumb, gently or rudely pinching their nose. No will of their own have they—for will and reason go together—and only the intelligent are free. More abject slaves never trooped together in a gang before the whip of the overseer to the sugar-canes, than those slaves of both sexes, that sat in our Assembly-rooms, in chains flung over them by masters who despised them too thoroughly to honour them with any portion of their hatred, shouting and bellowing at the prospect of dominion and empire about to be given to them who would trample them into dust.

SHEPHERD.

Oh! the ninnies!

NORTH.

Why—not even though the mob of the Fauxbourg St Antoine had, as if by some seeming miracle, performed their parts like angels—angels of blood at best—and thereby set at defiance all our knowledge, all experience, all history of human mobs, which the Liberty-and-Equality-men, and the old and young Anarchists, have the audacity to ask us to believe—ought they who swear by the BRITISH CONSTITUTION to have uttered one word in eulogy of the “Three Glorious Days,” till they knew something more of what was likely to be the upshot of it all—if indeed ignorance could be supposed so dense as to be impenetrable to the lurid lights already gleaming all round the horizon—

“With fear of change
Perplexing monarchs!”

SHEPHERD.

What’n a face! Dinna fa’ intil a fit. Tak a swig. Na—I didna tell you to drink out o’ the green bottle—that’s spirits—but to kiss the jug. If you speak that way noo that you’re sober—mercy on us, what a fury when you get fou!

NORTH.

Some there were—many—and certainly not the least silly of the set—who held that a demand was made upon their admiration, simply by the bravery and moderation of the Parisian mob—which demand they were bound to answer—without any reference whatever to the past or the future—and even were the Revolution afterwards to turn out the greatest of all evils. They pledged themselves, they said, to no political opinion on the subject—and begged that to be understood clearly by both sides of the whole world. But nothing should prevent them from giving vent to their admiration. No doubt, James, if their admiration were of the nature of a wind-colic, they were right in giving vent to it—time and place duly considered—though roses and lilies forbid that I should have been there to hear! But admiration is not a vice of the stomach, bowels, and intestines, but a virtue of the heart and brain; and so far from seeking to evaporate itself in noisy explosions, it loves to breathe in long-continued and silent incense over the whole actions of a man’s life. A stronger proof of a weak mind cannot be exhibited than an impatient, restless, and feverish anxiety to hail every coming or new-come event, action, or character that seems to be good, with instant applause. In private life they, whose admiration is perpetually bursting out, are always the most frivolous; the shallow rills of their sympathy soon run dry—and when you talk to them a few weeks—say a few days—even a few hours after the unmeasured expression of their enthusiasm, of the cause which excited it, they look at you with a face of blank forgetfulness of all their former feelings, and you discover that they are occupied with some new favourite event or incident, which in its turn is forgotten before next day’s dinner.

SHEPHERD.

Hoo that used to be the case wi’ Sir Walter’s *Novelles*! Strang minds read them with deep delight—said some sentences to that effect when the taug gaed roun’ the table, and were silent; but they retained all the glorious things impressed unobliterably (that’s a kittle word to pronounce) on the tablets o’ their memories—that is their understandings—that is their hearts—that is their sowles—for they are a’ ane in the lang run, and o’ a composite character. But bits o’ triffin’ laddies and lasses, and auld women o’ baith sexes, used to keep chatterin’ and jabberin’ about each new *novelle* as it came out, just as if it never had a predecessor, and was never to hae a successor—as if it had been the only *byeuk* in prent—when lo and behold, in less than sax months, out came anither in four volumms, and then they clean forgot that the ane they had sac lang bothered you about, till you wished yoursell dead, had ever been in the press!

NORTH.

An apt illustration, James. The shallow persons of whom I was speaking had not the small sense to see that it was in the nature of things utterly impossible to pronounce an isolated panegyric on the personal conduct of

the actors in a political revolution, that should not include approbation of much, if not all, involved in that revolution. And even for a moment granting that such an isolated panegyric could have been pronounced, they had not the still smaller sense to see that all the opposite party would insist on either dragging them in among their ranks—though, heaven knows, they would be no acquisition to any party—or on representing them thenceforth as lukewarm or milk-and-water adherents to their own—or more probably—say certainly—talking of them in all companies as noodles, and incapable, from sheer ignorance and folly, of forming any opinion at all on political questions of any pith or moment.

SHEPHERD.

You hae treated the subject, sir, wi' your usual masterly discrimination. It's easy noo, on lookin' back at the newspapers, to ken the kind o' cattle that ca'd thae meetings.

NORTH.

Two or three eminent, and some half-dozen able men, attended the meeting here, (which was got up by my friend John Bowring!) but otherwise it was a poor affair, and forgotten sooner than an ineffectual fancy ball. In England such meetings were all of one character. No distinguished or conscientious man of our side, James, attended them,—and even the great Whig leaders stood aloof,—nay, the bulk of the Whig gentlemen. True it is, as is said in the last number of the Quarterly Review,—an admirable one,—that “the meetings and dinners, and subscriptions, set on foot by our old-established disturbers of the public peace, have been countenanced by hardly one person, which any human being will dare to call respectable.”

SHEPHERD.

Why, as to that, sir, there's nae sayin' what some human beings will daur to ca' respectable; and for my ain part, I am no just prepared to gang the length o' that apogthegm. I fear not a few respectable people have shewn owre muckle favour to this new French revolution,—and you and me,—wise as we are, and wise as the world thinks us,—maunna exclude frae the ranks o' respectability a' folk that are sae unfortunate as no to be o' our way o' thinkin'.

NORTH.

I sit corrected, my dear James. I am no bigot.

SHEPHERD.

Arena ye?

NORTH.

Sir Walter's appeal to the people of Edinburgh, in behalf of the “grey dis-crowned head” of the old Ex-King was like himself, generous and gentlemanly; but methinks he must have but a poor opinion of “mine own romantic town,” else had he never doubted that they would sympathise with Fallen Royalty seeking an asylum in Holyrood. Sir Walter reminds us that the highest authority “pronounced us to be a nation of gentlemen!” Let us then behave towards him who was once Charles X. of France, in a way worthy the character bestowed on us by him who was once George The Fourth of England.

SHEPHERD.

Is that his argument? 'Tis but a puir ane.

NORTH.

But so so, no great shakes. But I say, James, that we are not, never were, and I hope never will be, a nation of Gentlemen. And you will allow, whatever Sir Walter may do, that I am a higher than “the highest authority” on the character of our countrymen, and that here, George Guelph must yield to Christopher North.

SHEPHERD.

Oh! ye radical!

NORTH.

George the Fourth—heaven rest his soul!—was the “First Gentleman in Europe,” nor do I know who is his successor, whether king or subject, commoner or peer. But——

SHEPHERD.

I can understaun a man's being the First Fiddle in Europe, but not the

First Gentleman; for equality seems to me,—but to be sure I'm but a puir silly shepherd,—to be necessarily involved somehow or ither in our idea o' a Gentleman,—whereas a' competition in accomplishments and manners is out o' the question between subject and king. It might aiblins be mair correct to say that he was the First Gentleman among the Kings o' Europe.

NORTH.

Excellent, James; George the Fourth saw little either of Scotland or Scotchmen; William the Fourth, I hope, will see more; and as he, thank God, is not the First Gentleman in Europe, very far from it indeed, but I hope something many million times better, a Patriot King, he will be delighted to find that so far from being a Nation of Gentlemen, we are, take us on the whole, and on working week-days, for in our Sunday's best we do look very genteel, about as coarse, clownish, commonplace, vulgar, and raw-boned a nation as ever in loyalty encompassed, as with a wall of brass iron and fire, a hereditary throne.

SHEPHERD.

Auld Charley 'll be treated wi' pity and respect—nae fear o' that—as lang's he sojourns amang us in Holyrood. There's something sacred in a' sorts o' sorrow—be it o' the great or the sma'—but imagination, unrebuked either by reason or the heart, is mair profoundly stooned by the misfortunes o' those who have fallen frae a high estate; and och! what nasty politics that co'd abuse Pity for openin' the door o' a Sanctuary, let his errors hae been what they may, to a fugitive and a suppliant King!

NORTH.

It was in the exaltation of victory, and indignation at crime, that the Editor of the Sun newspaper, for example, James—a scholar and a gentleman—used language too, too strong respecting the punishment due to Charles on his fall. A friend of ours rebuked him in *Maga*; but who always speaks wisely? Surely not I, any more than that worthy Editor; and I doubt not that when he hears that the old man is again in Holyrood, he will feel, that, without any compromise of principle, he may say, "Peace be with him in his retreat!"

SHEPHERD.

And what wud ye think o' askin' him and his suit some nicht to a Noctes Ambrosianæ? I'm perfectly serious in sayin' that we maun ask him; and I'm as perfectly serious in saying that I'm sure that he'll come. Why no him as weel as——

NORTH.

Silence, James, silence—the time has not yet come for divulging that secret.

SHEPHERD.

——Why no him as weel as his LATE MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY GEORGE THE FOURTH?

NORTH (*starting up*.)

Gurney, expunge!

SHEPHERD (*starting up*.)

Gurney, restore! O North, I think I see him pechin' incog. up the brae o' Gabriel's road, atween the oxters o' us twa—Tickler acting as guide and pioneer—wi' that wee shachly body the Marquis o' Winchester, and that great big muckle John Bull, Sir William Curtis—and a bit anonyms cretur belongin' to the nobility, in the rear—a' sax o' us, such was the royal pleasure, in kilts—and hoo Awmrose took us for a deputation o' the Celtic Society, and persisted, a' the nicht through, in ca'in' the King, Francis Maximus Macuab, him that wrote the Universe! O but it was a gran' play! and may we soon see sic anither in the Saloon!

NORTH.

Well, well, James—let your daft nonsense go forth to the world. Nobody will credit it.

SHEPHERD.

Mony a lee-lookin' tale's true, howsomever, and that amang the number. But let's change the soobject.—When think ye, sir, is Mr Mure's second

volumm o' Lord Byron's *Life* comin' oot? You maun review it in a splendid style. What for didna ye notice the first volumm?

NORTH.

What the devil do you mean, you Incubus? Did I not write two articles on it, each thirty pages long,—full of the——

SHEPHERD.

If I read them at the time, I hae clean forgotten them,—ane seldom remembers what he reads in a maggazin.

NORTH.

If he does not, then one seldom remembers what he reads anywhere else, James. True, that the wit and wisdom of one month succeeding the wit and wisdom of another in endless succession, mankind must often forget when and where, and from what source, they have derived such infinite amusement and instruction. But the amusement and instruction themselves do not perish on that account, but go into a million treasuries. People are manifestly growing wiser and better every day; and I humbly confess that I think myself one of the great instruments, in the hands of Providence, of the amelioration of the human race. I am not dead to the voice of fame,—but believe me that my chief, if not sole object in writing for *Maga*, is the diffusion of knowledge, virtue, and happiness all over the world. What is it to me if the names of my articles are often forgotten, not by a thankless but a restless generation, too much agog after novelties, and too much enamoured of change? The contents of any one of my good articles cannot possibly be forgotten by all the thousands who have told me that they once delighted in them,—some fair or bright image—some tender or pure feeling—some high or solemn thought must survive,—and enough for me—James—if in hours of gay or serious memories, some mirthful or melancholy emanation from my mind be restored to being, even though the dreamer knows not that it was mine,—but believes it to have arisen then for the first time in his own imagination. Did I choose to write books, I believe they would find readers. But a book is a formal concern,—and to read it one must shut himself up for hours from society, and sit down to what may indeed be a pleasant task,—but still it is a task,—and in the most interesting volume that ever was written, alas! there are many yawns. But a good article,—such as many of mine that shall be nameless,—may be read from beginning to end under the alternate influence of smiles and tears;—and what if it be laid aside, and perhaps never meets more the fair face that bedewed or illumined it? yet methinks, James, that the maiden who walks along the spring-braes is the better and the happier of the sights scents and sounds she enjoys there, though in a month she remembers not the primrose-bank, on which, cheered by the sky-lark's song, she sat and smiled to see her long dishevelled tresses reflected in the Fairy's pool.

SHEPHERD.

That's no unbonny.

NORTH.

I believe that all my words are not wasted, each succeeding month, on the idle air. Some simple melodies, at least, if no solemn harmonies, are sometimes heard, mayhap from my lyre, floating along the lonely valleys, and the cheerful villages, and even not undistinguishable amid the din of towns and cities. What if, once heard, they are heard no more? They may have touched a string, a chord, James, in some innocent, simple, but not unthoughtful heart; and that string, that chord, James, as well thou knowest, for thou art one of nature's own poets,—I but a prosier—and an old grey-haired prosier too—may thenceforth of itself “warble melody,” while, if untouched by me or you, or other lovers of their kind, it might have lain mute for ever! If so, verily I have had my reward.

SHEPHERD.

What for do you never try to write verses, sir? Ca' and they'll come.

NORTH.

An old poet is an old fool, James.

SHEPHERD.

But then you see, sir, you're sic a fule already in sae many things, that

the world 'll no think ae grain the waur o' you gin you'll play the fule in that too—he a poet, sir, and fling yoursell for food to the hungry critics, for they're in a state o' starvation, and, for want o' something to devoor, wull sune a' dee o' hunger and thrust.

NORTH.

There, James, is an exceedingly graceful, elegant, and pathetic little poem “The Arrow and the Rose.”

SHEPHERD.

What is't about, and wha's the Owther?

NORTH.

Mr William Kennedy, and the subject is the story of the loves of Henry of Navarre, when Prince of Bearne, and Fleurette, the gardener's daughter—a story traditional in Gascony, and preserved by M. De Jouy.

SHEPHERD.

Wi' your leave, I'll put it in my pouch.

NORTH.

The Captive of Fez—James—is a powerful performance. The versification often reminds one of Dryden and Byron—strong passion pervades the tale—and the descriptions of scenery are at once poetical and picturesque. But I must review it one of these days—and a few magnificent extracts will shew that Mr Aird is a man of true genius.

SHEPHERD.

He is that, sir—and I ken few men that impresses you in conversation wi' a higher opinion o' their powers than Mr Aird. Sometimes I hae considerable difficulty in followin' him—for he takes awfu' loup's frae premise to conclusion, clearin' chasms dizzy to look down on—and often announces as self-evident truths, positions that appear to me unco problematical. But he does, at times, flash fine fancies, half out o' his lips, and half out o' his een; and afore I kent he wrote verses, I saw he was a poet.

NORTH.

He's a man of strong intellect and strong imagination—and his mind dwells in a lofty sphere.

SHEPHERD.

Hae you read Byron's Life o' Galt, sir?

NORTH.

I have, James. His Lordship used John somewhat scurvily—on one or two occasions—but our friend pays him back in his own coin—and we thus have a couple of rather forbidding portraits.

SHEPHERD.

Disagreeable likenesses—eh?

NORTH.

Mr Galt is a man of genius, and some of his happiest productions will live in the literature of his country. His humour is rich, rare, and racy, and peculiar withal, entitling him to the character of originality—a charm that never fadeth away—he has great power in the humble, the homely pathetic—and he is conversant, not only with many modes and manners of life, but with much of its hidden and more mysterious spirit.

SHEPHERD.

He's aften unco coorse——

NORTH.

True, James, he is not so uniformly delicate and refined as you are in your prose compositions; but lend me your ear, my beloved Shepherd—despise to degrade yourself, even for one moment, by seeming to join the whelps who have been lately snarling at his heels. Let the best of the puppy pack produce any thing half as good as the worst of his Tales—and then we shall listen to their barking with less disgust.

SHEPHERD.

Wha do you mean, sir?

NORTH.

Our inferior periodical literature is much infested by a set of pert puppies, conceited curs, and heavy hounds, on whose hides and hurdies, James, it might not be amiss to try the application of whip-cord. We know how they snarl, suppose they should be made to let us hear how they howl?

SHEPHERD.

Tak care, sir, they dinna bite you, and gie you the tetanus.

NORTH.

They are a set of mangy mongrels, James, and fit but to be flung into some old tan-pit. Their disease originates in the spleen, and in the gall-bladder. In other words, the envy of impotence consumes them, like a cancer in the stomach, or a liver-complaint. Their lean, lank, leathern jaws soon become of a loathsome and leprous yellow—they suffer hideously from the mumps, and the yaws, and the gum-scurvy—these, and several other kindred complaints, being all comprehended under the generic name of—the Criticals.

SHEPHERD.

They maun be a bonny and a happy set!

NORTH.

To leave off metaphor—I must say, James, that these gentry have given me, lately, great disgust.

SHEPHERD.

They are beneath your notice, sir. Scorn to kill them, and leave them to die a natural death.

NORTH.

The whole pack, as I said, are now yelping at the heels of Mr Galt. The small, insignificant, snotty-nosed, tick-bitten, blear-eyed beagles, were the game they are pursuing so eagerly to turn round upon them, would flee like a frightened flock of sheep.

SHEPHERD.

I agree with you, sir, Galt's genius is great.

NORTH.

But, for the life of me, I cannot see the drift of his *Life of Byron*. I have read it through, James—and the volume, which is far from being a dull one, throws much more light on the personal character of Mr Galt himself than on that of the Noble Child. Somehow or other, I felt all along, sometimes a painful—sometimes a pleasant inclination to laughter, at the *bonhomie* of the author of the “*Annals of the Parish*.” It seems never for one moment to have occurred to him that he was in all things—mind, manner, body, and estate—immeasurably inferior to the mighty creature of whom he keeps scribbling away, sometimes with an approving smirk on his countenance, and sometimes with a condemning scowl—both alike ludicrous in a man so little distinguished either by moral or intellectual majesty as Mr Galt.

SHEPHERD.

You see, sir, Byron was a Lord, and our freen' Galt only a supercargo, a step below a skipper—and low-born and low-bred folk, especially in the mercantile line, are, for the maist part, unco upsetting when they chance, by any accident, to forgather wi' nobility. It's no the case wi' me, for I was born, thank God, in the Forest, and was familiar frae my youth up wi' the faces o' three successive Dyucks. But our freen' Galt, whan he first fand himself in the same ship wi' a Lord, maun either hae swarfed wi' fear, or keipit himself frae swarfin' by pure impidence—and wha can blame him for haen adopted the latter expedient? Yet tak my word for't, sir, he was no sae impident in the packet-ship as in the pocket-volumm, and writes about Byron in a very different style, now that he is dead, than he ever daured till speak to him then when he was leevin', wi' that patrician scowl on his brow, that patrician curl on his lip, before which John Galt must have quailed, as bolder men did, to say naething o' that transcendent genius which must have laid its commands on him, to be silent if not servile, just as a king does to his subjects, I will not say a master to his slaves.

NORTH.

Perhaps, James, you are stating the case somewhat too strongly; yet, as Byron's rank no doubt protected him, when living, from the possibility of any impertinence from Mr Galt, it, if nothing else, should have been his safeguard also in the grave. People in the humble condition of Mr Galt,—and when he first met Lord Byron, it was most humble,—are not, by the

rules of society, permitted to approach nobility but in a deferential attitude, and within what is called a respectful distance. This is so universally understood, that no man of proper spirit ever dreams of becoming very familiar with "lords, and dukes, and mighty earls," without possessing some peculiar privilege or title to do so, such as at that time does not seem to have belonged to our ingenious westcountryman. Now—he is Somebody—for his genius has distinguished him above the common herd—and genius in Britain, if it does not level all distinctions, elevates its possessor in the scale of society, and justifies cordial acquaintanceship, though it rarely fosters brotherly friendship, between a lout and a lord. But then—he was Nobody, or rather less than nobody; for it appears from his own statement that he had no profession—and therefore, James, you are mistaken in supposing him to have been a supercargo;—he had not been so fortunate as to receive a classical education, a want which, in Byron's eyes, must have seemed almost incompatible with the condition, if not the character, of a gentleman;—he possessed no personal accomplishments peculiarly calculated to win the regard of Childe Harold: but was, in short, merely a passenger in the same packet. Under such circumstances, the courtesy and affability with which Lord Byron seems to have behaved to Mr Galt, showed the native kindness and goodness of his heart; and we are sorry now to know, that the condescension of the illustrious peer, so far from being properly appreciated by the obscure commoner—

SHEPHERD.

Hoo?

NORTH.

Mr Galt, in recording the slight incidents that accompanied the formation of their acquaintanceship, does not scruple, after the lapse of so many years, to speak haughtily of Byron's haughtiness, and of his unbecoming aristocratical airs in issuing orders about his luggage!

SHEPHERD.

I see warrant that John himself was far fiercer and fussier about his ain leather trunks and deal chests than his lordship, and far mair domineerin' owre his inferiors, if any such there were on board o' the Gibraltar Packet.

NORTH.

No doubt. For Mr Galt tells us that he was very hypochondriacal, and seems to say, that he was voyaging for no other purpose than to raise his spirits. Well for him that he could afford to do so—but whatever might have been the tone of his temper then, it says little in favour of it now, that he should have given such a colour to the trifling infirmities or caprices of temper exhibited, as he says, by an illustrious young nobleman, at the very time he was receiving from him the most amiable condescensions.

SHEPHERD.

Was Galt, think ye, ever very intimate wi' Byron?

NORTH.

Never. Still he saw something of him; and it might not have been much amiss to tell us what were his impressions. But—James—it was his sacred duty, before doing so, to sift his own soul, and see that no mean—or paltry feeling or motive was lurking there—that he was not wincing under the wound of mortified vanity—

SHEPHERD.

Ay, sir, there's the rub. Vanity o' vanities! A' is vanity!

NORTH.

It seems that his lordship occasionally, in his letters, laughed at Mr Galt; and that, on one occasion, he expressed himself somewhat contemptuously of our friend's literary achievements. One or two harmless gibes of this kind appear in Moore's *Life of Byron*; and, though far from bitter, they seem to have enfixed themselves, "inextricable as the gored lion's bite." Mr Galt tries to hide his deep and sincere mortification under a shallow and assumed magnanimity; but it will not do—no, James and John, it will not do—and the recollection of a single splenetic sentence throws a shadow over almost every page of the *Biography*, and induces Mr Galt, sometimes, we daresay, unconsciously and unawares, to wind up almost every paragraph

with some assertion or limitation slightly or severely injurious to the personal character of the Illustrious Unfortunate.

SHEPHERD.

I wunna ca' that wicked—for that's a strang word—but it was weak—weak—weak—and will be seen through by the saum-blin'.

NORTH.

I wish to set my friend Galt right upon this point. At the time Byron spoke of his being "the last person in the world on whom he could wish to commit plagiarism," not one of our excellent and ingenious friend's many admirable tales had been even imagined—and the few attempts he had then made in literature—though bearing clear and even bright marks of genius—had been rather unfortunate. Mr Galt stood, and deserved to stand, very low as an author. We can sympathize with Byron's horror at being charged with plagiarism from such tragedies. But Galt came to know at last where his strength lay—and his genius has been crowned with fame. All his contemporaries now acknowledge his extraordinary powers; and though at no time can we imagine that the author of *Childe Harold* and *Manfred* would have stolen jewels for his crown from that of the author of the *Annals of the Parish*, the *Ayrshire Legatees*, the *Provost*, and the *Entail*; yet there can be no doubt that he must have recognised the rare, singular, and original genius conspicuously displayed throughout all these admirable productions. Why then should Mr Galt's "fundamental features" have been thrown off their hinges by so slight a shock?

SHEPHERD.

Isna the book clever?

NORTH.

It is. Some absurd expressions occur here and there, on which dolts and dunces have indulged in the most lugubrious merriment—and which one man of genius has whiled away an idle hour with cramming into a copy of no very amusing verses; and I am sorry to say, that there is much obscure, and more false criticism, obvious to the meanest capacities—and, with the exception of Mr Moore, none but the meanest capacities have been employed in ridiculing or vilifying the book. But sins such as these could easily have been pardoned, had there been the redeeming spirit of the pure and high love of truth. "That amber immortalization," (the expression of a man of genius,) is, alas! wanting—and, therefore, there is much corrupt matter, and "instead of a sweet savour a stench."

SHEPHERD.

I've some thochts, sir, o' writin' a life o' Lord Byron mysell—for though I ne'er saw him atween the een, I've had many kind letters frae him—and I think there's as loud a ca' on me to produce ma contribution to his beco-graphy as there was on Mr Galt.

NORTH.

But you must wait, my dear James, till a year or two after the publication of Mr Moore's *Life of Byron*. Any interference with him at present would be unkind and unhandsome—and would look like an attempt to hustle and jostle him out of the market.

SHEPHERD.

What for no me as weel's Galt?

NORTH.

There ought to be as fine a sense of honour, James, between author and author, publisher and publisher—

SHEPHERD.

As among thieves.

NORTH.

Or other gentlemen, in the affairs and intercourse of life. Mr Galt should have scorned to prepare, and Mr Colburn to publish, a *Life of Byron*, till Moore's and Murray's had had its run. That's poz.

SHEPHERD.

Poz enough.

NORTH.

But instead of having had its run, one half of it is yet unpublished—

and the other half yet in quarto. Silver against gold—shillings against guineas—is hardly fair play.

SHEPHERD.

But canna Mure's gold beat Galt's silver, or rather brass, sir?

NORTH.

You misunderstand me, James—Moore costs as many guineas as Galt shillings.

SHEPHERD.

Galt and Colburn sou'd hae waited—as I sall do—if they wished the public to look on them—I will not say as honest—but as highly honourable men.

NORTH.

One half of Mr Galt's volume may be said to be borrowed.

SHEPHERD.

Say stow'n—

NORTH.

From Mr Moore—

SHEPHERD.

Too—hoo; or whare else cou'd he hae got the facts about his boyhood and youth—and mony o' them about his manhood?

NORTH.

Nowhere else—as well observed the Monthly Review.

SHEPHERD.

Fair play's a jewel, foul's paste. But the Public ee sunc kens the difference; the jewel she fixes on her breast or forehead, the paste finds its way into the Jakes.

NORTH.

The volume is the first number of the NATIONAL Library. But I trust that the spirit in which it has been hatched, and huddled to market, is not *National* on either side of the Tweed. Number second is—the BIBLE! The contents of the Bible, and not its history, as its senseless title would indicate. Now, James, what a bound from Byron to the Bible! Does the Rev. Mr Gleig think it decorous for a divine to put into the one hand of a young christian lady a book containing a pretty picture and panegyric of Lord Byron's kept-mistress, and in the other the History of the Bible? He thinks so,—and that he may be able to do it, he plunders Stackhouse as prodigally as Mr Galt plunders Moore. Messrs Galt and Gleig are both Scotchmen,—so are we,—and we must again enter our protest against the *Nationality* of a library conducted on such principles.

SHEPHERD.

Heaven preserve us, hoo mony Lee'bries are there gann to be at this ye-poch! The march o' Intellect will be stopped by stumblin' outoure so mony bales o' prented paper thrawn in its way as stepping-stanes to expedite its approach to perfectability! The people will be literally *pressed* till death. Is that a pun?

NORTH.

I presume, since there is such a supply, that there is a demand. But as I cannot say that in the stillest night of a quick spring, I ever heard the grass growing, so—

SHEPHERD.

What! never a bit thin, sic rustle, sound and nae sound, that tauld o' the gradual expansion of some sweet germ gainin' in licht about the thousand part o' a hair's breadth in ae dewy moment, and thus waxin' in the coorse o' March, April, May, and June, intill gerss that in wadin' thro't in the first week o' July, afore mawin', would reach up to the waistband o' your breeks?

NORTH.

The people appear to me to want bread rather than books.

SHEPHERD.

Let them hae baith.

NORTH.

But bread first, James.

SHEPHERD.

Shurely—for wha can read to ony purpose on an empty stomach? For,

suppose they were to swallow some pages o' paragraphs oot o' a byuck, hoo the deevil in that state could they derjeest it? They wou'd bock the best byuck that ever was bun'.

NORTH.

But the Libraries I allude to are not for the poor, James, but the "well-off," the wealthy, or the rich.

SHEPHERD.

That's a' richt enough. I'm for every thing cheap. Yet, sir, observe hoo the human mind comes to despise every thing cheap. There's port wine. A' at ance, some years sin syne, port wine tumbled doon ever sae mony shillens the bottle—and I drank some at the Harrow last night at half-a-croon, o' the famous veantage o' the year wan—and better black-strap never touched a wizen. I remember hoo a' the middle-classes—includin', in a genteel town like Embro', nine tenths o' the poppilation—at the first doonfa' o' the article, clapped their hauns, and swore to substitute port in place o' porter, and Cape-wine (a bad exchange) for sma' yill. Mony o' them did sae; and you saw citizens smellin' at corks, and heard them taukin' o' auld port, and crust, and the like, wha used to be content wi' their tippenny. But the passion for port was sune satiated—for port itself, however cheap, was vulgar—or even if no vulgar—it was common, and in the power o' the said multifawrious middle-classes, baith in the New and the Auld Town. So the boddies tyeuck to the toddy again—wi' het water and broon sugar—which, though cheap too, was the drink that had been lang natural to their condition. There—ye hae baith argument and illustration.

NORTH.

A sort of imaginative reasoning that is apt to lead a weak or incautious mind astray. I am, however, far from entirely dissenting from your opinion; and therefore, a truce to philosophizing about the Spirit of the Age—and let me whisper into your ear, that the whole is a Speculation of the Booksellers. Now the Spirit of the Age is one thing, and the Spirit of the Trade is another; and therefore the question is, are the Trade (the term is collective) ruining themselves—or, if not so, destroying their profits—by competition?

SHEPHERD.

Just as wi' steam-boats on the river Clyde—there being now some saxty, I understaun, a' plyin' 'tween Glasgow, Greenock, and the Isles.

NORTH.

Now, James, I hope all the Libraries will prosper. But I fear some will dwine and die. The best will endure, and enduring flourish; the worst will become bankrupt; and the various go-betweens the best and worst will never enrich either the pockets of the publishers, or the perieraniums of their purchasers, and expire, one after another, like so many candles, some farthing, some half a dozen to the pound, and some "lang-twas." Next Noctes I shall rip up the merits and demerits of them all—meanwhile pass the Jug.

SHEPHERD.

You hae been rather ponderous on that pint, sir. But to return to Galt—like the dog to his vo—

NORTH.

James—James—James!

SHEPHERD.

They tell me that Mr Mure has been quizzin' Galt in some sateirical lines—Are they just uncommon facetious, sir?

NORTH.

Why, but so so, James—not much amiss—the merest trifle—airy and ingenious enough—but without gall towards Galt; and, since I love to be candid, fribbleish and feeble. But oh, James! Heaven have mercy on my old bones! when I think on the cruel load laid upon them by what Mr Galt, or some friend of Mr Galt's, has supposed to be the Retort Courteous, or Quip Modest, to Mr Thomas's jeu d'esprit!—Poor as that jeu d'esprit is, it makes no pretensions, and no doubt was thrown off by Mr Moore with

the same ease as an answer to an invitation to dinner; but the answer of the anser is indeed like the gabbling of ever so many geese disturbed in their green-mantled pool by a few pebbles shied at them by some sportive passenger, who wishes not to hurt a hair of their head—I beg their pardon—a feather; and who, in spite of his previous knowledge of the character of the animal, is amazed at the multitudinous din of their protracted clamour, so utterly disproportionate to the original cause of offence—itself so slight and evanescent. In this case, there is an additional absurdity in the behaviour of the geese. For Mr Galt, at whom Mr Moore threw the small polished pebbles, harmless as peas out of a pop-gun, so far from being a goose, is a swan—though of late he has, contrary both to reason and instinct, associated with a flock of those noisy waddlers, and by people at some distance, who may not be very sharp or long-sighted, must lay his account with being taken—mistaken—for a prodigious gander—within a few stone-weight of that greatest of all ganders—the Glasgow gander—who ought to have his long neck broken for hissing at Sir Walter Scott. The geese in whose company he was walking at the time of the assault, could not stomach in their mighty hearts the affront of being insulted in the person of him their sultan—and instantanously stretching themselves all up on their splay-feet that love the mud, and all at once flapping with their wings the oozy shallows, they gave vent to their heroic indignation in more ways than it would be pleasant or proper to describe—to the disturbed wonder of the neighbourhood, and, if the truth were known, to their own astonishment.

SHEPHERD.

Do you ken, sir, that I admire guses—tame guses—far mair nor wild anes. A wild guse, to be sure, is no bad catin', shot in season—oot o' season, and after a lang flicht, what is he but a rickle o' banes? But a tame guse, aff the stubble, sirs—(and what'n a hairst this'll be for guses, the stooks hae been sae sair shucken!)—roasted afore a clear fire to the swirl o' a worsted string—stuffed as fou's he can haud frae neck to doup wi' yerbs—and devoord'd wi' about equal proportions o' mashed potawties, and a clash o' nipple sass—the creeshy briest o' him shinin' out owre a' its braid beautifu' rotundity, wi' a broonish and yellowish licht, seemin' to be the verra concentrated essence o' tastefu' suppiness, the bare idea o' which, at any distance o' time and place, brings a gush o' water out o' the pallet—his theeghs slightly crisped by the smokeless fire to the preceese pint best fitted for crunchin'—and, in short, the toot-an-sammal o' the Bird, a perfect specimen o' the beau-ideal o' the true Bird o' Paradise—for sic a guse, sir—(but oh! may I never be sae sairly tempted)—wad a man sell his kintira or his conscience—and neist day strive to stifle his remorse by gobblin' up the giblet-pie.

NORTH.

To hear you speak, James, the world would take you for an epicure and glutton, who bowed down five times a-day in fond idolatry before the belly-god. What a delusion!

SHEPHERD.

What does the silly senseless world ken about the real character o' the puir Ettrick Shepherd, ony mair than about that o' puir Lord Byron. But you, sir, ken baith *his* by metafeesical intuitions, that see intil a man's sowle through the works o' his inspired genic, and the acts o' his destrackit life—though fate and fortune, doom and destiny, keepit ye twa far assunder a' the time that the noble Childe was driven along existence like the rack flyin' overhead on the stormy skies—and *mine* by that intercommunin' o' a' high thochts and high feelings, sir, that far far apairt frae a' fun and frolic, and wut, and humour and glee—(yet they, too, are in their season suitable, and tell tales affen no safe to be repeated o' secrets slumberin' anang sorrows deep doon in that

“Strange tumultuous thing the human heart”)

hae affen given to the hollows o' the hills, where we twa hae walked tegither, far frae the ways o' man, frae the risin' to the settin' sun, the consecration as of some mighty temple.—Yes, Mr North, till all the visible region baith o' the earth and the heavens—the *ane* beautifu', beyond a'

expression beautiful, wi' its gently undulating sea o' hills, greener than ony water-sea that ever rolled in sunshine, and aften, in glorious blinks, also purpler far, when the heather-heights, suddenly light-smitten, coloured all the day with the lustre beaming from their gorgeous mantle—and the *ither*, as we lay like sleepers on the sward—dreamers but no sleepers we—with half-shut eyes undrowsily watching the slow passing-by of the drowsy clouds, and drinkin' in, wi' nae impatient thirst, but wi' a tranquil appetite divine, the blue liquid beauty o' the stainless ether—the *ither*, North, seeming, indeed, to deserve the holy name of heaven, whither, had I had wings of a dove, I wou'd have flown away and been at rest, for thou, my friend, knowest, even as I know, that except in those regions, rest is there none for us “poor sons of a day,” and *that* thoct, sir, that keeps ebbing and flowing for ever in the silence and the solitude o' our sowles, gies a sanctity to the great sky-bow that bends over us, when it is strung in peacefu' beauty that changes a' creation into ae vast Place o' Worship.

NORTH.

Mere painted air !

SHEPHERD.

Weel do I ken, sir, that it's naething else ! Yet holy in my eyes has ever been what in Scotland we ca' “the lift,” even as the Bible lyin' open, during the hour of service, on my father's knee ! Nae senses have we to penetrate into infinitude and eternity. Frae such ideas do not our sowles recoil back on space and time, feeble and forlorn, and sore afraid ! But God has given us imaginations, sir, wherewith to beautify and glorify into celestial and abiding tabernacles, terrestrial vapours in their ain nature evanescent as dreams !

NORTH.

James, give me your hand, our friendship is strong and sacred.

SHEPHERD.

The shews o' natur, sir, are a' mere types ; but there's nae sin, sir—be assured there's nae sin, sir, in looking on the type even as if it were the thing—the thought typified ; for such seems to be the natur o' the human sowle, weak, weak, weak, sir, even in its greatest strength, and relying on the senses for support even in its maist spiritual communings, and maist holy worship o' Him that inhabiteth Eternity.

NORTH.

Poetry—Philosophy—Religion.

SHEPHERD.

I canna conceive a mair sacred, a mair holy task, than that which a man taks upon himsell, when he sits doon to write the life and character of his brither man. Afore he begins to write the capital letter at the beginnin' o' the first word, he ocht to hae sat mony a lang hour, a' by himsell, in his study, and to hae walked at eventide mony a lang hour, a' by himsell along the flowings of some river, (hoo life-like !)—and to hae lain awake during mony a lang hour o' the night watches, *and especially then a' by himsell*—meditating on the duty he has undertaken to perform, and comparin' or contrastin', as it may be, what he *may conjecture* to hae been the character o' his brither, whom God has called to judgment, wi' what he *must ken* to be the character o' his ain sell, whom God next moment may call to his dread account. A' men hae mair nor an inklin' o' their warst evil propensities, and their ain warst sins. When religion and philosophy speak o' the diffeculty o' kennin' ane's ain heart, they mean anither thing a'thegether ; an' though an awfu' and a fearfu' thing, not to my present purpose, and to be haunled by me anither nicht, in anither discourse.

NORTH.

“Why, you are giving us a sermon, James.

SHEPHERD.

An' pray, sir, is there ony reason in the natur o' things why you should hae a' the preachin' to yoursell ? Noo, sir, I say that the beeographer wha acts thus will never cease hearing a solemn whisper, as if direct frae Heaven—and it is frae Heaven—fillin', but no disturbin' his ear—“Do unto others that which thou wou'dst they should do unto thee !” O, sir ! hoo

universal is the application—at a' times—at a' seasons—to a' the meeserable race o' man—o' thae divine words! 'Hoo are they forgotten! In the passion o' action, gin I may sae speak, there seems amaisht some excuse, drawn frae the constitution o' our natur, for the sound o' that heavenly voice being droon'd amang the waves. But when a's cawm abune and aroun'—naething nor naeboddy troublin' us—and yet the sense o' our ain sins as prevalent in our privacy as our sense o' the mercy o' the Most High towards us sinners—by what mysterious agency comes it about, that even then, wi' the cawnle twinklin' peacefully afore us, like a bit starnie, through the glimmer o' our midnight chawmer, and

“The wee bit ingle blinkin' bonnily,”

and not a foot stirrin' in a' the house, but the four feet o' some hungry, yet no' unhappy moosie, gliding cannily alang the carpet in search o' some crumbs that may hae fa'n ahint a chair—O, sir! *whence* comes the thoct or the feelin' o' evil in the heart o' a man at sic an hour as this, when, if ever guardian angels may be permitted to leave their celestial bowers for homes of earth, weel micht we houp to lie aneath the shadow o' the wings o' sic holy visitants! Yet, nae door flies open—nae wa' sinks—nor enter in, in visille troops, the Fiends and the Furies. But what ca' ye Envy, and Jealousy, and Malice, and Anger, and a' the rest of the Evil Passions, that, as if gifted wi' ubiquity and perpetual presence, clutch our verra conscience by the hair o' the head, and bendin' back its neck, break its very spine, till it's murdered or maimed, in death or dwaum—and oh! mercy! what a hubbub noo amang a' the desperate Distractions! Sometimes they sit upon the sowle, tearin' out its een, like ravens or vultures——

NORTH.

James, enough! The truth shocks and sickens.

SHEPHERD.

Weel then, descend a' at ance frae thae maist fearsome hichts, commandin' a bird's-eye view o' the empiry o' Sin and Evil——

NORTH.

Miltoinic.

SHEPHERD.

And merely ask yoursell, what wunner it was that sic a man as our freen' John Galt, in general an excellent fallow, should hae been beguiled—betrayed—by some o' the meaner agencies, the lower spirits, to——

NORTH.

Compqse No. I. of the National Library!

SHEPHERD.

Just sae—and there's an anticlimax for you—wi' a vengeance and a thud! But when we first got on this topic, some hour or sae sin syne, at the commencement o' this jug—What's this I was intendin' to say? Ou aye. It was, that you ken ma character by havin' aften studied it in sic moods and seasons. Noo, I was a few minutes ago describin' a roasted guse—wi' a' the zest o' a glutton whose imagination was kindled by his pallet. And at that moument as sincere was I as ever you beheld me when standin' by the side o' some great loch, and gazing on the sun sinking behind the mountains. But what care I, sir, for a' the guses that ever was roasted? No ae single strae. Gie me a bit cheese and bread when I am hungry, and I will say grace oure't, sittin' by some spring amang the hills, wi' as gratefu' a heart as ever yearned in a puir sinner's breast towards the Giver o' a' mercies. Nae objections hae I—why sud I?—to a jug o' toddy, especially, sir, sittin' cheek by jowl wi' auld Christopher. But mony and mony a day o' drivin' rain and blashin' sleet and driftin' sna' hae I been out frae morn till nicht amang the hills—aye, sir, frae nicht till morn—a' thro' the wild wughing hours o' the mirk nichts o' winter, without ever thinkin' o' spirits in the shape o' whisky any mair than if in this weary world there never had been ae single still! Sumphs—base insolent sumphs—say I, sir, that dare to insult the shepherd at his Glenlivat with the king of men. Has the aipple o' my eye, sir, tint ae huc o' its brichtness, or shews it one blood-shot streak or stain o'

intemperance? Has the apple o' my cheek, sir, tint ae hue o' its ruddiness, or shews it one blotch or pimple o' excess either in eatin' or drinkin? Damn the Cockney cooards and calumniawters——

NORTH.

Unclench your hairy fist, my beloved Shepherd, and let me see thee smile again as sweetly as if singing a song to the Queen of the Fairies among the tohmans of her ancient woods.

SHEPHERD.

Hatred o' hypocrisy sets my blood in a low, and converts it, for a space, "brief as the lightning in a collied night," into liquid fire. Here, sir, here, in this our dearly beloved and beautifu' Blue Parlour—and there, sir, there—through that wa'—in the fantastic French Hunting Chawmer—and yonner, sir, yonner in the shooperb—the shooblime Saloon—what whisper ever heard the walls—and walls 'tis said have ears—of envy, or jealousy, or calumny, or of any evil thought towards any one, high or humble, of the great family of Man?

NORTH.

None, never!

SHEPHERD.

Has a man great genius?—you, sir, trumpet-tongued, hail his advent when "far off his coming shines," and the nations as yet know not what means the apparition on the weather-gleam, till you tell them 'tis a—Poet.

NORTH.

Spare my blushes. Yet I feel in all humility that it is the truth.

SHEPHERD.

Has a man sma' genius, seeks Christopher to extinguish it? Na, na, na. He kens that the spark is frae heaven, and sooner than tread it oot, would he put his foot on the adder-hole. Oh! weel ken you, sir, my auld wise freen,' that genius yearns for glory mair passionately even than ever love yearned for beauty, and that to him disappointment is despair, and despair is death! A sueer, sir, on your face, might drive some bricht-hoped laddie mad, while he was seekin', and findin', and losin' his flowery way in the wilderness o' the imagination, day after day, and night after night, for years, and years, and years, mistakin' dreams for realities, and believin' a' things to be in natur verily as beautifu' as his ain thochts!

NORTH.

Rather would I die, James.

SHEPHERD.

Sir, ye ken, and I ken, but aiblins I better nor you, for I was born, as Burns says, in an "auld clay biggin'," and had little or nae assistance and support to my sowle when it was beginnin' to work like barm within me, or rather, if you'll no think the eemage ovre gran' for the occasion, when it was beginnin' to trummle, and crummle, and sigh, and groan, and heave, and hotch, like what ane reads about the earlier stages o' the proceedings o' some earthquake,—I say, sir, that I was then left amaist cutirely to my ain silly sell, wi' naebody to tell me what a' that disturbance within me micht mean, whether it was for gude or for evil, frae heaven or hell—ye maun pardon me, sir, for sic strong expressions, but aften and aften did I shudder to think that I had fa'n intil the power o' Satan—sae black, sir, at times were the thochts that suddenly assailed me in solitude, till, wad you believe me, they took the shape o' great langshadows lying threateningly on the sward afore me, when not a cloud was in heaven, and the sun shining like a god in his ain undivided sky. The neebours—nay, my vera faither and mother, and the lave o' our ain bairns, feared, when I was about the size or sae o' my wee Jamie—God bless him!——

NORTH.

Amen!

SHEPHERD.

——that I was gettin' mad—and sae for a while did I mysell—but I soon cam to ken that it was nae madness, but genie working in the dark, like a mole or a miner, till it fand its way up into the air, and then eagle-eyed beheld

the beauty o' the heavens and the earth, in a trance that passes away, sir, as ye ken, aneath the presence and the pressure o' cares and anxieties, and duties—often a weary wecht—but ever and anon returns, a renewed revelation by natur, to them who keep holy the Covenant sworn at her altar amang the mysteries that haunted the world of eye and ear in the morn of life.—Nae yawning, if you please, sir. Better that you should at ance cowp owre in a drawm o' sleep.

NORTH.

I could cut with a blunt knife the throat of any man who yawns while I am speaking to him—especially if he attempts to conceal his crime, by putting his hand to his mouth; yet, such a bundle of inconsistencies is man, that confound me if I could listen for five minutes to the angel Raphael himself—or Gabriel either—without experiencing that sensation about the jaws which precedes and produces that sin. The truth is, that admiration soon makes me yawn—and I fear that Sir Walter, and Coleridge, and Wordsworth, and Bowles, and others, may sometimes have felt queer at the frequent, if not incessant, opening and shutting of the folding doors of my mouth, during their most amusing or instructive, reasoning or imaginative harangues. I wish I could find some way of letting them know, that so far from any offence being meant, or weariness experienced by me, I was in fact repaying them for the delight they gave me, by the most sincere, if not the most delicate tribute of applause, which it was in my power to render, or rather out of my power to withhold from genius and wisdom.

SHEPHERD.

I never in a' my born days, and I'm noo just the age o' Sir Walter, and, had he been leevin', o' Bonnypratt, met a perfectly pleasant—that is a' thegither enchantin' man in a party—and I have lang thoct there's nae sic thing in existence as poors o' conversation. There's Sir Walter wi' his everlastin' anecdotes, nine out o' ten meanin' naethin', and the tenth itself as auld as the Eildon hills, but not, like them, cleft in three, which would be a great relief to the listener, and aiblins alloo a nap atween—yet hoo the coofs o' a' ages, sexes, and ranks, belabour your lugs with their lauchter at every clause—and baser than ony slaves that ever swept the dust with their faces from the floors of Eastern despots, swallow his stalest stories as if they were manna dropping fresh frae the heaven o' imagination! Yet you see the crust often sticks in their throats—and they narrowly escape chokin'. Yet I love and venerate Sir Walter abune a' ither leevin' men except yourself, sir, and for that reason try to thole his discourse. As to his ever hearin' richt ae single syllable o' what ye may be sayin' to him, wi' the maist freendly intent o' enlichtenin' his weak mind, you maun never indulge ony howp o' that kind—for o' a' the absent men when anither's speakin', that ever glowered in a body's face, without seemin' to ken even wha he's lookin' at, Sir Walter is the foremost—and gin he behaves in that gate to a man o' original genius like me, you may conceive his treatment o' the sumphs and sumphesses that compose fashionable society.

NORTH.

James—be civil.

SHEPHERD.

Yet tak up ony trash o' travels by ony outlandish foreigner through our kintra, and turn to the chapter, "Visit to Abbotsford," and be he frog-eatin' Frenchman, sneevin' through his nose—

NORTH.

Or gross guttural German, groaning about Goethe—

SHEPHERD.

—or girnin' and grimacin' Italian, wi' his music and his macaroni, fiddlin' and fumblin' his way aiblins into marriage wi' some deluded lassie o' condition wi' the best o' Scottish bluid in her veins—

NORTH.

Sarcastic dog!

SHEPHERD.

—and one and all alike—each with the peculiar loathsomeness belonging to the mode of adulation practised in his ain kintra—begin jabberin' and

slimin' the illustrious baronet frae head to feet, till he is all over slaver. Hoo he maun scunner!

NORTH.

Perhaps not.

²¹
SHEPHERD.

He maun. Then each Tramp begins to ring the same changes on his fool's bells about Sir Walter's poors o' conversation, his endless stores o' information, his inexhaustible mines o' intellectual treasures——

NORTH.

Stop, James—lay your hand on your heart, and tell me—we are quite alone, and you need not look at the screen, for there is nobody behind it—are you not jealous?

SHEPHERD.

Me jealous! and o' Sir Walter! As I shall answer to God at the great day of judgment, I am not! I glory in my country for his sake. But say—sir—unseal your lips and speak—should he, who of all men I ever kent is the least o' a tyrant, be thus served by slaves?

NORTH.

No great man of any age, James, during his mortal lifetime, ever so lived, by the peaceful power of genius, in the world's eye, and in the world's minds, and the world's heart, as Sir Walter Scott.

SHEPHERD.

None whatsoever.

NORTH.

Why? Because never before had genius such as his dealt with subjects of such universal and instant interest.

SHEPHERD.

What! No Shakspeer?

NORTH.

No; not Shakespeare.

SHEPHERD.

But wull he leeve as lang's Shakspeer?

NORTH.

Why the devil should he not? Why, you and I will live as long as Shakespeare—but it is not mere length of life, James, but intensity and universality of life, that constitutes the immortality of the soul.

SHEPHERD.

Gude—gude. In ae sense, a' that's prented may live for ever; in anither sense, amaiat a' that's prented dies. Common owthers leeve but in their byeucks,—and every time ye shut his byeuck, it may be said that ye put a common owther to death, or imprison him in a cell. He is in oblivion. But aince in ages an owther is born—Homer, Shakspeer, Scott—wha leeve na in their byeucks alone—though edition after edition keeps perpetually poorin' out o' the press—but omnipresent in the regions o' Thocht and Feeling, as sunshine fills the day.

NORTH.

Gude—gude. But when, James, was there ever religion without superstition? worship without idolatry?

SHEPHERD.

Never in the history o' man. I see your drift, sir. Therefore it is—wou'd the auld cunning carle say—that while the wise, the good, and the free unveil their foreheads in manly admiration afore the genius o' Sir Walter,—preserving a' the while the erect attitude o' that being, to whom alone the Latin poet said God gave “a sublime face,” that he might behold the heavens and all their stars,—the wiseacres, the fools, and the slaves, fall down brutishly before him, and lick the dust aff his feet.

NORTH.

James, a peg lower, if you please. Let Sir Walter produce any sort of stuff he chooses, and that set of worshippers swear it is beaten gold. There is his Demonology and Witchcraft—a poor book——

SHEPHERD.

What say ye? a pair byeuck on Demonology and Witchcraft by Sir Walter Scott?

NORTH.

Poor in matter and in manner—in substance and in style. And yet the paid paltry press are at this moment all pawing it with their praise. Two years ago I spake of—PUFFING. One year ago, the Edinburgh Review—following in my wake—did the same; but it scarified and seared the skin of the small sinners, and left that of the great sleek and without a seam. But “a braw time’s comin’”—and not many months shall go by, James, till I flay the Trade.

SHEPHERD (*rising from his seat.*)

Ha! Mr Tickler, hoo are you—and hoo cam’ you intil the room?

NORTH.

Tickler! James. I see no Tickler.

SHEPHERD (*somewhat agitated.*)

Mr Tickler, speak—smile—lauch! O lauch—lauch—lauch, sir; I’ll thank ye frae the bottom o’ my sowle to lauch!

NORTH.

Nay—this is like midsummer madness at the end of October. Don’t stare so, I beseech you, my dear Shepherd.

SHEPHERD.

Luk—luk—luk! Fixed een—white cheeks—blue lips—drippin’ hair—a ghastly coontenance, an’ a spectral shape—It’s his wraith—his wraith—and e’er midnicht, we shall be hearin’ a sugh gaun through the city that our freen’ has been droon’d!

NORTH (*alarmed.*)

I see nothing.

SHEPHERD (*coming round to NORTH.*)

There—there—richt opposite to us on the wa’!

NORTH.

Shall I ring the bell?

SHEPHERD.

What said ye? See, it lifts its corpse-like hauns! Oh! that it wou’d but speak!

NORTH (*recovering his self-possession.*)

Your stomach is out of order, James—your bowels—

SHEPHERD.

I wou’d fain houp sae—but I fear no! Mercy on us! it’s liftin’ itsell up, and movin’ like a shadow—noo—noo—thank heaven, it has evaporated, and is gane!

(*Enter AMBROSE in violent agitation.*)

AMBROSE.

Oh! dear—Oh! dear—Sirs, there’s a rumour flying through the city that the body of Mr Tickler has been found drowned in one of the Leith Docks!

NORTH and SHEPHERD.

Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!

[*Exeunt Omnes distracted.*]

PROMOTIONS, APPOINTMENTS, &c.

August, 1830.

Brevet	Col. Marlay, h. p. Gr. Gds. to be Maj. Gen. in the Army	22 July 1830	Grn. Gds. Capt. and Lt. Col. Lambert, Maj. with rank of Col.	22 July
—	Le Mesurier, h. p. 17 F. do.	do.	Lt. and Capt. Boldero, Capt. and Lt. Col.	do.
—	Philpot, h. p. 24 Dr. do.	do.	Col.	do.
—	Lt. Col. Watts, h. p. Indep. Com. to be Col. in the Army.	do.	Cold. Gds. Bt. Col. Mackinnon, Lt. Col.	do.
—	Grogan, h. p. Cors. Regt. do.	do.	Lt. Col. Milman, Maj.	do.
—	Shedden, h. p. 114 F. do.	do.	Lt. and Capt. Hon. J. Forbes, Lt. Col.	do.
—	Ogilvie, h. p. Unatt. do.	do.	Ens. and Lt. Clitherow, Lt. and Capt.	do.
—	Maj. Mitchell, R. Art. to be Lt. Col. in the Army	do.	— Drummond, Lt. and Capt.	do.
—	Cator, do.	do.	— vice Dent, ret.	5d Aug.
—	Capt. Rob. Kelly, Fort Maj. at Dartmouth, to be Maj. in the Army	do.	Ens. Dundas, from 42 F. Ens. and Lt.	do.
—	Thomas Kelly, do. Tilbury Fort,	do.	3 F. Gds. Bt. Col. Keate, Lt. Col.	22 July
—	Gibson, 86 F. do.	do.	— Mercer, Maj.	do.
			Bt. Maj. Hawkins, Capt. and Lt. Col.	do.
			2 F. Gent. Cad. G. P. Malcolm, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. vice Lomax,	25 F.
				15 Aug.
			3 Lt. Col. Mitchell, from 31 F. Lt. Col.	22 July
			4 Lt. Clarke, Capt. vice Griffith, 90 F.	3d Aug.
			Ens. Lonsdale, Lt.	do.
			Gent. Cad. F. M. Campbell, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens.	do.
			16 Capt. M'Donald, Maj. by purch. vice Audain, ret.	15 do.
			18 Bt. Col. Burrell, from 90 F. Lt. Col.	22 July
				22 July
			Bt. Maj. Pratt, Maj. vice Bt. Lt. Col. Riddall, prom.	do.
			20 Lt. Reed, Capt.	do.
			Maj. Green, Lieut. Col.	do.
			Capt. Burrows, Maj.	do.
			Lt. Dodgin, Capt.	do.
			Ens. Wood, Lt.	do.
			— Stanford, from 33 F. Ens.	do.
			23 Maj. Harrison, Lt. Col.	do.
			Capt. Fielding, Maj.	do.
			Lt. Enoch, Capt.	do.
			2d Lt. Crutchley, 1st Lt.	do.
			Gent. Cad. W. G. C. Monius, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens.	do.
			25 Lt. Col. Walker, from h. p. Lt. Col. do.	do.
			Ens. Lomax, from 2 F. Ens. vice Walker, res.	15 Aug.
			30 Lt. Armstrong, Adj. vice Atkinson, res. Adj. only	do.
			31 F. Lt. Col. Daly, from h. p. Lt. Col.	22 July
			33 Gent. Cad. W. T. Nixon, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. vice Standford, 20 F.	5 Aug.
			35 Lt. Col. Macdonald, from h. p. 12 F. Lt. Col.	22 July
			50 Capt. Ryan, Maj. and Bt. Lt. Col. Goldie, prom.	13 Aug.
			— Madden, from h. p. Capt.	do.
			52 Capt. St John, Maj. vice M'Nair, 77 F.	5 do.
			57 Capt. Mann, from h. p. 40 F. Capt. vice Bt. Maj. Powell, prom.	15 do.
			58 Capt. Frith, Maj. vice Bt. Lt. Col. Rowan, prom.	22 July
			Lt. Collins, Capt.	do.
			— Watson, from 83 F. Lt.	3 do.
			63 Lt. Pedder, Capt. by purch. vice Dumas, ret.	3 Aug.
			Ens. Pole, Lt.	do.
			C. C. Elton, Ens.	do.
			64 Maj. Dickson, Lt. Col.	22 July
			Bt. Maj. Bennett, Maj.	do.
			Lt. and Adj. Boyes, Capt.	do.
			Serg. Maj. J. Canavan, Adj. and Ens.	do.
			68 Lt. Gibson, Capt. vice Bt. Maj. Gledstanes, prom.	3d Aug.

The King has been pleased to appoint the following Colonels of Militia to be his Majesty's Aides-de-Camp for the Service of his Militia Force.

Col. Sir W. W. Wynn, Bt. R. Denbigh. Mil. 22 July 1830
G. E. of Aboyne, K.T. Aberdeenshire Mil. do.
J. Lord Dufferin and Claneboye, R. North Down Mil. do.
T. Wood, R. East Middlesex Mil. do.

His Majesty has been pleased to appoint the under-mentioned Officers, of the East India Company's Forces, to take rank by Brevet in His Majesty's Army, in the East Indies only, as follows. The Commissions to be dated 22d July, 1830.

Maj. Gen. Prole, to be Lieut. General
— Ferguson, do.
— Macaulay, do.
— Ashe, do.
— Calcraft, do.

Col. Price, to be Major-General

— Boles, do.
— Knox, do.
— Adams, do.
— Worsley, do.
— Fraser, do.
— H. S. Scott, do.
— Sir J. Sinclair, Bt. do.
— R. Scott, do.
— M'Dowall, do.
— Lewis, do.

R. H. Gds. R. S. Oliver, Cor. by purch. vice Grieves, ret. 29 July 1830

2 Dr. Gds. Bt. Col. Hay, from h. p. 17 Dr. Lt. Col. 22 do.

4 Cor. Archer, Lt. by purch. vice Holden, ret. 13 Aug.

J. S. Lyon, Cor. do.

3 Dr. Maj. Sisted, Lt. Col. 22 July

6 H. Halen, Vct. Surg. vice Percivall, Ord. Serv. in Ireland 5 Aug.

8 Capt. Brudenell, Maj. by purch. vice Morgell, ret. do.

Lt. MacCall, Capt. do.

Cor. Thomas, Lt. do.

R. Peel, Cor. do.

10 Cor. Fitz Herbert, Lt. by purch. vice Osborne, prom. do.

H. Norman, Cor. do.

11 Bt. Lt. Col. Brutton, Lt. Col. 22 July

Bt. Col. Blake, from h. p. 20 Dr. Maj. 13 Aug.

12 Lt. Vandeleur, Capt. by purch. vice Harrington, ret. 3 do.

Cor. Forester, Lt. do.

Ens. Hon. C. O'Callaghan, from 76 F. Cor. do.

63 Bt. Col. Sir T. N. Hill, K.C.B. from h. p. Lt. Col. 22 July

72 F. **Ens. Baillie, Lt.** by purch. vice Laird, ret. 3 Aug.
Hon. W. Arbuthnot, Ens. do.
 73 **Maj. M'Nair, from 32 F. Lt. Col.** do.
 76 **F. S. Prittie, Ens.** by purch. vice O'Callaghan, 12 Dr. 13 do.
 77 **Capt. Clarke, from h. p. Capt. vice Bt. Maj. Bateman, prom.** do.
 84 **Capt. Westley, from h. p. Capt. vice Clarke, can.** do.
 86 **Lt. Tinnie, Adj. vice M'Tynte, res. Adj. only** 5 do.
 — **Grant, Capt. vice Bt. Maj. Kirby, prom.** 13 do.
 — **Capt. Lowth, from h. p. Capt. vice Bt. Maj. Baimes, prom.** 14 do.
 90 — **Mackay, Maj. vice Bt. Lt. Col. Burrell, 18 F.** 22 July
 — **Griffith, from 4 F. Capt.** 3 Aug.
 93 **Lt. Crowe, Capt. by purch. vice Hart, ret.** 13 do.
 — **Ens. Aylmer, Lt.** do.
 — **A. C. Fitz James, Ens.** do.
 94 **Lieut. Workman, Capt. vice Bt. Lt. Col. Bogle, prom.** 5 do.
Rifle Brig. Maj. Eccles, Lt. Col. 22 July
 — **Capt. Hope, Maj.** do.
 — **Lt. Fry, Capt.** do.
 — **2d Lt. Rooper, 1st Lt.** do.
 — **Gent. Cadet R. Moorsom, from R. Mil. Coll. 2d Lt.** do.
Ceyl. Rifle R. Lt. Powell, Capt. by purch. vice Du Vernet, prom. 13 Aug.
 — **2d Lt. Morris, 1st Lt.** do.
 — **W. Jones, 2d Lt.** do.

Ordnance Department.

R. Art. Lt. Col. Pym, Col. vice Pritchard, removed as a General Officer 22 July, 1830
Capt. and Bt. Maj. Hutchesson, Lt. Col. do.
 — **2d Capt. Bell, Capt.** do.
 — **1st Lt. Ingilby, 2d Capt.** do.
 — **2d Lt. Fisher, 1st Lt.** do.
 — **1st Lt. and Adj. Cater, 2d Capt.** do.
 — **Lt. Col. Cary, Col. vice Viney, removed as a General Officer** do.
 — **Capt. and Bt. Maj. Whynates, Lt. Col.** do.
 — **2d Capt. Fraser, Capt.** do.
 — **1st Lt. Pester, 2d Capt.** do.
 — **2d Lt. Ormsby, 1st Lt.** do.
 — **Lt. Col. Forster, Col. vice Beavor, removed as a General Officer** do.
 — **Capt. and Bt. Maj. Michel, Lt. Col.** do.
 — **2d Capt. Louis, Capt.** do.
 — **1st Lt. Tweedie, 2d Capt.** do.
 — **2d Lt. Taylor, 1st Lt.** do.
 — **Maclean, do, vice Severn, res.** 5 Aug.

Staff.

Maj. Gen. Macdonald, Adj. General to Forces 27 July, 1830
Bt. Col. Fitz Clarence, h. p. Dep. Adj. Gen. vice Macdonald do.
 — **D'Aguiar, Dep. Adj. Gen. in Ireland** 22 do.
Sir G. Campbell, Bt. Dep. Quar. Mast. Gen. in Ireland do.
Bt. Lt. Col. Harris, h. p. Dep. Adj. Gen. in Canada, vice Col. Sir T. N. Hill, Com. Cav. Dep. do.
Capt. Clerke, from h. p. 57 F. Staff Capt. at Chelsea, vice Ebhart, prom. 13 Aug.

Garrisons.

Lt. Gen. Sir W. M. Peneocke, Gov. of Kinsale, vice Lt. Gen. Guard, dead 3 Aug. 1830

*Unattached.**To be Lieut. Colonels of Infantry.*

Bt. Lt. Col. Rowan, from 58 F. 22 July, 1830
 — **Riddall, from 19 F.** do.
Bt. Col. Sir J. Harvey, h. p. 103 F. 13 Aug.

Bt. Lt. Col. Wade, h. p. Unatt. 13 Aug. 1830
 — **Sir W. L. Herries, K.C.H. h. p. Perm. As. Quar. Mast. Gen.** do.
 — **Goldie** do.

To be Majors of Infantry.

Bt. Lt. Col. Bogle, from 94 F. 3 Aug. 1830
Bt. Maj. Gledstanes, from 68 F. do.
 — **Powell, from 57 F.** 13 do.
 — **Mackworth, h. p. 8. Dr.** do.
Bt. Lt. Col. Balneavis, h. p. F. 27 do.
Bt. Maj. Bazalgette, h. p. 98 F. do.
 — **Kirby, from 86 F.** do.
 — **Baines, from 86 F.** do.
Bateman, from 77 F. do.
 — **Ebhart, from Staff Capt. at Chelsea** do.
Bt. Lt. Col. Falla, h. p. 48 F. do.

Exchanges.

Major Thorne, 91 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Col. Snodgrass, h. p.
Capt. Davis, 15 F. rec. diff. with Captain Weston, h. p.
 — **Tait, 22 F. with Capt. Killikelly, h. p. 6 W. I. R.**
Lieut. Furlong, 20 F. with Lieut. Mariton, 30 F.
Ensign Carey, 67 F. with Ensign Lloyd, h. p.
Assist. Surg. Brisbane, 74 F. rec. diff. with Assist Surg. Hughes, M. D. h. p. 58 F.

Resignations.

Lieut. Severn, R. Art.
Ensign Walker, 25 F.

*Retirements.**Majors.*

Morgell, 8 Dr.
Audam, 16 F.

Captains.

Harington, 12 Dr.
Dent, Coldst. Gds.
Dumas, 63 F.
Hart, 93 F.
Williams, h. p. 26 F.

Lieutenants.

Archer, 4 Dr. Gds.
Laird, 72 F.
Pigott, h. p. 12 Dr.
Pattison, h. p. 6 F.
Nixon, h. p. 10 F.
Edmonds, h. p. 21 F.
MacLeod, h. p. 27 F.
Fitz Gerald, h. p. 31 F.
Adams, h. p. 64 F.

Cornet, 2d Lieutenant, and Ensign.

Grievies, R. Horse Gds.
Williamson, h. p. 97 F.
Palmer, h. p. 2 Ceylon Regt.

Quar. Master.

Tyrell, h. p. York Rang.

Assistant-Surgeons.

Gibney, h. p. 15 Dr.
Bunny, h. p. 43 F.
White, h. p. 73 F.
Bigsby, h. p. Staff.

Hospital Assistants.

Angus, h. p.
Gallagher, h. p.

Cancelled.

Major Aitchison, Cape Mounted Rifle
Capt. Clarke, 84 F.

*Deaths.**Major-General.*

Nugent, late of 58 F. Paris Apr. 1830

Majors.

Cust, 59 F. Manchester 3 Aug. 1830
Shuttleworth, Royal Inv. Art. Hathenage Hall, near Sheffield 9 July

Captains.

Dallas, 37 F. Dublin Aug.
Arthur Richard Wallesey, Rifle Brig.
Pick, h. p. 89 F. 4 Aug.
Symonds, h. p. Campbell's Roc. Corps Mar.

Lieutenants.			
Nesbitt, 56 F.	11 Aug. 1830	Krietsch, h. p. 4 Line Ger. Leg. Hanover	28 May
Oakley, late 2 Vet. Dn.	do.	Heitmüller, h. p. do. Hanover	22 June
Sheppard, late 6 do. Colchester	8 May	<i>Ensign.</i>	
Bell, late 9 do.	11 July	Neill, late 1 Vet. Bn. Drumatec,	Market Hill,
Armstrong, h. p. 32 F. London	29 Mar.	Ireland	21 July 1830
Philan, h. p. 89 F.	2 Oct. 1829	<i>Paymaster.</i>	
Kelly, h. p. 7 W. I. R. Wexford	1 July 1830	Duff, late 9 Vet. Bn. Duddingstone,	North Brit. 12 May 1830

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTS, announced from August 23, to September 23.

Ashton, J. Liverpool, wine-merchant	Kerfoot, R. Manchester, builder
Ascherleben, F. K. Austin Friars, merchant	Lanza, G. St Paneras, publisher of music
Bell, J. Liverpool, master mariner	Lloyd, J. Peckham-Rye, victualler
Bryan, T. Mincing Lane, wine-broker	Liddel, J. Kensington, merchant
Bullock, J. Featherstone Street, ironmonger	Marsden, G. B. and T. Mather, Manchester, upholsterers
Burton, J. Nottingham, stone mason	Moore, G. C. Blackeney, grocer
Bunn, C. Birmingham, gilt-toy maker	M'Ghie, Eliza, and Wakefield, Anne, Manchester, milliners
Briarly, A. Kirton-in-Lindsey, innkeeper	Mitchell, R. Crayford, farmer
Battersby, A. Liverpool, builder	Matarol, W. G. late of Paucras-lane, dealer and chapman
Barrow, A. Kirkland, innkeeper	Neve, A. Portsea, linen-draper
Brattan, E. Northwich, upholsterer	Powell, J. C. Chiswell-street, surgeon
Bayley, T. Giltspur Street, baker	Parris, J. P. Maida Hill, brick-maker
Bradley, G. Leeds, brass-founder	Paylor, W. Knaresborough, confectioner
Barnett, J. Carrickfergus, merchant	Poole, T. Fore-street, linen-draper
Chase, J. Chiswell Street, apothecary	Parker, J. Oxford-street, linen-draper
Cleaver, S. Hungerford Market, cement maker	Robottom, J. James-street, coffee-housekeeper
Cox, H. Sheffield, grocer	Ridley, W. Wreckton, miller
Cunningham, J. Bristol, shopkeeper	Robson, E. South Shields, boat-builder
Comley, G. and G. Jones, and T. Hathaway, Uley, clothiers	Reed, R. Birmingham, gun-maker
Chater, E. jun. Lambeth, coal merchant	Richards, T. Manchester, corn-merchant
Cleg, B. Oldham, victualler	Roeke, C. A. Tenbury, horse-dealer
Clark, J. Keynsham, basket maker	Skinner, W. Wilmington-square, apothecary, &c.
Davies, R. Lisle Street, coal merchant	Shoyer, W. Westin-super-mare, grocer
Drake, G. P. Stepney Green, carpenter	Symmons, G. Atherstone, bookseller
Dry, T. Tottenham Court Road, linen draper	Scruton, W. St George's, East, victualler
Drake, W. W. Snowhill, feather merchant	Smith, J. Winchester, miller
Edge, M. Stockport, shopkeeper	Simons, H. Blackmore, grocer
Elliot, T. jun. Goswell Street, tool maker	Smallbone, J. Titchborne-street, picture-dealer
Flacke, N. B. Lambeth, livery stable keeper	Scott, J. Bread-street, shawl-warehouseman
Gregson, J. S. Manchester, bookseller	Taylor, G. Manchester, steam-engine manufacturer
Gillgrass, J. Morley, woollen cloth manufacturer	Tomlinson, J. H. Halsted, money-scrivener
Gray, J. (late of Calais,) Islington, banker	Turner, F. G. Bermondsey, leather-seller
Guyennette, F. J., and S. Geary, Liverpool Street, and S. Geary, Weston Street, builders	Thomas, J. Abercarn, grocer
Gorton, T. jun. Pimlico, bookseller	Taylor, J. jun. Halfax, dealer
Garnet, J. Shap, innkeeper	Wilson, T. Manchester, commission-agent
Hedge, N. Colchester, jeweller	Wright, L. W. London Road, engineer
Haudley, W. Birmingham, saddler	Welford, J. Oxford-street, auctioneer
Jay, J. Broad Street, upholsterer	Woodrow, W. West Coker, draper
Jarret, J. and P. T. Tadman, Fenchurch Street, merchants	Worts, C. Wapping, High-street, ship-chandler
Johnson, C. Leeds, victualler	Wilson, R. Bishopsgate-street, woollen-draper
Kay, W. Ripon, saddler	
Keymer, T. Colchester, woollen draper	

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTS, announced from August 1, to Sept. 30.

Alexander, Robert Bruce Dundas, grocer, spirit-dealer, ironmonger, general merchant, and trader, Kinross	and publisher, and writer to the signet, Edinburgh
Burns, Walter, upholsterer and cabinetmaker, Edinburgh	Johnston, William, cowfeeder, Comely Bank, near Edinburgh
Caverhill, Thomas, & Co., silkmercers, Edinburgh, and Thomas Caverhill, the partner, as an individual	Lindsay, James, merchant, Kirkcaldy
Connel, John, cheesemonger, Hanover Street, Edinburgh	Lees, John, cattle dealer, Dumfries
Davidson, Robert, shoemaker, Edinburgh	M'Call, Joseph, wine and spirit merchant, Glasgow
Fowler, Geo., merchant, Castle Street, Aberdeen	M'Crea, William, china and stoneware merchant, Kirkcaldy
Gordon, Strachan, & Co., wine merchants and commercial agents, Edinburgh and Leith, and James Gordon and Adam Strachan, partners, as individuals	M'Intyre, Duncan, contractor and cartwright, Ballachnan, Leil, Argyshire
Gordon, Strachan, & Co., fruit merchants, Elm Row, Edinburgh, as a company, and Andrew Miller Fraser, one of the partners, as an individual	Maclean, Alexander Walker, stationer, St Andrew Square, Edinburgh
Hamilton, Robert, bookbinder and stationer, Rose Street, Edinburgh	MacRae, Kenneth and Alexander, merchants in Inverness, carrying on business in Inverness under the firm of Kenneth MacRae and Sons, and in Wick under the firm of Alexander MacRae
Hogarth, George, newspaper proprietor, printer,	Macnab, Colin, late farmer in Glencautran, Argyshire, and now master of the Highland Chiefstain steam-packet, plying betwixt Glasgow and Inverness, and general merchant, Glasgow.

Mason, Robert, builder, Edinburgh
Meldrum, John, merchant, Kirkcaldy
Preston, John, mill-spinner and manufacturer,
Dundee

Sivewright, John, merchant, Union Street, Aberdeen

The Company carrying on business under the firm of William Aitken, George Aitken, and George and William Aitken, merchants, power-loom cloth manufacturers, and cotton spinners, Glasgow

The Company some time carrying on business in Edinburgh and Leith, and now in Leith, under

the firm of Leslie and Co., and Thomas Chalmers, surgeon, residing in Edinburgh, and Mrs Mary Baillie, or Leslie, also residing there, as individuals

Thomson, John, junior, and Co., bleachers and starchers in Glasgow, and John Thomson, junior, the individual partner of that company
Wallace, Archibald, writer, merchant, and commission agent, St Andrews

Warrack, James, merchant and grocer, Aberdeen
Winter, Robert, Jeweller, South Bridge, Edinburgh

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

June 22. At the Cape of Good Hope, the Hon. Mrs Steuart Dalguise, of a daughter.

July 18. At Perth, the lady of Glass Sandiman, Esq. of a son.

29. At Eastfield, South Leith, Mrs James Watson, of a daughter.

30. At St Andrews, Mrs Mylne of Mylnefield, of a daughter.

— At 3, Henderson Row, Mrs J. A. Robertson, of a daughter.

Aug. 2. At Cargen, the lady of William Stotterd, Esq. of Cargen, of a daughter.

3. At 1, Charlotte Square, Mrs Watson, of a son.

4. At 3, Gayfield Place, Mrs Gibson, of a son.
— At Salisbury Green, Mrs Robert Christie, of a son.

7. At West End, Hampstead, the lady of Gore Currie, Esq. of a daughter.

8. The Lady of David Dickson, Esq. younger of Hartree, advocate, of a son.

— At Melrose, Mrs Spence, of a daughter.
— At 28, Royal Circus, Mrs Lamont of Knockdown, of a daughter.

9. At London, Lady Howard de Walden, of a son and heir.

— At Southend, Kent, the lady of Donald Mackay, Esq. of a son.

— At 36, George Street, Mrs Pollock, of a daughter.

11. At Dalmeny, Mrs Scott, of a son.
— At Edinburgh, Lady Oswald of Dunnikeir, of a daughter.

12. At 6, Mansfield Place, Mrs John Anderson, junior, of a son.

— At London, the Lady of Captain Fyfe, resident at Tanjore, of a son.

15. At Queensferry, the wife of the Rev. Thomas Dymma, minister of that parish, of a son.

17. At Easter Kincapple, Mrs Meldrum of Easter Kincapple, of a daughter.

— At 21, St Bernard Crescent, Mrs Alexander B. Blackie, of a son.

— At Heriot Row, the lady of Thomas Mackenzie, Esq. of Applecross, of a daughter.

18. At Lord Greenock's house, near Sandgate, in Kent, Lady Greenock, of a son.

— Mrs Stevenson, 3, Heriot Row, of a daughter.

— At 22, Elm Row, Mrs Ronald, of a daughter.

20. At Glasserton House, the lady of Sair H. Stewart, Esq. of Physgill and Glaserton, of a son.

23. At Leith, Mrs Dr Anderson, of a daughter.

25. At Edinburgh, Mrs Thomas Ewing, 59, South Bridge, of a son.

— At 28, Dundas Street, Mrs Watson, of a daughter.

— At 13, Great Stuart Street, Mrs William Home, of a daughter.

— At Coates Crescent, on the 28th ult.; the lady of Colonel Ross, of the 4th dragoon guards, of a daughter.

— At the Glass works, Leith, Mrs Turnbull, of a son.

29. At Glenfinnet, the lady of the Hon. Lord Fullerton, of a son.

— At Clapham, the lady of the Rev. Thomas Palmer Hutton, of a son.

29. At Abercromby Place, Mrs Campbell of Possil, of a son.

30. At Glasgow, the lady of William L. Ewing, Esq. of a son.

Sept. 1. At her father's house, Oakbank, near Perth, Mrs James Bevriddie Duncan, junior, of Damside, of a daughter.

3. At 19, Scotland Street, the lady of John W. Mackenzie, Esq. of a son.

— At 15, Howard Place, the lady of Capt R. Campbell, R. N. of a son.

4. At 22, Castle Street, Mrs M'Farlan, of a son.

6. At Hamilton, Mrs M'Callum, of a daughter.

7. Mrs Young, 55, Great King Street, of a daughter.

8. Mrs A. Maclean, Annie Bank, Dregthoin, Ayrshire, of a son.

— At Portobello, the lady of Major Mackenzie, 4th foot, of a daughter.

9. At Glasgow, Mrs John Allan, of a son.

11. The wife of Mr William Miller, merchant, Inverkeithing, of a son.

— At West Lauriston, the lady of Henry Westmacott, Esq. sculptor, of a son.

— Mrs Graham, 14, Atholl Crescent, of a son.

14. At Dublin, the lady of Col. Henry White, M. P. of a son.

15. At 57, George Square, the lady of John Graham, Esq. advocate, of a daughter.

17. At Manor Place, Lady Hamilton, of a son.

— Mrs Bruce of Powfollis, of a son.

— At Pirefield, the lady of Major-General Sir Alexander Keith, K. C. B. of a son.

18. At Edinburgh, the Countess of Morton, of a daughter.

22. At 75, George Street, Mrs Syme, of a son.

23. At 3, Royal Circus, Mrs Walter Dickson, of a son.

25. At 10, Abercromby Place, Mrs Adolphus Macdonall Ross, of a daughter.

— At Belhaven, Mrs Ellis Dudgeon, of a daughter.

26. At 3, Hermitage Hill, Mrs John Dean, of a son.

27. At the Manse of Ratho, Mrs Henderson, of a daughter.

28. At Amisfield, Lady Elcho, of a daughter.

29. At 14, Stafford Street, the lady of Anthony Murray, Esq. younger of Dolerie, W. S. of a son.

Oct. 3. At 20, Nicolson Street, Mrs Dr Fairbairn, of a son.

4. At 18, Scotland Street, Mrs Stormonth Darling, of a son.

— At 11, Atholl Crescent, the lady of Adam Hay, Esq. of a daughter.

— At Brighton Place, Portobello, Mrs M. Stenhouse, of a daughter.

— The lady of John Melville, Esq. of Upper Harley Street, London, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

April 3. At Colombo, in the island of Ceylon, Campbell Drummond Riddell, Esq. to Miss Caroline Stuart Rodney, youngest daughter of the Hon. John Rodney, chief secretary to government in Ceylon.

July 3. At Edinburgh, Mr Thomas Dick, Broughty Ferry, to Euphemia, daughter of the Rev. Dr Young, Hawick.

19. At Edinburgh, the Rev. Dr Robert Moodie,

minister of the parish of Clackmannan, to Elizabeth, fourth daughter of the late Adam Anderson, merchant in Edinburgh.

23. At Montrose, Mr Joseph Irvine, Lerwick, Shetland, to Isabella, daughter of the deceased Mr James Duncan.

25. At Manchester, the Rev. William Mackenzie, minister of Comrie, Perthshire, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Peter M'Laren, Esq. Manchester.

26. At London, Mr William Russell, grocer, Edinburgh, to Anna, daughter of James Morris Pinn, of Frangbury farm, Duddington, Kent.

27. At Wortley Hall, Yorkshire, the Hon. John Chetwynd Talbot, third son of Earl Talbot, to the Hon. Caroline Jane Stuart Wortley, daughter of Lord Wharncliffe.

August 2. At Taymouth Castle, George A. Campbell, Esq. royal marines, to Miss Margaret Campbell, daughter of the late Colonel Campbell of Glenfcochan.

5. At 13, Dean Terrace, Alexander Donald, Esq. W. S. to Robina Mary, youngest daughter of the late Alexander Millar, Esq. Montrose.

— At Leith, Captain James Hunter, to Catherine, daughter of the late Mr David M'Viccar, shipmaster, Leith.

8. At Mossbank, Capt. James Hosenason, of the brig Thule, to Anne, eldest daughter of Mr Robert Hosenason of Udhause.

9. At 34, George Square, Thomas Durlham Weir, Esq. of Boghead, to Miss Margaret Colquhoun Campbell, eldest daughter of the late Dugald Campbell, Esq. of Skerrington.

— At 47, Melville Street, George Ferguson, Esq. of the Edinburgh Academy, to Anne, second daughter of the late Rev. James Greig, minister of Dalmeny.

— Mr W. H. Jones, stationer, Manchester, to Robina, daughter of the Rev. Mr Ross, Burntisland.

— At Dunmore Park, seat of the Earl of Dunmore, Henry William Vincent, Esq. eldest son of Henry Dormer Vincent, Esq. of Silly Hill, Berkshire, to Elizabeth Anne, eldest daughter of the late Colonel George Callander of Craigforth.

— At Leith, Mr James Deans, Haddington, to Jane, youngest daughter of William Leyden, Esq. R. N.

— At Dunblane, Thomas Barty, Esq. Dunblane, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late James Parkinson, Esq. of Hornby, county of Lancaster.

— At Sweetbank, Fife, Edward Ralton, Esq. Glasgow, to Jane, daughter of Niel Ballingall, Esq. Sweetbank.

— At 5, Newington Place, Andrew Mackie, Esq. St Monance, to Alison, eldest daughter of the late John Thomson, Esq. North Berwick Mains.

— At Edinburgh, John Murray, Esq. merchant in Liverpool, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late James Bryce, Esq.

11. At Glasgow, the Rev. John Clugston, of St John's church, Quebec, to Miss Hannah Dixon.

— At Edinburgh, the Rev. Edward Walker, Wesleyan minister, Glasgow, to Miss Elizabeth Ann, daughter of the late Robert Ross, Esq. of the Stock Exchange, London.

12. At Edinburgh, William Stott, Esq. solicitor at law, to Margaret, second daughter of the late Mr James Cook, Edinburgh.

13. At 4, Charles Street, the Rev. James Laing, to Margaret S. G. youngest daughter of the late John Drummond, Esq. first Lieutenant, Royal Marines.

16. At 86, Lauriston Place, Mr William Stewart Watson, portrait painter, to Catherine, daughter of Mr James Stevenson, merchant, Edinburgh.

— At Esk Side, Fisherrow, Mr Robert Aitken, Fisherrow, to Mary, second daughter of the late James Thomson, Esq.

17. At Leith, Mr Hugh Ramage, writer, Cromarty, to Ann, eldest daughter of Mr Nathaniel Watson, glass-works, Leith.

— At Portobello, the Rev. John Torry, Aylth, to Margaret Adam, youngest daughter of the late Adam Ogilvie, Esq. of Hartwoodmyres, Selkirkshire.

— At Logie Elphinstone, Patrick Boyle, Esq. eldest son of the Right Hon. the Lord Justice Clerk, to Miss Mary Frances Dalrymple, second daughter of Sir Robert Dalrymple Horn Elphinstone, Bart. of Horn and Logie Elphinstone.

19. At Howth Church, Hugh Davidson, Esq. eldest son of the late Sir David Davidson, of Cantray, Inverness-shire, to Maria, third daughter of Colonel Gorgon Seafield, county of Dublin.

— At London, the Earl of Rosecommon, to Charlotte, second daughter of the late John Talbot, Esq. niece to the late and sister to the present Earl of Shrewsbury.

— At Chisle, Sussex, James M'Queen, Esq. Captain in the 15th, or King's Hussars, youngest son of John M'Queen of Braxfield, Esq. to Eliza, daughter of the late Rear-Admiral Itaner.

21. At Kensington, Lieutenant Charles Forbes, 17th lancers, second son of Sir Charles Forbes, Bart. M. P. to Caroline, second daughter of George Hattye, Esq. of Campden Hill.

— At London, T. H. S. Bucknell Estcourt, Esq. M. P. to Lucy Sarah, daughter of Frank Sotheron, Esq. Admiral of the Blue.

— At 8, St John Street, Mr Alexander Cowan, Moray House, Canongate, to Helen, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Alexander Brodie, minister of the Gospel, Carnbee, Fife-shire.

— At 3, Hope Park, James Morgan, Esq. South Charlotte Street, to Clementina, daughter of Thomas Kyd, Esq. Exchequer.

24. At Edinburgh, Mr George Duncan, Prince's Street, to Helen, daughter of Mr John Christie, George Street.

— At Dunmow, Essex, William Chrystie, of Kingston, Jamaica, Esq. to Catherine Serena, second daughter of George Wade, Esq.

25. At Greenock, Robert Dirom, Esq. of Liverpool, third son of Lieut.-General Dirom of Mount Annan, to Mary, eldest daughter of Patrick Hunter, Esq. of Thorn Hill, Greenock.

— At Edinburgh, Edward Cruickshanks, eldest son of Alexander Cruickshanks of Edinburgh, to Elizabeth, third daughter of the late John Fothergill of York.

28. At Stonehouse Chapel, Devon, Assistant Commissary-General John Lindsay, to Maria Lucas, second daughter of the late John Laing, Esq. of the Island of Dominica.

Sept. 5. At Dublin, John Lowe, Esq. royal artillery, second son of the late Alexander Lowe, Esq. of Annfield, Fife-shire, to Mary Agnes, only daughter of the late Major Charles Morley Balders, Barham Hall, Norfolk.

7. At Glasgow, the Rev. John M'Arthur, minister of Kilmacdonnell, Argylshire, to Miss Gray, daughter of James Gray, Esq. Glasgow.

— At 74, George Street, Mr William Innes, to Miss Helen Robertson.

— At Stirling, William Cleland, Esq. Perth, to Mary, only daughter of Robert Henderson, Esq. writer.

10. Captain George Downing, Hon. East India Company's service, son of the late Major James Downing, of the 61st regiment of foot, to Margaret, second daughter of Col. Macdonald, Esq. of Dalness.

13. At Inlinton, Alexander Goldie Young, A.B. Esq. surgeon, to Margaret, third daughter of the late Thomas Whyte, Esq. of Tweddie Hall, Lanarkshire.

— At Rose Bank, John Johnston, Esq. Edinburgh, formerly Major of the 2d regiment of foot, to Jessy, only daughter of the late William Halliday, Esq. of Rosebank.

11. At Glasgow, Thomas Henderson, Esq. of Press, to Elizabeth, daughter of William Gordon Mack, Esq.

— At London, Charles Bigsby, B. A. of Trinity College, Cambridge, to Jane Christina, youngest daughter of the late James Watson, Esq. W.S.

— At Lauriston Castle, David Smith, Esq. W.S. Edinburgh, to Harriet Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Allan, Esq. of Lauriston.

18. At London, John Campbell, Esq. of Strachur, to Elizabeth Ann, eldest daughter of the late Thomas Kinnerless, Esq. of London.

20. At Tilleyhill, Fife-shire, Mr James M'Farlane, writer, Dunfermline, to Janet Alexander, eldest daughter of the late James Harrower, Esq. of Insievar, advocate.

21. At the manse of Auchterderran, Fife, Walter Horsburgh, Esq. W. S. to Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. Dr Andrew Murray.

24. Robert Slater, jun. decutter, to Margaret, eldest daughter of James Gray, boot-maker.

27. At Manor Place, Edinburgh, Captain Car-

teret George Scott, of the Madras Army, to Charlotte, second daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel John Macdougall of Polquhain.

27. At Ness House, Liverpool, Dr Charles William Graham, physician in Dalkeith, to Catherine, second daughter of Mr Peddie, architect.

28. At 103, Prince's Street, James Robertson, Esq. of the Madras army, second son of Lieut.-Col. Robertson Macdonald of Kinlochmoidart, to Anne Amelia, youngest daughter of the late Charles Stewart, Esq. commander of the Hon. East India Company's ship *Airley Castle*.

30. At Cameron Bank, Charles Galli, of Blenheim Place, Edinburgh, Esq. to Alexia Bailey Crawford, youngest daughter of William Crawford, Esq. Cameron Bank.

— At London, Robert Ferguson, Esq. M.D., of Queen Street, Mayfair, to Cecilia Eleonora, second daughter of the late J. J. Labalmondiere, Esq. of Demerara.

Lastly, at London, Commander Edward Belcher, of his Majesty's ship *Ætna*, to Diana Jolliff, grand-daughter of Colonel Simpson of Pleau House, Falkirk.

DEATHS.

Feb. 28. At Trichinopoly, John C. Turnbull, of the 51st Regiment Madras Native Infantry, youngest son of the late John Turnbull, Esq. of Abbey St Bathans.

Mar. 12. At Penang, Ensign John Wilkinson, 35th Regiment Native Infantry, Hon. East India Company's service, aged twenty-three.

18. At Calcutta, James Beaton, Esq. of the House of Colvin & Co.

April 19. At Callao, Dr John Logan, physician to the British Hospital at that place.

May 9. At Friendship Estate, St Elizabeth's, Jamaica, aged twenty-four, Joseph James Robertson, Esq. of Belmont Estate, in the same parish.

15. At Bombay, Robert Findlay, Esq. fourth son of Kirkman Findlay, Esq. of Castle Toward.

30. At Port Henderson, Jamaica, Mary Amelia Lockhart, second daughter of John Percy Henderson, Esq. aged twenty-two months.

June 11. At Tabrecz, Lieut.-Colonel Sir John Kinnear Macdonald, C.B. K.L.S., British Envoy Extraordinary at the Court of Persia.

July 5. At sea, on his passage to Leith from Archangel, Captain James Kerr, of the brig *Union* of Leith, son of Mr James Kerr, wine merchant, 14, Nelson Street, Edinburgh.

18. At Eastwood Cottage, Strathpeffer Spa, the Rev. William Mackintosh, minister of Thurso, in the 67th year of his age, and 25th of his ministry.

20. Drowned, at the Island of St Vincent's, Roderick, son of the late Lieut. Alexander Macleod of Tait.

21. At Edinburgh, William Millar, Duncan Street, Newington, one of the Society of Friends, aged 67 years.

25. At Barnslee, Wm. Paston, Esq. of Barnslee.

27. At Edinburgh, Mrs Philadelphia Lambie, relict of Alexander Robertson, Esq. of Prendergust, aged 75.

— At 55, North Richmond Street, Mr William Gilchrist, of the Edinburgh Friendly Insurance Society.

— At 15, Salisbury Road, Newington, John Geddes, Esq. in his 78th year.

28. At Plantation Lusignan, Demerara, Francis Johnston, Esq. surgeon, son of the late Rev. Andrew Johnston, minister of the parish of Saltoun.

— At Coldingham, Mr George Craig, portner, West Preston, in the 50th year of his age.

30. At 9, Antigua Street, Jane, youngest daughter of Mr John Forrest.

— At 67, George Street, Mrs Jane Hay, relict of Dr Thomas Hay.

31. At Brighton, Mrs Perkins, relict of John Perkins, Esq. of Park Street, Southwark, London.

August 1. At Hill Place, Alexander, second son of the late Mr Alex. Tweedie, farmer, Torrance.

— At Perth, Mrs Jean Mair, widow of Arthur Mair, Esq.

— At Arniston Place, George, youngest son of George Lang, Esq. of Broomhill.

2. At St Roque, near Edinburgh, Alexander Robert, only son of Alexander Robertson, Esq. W.S. aged five years.

3. At Kilbagie, Miss Margaret Stein, daughter of the late James Stein, Esq.

3 Mr Thomas Lees, Hillhousefield.

4. At Leith, William Campbell, Esq. aged 68 years.

— At East Grange, Isabella, daughter of the late James Ker of East Grange, Esq.

5. At 28, Greenaid Street, Mr James Muir, manufacturing jeweller.

6. At Madeira, Captain John George Campbell, late of the 83d regiment, son of the late John Campbell, Esq. of Shawfield.

7. Margaret Hill Bridges, daughter of Mr Bridges, 6, Carlton Street, St Bernard's.

8. At Leamington, John Armstrong, Esq. Cherry Valley, county Antrim.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Anne Miller, widow of George Miller, Esq. late Consul for his Majesty at Charleston, South Carolina.

9. At Leslie, Fifeshire, Mr William Greenhill, watchmaker, London.

— At Irvine, Mrs Jean Dickie, wife of Mr John Milne, late of the Crown Inn and Hotel there.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs James Anderson, widow of the late Mr James Anderson, merchant, 40, North Hanover Street.

10. At London, Lady Grey Egerton.

11. Adam Fortune, Esq. Abbey Hill.

— At Forfar, Mr David Milne, botanist, in his 63d year.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Agnes Stephens, trunk-maker, Waterloo Place.

— At Stonefield, Alexander Waddell, Esq. of Stonefield, in his 84th year.

14. At 18, Rankellor Street, aged 18, Thomas Hamilton Brown of Johnstoneburn, Esq.

— At the Manse of Tweedmouth, Peebles-shire, the Rev. James Gardner.

15. Captain John George Dewar, of his Majesty's ship *Roxe*, second son of the late James Dewar, Esq. of Vogrie.

— Margaret Dickson, widow of the late James Turnbull, Esq. of Greenhouse.

— At Minto Street, Newington, Captain MacLean, late of Shuna, in his 83d year.

16. At 14, Claremont Crescent, Archibald, only son of James Borthwick, Esq.

— At 20, Pierardy Place, John Kernack, Esq. late of the Register Office, aged 74.

— At 6, Leopold Place, Miss Jane Cranston Fraser, eldest daughter of Mr William Fraser, sen.

17. At Kenwood, in the 17th year of her age, the Lady Cecilia Sarah Murray, daughter of the Earl of Mansfield.

— At 3, Gayfield Place, Helen Elder, second daughter of Mr John Morrison, writer.

18. At Edinburgh, Miss Elizabeth Hay, daughter of the late John Hay, Esq. of Angleraw.

19. Thomas, youngest son of Alexander Brodie, Esq. secretary of the Bank of Scotland.

— At 4, St James square, aged 81, Mrs Hogg, relict of Mr William Hogg, Prestonpans.

20. At Glasgow, Mr Robert Rowlands, engineer and superintendent of the Glasgow water works, aged 66.

— At the Manse of Kenmore, the Rev. Colin Maclean, in the 67th year of his age, and 35th of his ministry.

— At Mains, Lindlithgow, Mr James Glen, late distiller there.

21. Arthur Richard Wellesley, Captain in the rifle brigade, and eldest son of the Hon. and Rev. Dr Wellesley.

— At the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, Quarter-master Alexander Calder, aged 70.

22. At Catherine Bank, Mr John Hutchison, merchant, Leith, aged 80.

— At Niddry Mill, Miss Euphemia Young, second daughter of the late Mr Robert Young.

24. At 4, London Street, Mr William Gregory, late merchant, Kingston, Jamaica.

25. At London Street, G. R. Nuttall, Esq. M.D.

— At Aberdeen, George Callender, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, barrister-at-law.

26. At Taybank, Margaret, wife of Charles Guthrie, Esq. and second daughter of George Kinloch, Esq. of Kinloch.

— At London, Isabella Robertson, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Dr A. Stewart, of Canongate, Edinburgh, in her 19th year.

27. At 2, Moray Place, Fearnie, youngest daughter of John Gardiner Kinnear, Esq.

— At Newholm, Fordyce, third daughter of Charles Cunningham, Esq. W.S.

27. At London, Lady Robinson, the wife of the Right Hon Sir Christopher Robinson, in her 54th year.

29. At Carriestown, Roxburghshire, after a lingering and painful illness, aged 16 years, Helen, sixth daughter of Mr Thomas Hutton, farmer there.

— At Leith, Mr Evan Liddell.

30. At the Cottage, Kelso, James Cunningham, Esq. late of Jamaica.

31. At Rotterdam, Laurence Hutchieson, Esq. merchant there, second son of Mr Hutchieson of Haeclaw, Fife.

— At Parkhead, Hopetoun House, Jane Trotter, wife of Mr John Cockburn.

Sept. 1. At 29, Bernard Street, Leith, Catherine Butler, spouse of James Watt, bookseller there.

— At 6, Scotland Street, Mrs Janet Alves, widow of the late John Alves, Esq. Dalkeith.

2. At Wiesbaden, Augusta Mary de Gray, youngest daughter of the late Thomas, Lord Walsingham.

— At his house, Duddingstone, Major John McKenzie, late of his Majesty's 46th regiment.

3. At Leith, Catherine, relict of the late Thomas Cumming, shipmaster, Aberdeen.

— At Argyle Park, near Edinburgh, Emily Jane, second daughter of Allan Macdowall, M.D. of St Vincent.

— At Dalhousie Mains, Grace, youngest daughter of David Gray, Esq.

— In the 77th year of his age, the Right Hon. William Henry Nassau, fifth Earl of Rochford, Viscount Tunbridge, and Baron Enfield. His Lordship was never married, and the titles are extinct.

— At Bellevue House, Kelso, Eleanor, eldest daughter of the late Admiral William Dickson of Sydenham, aged 64.

5. At Kilmarnock, Mr William Thomson, rector of the Academy.

6. At Edinburgh, the Right Honourable Lady Isabella Douglas, sister of the late, and aunt to the present, Earl of Selkirk.

— At 5, Antigua Street, Zelica Cheshire, spouse of William Wallace, Esq. W.S.

7. At London, James Wilson, Esq. of Sneaton Castle, Yorkshire, and of Cane Grove, in the Island of St Vincent, member of the council in that island, and late M.P. for York.

8. At his son's house, St James Street, Bath, aged 53, after four years severe suffering, Mr N. T. Carrington, late of Davenport, author of "Dartmoor," "The Banks of Tamar," "My Native Village," and other Poems.

— At Balbardie House, in his 80th year, Alexander Marjoribanks, Esq. of Marjoribanks, convener of the county of Linlithgow.

9. At Clapham Rise, Surrey, William Bulmer, Esq. aged 73.

10. At Oban, Colin Campbell, Esq. of Ballevolan.

11. At Kirkcaldy, Walter Fergus, Esq. of Strathmore, in his 73d year.

12. At Edinburgh, Mr M'Dougall Forrest, surgeon.

13. At Papple-Ha', Little Park, in Minigaff parish, in his 101st year, John Cunningham.

14. At Stand Place Cottage, Mary Paterson, wife of Mr William Sanderson, merchant, Edinburgh.

— At his father's house, Nicolson Street, Mr Thomas Whigham, merchant.

15. At 27, Regent Terrace, Elizabeth Kyd, wife of Robert Wight, jun. Esq. accountant.

— At the house of the Rev. Mr Blackburn, Eccles, near Manchester, the Right Honourable William Huskisson, in consequence of the severe injuries he sustained by being rode over by a steam engine at the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester railway.

16. At Edinburgh, Colin Mackenzie, Esq. of Portmore.

— At 6, Northumberland Street, Helen Forbes, wife of John Wilson, Esq. advocate.

16. Aged 47, Elizabeth, wife of the Rev. Dr Mearns, Professor of Divinity in King's College, Aberdeen, and daughter of the late William Forsyth, Esq. Huntly.

18. At Fernleaside, near Edinburgh, Mrs Haig, sen. late of Kelso, in her seventieth year.

— At Regent Street, London, Mr Robert Strachan.

— At his lodgings in Frith Street, Soho, after a short but painful illness, Mr William Hazlitt, the ingenious author of numerous works, and an extensive contributor to the periodical literature of the day.

22. At Edinburgh, Eliza Margaret, daughter of the late Mr Thomas Rattray, writer in Edinburgh.

— At 13, Shakspeare Square, Mrs Dow, vintner.

— At West Viewfield, Trinity, Thomas Rowlands, Esq.

— At Buccleuch Place, William Fleming, late of the British Linen Company Bank.

25. Drowned, by accidentally falling overboard from a pleasure-boat, James John T. Reeve, Esq. aged sixteen, late of his Majesty's ships Shannon and Barham.

— At the Manse of Glamis, Miss Stewart Lyon, in her twenty-fifth year.

26. At Pitlour, Mrs Skene, wife of P. G. Skene, Esq. of Hallyards.

— At Windsor, Caroline Anne Thurlow, second daughter of Sir D. Cunningham, Bart.

28. At Morningside, Sylvester, youngest son of Mr Reid, 5, Man-field Place.

— At Summerside, Jane Blair, daughter of the late Hugh Blair, Esq. of Dunroed.

29. At Dunkeld House, his Grace the Duke of Atholl, at the age of seventy-six. His Grace was in his 76th year, during the latter thirty-six of which he has discharged the various and important duties of his office as Lord Lieutenant of the extensive county of Perth, with a zeal and integrity which will make the bereavement as severely felt by the county, as his loss, as a patriotic nobleman, will be lamented by the nation at large. To the Highlands of Perthshire, with which he was more immediately connected, the chief place of his residence, and the great field of his public spirit and enterprise as a landed proprietor, his loss will be as incalculable as his services.

24. We regret to state, that in the course of the fring at Brussels, Lord Blantyre, who was residing there with his lady and family, was mortally wounded by a musket ball in the neck, while he was looking at the combatants from the window of the room in which his lady was sitting. This amiable and accomplished nobleman was highly and deservedly esteemed in this country by all who had access to know his character as it was displayed in private life.

Lately, At Pennycross, Mrs Catherine M'Lean, relict of the late Major Donald M'Lean, of the 1st or Royal Regiment.

— At Wotton-under-Edge, Gloucestershire, in her eighty-fourth year, Mary, the wife of the Rev. Rowland Hill, A.M. of Surrey Chapel, London.

— At his seat, Aldenham Abbey, Hert's, Admiral Sir C. M. Pole, Bart.

— William Mitchell, Esq. formerly captain of the Hon. East India Company's ship Bridgewater.

— Rear-Admiral Hunter, at the advanced age of ninety-eight.

— At London, Harriet Mary, Countess of Malmesbury, widow of the late Earl.

— At Barrackpore, Major Fleming, 38th Regiment Native Infantry.

— At 10, Nicolson Street, Carleton Place, Glasgow, in the sixty-sixth year of her age, Mrs Mary Byres, relict of the late Peter Gordon, Esq. writer, Glasgow.

— At the Liverpool Workhouse, in her 103d year, Ellen Swarbrick.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, NO. 45, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH;
AND T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

To whom Communications (post paid) may be addressed.

SOLD ALSO BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND CO., EDINBURGH.

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WINTER RHAPSODY.

BY CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

FYTTE FIRST.

THANK Heaven! Summer and Autumn are both dead and buried at last, and white lie the snow on their graves! Youth is the season of all sorts of insolence, and therefore we can forgive and forget almost any thing in Spring. He has always been a privileged personage; and we have no doubt that he played his pranks even in Paradise. To-day, he meets you unexpectedly on the hill-side; and was there ever a face in this world so celestialized by smiles! All the features are framed of light. Black eyes are beads—blue eyes are diamonds. Gaze, then, into the blue eyes of Spring, and you feel that in the untroubled lustre, there is something more sublime than in the heights of the cloudless heavens, or in the depths of the waveless seas. More sublime, because essentially spiritual. There stands the young Angel, entranced in the conscious mystery of his own beautiful and blessed being; and the earth which we mortal creatures tread, becomes all at once fit region for the sojourn of the immortal Son of the Morning. So might some great painter image the First-born of the Year, till nations adored the picture. To-morrow you repair, with hermit steps, to the mount of the Vision, and,

“Fierce as ten furies, terrible as Hell,”

Spring clutches you by the hair, with the fingers of frost; slashes a storm of sleet in your face, and finishes, perhaps, by folding you in a winding-

sheet of snow, in which you would infallibly perish but for a pocket-pistol of Gilenlivet. The day after to-morrow, you behold him—Spring—walking along the firmament, sad, but not sullen—mournful, but not miserable—disturbed, but not despairing—now coming out towards you in a burst of light—and now fading away from you in a gathering of gloom—even as one might figure in his imagination, a fallen Angel. On Thursday, confound you if you know what the devil to make of his Spring-ship. There he is, stripped to the buff—playing at hide-and-seek, hare-and-hound, with a queer crazy crony of his in a fur-cap, swandown waistcoat, and hairy breeches, Lodbrog or Winter. You turn up the whites of your eyes, and the browns of your hands in amazement, till the Two, by way of change of pastime, cease their mutual vagaries, and, like a couple of hawks diverting themselves with an owl, in conclusion buffet you off the premises. You insert the occurrence, with suitable reflections, in your Meteorological Diary, under the head—Spring. On Friday, nothing is seen of you but the blue tip of your nose, for you are confined to bed by rheumatism, and nobody admitted to your sleepless sanctum but your condoling Mawsey. 'Tis a pity. For never since the flood-greened earth, on her first resurrection-morn, laughed around Ararat, spanned was she by such a Rainbow! By all that is various and vanishing,

the arch seems many miles broad, and many, many miles high, and all creation to be gladly and gloriously gathered together—without being crowded—plains, woods, villages, towns, hills, and clouds, beneath the path-way of Spring, once more an Angel—an unfallen Angel! While the tinge that trembles into transcendent hues—fading and fluctuating—deepening and dying—now gone, as if for ever—and now back again in an instant, as if breathing and alive—is felt, during all that wavering visitation, to be of all sights the most evanescent, and yet inspirative of a beauty-born belief, bright as the sun that flung the image on the cloud,—profound as the gloom it illumines—that it shone and is shining there at the bidding of Him who inhabiteth eternity. The grim noon of Saturday, after a moaning morning, and one silent intermediate hour of gravelike stillness, begins to gleam fitfully with lightning like a maniac's eye; and list! is not that

“The sound
Of thunder heard remote?”

On earth wind there is none—not so much as a breath. But there is a strong wind in heaven—for see how that huge cloud-city, a night within a day, comes moving on along the hidden mountain-tops, and hangs over the loch all at once black as pitch, except that here and there a sort of sullen purple heaves upon the long slow swell, and here and there along the shores—how caused we know not—are seen, but heard not, the white melancholy breakers! Is no one smitten blind? No! Thank God! But ere the thanksgiving has been worded, an airquake has split asunder the cloud-city, the night within the day, and all its towers and temples are disordered along the firmament, to a sound that might waken the dead. Where are ye, ye echo-hunters, that grudge not to purchase gun-powder explosions on Lowood bowling-green, at four shillings the blast? See! there are our artillery-men stalking from battery to battery—all hung up aloft facing the west—or “each standing by his gun,” with lighted match moving or motionless, Shadows-figures, and all clothed in black-blue uniform, with blood-red facings, portentously

glancing in the Sun, as he strives to struggle into heaven. The Generalissimo of all the forces, who is he but—Spring?—Hand in hand with Spring, Sabbath descends from heaven unto earth; and are not their feet beautiful on the mountains? Small as is the voice of that tinkling bell from that humble spire, overtopped by its coeval trees, yet is it heard in the heart of infinitude. So is the bleating of these silly sheep on the braes—and so is that voice of psalms, all at once rising so spirit-like, as if the very kirk were animated, and sang a joyous song in the wilderness to the ear of the Most High. For all things are under his care—those that, as we dream, have no life—the flowers, and the herbs, and the trees,—those that some dim scripture seems to say, when they die, utterly perish—and those that all bright scripture, whether written in the book of God, or the book of Nature, declares will live for ever!

If such be the character of Spring, gentle reader, wilt thou not forget and forgive—with us—much occasional conduct on his part that appears not only inexplicable, but incomprehensible? But we cannot extend the same indulgence to Summer and to Autumn. Summer is a season come to the years of discretion, and ought to conduct himself like a staid, sober, sensible, middle-aged man, not past, but passing, his prime. Now, Summer, we are sorry to say it, has lately behaved in a way to make his best friends ashamed of him—in a way absolutely disgraceful to a person of his time of life. Having picked a quarrel with the Sun—his benefactor—nay his father, what else could he expect but that that enlightened Christian would altogether withhold his countenance from so undutiful and ungrateful a child, and leave him to travel along the mire and beneath the clouds? For some weeks Summer was sulky—and sullenly scorned to shed a tear. His eyes were like ice. By and by, like a great school-boy, he began to whine and whimper—and when he found that that would not do, he blubbered like the booby of the lowest form. Still the Sun would not look on him—or if he did, 'twas with a sudden and short half-smile, half-sowl, that froze the ingrate's blood. At last the Summer

grew contrite, and the Sun forgiving; the one burst out into a flood of tears, the other into a flood of light. In simple words, the Summer wept and the Sun smiled—and for one broken month there was a perpetual alternation of rain and radiance. How beautiful is penitence! How beautiful forgiveness! For one week the Summer was restored to his pristine peace and old luxuriance, and the desert blossomed like the rose.

Therefore ask we the Summer's pardon for thanking heaven that he is dead. Would that he were alive again, and buried not for ever beneath the yellow forest leaves! O thou first, faint, fair, fine tinge of dawning Light, that streaks the still-sleeping yet just-waking face of the morn, Light and no-Light, a shadowy Something that as we gaze is felt to be growing into an emotion that must be either Innocence or Beauty, or both blending together into devotion before Deity, once more duly visible in the divine colouring that forebodes another day to mortal life,—before Thee what holy bliss to kneel upon the greensward in some forest glade, while every leaf is a-tremble with dewdrops, and the happy little birds are beginning to twitter, yet motionless among the boughs,—before Thee to kneel as at a shrine, and breathe deeper and deeper,—as the lustre waxeth purer and purer, brighter and more bright, till range after range arise of crimson clouds in altitude sublime, and breast above breast expands of yellow woods softly glittering in their far-spread magnificence,—then what holy bliss to breathe deeper and deeper unto Him who holds in the hollow of his hand the heavens and the earth, our high but most humble orisons! But now it is day, and broad-awake seems the whole joyful world. The clouds—lustrous no more—are all anchored on the sky, white as fleets waiting for the wind. Time is not felt—and one might dream that the day was to endure for ever. Yet lo! that great river rolls on in the light—and why will he leave those lovely inland woods for the naked shores! Why—why, responds some voice—hurry we on our own lives—impetuous and passionate far more than he with all his cataracts—as if anxious to forsake the regions of the upper day for

the dim place from which we yet recoil in fear—the dim place which imagination sometimes seems to see, even through the sunshine, beyond the bourne of this our unintelligible being, stretching sea-like into a still more mysterious night! Long as a midsummer day is, it has gone by like a Heron's flight. Lo! the sun is setting!—and let him set without being scribbled upon by Christopher North. We took a pen-and-ink sketch of him in a "Day on Windermere." Poor nature is much to be pitied among painters and poets. They are perpetually falling into

"Such perusal of her face
As they would draw it,"

And often must she be sick of the Curious Impertinents. But a Curious Impertinent are not we—if ever there was one beneath the skies—a devout worshipper of Nature; and though we often seem to heed not her shrine—it stands in our imagination, like a temple in a perpetual Sabbath.

It was poetically and piously said by the Ettrick Shepherd, in last month's Noctes, that there was no such thing in nature as bad weather. Take last Summer, which we began this article by abusing in good set terms. Its weather was broken, but not bad; and much various beauty and sublimity is involved in the epithet "broken," when applied to "the season of the year." Common-place people, especially town-dwellers, who *fit* into the country for a few months, have a silly and absurd idea of Summer, which all the atmospheric phenomena fail to drive out of their foolish fancies. They insist on its remaining with us for half a year at least, and on its being dressed in its Sunday's best every day in the week, as long as they continue in country quarters. The Sun must rise, like a labourer, at the very earliest hour, shine all day, and go to bed late, else they treat him contemptuously, and declare that he is not worth his meat. Should he retire occasionally behind a cloud, which it seems most natural and reasonable for one to do who lives so much in the public eye, why a whole watering-place, uplifting a face of dissatisfied expostulation to heaven, exclaims, "Where is the Sun? Are

we never to have any Sun?" They also insist that there shall be no rain of more than an hour's duration in the day-time, but that it shall all fall by night. Yet, when the Sun does exert himself, as if at their bidding, and is shining, as he supposes, to their heart's content, up go a hundred green parasols in his face, enough to startle the celestial steeds in his chariot, while a hundred voices

"Cry, d—n it, how hot we shall be!"

A broken summer for our senses and our soul! Now and then a few continuous days—perhaps a whole week—but, if that be denied, now and then,

"Like angel visits, few and far between," a single Day—blue-spread over heaven, green-spread over earth—no cloud above, no shade below, save that dove-coloured marble lying motionless like the mansions of peace, and that pensive gloom that falls from some old castle or venerable wood—the stillness of a sleeping joy, to our heart profounder than that of death, in the air, in the sky, and resting on our mighty mother's undisturbed breast—no lowing on the hills, no bleating on the braes—the rivers almost silent as lochs, and the lochs, just visible in their aerial purity, floating dream-like between earth and sky, embued with the beauty of both, and seeming to belong to either, as the heart melts to human tenderness, or beyond all mortal loves the imagination soars! Such days seem now to us—as memory and imagination half restore and half create the past into such weather as may have shone over the bridal morn of our first parents in Paradise—to have been frequent—nay, to have lasted all the Summer long—when our boyhood was bright from the hands of God. Each of those days was in itself a life! Yet all those sunny lives melted into one Summer—and all those Summers formed one continuous bliss. Storms and snows vanished out of our ideal year; and then, morning, noon, and night, wherever we breathed, we felt, what now we but know, the inmost meaning of that profound verse of Virgil the Divine—

"Devenere locos lætos, et amœna vireta
Fortunatorum nemorum, sedæque beatas.

Largior hic campos æther et lumine
vestit
Purpureo; solemque suum, sua sidera
norunt."

Few—no such days as those seem now ever to be born. Sometimes we indeed gaze through the face into the heart of the sky, and for a moment feel that the ancient glory of the heavens has returned on our dream of life. But to the perfect beatitude of the skies, there comes from the soul within us a mournful response, that betokens some wide and deep—some everlasting change. Joy is not now what joy was of yore; like a fine diamond with a flaw is now Imagination's eye; other notes than those that float through ether cross between its orb and the sun; the "fine gold has become dim," with which morning and evening of old embossed the skies; the dew-drops are not now the pearls once they were, left on

"Flowers, and weeds as beautiful as
flowers,"

by angels' and by fairies' wings; knowledge, custom, experience, fate, fortune, error, vice, and sin, have dulled, and darkened, and deadened

"All the mysterious world of eye and
ear,"

and the soul, unable to bring over the Present the ineffable bliss and beauty of the Past, almost faints

"As coming events cast their shadows
before,"

to think what a ghastly thunder-gloom may, by Providence, be reserved for the Future!

Yet think not, gentle reader, that things are altogether so bad with us as this strain—sincere though it be as a stream from the sacred mountains—might seem to declare. We can yet enjoy a broken Summer. It would do your heart good to see us hobbling with our crutch along the Highland hills, sans great-coat or umbrella, in a summer-shower, aiblins cap in hand that our hair may grow, up to the knees in the bonny blooming heather, or clambering, like an old goat, among the cliffs. Nothing so good for gout or rheumatism as to get wet through, while the thermometer keeps ranging between 60° and 70°, three times a-day. What re-

freshment in the very sound—Soaking! Old bones wax dry—nerves numb—sinews stiff—flesh frail—and there is a sad drawback on the Whole Duty of Man. But a sweet, soft, sou'-wester blows "caller" on our craziness, and all our pores instinctively open their mouths at the approach of rain. Oh! look but at those dozen downward showers, all denizens of heaven, how black, and blue, and bright they in their glee are streaming, and gleaming athwart the sunny mountain-gloom, while ever as they descend on earth, lift up the streams along the wilderness louder and louder a choral song! Look now at the heather—and smile whenever henceforth you hear people talk of *purple*. You have been wont to call a gold guinea or a sovereign *yellow*—but if you have got one in your pocket, place it on your palm and in the light of that broom, is it not a *dirty brown*? You have read Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," and remember the lines,

"While ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald."

Nay, you have an emerald ring on your finger—but how grey it looks beside the *green* of those brackens, that pasture, that wood! Purple, yellow, and green, you have now seen, sir, for the first time in your life. Widening and widening over your head, all the while you have been gazing on the heather, the broom, the bracken, the pastures, and the woods, have the eternal heavens been preparing for you a vision of the sacred *Blue*. Is not that an Indigo Divine? Or, if you scorn that mercantile and manufacturing image, steal that blue from the sky, and let the lady of your love tinge but her eyelids with one touch, and a saintlier beauty will be in her upward looks as she beseeches heaven to bless thee in her prayers! Set slowly—slowly—slowly—O Sun of Suns! as may be allowed by the laws of Nature. For not long after Thou hast sunk behind those mountains into the sea, will that celestial ROSE-RED be tabernacled in the heavens!

Meanwhile, three of the dozen showers have so soaked and steeped our old crazy carcass in refreshment, and restoration, and renewal of youth, that we should not be surprised were

we to outlive that raven croaking in pure *gaieté du cœur* on the cliff. Three score and ten years! Poo—'tis a pitiful span. At a hundred we shall cut capers—for twenty years more keep to the Highland fling—and at the close of other twenty, jig it into the grave to that matchless strathspey, the Reel o' Tullochgorum!

Having thus made our peace with last Summer, can we allow the Sun to go down on our wrath towards the Autumn, whose back we yet see on the horizon, before he turn about to bow adieu to our hemisphere? Hollo! meet us half-way in yonder immense field of potatoes, our worthy Season, and among these peace-makers, the Mealies and the Waxies, shall we two smoke together the camulet or cigar of reconciliation. The floods fell, and the folk feared famine. The people whined over the smut in wheat, and pored pale on the monthly agricultural report. Grain grew greener and greener—reapers stood at the crosses of villages, towns, and cities, passing from one to another comfortless quechs o' sma' yill, with their straw-bound sickles hanging idle across their shoulders, and with unbired-looking faces, as ragged a company as if you were to dream of a Symposium of Scarecrows. Alarmed imagination beheld harvest treading on the heels of Christmas,

"And Britain sadden'd at the long delay!"

When, whew! to dash the dismal predictions of foolish and false prophets, came rustling from all the airts, far and wide over the rain-drenched kingdom, the great armament of the Autumnal Winds! Groaned the grain, as in sudden resurrection it lifted up its head, and knew that again the Sun was in Heaven. Death became Life; and the hearts of the husbandmen sang aloud for joy. Like Turks the reapers brandished their sickles in the breezy light, and every field glittered with Christian crescents. Auld wives and bairns o' weans mingled on the rig—kitted to the knees, like the comely cunnymers, and the handsome hizzies, and the lusome lassies wi' their silken snoods—among the heather-legged Highlandmen and the bandy Irishers, brawny all, and with hook, scythe, or

flail, inferior to none of the children of men. The scene lies in Scotland—but now, too, is England “Merry England” indeed, and outside passengers on a thousand coaches see stooks rising like stacks, and far and wide, over the tree-spreckled champagne, rejoice in the sun-given promise of a glorious harvest-home. Intervenes the rest of two sunny Sabbaths sent to dry the brows of labour, and give the last ripeness to the overladen stalks that, top-heavy with alimment, fall over, in their yellowy whiteness, into the fast reaper’s hands. Few fields now—but one here and there—thin and greenish, of cold, unclean, or stony soil—are waving in the shadowy winds—for all is reapt, or stooked stubble from which the stooks are fast disappearing, as the huge wains seem to halt for a moment, impeded by the gates they hide, and then, crested, perhaps, with laughing boys and girls,

“Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon rings,”

no—not rings—for Beattie, in that admirable line, lets us hear a cart going out empty in the morning—but with a *cheerful dull* sound, ploughing along the black soil, the *clean dirt* almost up to the axletree, and then, as the wheels, rimmed you might almost think with silver, reach the road macadamised till it acts like a rail-way, how glides along down-hill the moving mountain! And see now the growing Stack glittering with a charge of pitchforks! The trams fly up from Dobbin’s back, and a shoal of sheaves overflows the mire. Up they go, tost from sinewy arms like feathers, and the Stack grows before your eyes, fairly proportioned as a bee-hive, without line or measure, but shaped by the look and the feel, true almost as the spring-instinct of the nest-building bird. And are we not heartily ashamed of ourselves, amidst this general din of working mirthfulness, for having, not many hours ago, abused the jovial and generous Autumn, and thanked Heaven that he was dead? Let us retire into the byre with Shoosy, and hide our blushes.

Comparisons are odoriferous, and therefore, for one paragraph, let us compare Autumn with Spring. Suppose ourselves sitting beneath the

SYCAMORE. Oh! may we be buried in Bowness churchyard, by the banks of Windermere! Why comes the thought of death on such a life-like day? Poets call Spring Green-Mantle—and true it is that the ground-work of his garb is green—even like that of the proud peacock’s changeful neck, when the creature treads in the circle of his own boauteous glory, and the scholar who may have forgotten his classics, has yet a dream of Juno and of her watchful Argus with his hundred, his thousand eyes. But the coat of Spring, like that of Joseph, is a coat of many colours. Call it patchwork if you choose,

“And be yourself the great sublime you draw,”

the Tailor who wrote the Age. Many females, too, look on nature with a milliner’s or a mantua-maker’s eye—arraying her in furbelows and flounces. But use your own eyes and mine, and from beneath THE SYCAMORE let us two, sitting together in amity, look lovingly on the Spring. Felt ever your heart before, with such an emotion of harmonious beauty, the exquisitely delicate distinctions of character among the lovely tribes of trees! That is BELLE-ISLE. Earliest to salute the vernal rainbow, with a glow of green gentle as its own, is the lake-loving Alder, whose home, too, is by the flowings of all the streams. Just one degree fainter in its hue—or shall we rather say brighter—for we feel the difference without knowing in what it lies—stands, by the alder’s rounded softness, the spiral Larch, all hung over its limber sprays, were you near enough to admire them, with cones of the Tyrian dye. That stem, white as silver, and smooth as silk, seen so straight in the green sylvan light, and there airily overarching the coppice with lambent tresses, such as fancy might picture for the mermaid’s hair, pleasant as is her life on that Fortunate Isle, is yet said by us, who vainly attribute our own sadness to ununsorrowing things—to belong to a Tree that *weeps*;—though a weight of joy it is, and of exceeding gladness, that thus depresses her pendent beauty, till it droops—as we think—like that of a being overcome with grief! Seen standing all along by themselves,

with something of a foreign air and an exotic expression, yet not unwelcome or obtrusive among our indigenous fair forest trees, twinkling to the touch of every wandering wind, and restless even amidst what seemeth now to be everlasting rest, we cannot choose but admire that somewhat darker grove of columnar Lombardy Poplars. How comes it that some Sycamores so much sooner than others salute the Spring? Yonder are some, but budding, as if yet the frost lay on the honey-dew that protects the balmy germs. There are others warming into expansion, half-budded and half-leaved, with a various light of colour visible in that sun-glint distinctly from afar. And in that nook of the still sunnier south trending eastward, lo! a few are almost in their full summer foliage, and soon will the bees be swarming among their flowers. A Horse Chestnut has a grand oriental air, and like a satrap, uplifts his green banner—yellowing in the light—that shows he belongs to the line of the prophet. Elms are then most magnificent—witness Christ-Church walk—when they hang over head in heaven like the chancel of a cathedral. Yet here, too, are they august—and methinks “a dim religious light” is in that vault of branches just vivifying to the Spring, and though almost bare, tinged with a coming hue that ere long will be majestic brightness. Those old Oaks seem sullen in the sunshine, and slow to put forth their power, like the Spirit of the Land their emblem. But they, too, are relaxing from their wonted sternness—soon will that faint green be a glorious yellow—and while the gold-laden boughs stoop boldly to the storms with which they love to dally, bounds not the heart of every Briton to the music of his national anthem,

“Rule, Britannia,
Britannia rule the waves!”

The Ash is a manly tree, but “dreigh and dour” in the leafing; and yonder stands an Ash-grove like a forest of ships with bare poles like the docks of Liverpool. Yet, like the town of Kilkenny,

“It shines well where it stands;”

and the bare grey-blue of the branches, spart but not repulsive, like some

cunning discord in music, deepens the harmony of the Isle of Groves. Contrast is one of the finest of all the laws of association, as every philosopher, poet, and peasant knows. At this moment, it brings, by the bonds of beauty, though many glades intervene, close beside that pale grey-blue leafless Ash-Clump, that bright, black-green Pine-Clan, whose “leaf fadeth never,” a glorious Scottish tartan triumphing in the English woods. Though many glades intervene, we said; for thou seest that BELLE ISLE is not all one various flush of wood, but bedropt, all over—bedropt and besprinkled with grass-gems, some cloud-shadowed, some tree-shaded, some mist-bedimmed, and some luminous as small soil-suns, on which, as the eye alights, it feels soothed and strengthened, and gifted with a profounder power to see into the mystery of the beauty of nature. But what are those living Hills of snow, or of some substance purer in its brightness even than any snow that falls and fades in one night on the mountain-top! Trees are they—fruit-trees—The Wild Cherry that grows stately and wide-spreading even as the monarch of the wood—and can that be a load of blossoms! Fairer never grew before poet’s eye of old in the fabled Hesperides. See how what we called snow brightens into pink—yet still the whole glory is white, and fadeth not away the purity of the balmy snow-blush. Aye, balmy as the bliss breathing from virgin lips, when moving in the beauty left by her morning prayers, a glad fond daughter steals towards him on feet of light, and as his arms open to receive and return the blessing, lays her innocence with smiles that are almost tears, within her father’s bosom. Milton!

“As when to those who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
Mozambique, off at sea north-east winds blow
Sabeen odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the Blest; with such delay
Well pleased they slack their course, and
many a league,
Cheer’d with the grateful smell, old Ocean
smiles.”

Shut your eyes—suppose six months gone—and lo! BELLE ISLE,

in Autumn, like a scene in another hemisphere of our globe. There is a slight frost in the air, in the sky, on the lake, and midday is as still as midnight. But, though still, it is cheerful; for close at hand Robin Red-breast, God bless him, is warbling on the cope-stone of that old barn gabel; and though Millar-Ground Bay is half a mile off, how distinct the clank of the two oars, like one, accompanying that large wood-boat on its slow voyage from Ambleside to Bowness, the metropolitan port of the Queen of the Lakes. The water has lost, you see, its summer sunniness, yet it is as transparent as ever it was in summer; and how close together seem, with their almost meeting shadows, the two opposite shores! But we wish you to look at BELLIS ISLE, though we ourselves are almost afraid to do so, so transcendently glorious is the sight, that we know will disturb us with an emotion too deep to be endured. Could you not think that a splendid sunset had fallen down in fragments on the Isle called Beautiful, and set it all a-blaze! The woods are on fire, yet they burn not; beauty subdues while it fosters the flame; and there, as in a many-tented tabernacle, has Colour pitched his royal residence, and reigns in glory beyond that of any Oriental king. What are all the canopies, and balconies, and galleries of human state, all hung with the richest drapery that e'er the skill of Art, that Wizard, drew forth in gorgeous folds from his enchanted loom, if ideally suspended in the air of imagination, beside the sun-and-storm-stained furniture of these palaces of Autumn, framed by the Spirit of the Season, of her own living umbrage, for his own last delight, ere he move in annual migration, with all his Court, to some foreign clime, far beyond the seas! No names of trees are remembered—a glorious confusion comprehends in one the whole leafy race—orange, and purple, and scarlet, and crimson, are all seen to be there, and interfused through the silent splendour is aye felt the presence of that terrestrial green, native and unextinguishable in earth's bosom, as that celestial blue is in that of the sky. That trance goes by, and the spirit, gradually filled with a stiller delight, takes down all those tents into pieces,

and contemplates the encampment with less of imagination, and with more of love. It knows and blesses each one of those many glorious groves, each becoming, as it gazes, less and less glorious, more and more beautiful; till memory revives all the happiest and holiest hours of the Summer and the Spring, and re-peoples the melancholy umbrage with a thousand visions of joy, that may return never more! Images, it may be, of forms and faces now mouldering in the dust! For all human hearts have felt—and all human lips have declared—melancholy making poets of us all—aye, even prophets, till the pensive air of Autumn has been filled with the music of elegiac and foreboding hymns—that, as is the Race of Leaves—now old Homer speaks—so is the Race of Men! Nor, till time shall have an end, insensate will be any soul endowed “with discourse of reason” to those mysterious misgivings, alternating with triumphant aspirations more mysterious still, when the Religion of Nature leans in awe on the Religion of God, and we hear the voice of both in such strains as these—the earthly, in its sadness, momentarily deadening the divine:—

But when shall Spring visit the mouldering urn?

O! when shall it dawn on the night of the grave!

The observant reader will not have failed to notice, that throughout this Fytte we have spoken of all the Seasons as belonging to the masculine gender. They are generally, we believe, in this country, painted in petticoats, apparently by bagmen, as may be daily seen in the pretty prints that bedeck the paper-walls of the parlours of inns. Spring is always there represented as a spanker in a blue symar, very pertly exposing her budding breast, and her limbs from feet to fork, in a style that must be very offensive to the mealy-mouthed members of that shame-faced corporation, the Society for the Suppression of Vice. She holds a flower between her finger and her thumb, crocus, violet, or primrose; and though we verily believe she means no harm, she no doubt does look rather leeringly upon you, like one of the frail sisterhood of the Comeatables. Sum-

mer again is an enormous and monstrous mawsey, in *puris naturalibus*, meant to image Musidora, or the Medicean, or rather the Hottentot Venus.

"So stands the statue that enchants the world!"

She seems, at the very lightest, a good round score heavier than Spring. And when you imagine her plunging into the pool, you think you hear a porpus. May no Damon run away with her clothes, leaving behind in exchange his heart! Gadflies are rife in the dog-days, and should one "imparadise himself in form of that sweet flesh," there will be a cry in the woods that will speedily bring to her assistance Pan and all his Satyrs. Autumn is a motherly matron, evidently *enceinte*, and, like Love and Charity, who probably are smiling on the opposite wall, she has a brace of bouncing boys at her breast—in her right hand a formidable sickle, like a Turkish scymitar—in her left an extraordinary utensil, bearing, we believe, the heathenish appellation of Cornucopia—on her back a sheaf of wheat—and on her head a gladen—planted there by John Barleycorn. She is a fearsome Dear;—as ugly a customer as a lonely man would wish to encounter beneath the light of a September moon. On her feet are baches—on her legs huggers—and the breadth of her soles, and the thickness of her ankles, we leave to your own conjectures. Her fine bust is conspicuous in an open laced boddice—and her huge hips are set off to the biggest advantage, by a jacket that she seems to have picked up by the wayside, after some jolly tar, on his return from a long voyage, had there been performing his toilet, and, by getting rid of certain encumbrances, was enabled to pursue his inland journey with less resemblance than before to a walking scarecrow. Winter is a withered old beldame, too poor to keep a cat, hunkling on her hunkers over a feeble fire of sticks, extinguished fast as it is beeted, with a fizz in the melted snow which all around that unhoused wretchedness is indurated with frost; while a blue pool close at hand is chained in iciness, and an old stump half-buried in the drift. Poor, old, miserable,

cowering crone! One cannot look at her without unconsciously putting one's hand in his pocket, and fumbling for a tester. Yes, there is pathos in the picture, especially while, on turning round your head, you behold a big blockhead of a vulgar bagman, with his coat-tails over his arms, warming his loathsome hideousness at a fire that would roast an ox.

Such are the Seasons! And though we have spoken of them, as mere critics on art, somewhat superciliously, yet there is almost always no inconsiderable merit in all prints, pictures, paintings, poems, or prose-works, that—pardon our tautology—are popular with the people. The emblematical figments now alluded to, have been the creations of persons of genius, but, never having had access to the works of the old masters, though the conception is good, the execution is, in general, far from perfect. Yet many a time, when lying at our ease in a Wayside Inn, stretched on three wooden chairs, with a little round deal-table before us, well laden with oatmeal cakes and cheese and butter, nor, you may be sure, without its "tappit-hen"—have we after a long day's journey—perhaps the Longest Day—

"Through moors and mosses many, O," regarded with no unimaginative spirit—when Joseph and his brethren were wanting—even such symbols of the Seasons as these, till

"Flash'd before that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,"

many as fair an image as ever nature sent from her woods and wildernesses to cheer the heart of her worshipper, who, on his pilgrimage to her loftiest shrines, and most majestic temples, spared not to stoop his head below the lowest lintel, and held all men his equal who earned by honest industry the scanty fare which they never ate without those holy words of supplication and thanksgiving,

"Give us this day our daily bread!"

Our memory is a treasure-house of written and unwritten poetry—the ingots, the gifts of the great bards, and the bars of bullion—much of the coin our own—some of it borrowed, mayhap, but always on good

security, and repaid with interest—a legal transaction, of which even a not unwealthy man has no need to be ashamed—none of it stolen, nor yet found where the Highlandman found the tongs. But our riches are like those that encumbered the floor of the Sanctum of the Dey of Algiers, not very tidily arranged; and we are frequently foiled in our efforts to lay our hand, for immediate use or ornament, on a ducat or a diamond, a pistole or a pearl, a sovereign, or only his crown. We feel ourselves at this moment in that predicament, when trying to recollect the genders of Thomson's "Seasons"—

"Come, gentle Spring! ethereal Mildness
come,
And from the bosom of you dropping
cloud,
While music wakes around, vell'd in a
shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend!"

That picture is indistinctly and obscurely beautiful to the imagination, and there is not a syllable about sex—though "ethereal mildness," which is an Impersonation, and hardly an Impersonation, must be, it is felt, a Virgin Goddess, whom all the divinities that dwell between heaven and earth must love. Never to our taste—but our taste is inferior to our feeling and our genius—though you will seldom go far wrong even in trusting it—never had poem a more beautiful beginning. It is not simple—nor ought it to be—it is rich, and even gorgeous—for the Bard came to his subject full of inspiration, and as it was the inspiration, here, not of profound thought, but of passionate emotion, it was right that music at the very first moment should overflow the page, and that it should be literally strewn with roses. An imperfect Impersonation is often proof positive of the highest state of poetical enthusiasm. The forms of nature undergo a half humanizing process under the intensity of our love, yet still retain the character of the inanimate creation, thus affecting us with a sweet, strange, almost bewildering blended emotion, that scarcely belongs to either separately, but to both together—~~as to a phenomenon that only~~

the eye of genius sees, because only the soul of genius can give it a presence—though afterwards all eyes dimly recognise it, on its being shewn to them, as something more vivid than their own faint experience, yet either kindred to it, or virtually one and the same. Almost all human nature can, in some measure, understand and feel the most exquisite and recondite image which only the rarest genius could produce. Were it not so, great poets might break their harps, and go down themselves in Helicon.

"From brightning fields of ether fair
disclosed,
Child of the Sun, refulgent SUMMER comes,
In pride of youth, and felt through nature's depth:
He comes, attended by the sultry hour,
And ever-fauning breezes, on his way;
While, from his ardent look, the turning
Spring
Averts his blushful face, and earth and
skies,
All smiling, to his hot dominion leaves."

Here the Impersonation is stronger—and perhaps the superior strength lies in the words "child of the Sun,"—and in the words describing Spring he too is more of an Impersonation than in the other passage—averting his blushful face from the Summer's ardent look. But the poet having made Summer masculine, makes Spring so too, which we cannot help thinking a flaw in this jewel of a picture. Ladies alone should avert their blushful faces from the ardent looks of gentlemen. Thomson, indeed, elsewhere says of an enamoured youth overpowered by the loving looks of his mistress,—

"From the keen gaze her lover turns
away,
Full of the dear ecstatic power, and sick
With sighing languishment."

This, we have heard, from experienced persons of both sexes, is as delicate as it is natural; but for our own simple and single selves, we never remember having got sick on any such occasion. Much agitated, we cannot deny—if we did, the most credulous would not credit us—much agitated we have been—when our lady-love, not contented with fixing upon us her dove-eyes, began billing and cooing in a style from which the cushat might have taken

a lesson with advantage, that she might the better perform her innocent part on her first assignation with her affianced in the pine-grove on St Valentine's day—but never in all our long lives got we absolutely *sick*,—nor even *squeamish*,—never were we obliged to turn away with our hand to our mouth,—but on the contrary, we were commonly as brisk as a bee at a pot of honey; or, if that be too luscious a simile, as brisk as that same wonderful insect murmuring for a few moments round and round a rose-bush, and then settling himself down seriously to work, as mute as a mouse, among the half-blown petals. However, we are not now writing our Confessions—and what we wished to say about this passage is, that in it the one sex is represented as turning away the face from that of the other, which may be all natural enough, though polite on the gentleman's part we can never call it, and had the female virgin done so, we cannot help thinking it would have read better in poetry. But for Spring to avert *his* blushful face from the ardent looks of Summer, has on us the effect of making both Seasons seem simpletons. Spring, in the character of “*ethereal mildness*,” was unquestionably a female, but here she is “*unsexed from the crown to the toe*,” and changed into an awkward hobbblehoy, who, having passed his boyhood in the country, is a booby who blushes black at the gaze of his own brother, and if brought into the company of the lasses would not fail to faint away in a fit, nor revive till his face felt a pitcher-full of cold water.

“*Crown'd with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,
While Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on, &c.*”

is, we think, bad. The Impersonation here is complete, and though the sex of Autumn is not mentioned, it is manifestly meant to be male. So far there is nothing amiss either one way or another. But “*nodding o'er the yellow plain*” is a mere statement of a fact in nature,—and descriptive of the growing and ripening or ripened harvest,—whereas it is applied here to Autumn, as a figure who “*comes jovial on*.” This is not obscurity,—or indistinctness,—which, as we have

said before, is often a great beauty in Impersonation—but it is an inconsistency and a contradiction,—and therefore indefensible on any ground either of conception or expression.

There are no such essential vices as this in the *Castle of Indolence*,—for by that time Thomson had subjected his inspiration to thought,—and his poetry, guided and guarded by philosophy, became celestial as an angel's song.

“*See Winter comes to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train,
Vapours and clouds and storms. Be these my theme,
These ' that exalt the soul to solemn thought
And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms!
Congenial horrors, hail ' with frequent foot,
Pleased have I, in my cheerful morn of life,
When pleased with careless solitude I lived,
And sung of nature with unceasing joy,
Pleased have I wander'd through your rough domain,
Trud the pure virgin snows, myself as pure,
Heard the winds roar and the big torrents burst,
Or seen the deep fermenting tempest brow'd
In the grim evening sky. Thus pass'd the time,
Till through the lucid slumbers of the South
Look'd out the joyous Spring, look'd out and smiled !”*

Divine inspiration indeed ! Poetry, that if read by the bedside of a dying lover of nature, might

“*Create a soul
Under the ribs of death !”*

Wordsworth—himself a poet of the first, but—strange as it is—a critic of the fourth order—yet not strange—for as a poet, to use his own fine words, he writes as one of the

“*Sound heathy children of the God of Heaven,*”

as a critic, but as one of the dissatisfied sons of earth—labours to prove, in one of his “*postliminious prefaces*,” that the true spirit of the “*Seasons*,” till long after their publication, was neither felt nor understood. In the conduct of his argu-

ment, he does cut a poor lame figure. That the poem was at once admired, he is forced to admit—but then, according to him, the admiration was false and hollow—and it was regarded but with that wonder which is the “natural product of ignorance.” After having observed that, excepting the Nocturnal Reverie of Lady Winchelsea, and a passage or two in the Windsor Forest of Pope, the poetry of the period intervening between the publication of the *Paradise Lost* and the *Seasons*, does not contain a single new image of external nature—he proceeds to call the celebrated verses of Dryden in the *Indian Emperor*, descriptive of the hush of Night, “vague, bombastic, and senseless,” and Pope’s translation of the celebrated moonlight scene in the *Iliad*, altogether “absurd,”—and then without ever once dreaming of any necessity of shewing them to be so, or even if he had succeeded in doing so, of the utter illogicality of any argument drawn from their misery and wretchedness to establish the point he hammers at, he all at once says, with the most astounding assumption, “*having shewn* that much of what his [Thomson’s] biographer deemed genuine admiration, must, in fact, have been blind wonderment—how is the rest to be accounted for?” “*Having shewn*”!!! Why he has shewn nothing but his own arrogance in supposing that his mere *ipse dixit* will be taken by the whole world as proof that Dryden and Pope had not the use of their eyes. “Strange to think of an enthusiast,” he says, (alluding to the passage in Pope’s translation of the *Iliad*,) “as may have been the case with thousands, reciting those verses under the cope of a moonlight sky, without having his raptures in the least disturbed by a suspicion of their *absurdity*!” We are no enthusiasts—we are far too old for that folly—but we have eyes in our head, though sometimes rather dim and motey, and as good eyes too as Mr Wordsworth, and we often have recited—and hope often will recite them again—Pope’s exquisite lines, not only without any “suspicion of their absurdity,” but with the conviction of a most devout belief, that with some little vagueness, perhaps, and repetition, and a word here and there that might be altered for

the better, the Description is at once beautiful and sublime. But grant it miserable—and grant all else Mr Wordsworth has so dictatorially uttered—and what then? Though descriptive poetry may not have flourished during the period between the *Paradise Lost* and the *Seasons*, did not mankind enjoy the use of their seven senses? Could they not see and hear without the aid of those oculists and aurists the Poets? Were all the shepherds and agriculturists of England and Scotland blind and deaf to all the sights and sounds of nature, and all the gentlemen and ladies too, from the King and Queen upon the Throne, to the lowest of their subjects? Very like a whale. Causes there were why poetry flowed during that era in another channel than that of the description of natural scenery—and if it flowed too little in that channel then—which is true—equally is it true that it flows now in it too much—especially among the poets of the Lake School, to the neglect—not of sentiments and affections—for there they excel—but of strong direct human passion applied to the stir and tumult—of which the interest is profound and eternal—of all the great affairs of human life. But though the descriptive poets during the period between Milton and Thomson were few and indifferent, no reason is there in this world for imagining with Mr Wordsworth, that men had forgotten both the heavens and the earth. They had not—nor was the wonder with which they must have regarded the great shows of nature, the “natural product of ignorance” then, any more than it is now, or ever was during a civilized age. If we be right in saying so—then neither could the admiration which the “*Seasons*,” on the first appearance of that glorious poem, excited, be said, with any sense or truth, to have been but a “wonder, the natural produce of ignorance.” Mr Wordsworth having thus signally, and, we may say, shamefully, failed in his attempt to shew that “much of what Thomson’s biographer deemed genuine admiration, must, in fact, have been blind wonderment,” let us accompany him in his still more futile and absurd efforts to shew “how the rest is to be accounted for.” He attempts to do so after this fashion. “Thomson

was fortunate in the very title of his poem, which seemed to bring it home to the prepared sympathies of every one; in the next place, notwithstanding his high powers, he writes a vicious style; and his false ornaments are exactly of that kind, which would be most likely to strike the undiscerning. He likewise abounds with sentimental commonplaces, that, from the manner in which they were brought forward, bore an imposing air of novelty. In any well-used copy of the 'Seasons,' the book generally opens of itself with the Rhapsody on Love, or with one of the stories, perhaps of Damon and Musidora. These also are prominent in our Collections of Extracts, and are the parts of his work, which, after all, were probably most efficient in first recommending the author to general notice."

Thomson, in one sense, was *fortunate* in the title of his poem. But a great poet like Wordsworth might—nay ought, to have chosen another word—or have given of that word a loftier explanation, when applied to Thomson's choice of the Seasons for the subject of his immortal poem. Genius made that choice—not fortune. The "Seasons" are not merely the "*title*" of his poem, they are his poem, and his poem is the Seasons. But how, pray, can Thomson be said to have been *fortunate* in the title or the subject either of his poem, in the sense that Mr Wordsworth means? Why, according to him, people knew little, and cared less, about the Seasons! "The art of seeing had in some measure been learned!" That he allows—but that was all—and that all is but little—and surely far from being enough to have disposed people in general to listen to the strains of a poet who painted nature in all her moods, and under all her aspects. Thomson, then, we say, was either most *unfortunate* in the title of his poem, or there was not that indifference to, and ignorance of, natural scenery in the "wide soul of the world," on which Mr Wordsworth so strenuously insists as part, or rather the whole, of his preceding argument.

The title, Mr Wordsworth says, seemed "to bring the poem home to the *prepared sympathies* of every one!" What! to the prepared sym-

pathies of those who had merely, in some measure, learned the "art of seeing," and who had "*paid*," as he says in another sentence, "little accurate attention to the appearances of nature!" Never did the weakest mind ever fall into grosser contradictions, than does here one of the strongest, in vainly labouring to bolster up a bad cause, or rather a silly assertion, which he has desperately ventured on, from a most mistaken imagination, that it was necessary to account for the kind of reception which his own poetry had met with from the present age. The truth is, that had Mr Wordsworth known, when he indited these unlucky and helpless sentences, that his own poetry was, in the best sense of the word, a thousand times more popular than he supposed it to be—and Heaven be praised, for the honour of the age, it was and is so—never had they been written, nor had he here and elsewhere laboured to prove, that, in proportion as poetry was bad, or rather as it was no poetry at all, has it been, and always will be, more and more popular in the age contemporary with the writer. That Thomson, in the Seasons, *often* writes a vicious style, is true; but it is not true that he always, or generally, does so. His style has its faults, no doubt, and some of them inextricably interwoven with the whole web of his composition. It is a dangerous style to imitate—especially to dunces. But *its virtue is divine*; and that *divine virtue*, even in this low world of ours, wins admiration more surely and widely than *earthly vice*, be it in words, thoughts, feelings, or actions, is a creed that we will not relinquish at the beck or bidding even of the Great Author of the Excursion. That many did—do—and will admire the bad or indifferent passages in the Seasons—won by their false glitter, or commonplace sentimentalism, is no doubt true; but the delight, though as intense as perhaps it may be foolish, with which boys and virgins, woman-mantua-makers, and man-milliners, and "the rest," peruse the rhapsody on Love,—one passage of which we have ventured a little way back to be facetious on,—and hang over the picture of Musidora undressing, while Damon watches the process of disrobing, panting be-

him a tree, will never account for the admiration with which the whole world hailed the "Winter," the first of the Seasons published; during which, Thomson had not the barbarity to plunge any young lady naked into the cold bath, nor the ignorance to represent, during such cold weather, any young lady turning her lover sick by the ardour of her looks; and the vehemence of her whole enamoured deportment. The time never was—nor could have been—when such passages were generally esteemed the glory of the poem. Indeed, independently of its own gross absurdity, the assertion is at total variance with that other assertion, equally absurd, that people admired most in the poem what they least understood; for the Rhapsody on Love is certainly very intelligible, nor does there seem much mystery in Musidora going into the water to wash and cool herself on a hot day. Is it not melancholy, then, to hear such a man as Mr Wordsworth, earnestly, and even somewhat angrily, trying to prove that "these are the parts of the work which, after all, were probably most efficient in first recommending the author to general notice?"

With respect to the "sentimental commonplaces with which Thomson abounds," no doubt they were and are popular; and many of them deserve to be so, for they are on a level with the usual current of human feeling, and many of them are eminently beautiful. Thomson had not the philosophical genius of Mr Wordsworth, but he had a warm human heart, and its generous feelings overflow all his poem. Those are not the most poetical parts of the "Seasons" certainly, where such effusions prevail; but still, so far from being either *vicious* or *worthless*, they have often a virtue and a worth that ought to be felt by all the children of men. There is something not very natural in the situation of the parties in the story of the "lovely young Lavinia," for example, and much of the sentiment is commonplace enough; but will Mr Wordsworth dare to say,—in support of his theory, that the worst poetry is always at first (and at last too, it would seem, from the pleasure with which that tale is still read by all simple minds) the most popular,

—that that Story is a bad one? We should like to hear him say so.

Mr Wordsworth, in all the above false and feeble argumentation, is so blinded by his determination to see every thing in but one light, and that a most mistaken one, that he is insensible to the conclusion to which it all leads, or rather, which is involved in it. Why, according to him, *even now*, when people have not only learned the "art of seeing," a blessing for which they can never be too thankful, but when descriptive poetry has long flourished far beyond its palmiest state in any other era of our poetry, still are we poor common mortals who admire the "Seasons," just as deaf and blind now, or nearly so, to their real merits—allowed to be transcendent—as our unhappy forefathers were, when that poem first appeared, "a glorious apparition." The Rhapsody on Love, and Damon and Musidora, are still, according to him, its chief attractions—its false ornaments—and its sentimental commonplaces—such as those, we presume, on the benefits of early rising, and,

"Oh! little think the gay licentious proud!"

What a nest of ninnies must all man and womankind be in Mr Wordsworth's eyes!—And is the "Excursion" to be placed by the side of "Paradise Lost," only during the Millennium?

Such is the *reasoning!* of one of the first of our living (or dead) English poets, against not only the people of Britain, but mankind. One other sentence there is which we had forgotten—but now remember—which is to help us to distinguish, in the case of the reception the "Seasons" met with, between "wonder and legitimate admiration!" "The subject of the work is, the changes produced in the appearances of nature, by the revolution of the year; and, *undertaking to write in verse, Thomson pledged himself to treat his subject as became a poet!*" How original and profound! Thomson redeemed his pledge, and that great pawnbroker, the public, returned to him his poem at the end of a year and a day. Now, what is the "mighty stream of tendency" of that remark? Were the public, or the people, or the world, gulled by this

unheard-of pledge of Thomson, to regard his work with that "wonder which is the natural product of ignorance?" If they were so in his case, why not in every other? All poets pledge themselves to be poetical, but too many of them are wretchedly prosaic—die and are buried, or, what is worse, protract a miserable existence, in spite of sentimental commonplaces, false ornaments, and a vicious style. But Thomson, in spite of all these, leapt at once into a glorious life, and a still more glorious immortality.

There is no mystery in the matter—Thomson—a great poet—poured his genius over a subject of universal interest—and the "Seasons" from that hour to this—then, now, and for ever—have been, are, and will be, loved and admired by all the world. Mr Wordsworth ought to know that all over Scotland, "The Seasons" is an household-book. Let the taste and feeling shewn by the Collectors of *Elegant Extracts* be poor as possible, yet Thomson's countrymen, high and low, rich and poor, have all along not only gloried in his illustrious fame, but have made a very manual of his great work. It lies in many thousand cottages. We have ourselves seen it in the shepherd's shieling, and in the woodsman's bower—small, yellow-leaved, tatter'd, mean, miserable, calf-skin-bound, smoked, stinking copies—let us not fear to utter the word, ugly but true—yet perused, pored, and pondered over by those humble dwellers, by the winter-ingle or on the summer brae, perhaps with as enlightened—certainly with as imagination-overmastering a delight—as ever enchained the spirits of the high-born and highly taught to their splendid copies lying on richly carved tables, and bound in crimson silk or velvet, in which the genius of painting strove to embody that of poetry, and the

printer's art to lend its beauty to the very shape of the words in which the bard's immortal spirit was enshrined. "The art of seeing" has flourished for many centuries in Scotland. Men, women, and children, all look up to her loveful blue or wrathful black skies, with a weather-wisdom that keeps growing from the cradle to the grave. Say not that 'tis alone

"The poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the
wind!"

In scriptural language, loftier even than that, the same imagery is applied to the sights seen by the true believer. Who is it "that maketh the clouds his chariot?" The Scottish Peasantry—Highland and Lowland—look much and often on nature thus; and of nature they live in the heart of the knowledge and the religion. Therefore do they love Thomson as an inspired Bard—only a little lower than the Prophets. In like manner have the people of Scotland—from time immemorial—enjoyed the use of their ears. Even persons somewhat hard of hearing, are not deaf to her waterfalls. In the sublime invocation to Winter, which we have quoted—we hear Thomson recording his own worship of nature in his boyish days, when he roamed among the hills of his father's parish, far away from the manse. In those strange and stormy delights did not thousands of thousands of the Scottish boyhood familiarly live among the mists and snows? Of all that number he alone had the genius to "here eternize on earth" his joy—but many millions have had souls to join religiously in the hymns he chanted! Yea, his native Land, with one mighty voice, has, nearly for a century, responded,

"These, as they change, Almighty Father,
these
Are but the varied God!"

FYTTE SECOND.

BELOVED and beautiful Buchanan Lodge, for a few—for four months, farewell! This is the first dim day of November; and for the City we leave thee, not without reluctance, on the first clear day of March, by the blessing of Heaven, once more to creep into thy blooming bourne. Ay, oft and oft ere then, to while away a sunny forenoon among the undecaying evergreens, to breathe the balm of thy Christmas roses, and for one *Gentle* bosom to cull the earliest crocuses that yellow through the thin snows of Spring.

In truth, we know not well why we should ever leave thee, for thou art the Darling of all the Seasons; and Winter, so churlish elsewhere, is ever bland to thee, and, daily alighting in these gardens, like an angel of heaven, loves to fold and unfold, in the cool sunshine, the stainless splendour of his pale-plumaged wings. But we are no hermit. Dear to us though Nature be, here, hand and hand with Art, walking through this peaceful but not unpeopled paradise, a voice comes to us from the city-heart—a low deep voice, haunting us at midnight, when the thoughtful spirit has a divine disregard of sleep, and winning us away from the stillness of solitude into the stir of human life. Milton speaks of a region

“Above the stir and smoke of this dim spot,

Which men call Earth;”

and often have we visited it, borne on thy flight, Imagination!—a region of pure, passionless, and profoundest peace. Death will realize that dream! But while yet we pursue the ends of this our mortal being, in the mystery of the brain, whence ideas arise, and in the mystery of the heart, whence emotions flow—kindred and congenial all—thought ever blending with feeling, reason with imagination, and conscience with passion—’tis our duty to draw our delight from intercommunion with the spirit of our kind. Oh! weakest or wickedest of mortals are your soul-sick, life-loathing, world-wearied men! In solitude, the soul is swallowed up in selfishness; and out of selfishness what sins and crimes may not grow!

At the best, moral stagnation ensues—and the spirit becomes, like “a green-mantled pool,” the abode of reptiles.

Then ever welcome to us be living faces and living voices, the light and the music of reality, dearer far than any mere ideas or emotions hanging or floating aloof by themselves in the atmosphere of imagination! Blest be the cordial grasp of the hand of friendship—blest the tender embrace of the arms of love! Nay, smile not, fair reader, at an old man’s fervour—for Love is a gracious spirit, who deserteth not declining age. That divinity it is who sometimes bringeth One in her hand even fairer than thou—one bright and beautiful as the very Evening Star, who rejoices in a filial joy to shine for a hallowed hour all by herself in the sky-calm of our home. Yes! on the disappearance of thy setting, O daughter of our soul! continues not the room brighter with the prolonged shadow of thy presence, than ever it might be with fairest Phantasy,

“For thou art heavenly, she an empty dream.”

With an affectionate sadness, therefore, if indeed sadness be not too strong a word—over which regret breathes, and scarcely breathes—like a faint haze somewhat obscuring a moonlight night—once more, Buchanan Lodge, do we bid thee no long farewell. The Drosky is at the door—and, my eye! what a figure is Peter! There he sits, like a bear, with the ribands in his paws—no part visible of his human face or form divine, but his small red eyes—and his ruby nose, whose regrown enormity laughs at Liston. One little month ago, the knife of that skilful surgeon pared it down to the dimensions of a Christian proboscis. Again ’tis like a frost-reddened Swedish turnip. Pretty Poll, with small delicate pale features, sits beside him like a snow-drop. How shaggy since he returned from our Highland tour is Filho da Puta! His mane long as his tail—and the hair on his ears like that on his fetlocks. He absolutely reminds us of Hogg’s Bonassus. Aye, bless these patent-steps—on the same

principle as those by which we ascend our nightly couch. We are self-deposited in our Drosky. Oh! the lazy luxury of an air-seat! We seem to be sitting on nothing but a voluptuous warmth, restorative as a bath. And then what furry softness envelopes our feet! Yes—Mrs Gentle—Mrs Gentle—thy Cashmere shawl, twined round our bust, feels almost as silken-smooth as thine own, and scented is it with the balm of thy own lips. Boreas blows on it tenderly as a zephyr—and the wintry sunshine seems summery as it plays on the celestial colours. Thy pelisse, too, over our old happy shoulders, purple as the neck of the dove when carkering round his mate. Thy comforter, too, is in our bosom—and the dear, delightful, delicious, wicked worsted thrills through skin and flesh to our very heart. It dirls. Drive away, Peter. Farewell Lodge—and welcome, in a jiffy, Moray-Place.

There we go, twelve miles an hour easy, with long strong light elastic strides illustrative of Arab blood. Ten years ago, and thou, Filho! wert a flyer at a fence. Dost thou remember, old boy, how for a cool five hundred, thou cleared'st yon canal in a style that rivalled that of the red-deer across the chasms of Cairngorm? All we had to do, was to hold hard, and not ride over the hounds when, running breast-high close on the rear of reynard, the savage pack wakened the welkin with the tumultuous hubbub of their death-cry, and whippers-in and huntsman were flogging on their faltering flight in vain, fields and forests behind thy heels that glauced and glittered in the frosty sunshine. What steed in all broad Scotland at a steeple-chase was like thee? Thy hoofs scorned the strong stubble, and skimmed the deep fallows, in which all other horses—heavy there as dragoons—seemed fetlock-bound, or laboured on in staggerings, soil-sunk to the knees. Ditches dwindled beneath thy bounds, and rivers were as rills; or, if, in flood, they rudely overran their banks, into the spate plunged thy sixteen hands and a half height, like a Polar monster leaping from an iceberg into the sea, and then lifting up thy small head and fine neck and high shoulder, like a Draco from the weltering

waters, with a few proud pawings to which the recovered greensward rang, thy whole bold bright-brown bulk reappeared on the bank, crested by old Christopher, and after one short snorting pause, over the miry meadows—tantivy, tantivy—away! away! away!

Oh! Son of a Rep! were not those glorious days? But Time has gently laid his fine finger on us both, Filho; and never more must we two be seen by the edge of the cover,

“When first the hunter's starting horn is heard

Upon the golden hills.”

'Tis the last-learned and highest lesson of Wisdom, Filho, in man's studious obedience to Nature's laws—to know when to stop in his career. Pride, Passion, Pleasure—all urge him on; while Prudence, Propriety, and Peace, cry halt! halt! halt! That mandate we have timeously obeyed,—and having, unblamed, we hope, and blameless, carried on the pastimes of youth into manhood, and even through the prime of manhood on to the verge of age—on that verge, after some few farewell vagaries up and down the debateable land, we had the resolution to raise our bridle-hand, to unloosen the spurs from our heels, and to dismount from the stateliest and swiftest steed, Filho, that ever wafted mortal man over moor and mountain, or carried him as on a storm-cloud across the cataracts.

And now, doucely and decently sitting in our Drosky, behold us driven by Peter, proud as Punch, to steer along the staring streets, the great-grandson of the Desert-Born! Yet—yet—couldst thou lead the field, Filho, with old Kit Castor on thy spine! But though our day be not yet quite gone by, we think we see the stealing shades of eve, and a little farther on in the solemn vista, the darkness of night; and, therefore, like wise children of nature, not unproud of the past, not ungrateful for the present, and unafraid of the future, thus do we now skim along the road of life, broad and smooth to our heart's content, able to pay the turnpikes, and willing, when we shall have reached the end of our journey, to lie down, in hope, at the goal.

What pretty, little, low lines of garden-fronted cottages! leading us

along out of rural into suburban cheerfulness! till now, over the Bridge, and past the Oriental-looking Oil-Gas Works, with a sweep, we wind into the full view of PITT Street, (what a glorious name!) steep as some straight cliff-glen, and an approach truly majestic—yea, call it at once magnificent—right up to the great city's heart. "There goes old Christopher North!" the bright boys in the play-ground of the New Academy exclaim. God bless you, you little rascals!—We could almost find it in our heart to ask the Rector for a holiday. But, under him, all your days are holidays—for when the precious hours of study are enlightened by a classic spirit, how sweetly do they melt into those of play!

"Gay hope is yours, by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possess;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast;
Yours buxom health, of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer, of vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn."

Descending from our Drosky, we find No. 99, Moray Place, exhibiting throughout all its calm interior the self-same expression it wore the day we left it for the Lodge eight months ago. There is our venerable winter hat—as like ourselves, it is said, as it can stare—sitting on the circular in the Entrance-hall. Every thing has been tenderly dusted as if by hands that touched with a Sabbath-feeling; and though the furniture cannot be said to be new, yet while it is in all sobered, it is in nothing faded. You are at first unaware of its richness on account of its simplicity—its grace is felt gradually to grow out of its comfort—and that which you thought but ease lightens into elegance, while there is but one image in nature which can adequately express its repose—that of a hill-sheltered field by sunset, under a fresh-fallen vest of virgin snow. For then snow blushes with a faint crimson—nay, sometimes when Sol is extraordinarily splendid, not faint, but "beautiful exceedingly" with a gorgeousness of colouring that fears not to face in rivalry the western clouds.

Let no man have two houses with one set of furniture. Home's deepest delight is undisturbance. Some people think no articles fixtures but grates. But sofas, and ottomans, and chairs, and footstools, and screens—and above all beds—all are fixtures in the dwelling of a wise man, cognoscitive and sensitive of the blessings of this life. Each has its own place assigned to it by the taste, tact, and feeling, of the master or mistress (alas! where is she?) of the mansion, where order and elegance minister to comfort, and comfort is but a homely word for happiness. In various moods we vary their arrangement—nor is even the easiest of all easy-chairs secure for life against being gently pushed on its wheels from chimney-nook to window-corner, when the sunshine may have extinguished the fire, and the blue sky tempts the *Paterfamilias*, or him who is but an uncle, to lie back, with half-shut eyes, and gaze upon the cheerful purity, even like a shepherd on the hill. But these little occasional disarrangements serve but to preserve the spirit of permanent arrangement, without which the very virtue of domesticity dies. What sacrilege, therefore, against the Lares and Penates, to turn a whole house topsyturvy, from garret to cellar, regularly as May flowers deck the zone of the year! Why, a Turkey, or a Persian, or even a Wilton, or a Kidderminster carpet, is as much the garb of the wooden floor inside, as the grass is of the earthen floor outside of your house. Would you lift and lay down the greensward? But without further illustration—be assured the cases are kindred—and so too with sofas and shrubs, tent-beds and trees. Independently, however, of these analogies, not fanciful but lying deep in the nature of things, the inside of one's tabernacle, in town and country, ought ever to be sacred from all radical revolutionary movements, and to lie for ever in a waking dream of graceful repose. All our affections towards lifeless things become tenderer and deeper in the continuous and unbroken flow of domestic habit. The eye gets lovingly familiarized with each object occupying its own peculiar and appropriate place, and feels in a moment when the most insignifi-

cant is missing or removed. We say not a word about children, for, fortunately, since we are yet unmarried, we have none; but even they, if brought up Christians, are no dissenters from this creed, and however ractory in the nursery, in an orderly kept parlour or drawing-room how like so many pretty little white mice do they glide cannily along the floor? Let no such horror then as a *fitting* ever befall us or our friends! O mercy! only look at a long huge train of waggons, heaped up to the windows of the first floors, moving along the dust-driving or mire-choked streets with furniture from a gutted town-house towards one standing in the rural shades with an empty stomach! All is dimmed or destroyed—chairs crushed on the tableland, and four-posted beds lying helplessly with their astonished feet up to heaven—a sight that might make the angels weep!

True wisdom soon accommodates itself even to involuntary or inevitable change—but to that which flows from our own sweet will, however sudden and strong, it instantly moulds itself in a novel delight, with all our familiar and domestic habits. Why, we have not been in at 99, Moray Place, for a week—nay, for two days and nights—till you might swear we had been all our days a Citi, we look so like a Native. The rustic air of the Lodge has entirely left us, and all our movements are entirely metropolitan. You see before you a gentleman of the old school, who knows that the eyes of the town are upon him when he seeks the open air, and who preserves, even in the privacy of the parlour, that dignity of dress and demeanour which, during winter, befits his age, his rank, and his character. Now, we shave every morning; John, who, in his boyish days, served under Barbarossa, lightly passes the comb through our “sable silvered,” and then, in our shawl dressing-gown, we descend about ten to our study, and sit, not unstately, beside the hissing urn, at our protracted breakfast. In one little month or less, “ere our shoes are old,” we feel as if we had belonged to *this* house, and it to us, from our birth. The Lodge is seen to be standing in its stillness, far, far away, like some scene in a half-forgotten dream,

of which the dim glimpses are felt to be delightful, and by strange sympathies through the imagination to affect the heart. Dear memories of the pensive past—and the past is always pensive—now and then come floating upon the cheerful present—like birds of fairest plumage floating far inland from the main. But there is no idle longing—no vain regret. This, we say, is true wisdom. For each scene and season—each pleasure and place, ought to be trusted to itself, in the economy of human life, and to be allowed its own proper power over our spirit. People in the country are often restless to return to town—and people in town unhappy till they rush away into the country—thus cheating their entire existence out of its natural calm and satisfaction. Not so we. We give both their due—and that due is, an almost undivided delight to each, while we live under its reign. For Nature, believe us, is no jealous mistress. She is an affectionate wife, who, being assured of his fidelity, is not afraid to trust her husband out of her sight,

“When still the Town affairs do call him thence,”

and who waits with cheerful patience for his return, duly welcomed with a conjugal shower of tears, smiles, and kisses.

What kind of a Winter—we wonder—are we to have in the way of wind and weather? We trust it will be severe. As the last summer set in with his usual severity, the present Winter must not be behindhand with him; but after an occasional week's rain of a commendably boisterous character, come out in full fig of frost. He has two suits which we greatly admire, combining the splendour of a court-dress with the strength of a work-day garb—we mean his garments of black and his garments of white frost. He looks best in the former, we think, on to about Christmas—and the latter become the old gentleman well from that festival season, on to about the day sacred to a class of persons who never read this Magazine.

Of all the months of the year November—in our climate—whether in town or country, bears the worst character. He is almost universally

thought to be a sour, sulky, sullen, savage, dim, dull, dark, disconsolate, yet designing month—in fewer words, a month scarcely fit to live. Abhorring all personalities, we have never given in to this national abuse of November. We know him well—and though we admit at once that he is no beauty, and that his manners are at the best bluff, at the worst repulsive, yet on those who choose to cultivate his acquaintance, his character continues so to mellow and ameliorate itself, that they come at last, if not to love, to like him, and even to prefer his company “in the season of the year,” to that of other more brilliant visitors. So true is it both with months and men, that it requires only to know the most unpleasant of them, and to see them during a favourable phasis, in order to regard them with that Christian complacency which a good heart sheds over all its habits. ’Tis unlucky for November—poor fellow—that he follows October. October is a month so much admired by the world, that we often wonder he has not been spoiled. “What a glorious October!” “Why, you will surely not leave us till October comes!” “October is the month of all months—and till you see him, you have not seen the Lakes.” We acknowledge his claims. He is often truly delightful. But like other brilliant persons, he is not only privileged to be at times extremely dull, but his intensest stupidity is panegyricized as wit of the first water—while his not unfrequent rudeness, of which many a common month would be ashamed, passes for the ease of high-birth, or the eccentricity of genius. A very different feeling indeed exists towards unfortunate November. The moment he shews his face, all other faces are glum. We defy month or man, under such a trial, to make himself even tolerably agreeable. He feels that he is no favourite, and that a most sinister misinterpretation will be put on all his motions, manners, thoughts, words, and deeds. A man or a month so circumstanced is much to be pitied. Think, look, speak, act as he will—yea, even more like an angel than a man or a month—every eyebrow arches—every nostril distends—every lip curls towards him in contempt,

while blow over the ice that enchains all his feelings and faculties heavy-chill whisperings of “who is that disagreeable fellow?” In such a frozen atmosphere would not cloquence be congealed on the lips of an Ulysses, and poetry prosified on those of an Apollo!

Give then, we say, the devil his due, and November is company for any Christian. Believe us, that the celestial phenomena are now often exceedingly and singularly beautiful.

See! a great City in a mist! All is not shrouded—at intervals something huge is beheld in the sky—what we know not, tower, temple, spire, dome, or a pile of nameless structures—one after the other fading away, or sinking and settling down into the gloom that grows deeper and deeper like a night. The stream of life seems almost hushed in the blind blank—yet you hear, ever and anon, now here, now there, the slow sound of feet moving to their own dull echoes, and lo! the Sun

“Looks through the horizontal misty air,
Shorn of his beams,”

like some great ghost. Ay, he *looks!* does he not? straight on *your* face, as if you two were the only beings there—and were held *looking* at each other in some strange communion. Surely you must sometimes have felt that emotion, when the Luminary seemed no longer luminous, but a dull-red brazen orb, sick unto the death—obscure the Shedder of Light, and the Giver of Life lifeless!

The Sea has sent a tide-borne wind to the City, and you almost start in wonder to behold all the heavens clear of clouds, (how beautiful was the clearing!) and bending in a mighty blue bow, that brightly over-arches all the brightened habitations of men! The spires shoot up into the sky,—the domes tranquilly rest there,—all the roofs glitter as with diamonds, all the white walls are lustrous, save where, here and there, some loftier range of buildings hangs its steadfast shadow o’er square or street, magnifying the city, by means of separate multitudes of structures, each town-like in itself, and the whole gathered together by the outward eye, and the inward imagination, worthy indeed of the name of Me-

tropolis, and glorifying the nation's grandeur.

"We bid the spirit of our country hail!"

This is such a day. Let us sit down—we two together—for three is bad company—on this bench below the shadow of the Parthenon. It is the first fine frost—and the air is now so rarified, that you can see not indistinctly the figure of a man on Arthur's Seat. Not a flake—or as we say in our Doric—not a pile of snow—and the Calton, though a city hill—is as green as the Carter towering over the Border-forest. Not many years ago, no stone edifice was on his unviolated verdure—he was a true rural Mount, where the lassies bleached their claes, in a pure atmosphere aloof from the city smoke almost as the sides and summit of Arthur's Seat. Flocks of sheep might have grazed here, had there been enclosures, and many milch cows. But in their absence, a pastoral character was given to the Hill, by its green silence, here and there broken by the songs and laughter of these linen-bleaching lassies, and by the arm-in-arm strolling of lovers in the morning light or the evening shade. Here married people used to walk with their children, thinking and feeling themselves to be in the country; and here elderly gentlemen, like ourselves, with gold-headed canes, or simple crutches, mused and meditated on the on-goings of the noisy lower world. Such a Hill, so close to a great City, yet undisturbed by it, and imbued at all times with a feeling of sweeter peace, because of the immediate neighbourhood of the din and stir, of which its green recess high up in the blue air never partook, seems now, in the mingled dream of imagination and memory, to have been indeed a superurban Paradise! But a city cannot, ought not to be, controlled in its growth; the natural beauty of this Hill has had its day; now it is broken all round with wide walks, along which you might drive chariots a-breast; broad flights of stone-stairs lead up along the once elastic brae-turf; and its bosom is laden with towers and temples, monuments and mausoleums. Along one side, where hanging gardens might have been, magnificent as those of the old Babylon, stretches

the macadamized Royal Road to London, flanked by one receptacle for the quiet dead, and by another for the unquiet living—a churchyard, and a prison dying away in a bride-well. But, making amends for such hideous deformities, with front nobly looking to the cliffs, over a dell of dwellings seen dimly through the smoke-mist ever there, stands, sacred to the Muses, an Edifice that might have pleased the eye of Pericles. Alas! immediately below one that would have turned the brain of Palladio. Modern Athens indeed! Few are the Grecians among thy architects; those who are not Goths are Picts—and the King himself of the Painted People designed Nelson's Monument.

But who can be querulous on such a day? Weigh all its defects, designed and undesigned, and is not Edinburgh yet a noble city? Arthur's Seat! how like a lion! The magnificent range of Salisbury Craigs, on which a battery might be built, to blow the whole inhabitation to atoms! Our friend here, the Calton, with his mural crown! Our Castle on his Cliff! Gloriously hung round with national histories along all his battlements! Do they not embosom "mine own romantic town" in a style of grandeur worthy, if such it be, of a "City of Palaces?" Call all things by their right names, in heaven and on earth. Palaces they are not—nor are they built of marble; but they are stately houses, framed of stone from Craig-Leith quarry, almost as pale as the Parian; and when the winter sun looks fitfully through the storm, or as now, serenely through the calm, richer than Parian in the tempestuous or the peaceful light. Never beheld we the city wearing such a majestic metropolitan aspect.

"Aye, proudly fling thy white arms to the sea,
Queen of the unconquer'd North!"

How near the Frith! Gloriously does it supply the want of a river. It is a river, though seeming, and sweeping into, the sea; but a river that man may never bridge; and though still now as the sky, we wish you saw it in its magnificent madness, when brought on the roarings of the stormful tide,

"Breaks the long wave that at the Pole began!"

Coast-cities alone are Queens. All inland are but Tributaries. Earth's empyr belongs to the Power that sees its shadow in the sea. Two separate Cities, not twins—but one of ancient, and one of modern birth—how harmoniously in spite of form and features characteristically different, do they coalesce into one Capital! This miracle, methinks, is wrought by the Spirit of Nature on the World of Art. Her great features subdue almost into similarity a Whole constructed of such various elements, for it is all felt to be kindred with those guardian cliffs. Those eternal heights hold the Double City together in an amity that breathes over both the same national look—the impression of the same national soul. In the olden time, she gathered herself almost under the very wing of the Castle, for in her heroic heart she ever heard, unalarmed but watchful, the alarms of war, and that cliff, under heaven, was on earth the rock of her salvation. But now the foundation of that rock, whence yet the tranquil burgher hears the morning and the evening bugle, is beautified by gardens that love its pensive shadow, for that it tames the light to flowers by rude feet untrodden, and yielding garlands for the brows of perpetual peace. Thence elegance and grace arose; and though

‘The ancient spirit be not dead,
Old times, methinks, are breathing there,”
as now chime the merry music bells
from St Giles’s Dome,

“In shape and gesture proudly eminent”
over that wilderness of antique structures picturesquely huddled along the blue line of sky—as Wilkie once finely said, like the spine of some enormous animal—yet all along this side of that unriveted and mound-divided dell, now shines a new world of radiant dwellings, declaring by their regular but not monotonous magnificence, that the same people, whose “perfidious genius” preserved them by war unhumiliated among the nations in days of darkness, have now drawn a strength as invincible, from the beautiful arts which have been cultivated by peace in the days of light.

And is the spirit of the inhabitation there worthy of the place inhabited? We are a Scotchman. And the great English Moralist has asked, where

may a Scotchman be found who loves not the honour or the glory of his country better than truth? We are that Scotchman—though for our country would we die. Yet dearer too than life is to us the honour—if not the glory of our country—and had we a thousand lives, proudly would we lay them all down in the dust rather than give—or see given—one single stain

“Unto the silver cross, to Scotland dear,”

on which as yet no stain appears save those glorious weather-stains, that have fallen on its folds from the clouds of war and the storms of battle. Sufficient praise to the spirit of our land, that she knows how to love, admire, and rival—not in vain—the spirit of high-hearted and heroic England. Long as we and that other noble Isle,

“Set as an emerald in the casing sea,”
in triple union breathe as one,

“Then come against us the whole world
in arms,
And we will meet them!”

What is a people without pride! But let them know that its root rests on noble pillars; and in the whole range of strength and stateliness, what pillars are there stronger and statelier than those glorious two—Genius and Liberty? Here valour has fought—here philosophy has meditated—here poetry has sung. Are not our living yet as brave as our dead? All wisdom has not perished with the sages to whom we have built or are building monumental tombs. The muses yet love to breathe the pure mountain-air of Caledon. And have we not amongst us one myriad-minded man, whose name, without offence to that high priest of nature, or his devoutest worshippers, may flow from our lips, even when they utter that of SHAKESPEARE?

Besides all that, did not his most gracious Majesty, the late King, declare, that we were “A nation of gentlemen?”

Edinburgh, during the dead of Summer, is a far more solitary place than Glenetive, Glenevis, or Glen-co. There is not, however, so much danger of being lost in it, as in the moor of Rannoch—for streets

and squares, though then utterly tenantless, are useful as landmarks to the pilgrim passing through what seems to be

"A still forsaken City of the Dead!"

But, like a frost-bound river, suddenly dissolved by a strong thaw, and coming down in spate from the mountains to the low lands, about the beginning of November, Life annually re-overflowed our metropolis, with a noise like "the rushing of many chariots." The streets, that for months had been like the stony channels of dried-up streams—only not quite so well paved—are again all a-murmur, and people addicted to the study of political economy, begin to hold

"Each strange tale devoutly true"

in the Malthusian theory of population. What swarms keep hovering round the great Northern Hive! Add eke after eke to the skep, and still seems it too small to contain all the insects. Edinburgh is almost as large as London. Nay, don't stare. We never speak positively, you may have noticed, but always comparatively; and as England is somewhere about six times more populous than Scotland, you may, by brushing up your arithmetic, and applying to our intelligent friend Mr Cleland's census, taken a good many years ago, and then allowing for the vast influx since, discover that we are not so far wrong in our apparent paradox.

Were November in himself a far more weariful month than he is, Edinburgh would nevertheless be glad-some, in the midst of all his gloom, even as a wood in May, with the Gathering of the Clans. The country flows into the town—all its life seems to do so—and to leave nothing behind but the bare trees and hedges. Equipages again go glittering along all the streets and squares, circuses and crescents—and one might think that the entire "nation of ladies and gentlemen"—for the King meant to include the sex in his compliment—were moving through their metropolis. Amusement and business walk hand in hand—you hardly know, from their cheerful countenances, which is which—for the Scotch, though a high-cheeked, are not an ill-favoured folk in their features, and though their mouths are somewhat

of the widest, their teeth are white as well as sharp, and on the opening of their ruddy lips, their ivory-cases are still farther brightened by hearty smiles. "Twould be false to say that their figures are distinguished by an air of fashion, for we have no court, and our nobles are almost all absentees. But though, in one sense, the men are ugly customers, as Cockneys will find,

"Who chance to tread upon their free-born toe,"

yet, literally, they are a comely crew, and if formed into battalions in marching order, would make the National Guard in Paris, who now protect the infant liberties of France, and with that antique republican La Fayette at their head, from all scaith and scorn save the monarchy, as represented by a cipher-king on a phantom-throne, look like

"that small infantry

Warr'd on by cranes;"

for the Six-Foot Club might, if thinned by cholera morbus, recruit itself up to the Old Hundred, from one section of every street, and in these, as well as in those days, are there Grants and Giants. Our females have figures that can thaw any frost, and 'tis universally allowed that they walk well, though their style of pedestrianism does not so readily recall to the imagination Virgil's picture of Camilla flying along the heads of corn without touching their ears, as the images of paviours with post-looking mallets driving down dislodged stones into the streets. Intermingling with the lighter and more elastic footsteps of your Southron dames, the on-goings of our native virgins produce a pleasant variety of motion in the forenoon mêlée that along the Street of Princes now goes nodding in the sun-glint.

"Amid the general dance of minstrelsy" who could wear a long face, unless it were in sympathy with his length of ears? A din of multitudinous joy hums in the air, you cannot see the city for the houses, its inhabitants for the people; and, as for finding any one particular acquaintance in the crowd, why, to use an elegant simile, you might as well go search for a needle in a stack of straw.

But hark! a hollow sound, distant, but as yet referred to no distinct place—then a faint mixture of a clear chime that is almost music—now a tune, “that warbles melody”—and, at last, rousing the massy multitude to enthusiasm, a military march, swelling various, profound, and high, with drum, trombone, serpent, trump, clarionet, fife, flute, and cymbal, bringing slowly on (is it the measured tramp of the feet of men, or the confused trampling of horses?) banners floating over the procession, above the glitter of steel, and the golden glow of helmets? ’Tis a regiment of cavalry—hurra! the Carbineers! Lo! the advanced guard.

“There England sends her men, of men the chief,”

still, staid, bold, bronzed faces, with keen eyes, looking straightforward from between sabres; while beneath the equable but haughty motion of their steeds, almost disciplined as their riders, with long black horse hair flowing in martial majesty, nod their high Roman casques. The sweet storm of music has been passing by while we were gazing, and is now somewhat deadened by the retiring distance, and by that mass of buildings, (how the windows are alive, and agaze with faces!) while troop after troop comes on, still moving, it is felt by all, to the motion of the warlike tune, though now across the Waterloo Bridge sounding like an echo, till the glorious war-pageant is all gone by, and the dull day is deadened down again into the stillness and silence of an ignoble peace.

Such a spectacle does not belong, to be sure, peculiarly to November; but ’twas in November that last we saw it, and, at the sight,

“Shoulder’d our crutch, and shew’d how fields are won!”

Much more characteristic of November is this mean and miserable day that, while we are now Rhapsodizing on Winter, is drizzling all Edinburgh with the worst of all imaginable Scottish mists—an Easterly Harr. We know that they infest all the year, but they shew their poor spite in its bleakest bitterness in March and in November. Earth and heaven are not only not worth looking at in an Easterly Harr, but

the Visible is absolute wretchedness, and people wonder why they were born. The visitation begins with a sort of characterless haze, waxing more and more wetly obscure, till you know not whether it be rain, snow, or sleet, that drenches your clothes in dampness, till you feel it in your skin, then in your flesh, then in your bones, then in your marrow, and then in your mind. Your blinking eyes have it too—and so, shut it as you will, has your moping mouth. Yet the streets, though looking blue, are not puddled, and the dead cat lies dry in the gutter. There is no eavesdropping—no gushing of water-spouts. To say it rained would be no breach of veracity, but a mere mistatement of a melancholy fact. The truth is, that *the weather cannot rain*, but keeps spit, spit, spitting, in a style sufficient to irritate Socrates—or even Moses himself; and yet true, veritable, sincere, genuine, and authentic Rain could not—or if he could would not—so thoroughly soak you and your whole wardrobe, were you to allow him a day to do it, as that shabby imitation of a tenth-rate shower, in about the time of a usual-sized sermon. So much cold and so much wet, with so little to shew for it, is a disgrace to the atmosphere, which it will take weeks of the sunniest which the weather can afford to wipe off. But the stores of sunniness, which it is in the power of Winter in this northern latitude to accumulate, cannot be immense, and, therefore, we verily believe that it would be too much to expect that it ever can make amends for the hideous horrors of this Easterly Harr. O the Cut-throat!

Is it on such days that suicides rush to judgment? That sin is mysterious as insanity—their graves are unintelligible as the cells in Bedlam. Oh! the brain and the heart of man! Therein is the only Hell. Small these regions in space, and of narrow room—but haunted, may they be, with all the Fiends and all the Furies. A few nerves transmit to the soul despair or bliss. At the touch of something, whence and wherefore sent, who can say—something that serenoes or troubles, soothes or jars—she soars up into life and light, just as you may have

seen a dove suddenly cleave the sunshine—or down she dives into death and darkness, like a shot eagle tumbling into the sea!

Materialism! Immaterialism! Oh! why should mortals, whom conscience tells that they are immortals, bewildered and bewildering ponder upon the dust! Do your duty to God and man, and fear not, that when that dust dies, the spirit that breathed by it will live for ever. Feels not that spirit its immortality in each sacred thought? When did ever religious soul fear annihilation? Or shudder to think that, having once known, it could ever forget God? Such forgetfulness is in the idea of eternal death. Therefore is eternal death impossible to us who can hold communion with our Maker. Our knowledge of Him—dim and remote though it be—is a God-given pledge that he will redeem us from the doom of the grave.

Let us, then, and all our friends, believe, with Coleridge, in his beautiful poem of the "Nightingale," that

"In Nature there is nothing melancholy,"

not even November. The disease of the body may cause disease in the soul; yet not the less trust we in the mercy of the merciful,—not the less strive we to keep feeding and trimming that spiritual lamp which is within us, even when it flickers feebly in the dampy gloom, like an earthly lamp left in a vaulted sepulchre, about to die among the dead. Heaven seems to have placed a power in our will as mighty as it is mysterious. Call it not Liberty, lest you should wax proud; call it not Necessity, lest you should despair. But turn from the oracles of man—still dim, even in their clearest responses—to the Oracles of God, which are never dark; or, if so, but

"Dark with excessive bright,"

to eyes not constantly accustomed to sustain the celestial splendour. Bury all your books—when you feel the night of scepticism gathering around you—bury them all, powerful though you may have deemed their spells to illuminate the unfathomable—open your Bible, and all the spiritual world will be as bright as day.

The disease of the body may cause disease to the soul! Aye, madness.

Some rapture in the soul makes the brain numb, and thence sudden or lingering death;—some rapture in the brain makes the soul insane, and thence life worse than death, and haunted by horrors beyond what is dreamt of the grave, and all its corruption. Perhaps the line fullest of meaning that ever was written, is

"Mens sana in corpore sano."

When nature feels the flow of its vital blood pure and unimpeded, what unutterable gladness bathes the spirit in that one feeling of—health! Then the mere consciousness of existence is like that emotion which Milton speaks of as breathed from the bowers of Paradise—

"Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair!"

It does more—for despair itself cannot prevail against it. What a dawn of bliss rises upon the soul with the dawn of light, when the soul is healthful as the sun! Then

"It feels that it is greater than it knows."

God created the earth and the air beautiful through the senses; and at the uplifting of a little lid, a whole flood of imagery is let in upon the spirit, all of which becomes part of its very self, as if the enjoying and the enjoyed were one. Health flies away like an angel, and her absence disenchant the earth. What shadows then pass over the ethereal surface of the spirit, from the breath of disordered matter!—from the first scarcely-felt breath of despondency, to the last scowling blackness of despair! Often men know not what power placed the fatal fetters upon them—they see even that a link may be open, and that one effort might fling off the bondage; but their souls are in slavery, and will not be free. Till something like a fresh wind, or a sudden sunbeam, comes across them, and in a moment their whole existence is changed, and they see the very vanishing of their most dismal and desperate dream.

"Somewhat too much of this"—so let us strike the chords to a merrier measure—to a "liveller lilt"—as suits the variable spirit of our Winter Rhapsody. Be it observed then, that the sole certain way of getting rid of the blue devils is to drown them in a shower-bath. You would

not suppose that we are subject to the blue devils? Yet we are sometimes their very slave. When driven to it by their lash, every occupation, which when free we resort to as pastime, becomes taskwork; nor will these dogged masters suffer us to purchase emancipation with the proceeds of the toil of our groaning genius. But whenever the worst comes to the worst, and we almost wish to die, so that we might escape the galling pressure of our chains, we sport buff, and into the shower-bath. Yet such is the weakness of poor human nature, that, like a criminal on the scaffold, shifting the signal kerchief from hand to hand, much to the irritation of his excellency the hangman—one of the most impatient of men—and more to the satisfaction of the crowd, the most patient of men and women—we often stand shut up in that sentry-looking canvass box, dexterously, and sinistrously fingering the string, perhaps for five shrinking, and shuddering, and *grueing* minutes, ere we can summon up desperation to pull down upon ourselves the rushing waterfall! Soon as the agony is over, we bounce out the colour of beet-root, and survey ourselves in a five-foot mirror, with an amazement that, on each successive exhibition, is still as fresh as when we first experienced it,

“ In life’s morning march, when our spirits were young.”

By and by, we assume the similitude of an immense boiled lobster, that has leapt out of the pan—and then seeming for a while to be an emblematical, or symbolical representation of the setting Sun, we sober down into a faint pink, like that of the Morn, and finally subside into our own permanent flesh-light, which, as we turn our back upon ourselves, after the fashion of some of his majesty’s ministers, for example Sir Robert Peel, reminds us of that line in Cowper, descriptive of the November Moon,

Resplendent less, but of an ampler round!”

Like that of the eagle, our youth is renewed—we feel strong as the horse in Homer—a divine glow permeates our being, as if it were the

subdued spiritual essence of caloric. An intense feeling of self—not self-love, mind ye, and the farthest state imaginable in this wide world from selfishness—elevates us far up above the clouds, into the loftiest regions of the sunny blue, and we seem to breathe an atmosphere, of which every glorious gulp is inspiration. Despondency is thrown to the dogs. Despair appears in his true colours, a more grotesque idiot than Grimaldi, and we treat him with a guffaw. All ante-bath difficulties seem now—what they really are—facilities of which we are by far too much elated to avail ourselves; dangers that used to appear appalling are felt now to be such shameful securities as have been satisfactory to Dr Philpotts;—obstacles, like mountains, lying in our way of life as we walked towards the temple of Apollo or Plutus, we smile at the idea of surmounting, so molehillish do they *hythe*, and we kick them aside like an old foot-stool. Let the country ask us for a scheme to pay off the national debt—*there she has it*; do you request us to have the kindness to leap over the moon?—there we go; Mr Blackwood has but to say the word, and lo! a ready-made Leading Article is in his hand, a Rhapsody on Winter, promotive of the sale of countless numbers of “ my Magazine,” and of the happiness of countless numbers of mankind. We feel—and the feeling proves the fact—as bold as Joshua the son of Nun—as brave as David the son of Jesse—as wise as Solomon the son of David—and as proud as Nebuchadnezzar, the son of Nebopolazzar. We survey our image in the mirror—and think of Adam. We put ourselves into the posture of the Belvidere Apollo,

“ Then view the Lord of the unerring bow,
The God of life, and poesy, and light,
The Sun in human arms array’d, and brow,

All radiant from his triumph in the fight.
The shaft hath just been shot—the arrow bright

With an immortal vengeance; in his eye
And nostril, beautiful disdain, and might,
And majesty, flash their full lightnings by,
Developing in that one glance the Deity.”

Up four flight of stairs we fly—for the bath is in the double-sunk story—ten steps at a bound—and in five minutes have devoured one quar-

tern loaf, six eggs, and a rizzar, washing all over with a punch-bowl of congo and a tea-bowl of cogniac,

" Enormous breakfast,
Wild without rule or art ! Where nature
plays
Her virgins' fancies !"

And then leaning back on our easy-chair, we perform an exploit beyond the reach of Euclid—why, we SQUARE THE CIRCLE, and to the utter demolition of our admirable friend Dr Brewster's diatribe, in the last number of the Quarterly Review, on the indifference of government to men of science, chuckle over our nobly-won order K.C.C.B., Knight Companion of the Cold Bath.

Many analogies between the seasons of the year and the seasons of life, being natural, have been a frequent theme of poetry in all countries. Had the gods made us poetical, we should now have poured forth a few exquisite illustrations of some that are very affecting and impressive. It has, however, often been felt by us, that not a few of those one meets with in the lamentations of whey-faced sentimentalists, are false or fantastic, and do equal violence to all the seasons, both of the year and of life. These gentry have been especially silly upon the similitude of Old Age to Winter. Winter, in external nature, is not the season of decay. An old tree, for example, in the very *dead* of winter, as it is figuratively called, though bare of leaves, is full of life. The sap, indeed, has sunk down from his bole and branches—down into his toes or roots. But there it is ready, in due time, to reascend. Not so with an old man—the present company always excepted—his sap is not sunk down to his toes, but much of it is gone clean out of the system—therefore, individual natural objects in Winter are not analogically emblematical of people stricken in years. Far less does the Winter itself of the year, considered as a season, resemble the old age of life considered as a season. To what peculiarities, pray, in the character and conduct of aged gentlemen in general, do rain, sleet, hail, frost, ice, snow, winds, blasts, storms, hurricanes, and occasional thunder and lightning, bear analogy ? We pause for a

reply. Old men's heads, it is true, are frequently white, though more frequently bald, and their blood is not so hot as when they were springalds. But though there be no great harm in likening a sprinkling of white hair on mine ancient's temples to the appearance of the surface of the earth, flat or mountainous, after a slight fall of snow,—and, indeed, in an impassioned state of mind, we feel a moral beauty in such poetical expression as "sorrow shedding on the head of youth its untimely snows,"—yet, the natural propriety of such an image, so far from justifying the assertion of a general analogy between Winter and Old Age, proves that the analogies between them are in fact very few, and felt to be analogies at all, only when touched upon very seldom, and very slightly, and, for the most part, very vaguely,—the truth being, that they scarcely exist at all in reality, but have an existence given to them by the power of creative passion, which often works like genius. Shakspeare knew this well—as he knew every thing else,—and, accordingly, he gives us Seven Stages of Life—not Four Seasons. But how finely does he sometimes, by the mere use of the names of the Seasons of the Year, intensify to our imagination the state of the soul, to which they are for the moment felt to be analogous !

" Now is the Winter of our discontent
Made glorious Summer by the sun of
York !"

That will do. The feeling he wished to inspire, is inspired ; and the farther analogical images which follow, add nothing to *our* feeling, though they shew the strength and depth of *his* into whose lips they are put. A bungler would have bored us with ever so many ramifications of the same idea, on one of which, in our weariness, we would have wished to see him hanged by the neck till he was dead.

We are an Old Man, and though single not singular ; yet, without vanity, we think ourselves entitled to say, that we are no more like Winter, in particular, than we are like Spring, Summer, or Autumn. The truth is, that we are much less like any one of the Seasons, than we are like the whole Set. Is not Spring

sharp? So are we. Is not Spring snappish? So are we. Is not Spring boisterous? So are we. Is not Spring beautiful? So are we. Is not Spring capricious? So are we. Is not Spring, at times, the gladdest, gayest, gentlest, mildest, meekest, modestest, softest, sweetest, and sunniest of all God's creatures that steal along the face of the earth? So are we. So much for our similitude—a staring and striking one—to Spring. But were you to stop there, what an inadequate idea would you have of our character! For only ask your senses, and they will tell you that we are much liker Summer. Is not Summer often infernally hot? So are we. Is not Summer sometimes cool as its own cucumbers? So are we. Does not Summer love the shade? So do we. Is not Summer, nevertheless, somewhat “too much i’ the sun?” So are we. Is not Summer famous for its thunder and lightning? So are we. Is not Summer, when he chooses, still, silent, and serene as a sleeping seraph? And so too—when Christopher chooses—are not we? Though, with keen remorse we confess it, that, when suddenly awakened, we are too often more like a fury or a fiend—and that completes the likeness—for all who know a Scottish Summer, with one voice exclaim—“So is he!” But our portrait is but half-drawn; you know but a moiety of our character. Is Autumn jovial?—ask Thomson—so are we. Is Autumn melancholy?—ask Alison and Gillespie—so are we. Is Autumn bright?—ask the woods and groves—so are we. Is Autumn rich—ask the whole world—so are we. Does Autumn rejoice in the yellow grain and the golden vintage, that, stored up in his great Magazine of Nature, are lavishly thence dispensed to all that hunger, and quench the thirst of the nations?—So do we. After that, no one can be so pur-and-bat-blind as not see that North is, in very truth Autumn's gracious self, rather than his Likeness, or Eidolon. But—

“Lo, Winter comes to rule th’ inverted year!”

So do we.

“Sullen, and sad, with all his risling train—

Vapours, and clouds, and storms!”

So are we. The great author of the

“Seasons” says, that Winter and his train

“exalt the soul to solemn thought
And heavenly musing!”

So do we. And “lest aught less great should stamp us mortal,” here we conclude the comparison, dashed off in few lines, by the hand of a great master, and ask, Is not North, Winter? Thus, reader after our own heart! thou feelest that we are imaged aright in all our attributes neither by Spring, nor Summer, nor Autumn, nor Winter; but that the character of Christopher is shadowed forth and reflected by the Entire Year.

Away then with all false or shallow ideas on the distinctions of season, as on the distinctions of rank! Each condition of the year, and each condition of life, has its own utility and its own beauty; and they who do not know that, perpetually feel it, and act on the knowledge and the feeling, are equally ignorant of the sun and of society.

“Now all the youth of Scotland are on fire!”

All her cities and towns are rejoicing in the welcome Winter; and mind, invigorated by holidays, is now at work, like a giant refreshed, in all professions. The busy bar growls, grumphs, squeaks, like an old sow with a litter of pigs pretending to be quarrelling about straws. Enter the Outer or the Inner House, and you hear eloquence that would have put Cicero to the blush, and reduced Demosthenes to his original stutter. Lo! the wigs of the Judges seem to have been growing during the long vacation, and to have expanded into an ampler wisdom. Seldom have we seen a more solemn set of men! Every one looks more *gash* than another, and those three in the centre seem to us the embodied spirits of Law, Equity, and Justice. What can be the meaning of all this endless litigation? On what immutable principles in human nature depends the prosperity of the Fee-fund? Life is strife. Inestimable the blessing of the great institution of Property! For without it, how could people go together by the ears, as if they would tear one another to pieces? All the strong, we must not call them bad passions, denied their na-

tural element, would find out some channels to run in, far more destructive to the common weal than lawsuits, and the people would be reduced to the lowest ebb of misery, and raised to the highest flow of crime. Our Parliament House here is a vast safety-valve for the escape of the foul steam that would otherwise explode and shatter the engine of the state, blowing the body and members of society to the deuce or the devil. As it is, how the engine works! There it goes! like Erickson's Novelty, or Stevenson's Rocket, along the rail-road; and though an accident may occur now then, such as an occasional passenger chucked by some uncalculated collision into the distant horizon, to be picked up whole, or in fragments, by the hoers in some turnip field in the adjacent county, yet few or none are likely to be fatal on a great scale, and on goes the Novelty or Rocket, like a thought, with many weighty considerations after it, in the shape of waggons of Christians or cottons, while commerce exults in the cause of liberty and locomotion all over the world.

Yes, utter Idlesse is perfect bliss. But why? Because, like a lull at sea, or *loun* on land, it is felt to descend from Heaven on man's toilsome lot. The lull and the loun, what are they when most profound, but the transient cessation of the restlessness of winds and waters—a change wrought, for an hour of peace in the heart of the hurricane? Therefore the soul of the sailor enjoys it on the green wave—that of the shepherd on the green-sward; while the memory of mists and storms deepens the enchantment. Even so, Idlesse can be enjoyed but by those who are permitted to indulge it, while enduring the labours of an active or a contemplative life. To use another, and a still livelier image, see the pedlar toiling along the dusty road, with an enormous pack, on his excursion, and when off his aching shoulders slowly falls back on the bank the loosened load, in blessed relief, think ye not that he enjoys, like a very poet, the beauty of the butterflies, that, wavering through the air, settle down on the wild flowers around him that embroider the way-side?

Yet our pedlar is not so much either

of an entomologist or a botanist as not to take out his scrip, and eat his bread and cheese with a mute prayer and a munching appetite—not idle, it must be confessed, in that sense—but in every other idle even as the shadow of the sycamore, beneath which, with his eyes half-open—for by hypothesis he is a Scotchman—he finally sinks into a wakeful, but quiet half-sleep. “Hollo! why are you sleeping there, you *idle* fellow?” bawls some beadle, or some overseer, or some magistrate, or perhaps merely one of those private persons who, out of season and in, are constantly sending the sluggard to the ant to learn wisdom—though the ant, heaven bless her, at proper times, sleeps as sound as a sick-nurse.

We are now the idlest, because once were we the most industrious of men. Up to the time that we engaged to take an occasional glance over the self-growing sheets of this Magazine, we were tied to one of the oars that move along the great vessel of life; and we believe that it was allowed by all the best watermen, that

“We feather'd our oars with skill and dexterity.”

But ever since the Chaldee, our repose, bodily and mental, has been like that of a Hindoo-god. Often do we sit whole winter-nights, leaning back on our chair, more like the image of a man than a man himself, with shut eyes that keep seeing in succession all the things that ever happened to us, and all the persons that we ever loved, hated, or despised, embraced, beat, or insulted, since we were a little boy. They too have all an image-like appearance, and 'tis wondrous strange how silent they all are, actors and actresses on the stage of that revived drama, which sometimes seems to be a genteel comedy, and sometimes a broad farce, and then to undergo dreadful transfiguration into a tragedy deep as death.

Idlesse such as ours is, how could we have enjoyed it, had we been a Benedict? A mightier mass of happiness might possibly have been accumulated upon our lives, till we had been buried under it, and groaned beneath the superincumbent weight. But during the progress of accu-

mulation, had we been married, we had often been miserable under what would seem to be the inevitable torments of a numerous family of sons and daughters. Why? Because we should have brought them so wisely up, and they would all have turned out, as men and women, to the filling up even to overflowing of our soul's capacity of divine content and celestial satisfaction, that we should have lived in fitful fears of their withdrawal from earth to heaven, and of the dismal destitution of a home where, had but one beloved voice been mute for ever, the music of all the rest had been but distraction, and the light in their laughing eyes a misery not to be endured on this side of the grave!

Poo—poo—poo—

"Away with melancholy,
Nor doleful changes ring
On life and human folly,
But merrily, merrily sing,
 Fal la !"

We presume that the Public read in her own papers,—we cannot but be hurt that no account of it has appeared in the Court Journal,—that on Thursday the 12th current, No. 99, Moray Place, was illuminated by our annual Soirée, *Conversazione*, Rout, Ball, and Supper. A Ball! yes—for Christopher North, acting in the spirit of his favourite James Thomson,

"Nor purpose gay,
Amusement, dance, or song he sternly
 scorns;
For happiness and true philosophy
Are of the social, still, and smiling kind."

All the rooms in the house were thrown open, except the cellars and the Sanctum. To the people congregated outside, the building, we have been assured, had all the brilliancy of a Pandemonium. It was like a palace of light, of which the frame-work or skeleton was of white unveined marble. So strong was the reflection on the nocturnal heavens, that a rumour ran through the City that there was a great fire in Moray Place, nor did it subside, till after the arrival and departure of several engines. The alarm of some huge conflagration prevailed during most part of the night all over the kingdom of Fife; while, in the Lo-

thians our illumination was much admired as an uncommonly fine specimen of the Aurora Borealis.

"From the arch'd roof,
Pendent by subtle magic, many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky. The hasty multitude
Admiring enter'd."

We need not say who received the company, and with what grace she did so, standing at the first landing-place of the great staircase in sable stole; for the widow's weeds have not yet been doffed for the robes of saffron,—with a Queen-Mary cap, pointed in the front of her serene and ample forehead, and to please us, a few pearls sprinkled among her hair, still an unfaded auburn, and on her bosom one star-bright diamond. Had the old General himself come to life again, and beheld her then and there, he could not have been offended with such simple ornaments. The weeds he would have felt due to him, and all that his memory was fairly entitled to; but the flowers—to speak figuratively—he would have cheerfully acknowledged were due to us, and that they well became both face and figure of his lovely relict. As she moved from one room to another, showering around her her serene smiles, we felt the dignity of those Virgilian words,

"*Incedit Regina.*"

Surely there is something very poetical in the gradual flowing in of the tide of grace, elegance, and beauty, over the floors of a suite of regal-looking rooms splendidly illuminated. Each party, as it comes on, has its own peculiar picturesqueness, and affects the heart or imagination by some novel charm, gently gliding onward a little while by itself, as if not unconscious of its own attractions, nor unproud of the gaze of perhaps critical admiration that attends its progressive movement. We confess ourselves partial to plumes of feathers above the radiant braidings of the silken tresses on the heads of virgins and matrons—provided they be not "dumpy women,"—tall, white plumes, silent in their wavings as gossamer, and as finely delicate, stirred by your very breath as you

bend down to salute their cheeks—not with kisses—for they would be out of order both of time and place—but with words almost as tender as kisses, and awakening almost as tender a return, a few sweet syllables breathed in a silver voice, with blushing cheeks, (oh! but a blush is beautiful!) and downcast eyes, that when again uplifted, are seen to be blue as heaven.

An hour ago, and all the mansion was empty and motionless—with us two alone sitting by each other's side affectionately and respectfully on a sofa. Now it is filled with life, and heard ye ever such a happy murmur? Yet no one in particular looks as if he or she were speaking much above breath, so gentle is true refinement, like a delightful fragrance

"From the calm manners, quietly exhaled."

Oh! the atrocious wickedness of a great, big, hearty, huge, hulking, horse-laugh, in an assemblage of ladies and gentlemen gathered gracefully together to enjoy the courtesies, the amenities, the urbanities, and the humanities of cultivated Christian life! The pagan who perpetuates it should be burnt alive—not at a slow fire—though that would be but justice—but at a quick one, that all remnants of him and his enormity may be speedily extinguished. Lord Chesterfield has been loudly laughed at with leathern lungs for his anathema against laughter. But though often wrong, there his Lordship was right, and for that one single rule of manners, he deserves a monument, as having been one of the benefactors of his species. Let smiles mantle—and that sweet, soft, low sound be heard, the *susurrus*. Let there be a many-voiced quiet music, like that of the summer moonlight sea, when the stars are in its breast. But laughter—loud peals of laughter—are like breakers—blind breakers on a blind coast, where no verdure grows, except that of tangle, and whatever is made into that vilest of all commodities, kelp.

'Tis not a literary conversation, mind ye, gentle reader, for we leave that to S. T. Coleridge, the Phenomenon, and the Monarch of the Monologue. But all speak—talk—whisper—or smile, of all the speakable,

talkable, whisperable, and smileable little interesting affairs, incidents, and occurrences, real or fabulous, of public, private, demi-public, or demi-semi-private life. Topics are as plentiful as snow-flakes, and melt away as fast in the stream of social pleasure,

"A moment white, then gone for ever!"

Not a little scandal—much gossip, we daresay; but as for scandal, it is the vilest error in the world to think, that it either means, or does, any harm to any mortal. It does infinite good. It ventilates the atmosphere, and prevents the "golden fretted vault" from becoming "a foul congregation of vapours." As for gossip, what other vindication does it need, than an order for you to look at a soiree of swallows in September, on a slate-roof, the most innocent and white-breasted creatures, that pay

"Their annual visits round the globe,
Companions of the sun,"

but such gossipers, that the whole air is a-twitter with their talk about their neighbours' nests—when—whe! off and away they go, winning their way westwards, through the setting sunlight, and all in perfect amity with themselves and their kind, while

"The world is all before them, where to choose,

And Providence their guide."

And, madam, you do not matronise—and, sir, you do not patronise—waltzing? 'Tis very O fie-fieish, you think—and in danger of becoming very, very faux pa-pa-ish!

"Oh! the great goodness of the knights of old,"

whose mind-inotto was still—

"*Honi soit qui mal y pense!*"

Judging ourselves 'tis a wicked world we willingly confess; but be not terrified at trifles, we beseech you, and be not gross in your censure of innocent and delicate delights. Byron's exquisitely sensitive modesty was shocked by the sight of waltzing, which he would not have suffered Guiccioli, while she was in his keeping, to have indulged in, even with her own husband. Thus it is that sinners see sin only

where it is not—and shut their eyes to it, when it comes upon them open-armed, bare-bosomed, and brazen-faced, and clutches them in a grasp more like the hug of a bear than the embrace of a woman. Away with such mawkish modesty, and mouth-ing morality—for 'tis the slang of the hypocrite. Waltzing does our old eyes good to look on it, when the whole circling flight goes gracefully and airily on its orbit, and we think we see the realisation of that picture, (we are sad misquoters) when the Hours—

“ Knt by the Graces and the Loves in
dance,
Lead on the eternal Spring !”

But the Circling Flight breaks into airy fragments, the Instrumental Band is hushed, and so is the whole central Drawing-room—for blushing obedient to the old man's beck, THE STAR OF EVE—so call we her who is our heart's-ease and heart's-delight—the grand-daughter of one whom hopelessly we loved in youth, yet with no unreturned passion—but

“ The course of true love never yet ran
smooth”—

comes glidingly to our side, and having heard our wish breathed whisperingly into her ear—a rare feature! when small, thin, and delicate as a leaf—as glidingly she goes in stature that is almost stateliness, towards her harp, and assuming at once a posture that would have charmed Canova, after a few pre-lusive touches that betray the hand of a mistress in the divine art, to the enchantment of the white motions of those graceful arms and fingers fine, awakes a spirit in the strings accordant to the spirit in that voice worthy to have blended with St Cecilia's in her hymning orisons. A Hebrew Melody! And now your

heart feels the utter mournfulness of these words,

“ By Babel's streams we sat and wept!”

How sudden, yet how unviolent, the transitions among all our feelings! Under no other power so swift and so soft, as that of Music. The soul that sincerely loves Music, offers at no time the slightest resistance to her sway, but yields itself up entire to all its moods and measures, led captive by each successive strain, through the whole mysterious world of modulated air. Not a smile over all that hush. Entranced in listening, they are all still as images. A sigh—almost a sob—is heard, and there is shedding of tears. The sweet singer's self seems as if she felt all alone at some solitary shrine—

“ Her face, oh! call it fair, not pale!”

Yet pale now it is, as if her heart almost died within her, at the pathos of her own beautiful lament in a foreign land, and lovelier in her captivity never was the fairest of the daughters of Zion!

What a howling in the chimney! What a blattering on the windows, and what a cannonading on the battlements! What can the Night be about? and what has put old Nox into such a most outrageous passion? He has driven our Winter Rhapsody clean out of our noddle—and to-morrow we must be sending for the slater, the plumber, and the glazier. To go to bed in such a hurly-burly, would be to make an Ultra-Toryish acknowledgment, not only of the divine right, but of the divine power, of King Morpheus. But an Ultra-Tory we are not—though Ultra-Knaves try to impose upon themselves that lie among a thousand others; so we shall smoke a cigar, and let sleep go to the dogs, the deuce, the devil, or the radicals.

FYTTES THIRD and FOURTH in our January Number.

THE RAID OF THE KERS.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

TAM KER rode o'er by the Maiden Crag,
And down the Osaway Burn rode he,
With fifty warriors in his train,
A brave and goodly sight to see.

Their armour was light, but their brands
were bright,
And their bonnets were steel across
the crown;
And whenever they spied an Englishman,
'They gallop'd at him, and put him down.

"Ride light, ride light, my kinsmen true,
Till aince the daylight close her ee;
If we can pass the Biddleston Tower,
A harried warden there shall be!

"He reaved the best of my brother's steeds,
And slew his men on the Five-stane
brae;
I'd lay my head this night in pawn,
To drive his boasted beeves away.*

"For at Thrapton he has a goodly herd,
Just newly come from the low countrye,
And at Rothbury there are a hunder
head,
All fat and fair on Kimside lee.

"Mark Ker, ride you by Allanton ford,
As you were riding a race to won;
And aye when the warders challenge give,
Say you are riding to Withrington.

"For he is their boasted warden now,
And his name will bear you on your
way,
And mark where the beeves frae the sea-
side lie,
As lang as there's ony hue o' day.

"And as ye see danger, or ye see nane,
This ye maun do to guide us right,
At every cross that ye come to,
Set up a black clout or a white."

Mark Ker he bit his lip and lough,
When his cousin gave him this queer
command;
For Mark never kend what danger meant,
When belted wi' his noble brand.

He had nae black clouts in his pouch,
His kinsmen of their faes to warn;
But he tore his sark frae aff his back,
And hung a rag on every cairn.

A warder at Foxton call'd him stand,
In the names of St George and Eng-
land's king,
Saying, "Saucy Scot, where ride you here,
On this side of the Border ring?"

"To Withrington," Mark Ker replied,
"With words important and express."
"Sir Scot, that will not pass with me.
Your warrant seal'd; I take no less."

"My word's my warrant," Mark Ker
replied,
"And passes current where'er I go."
"No, sir, I must be satisfied;
You pass not English yeoman so."

Mark Ker he gave his shoulder a hitch,
As if a wasp had stung him there;
"Then here's my warrant, thou saucy
wight;
Dispute it farther, if you dare!"

Mark Ker pull'd out his noble brand,
'The English loon his falchion keen;
'Two doughty rounds these gallants had,
Ere aught but gleams of fire were seen;

But at the third they cross'd and reel'd,
And, at a fierce and furious turn,
Off flew the English warder's head,
And tottled into Foxton burn.

"Beshrew thy heart," the Scotsman cried,
"For thine was heart and arm of steel;
I never ween'd that an English clown
Could wield his weapon half sae weel!"

"I may thank Heaven for my success,
For I was at my utmost strain;
And had I miss'd that perilous blow,
I'd ne'er seen Faldonside again.

"The Captain of Biddleston, he will trust
To thee this night for gallant deed;
But the Scots will sweep by ford and keep,
For his warder lies without the head."

* This bold and reckless sally of the Kers into the heart of Northumberland, took place on September 29, 1549, and originated in some quarrel and jealousy between the two wardens. But it was without the consent of Sir Andrew Ker, the Scottish warden, as it afterwards satisfactorily appeared, though not without his knowledge.

Mark Ker rode on, and Mark Ker rode
on,
But never a hoof or horn saw he,
Till he came to the ford of Larbottle
burn,
Where a dainty drove lay on the lea.

He tether'd his horse at the Auld-wood
back,
And down by Park-Elliot he tried to
pass;
He tried to speak in the English tongue,
But a most confounded speak it was!

Until he met with a comely May,
Who seemed at his approach full fain;
Says he, "Feagh, dame, I've lwest mee
way,
I pghay thee set me won again."

"Goodman, if thou hast lost thy way,
Sae have I mine, which I may rue,
It's a dangerous place to journey in
For me, and nae less sae for you.

"A hundred warriors, stark and sture,
Surround these fields on Kimside lea;
For a Scottish raid has cross'd the fell,
And a bloody night it is like to be.

"But drop that gruesome, uncouth tongue,
A tongue that's hateful unto me;
For I have been long a captive here,
But love this night has set me free.

"I am come to join the gallant Kers,
I ken you are ane o' their companye;
And if you will take me in thy charge,
I'll play my part as well as thee."

Mark Ker, he clasp'd her by the neck,
And kiss'd her weel frae ear to ear,
"My bonny lass, you will play your part
Better at Faldonside than here.

"But now betide me weel or woe,
I'll o'er the Border guide your way;
I'll mount you on my own good steed,
Shift for another as I may."

Then up there came a warrior stern,
A yeoman from the Bamborough town:
"Go, get aloof!" he fiercely cried,
"Thou clod-pate, with thy leman loon!"

"Whoy, mon, thou lackest coghtesye,
Thughe wey can dwo thine bwound no
ill;
I won't nwot bwodge ane swoot swor thee,
Till I have eworted her my fill."

"Go off! across the river go,
And take thy baggage on thy back!"
The warder said; and, as he spake,
He gave Mark Ker an ugly thwack.

Mark Ker he gave his shoulder a hitch,
A dangerous hitch to friend or foe;
For all his kinsmen mark'd it weel,
And knew it follow'd by a blow.

"Beshrew thy hand, thou saucy knave!
Thou pudding-headed Southron drone!
Darest thou presume to touch a Ker,
Orevent the ground his feet stands on?"

"A Ker! a K—!" roar'd the Southron
loon;
But, ere a second time 'twas cried,
His head was stotting on the green,
While still the tongue to word it tried.

"Aye, blab it now!" said Ker, "and
gang
Raving of Kers unto the deil!
He gets nought but a dunce for aince—
A vulgar, mushroom-headit chiel."

He dress'd the maid in the dead man's
claes,
So wide they scarcely would hang on,
And mounted her on the Southron steed,
And away to the Auldwood back they're
gone.

One short blast of his bugle horn,
Was answer'd readily and near,
"Aha!" quo he, "now for a stoure,
The wale of all the Border's here.

"But blessings on thee for a dear sweet
lass!
For, had I no forgather'd wi' thee,
We had been surrounded every man,
And slaughter'd on the Kimside lea.

"Now we's hac buffing for our lives,
And, lang afore the break of day,
Some brave pock-puddings shall bite the
bent,
And growl their murky souls away."

In the lowest dell of Larbottle burn
The Kers their counsel held that night,
Where oft they bless'd the friendly May
Who warn'd them of the English might.

With twenty of the fleetest steeds,
Mounted by gallant gentlemen,
Tam Ker began the deadly fray,
Between the Auldwood and the fen.

But the Kers were aye the deadliest faes
That e'er to Englishmen were known,
For they were all bred left-handed men,
And fence against them there was none.

They hew'd down all that with them met,
Yet would not quit their vantage dell,
But they made a din that shook the hills
With horn, with hallo, and with yell.

Then the English circle gather'd out,
Hasting and puffing to the fray,
When Mark Ker rode round with thirty
men,
And slily slipp'd the beeves away.

"Now, fie! lay on, my kinsmen true,
And thresh them on with goad and
flail,
We's gar them ply their hooves for aince
Along the links of Coquet-dale!

"Lay on them, lads, and dinna spare!
We maun perforce their mettle try;
If ony lubber lag behind,
E'en cut his neck, and let him lie.

"The English bullocks are ours to win,
The English gowd and gear the same;
And never let's spare a Southron's life,
For the Kers with them are lawfu' game."

Till past the middle of the night
Tam Ker maintain'd th' unequal fray;
But then the halloo rose behind,
That the lusty drove was all away.

"Fie, let us ride," cried Withrington,
"Else we are shamed for evermair;
Let's first regain that lordly prey,
Then fight the Scotsmen if they dare!"

And away and away went the English-
men,
With whip and spur most furiouslye;
The loss of a muckle good fat beef
Was the sairest loss their hearts could
dree.

Tam Ker and his men came up behind,
Right sair forespent as men could be;
But every laggard that they came to,
They popp'd him off right caunilye.

As Mark Ker cross'd ower the Foxton
burn,
The headless warder nought could tell:
"Ha, billy!" quo Mark, "had ye been
hale,
We hadna cross'd the ford sae well."

There up came the gallant Withrington,
Wi' the foremost of his companye;
"Whoever drives this prey," he cried,
"I charge him yield it up to me."

"It is I, Mark Ker of the Faldonside,
And the drove is mine, as you may see;
And I'll take the drove to the Auldtown-
burn,
In spite of all thy men and thee!"

"Thou rank reaver, thou surly loon,
I have sworn the doom of thee and
thine!
And ere thou cross the Border fell,
Thou shalt cross above this breast of
mine!"

"I'll count little of that, brave Withring-
ton;
But if with me thou'lt wield a brand,
If thou won't my sword, or bring'at me
down,
The drove is thine, by this right hand!"

"Take that right hand, then, in the strife,
And here's my pledge as I shall thrive."
"Ha! The Kers have a right hand of
their own,
Which they will not change for man
alive.

"And before this, Ker hand as it is,
Brave Withrington, I tell to thee,
I never met with an Englishman
Could stand before it minutes three."

"'Tis false and saucy as thyself!
Wait here but till the peep of day,
Could I but see my weapon's point,
Thou should'st not bear the brag away."

"I'll wait myself 'ave Withrington;
But thus to stave my gallant prey,
I have no right or answer to grant—
So now or never, if you may!"

Then Withrington pull'd out his sword,
And Ker his long and deadly brand;
And such a combat there ensued,
As ne'er was in Northumberland.

And round and round and round they
fought,
While fire-flaughts gleam'd in sparkles
sheen,
Till the wan faces of the group
Of eager lookers-on were seen.

And round and round and round they
fought,
Till the blood-drops fell like heavy rain;
And many a haughty word there past,
But the one on the other could not
gain.

Full sore it grieveth me to say—
But truth must by a foe be said—
Before the dawning of the day
Mark Ker upon the field lay dead.

His last words were, "War to the hilt;
Though I am foully down, what then?

Let this suffice, that in my life
I've slain a hundred Englishmen!"

By this time Tam o' the Mossburnford
Was pelting on the English rear,
And the thirty men were fresh before,
Who rush'd on without dread or fear.

"Foul play! foul play!" was the rousing
word;

"Down with the beef tubs, bluff and
blown!

Let their right haffets dree the sword—
Ker and the devil! Down with them!
Down!"

Dreadful and fatal was the strife,
For, when the sun rose o'er the sea,
They were all scatter'd o'er the field,
Oft one to one, or one to three.

There was no rule nor standard there:
Bravery and hatred ruled alone:
For foeman's life was all the strife;
Yielding or quarter there were none.

There were one hundred Englishmen
At night around the Kimside lea,
Now they had vanish'd from the field;
There was not one to fight or flee.

The weary wounded Scots went on,
Still with their drove, full hard bested,
For word had gane to Biddleston tower,
That waken'd the captain from his bed.

He mounted his horse and gallop'd forth,
His troopers gathering at the word;
And the first man that he met with
Was burly Tam of Mossburnford.

"Turn, Captain of Biddleston, turn and
flee!
Thy arm was never a match for mine;
I'll hold at bay thy men and thee,
Till I'm across the Border line!"

"There shalt thou never be again,
Thou miscreated burly bear;
I have at thee now, for, fight or feign,
I'll have thy head upon this spear!"

He rade at Tam with furious aim,
Thinking to run his body through;
But little dream'd of the left hand skelp
That nickit the Captain clean in two.

His horse went on with gallant speed—
Still the brave Captain never fell;
Without the right arm and the head,
Lock'd to his horse, he rode full well!

Tam Ker he grant a hollow laugh,
When he saw the Captain scouring on,

And the Scotsmen flying him before,
As if the devil came them upon.

The first three men of the English troop
Tam laid them level with the plain;
But three broad arrows pierced his breast,
And there brave Mossburnford was
slain.

"Alas!" quoth John of Borthwickshields,
"Since our two champions both are
dead,

Let's quit the strife, and ride for life,
The day is lost without remedie."

But Andrew of Littledean him gainsaid,
And bade fight on, and never fear;
So they held the drove, and flying fought,
Though gall'd by bowmen in the rear.

But still they drove, and still they fought,
And fought and drove full valiantly,
But the fell-men gather'd with the day,
And gall'd their flanks full grievous-
ly.

When they came to the Shillmoor-burn,
They lost all hopes the prey to keep,
So they hack'd their neck-sinews in twain,
And left them lying in a heap.

They fought their way by the Blindburn-
shiel,
By bowmen gall'd from every brac,
And a remnant wan to the Blackhill Pael
About the noontide of the day.

While darkness wrapt the band around,
The Kers harass'd their foemen sore,
Their left-hand blows could not be borne;
Death spread behind, and dread before:

But in the broad eye of the day,
The little band of kinsmen true
Were all exposed, like other men,
To arrows from each bank and cleuch.

Of one-and-fifty buirdly Kers,
The very prime men of the clan,
There were only seventeen return'd,
And they were wounded every man.

O, many a virgin tear was shed,
And pour'd was many a widow's wail,
But every heart mourn'd for Mark Ker,
The bravest knight of the Border dale!

There were four-and-forty Englishmen
Lay round him dead on Foxton brae,
And Withrington was wounded sore,
And carried from the field away.

And the lovely May, the Scottish muid,
Lay by Mark Ker upon the lea,

While their heart's blood together
stream'd ;

It was a grievous sight to see !

O, never was such a luckless raid,
Or such a rash and reckless plea,
For the Kers were all born gentlemen,
All men of name and high degree !

That raid it fell on Saint Michael's eve,
When the dark harvest nights began :

But the Kers no more o'ercame that day,
While they remained a warlike clan.

Blest be the man who first did plan
The thankless task, when it began ;
And blest Anne Stuart's royal name,
Who join'd our countries into one !

Now we can ride the Border side,
And brethren meet at every turn,
But then the meed was to hang and head,
To ravish, pillage, slay, and burn.

God prosper all the Border dales,
On both sides of our ancient live,
And never may rankling grudge prevail
For the doughty deeds of auld langsyne !

Altrive Lake, 11th Nov. 1830.

HORRIBLE STANZAS.

I.

FEAR haunts me like a sheeted ghost, there comes no rest to me,
The swelling thoughts have sunk and fled which buoy'd my spirit free.
A form of ill, unchanging still, a dark embodied shape
Weighs my crush'd heart, and grimly waits to shut me from escape ;
Dim-seen, as goul by starlight pale, gorged with his hideous fare,
Yet all-distinct upon my soul there comes his wolfish glare.

II.

The heaven is dark, as if a pall were spread upon the sky,
And earth is like a grave to me, with vultures gather'd by ;
And though I breathe, my soul lies dead, and o'er it floats a troop,
Long-bill'd, of birds obscene and vile, prepared for bloody swoop ;
One—fiercer, deadlier than them all—one gloats upon my heart,
And half I laugh in bitter joy, to think no blood will start !

III.

No blood, no blood to wet his maw ! that blessed torrent's flow
Was suck'd by countless beaks and bills,—dried up long years ago !
'Tis thus I dream, yet not in sleep ; for sleep, the torturer, brings
Before my closed eyes a train of bright and noble things :
The smiles of maidens fair and young, the glance of beauty bright,
And tones remember'd long ago,—all fill me with delight.

IV.

Then happy—like the Indian chief between his pangs of pain—
I quite forget in present ease the torture and the chain.
A dream is mine. Sweet, mellow, faint, as if from o'er the sea,
Or some calm lake, at evening heard, when hush'd the breezes be,
A strain begins,—and o'er mine ear the blessed music falls,
Bathing my heart, as moonlight bathes some donjon's craggy walls ;

V.

A spell of power—a talisman each anguish to allay—
And memory's wand brings back again the long-departed day,
The proud young time, when, free as air, I walk'd beneath the moon,
And listen'd to one gentle voice that sung its witching tune ;
I bend, in sleep, to kiss her brow, as ends that falling strain—
Gone ! Gone !—The agony comes on !—The fiend is here again !

VI.

Close, close beside me glooms the form that haunts me night and day ;
The phantom stands beside my bed, in morning's twilight grey,
Dim, undefined, and terrible. Ah ! well my thrilling blood
Told me that, foe to human kind, a demon near me stood.
It spoke at last : and o'er my soul death's deep'ning shadows flit—
" I takes ye up for debt," it said, " and this here is the writ."

LETTER TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQUIRE, ON THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

BY ONE OF THE DEMOCRACY.

SIR,

THAT which, in the slang of faction, is called the Spirit of the Age, absorbs, at present, the attention of the world. All confess its omnipotence, advise submission to it, and proclaim that it will produce, at the least, a season of chaos and horrors; even its worshippers assert, that it must carry sweeping revolution into every quarter, which can only be prevented from taking the most fatal character by such concessions, as, in the nature of things, are impossible. Whether we look at the prostrate thrones, enslaved governments, and disorganization of society abroad; or at the portentous condition of things at home—we are overwhelmed with proof, that this spirit exists in the colossal and terrific attributes given it by common conviction.

But, if I admit that it is as irresistible as it is stated to be, I must avow my belief that, so far as concerns this country, it is, in its own intrinsic strength, powerless, and owes its irresistibility to the countenance and support of those who are, in name or duty, its opponents. To detail the grounds of this belief, will probably be a very idle matter. For several years, every part of society has thought a revolution, of the worst description, to be rapidly approaching—one, in institution and law, class and property, accomplished through anarchy, blood, rapine, and misery. In every place save the Court, the Cabinet, and the Legislature, the remark has been general. Things cannot go on much longer in their present course; we are hastening to the gulf, and nothing can save us. What gave birth to it? Not newspapers, or parliamentary speeches, or party politics; every man's reason saw that legislation, circumstance, and sentiment, had taken a direction which could lead to no other result—that the waste of property, want, hatred of institutions, contempt of laws, and demoralization they were producing, must end in revolution; it saw this, and extorted the confession from him, even in despite of his party principles. Nevertheless, while all have thus perceived the impending catastrophe

and its causes, they have treated it as a thing to be passively submitted to, if not promoted. I may, therefore, reasonably conclude, it will be of small use for me, or any man, to point to the means of averting that which all decide shall happen. Duty, however, forbids silence, and in obeying it, I have the satisfaction of knowing, that if nothing can be done towards saving the innocent, it is yet possible to punish the guilty.

Why am I to follow the counsels of passive submission to the Spirit of the Age, which all sides give me? Its admirers tell me that, at the best, it must destroy things, in which, in my judgment, are comprehended the essentials of social order, good government, and general prosperity. They tell me, farther, that nothing but sacrifices, which cannot be made, can prevent it from realizing its wishes, in every quarter, by physical force. Its censurers, and the neutrals, while they advise submission as the only means of preventing it from triumphing through such force, assert that its projects are fraught with national ruin and misery. They all place me in this difficulty. I must consent to revolution, as an antidote to revolution. I must avert general convulsion, anarchy, carnage, and suffering, by doing that which, in my conviction, will inevitably produce them. Thus, they give me no other reasons and proofs with their counsel, than the most conclusive ones against its adoption.

But I am told that the Spirit is nothing less than "The People;" and that as the sovereignty everywhere belongs to the latter, they ought to be implicitly obeyed. All those arguments of submission really amount to this—you ought to concede and sacrifice, merely because the People will it. These questions necessarily here present themselves. In free countries like our own, ought the will of the People, or the decisions of the regularly constituted authorities, to be followed? Ought these authorities to obey implicitly such will, or to exercise the discretion with which they are clothed by the constitution and laws? I admit the

right of the people to the farthest limit which they themselves have given it; if the government usurp the power to make inroads on the Constitution, I hold that this restores to them the sovereignty. I regret as much as any man, that in France power should have been gained by that party which now possesses it; but nevertheless I am one of those who think, that this party acted both justly and meritoriously in defending the Constitution by force of arms. I am not at liberty to look at the motives or the fears of the ex-King and his Ministers; if I believed, which I do not, that what they wished to do was sound in policy, I could not give them the advantage of it; because I know that they did what they were prohibited under the highest penalties from doing; and that while there was no obligation to prevent resistance in the people, there was a sacred duty which enjoined it. I, however, can go no farther. When the People have, through the Constitution, solemnly divested themselves of the sovereignty, I deny that they have any right to resume it at pleasure. Insisting, as I do, that the compact is binding on the ruler, I am compelled to insist that it is equally binding on the subject. The reasons, therefore, which lead me to believe that the French people were justified in defending their charter as they did, also constrain me to believe that they act most unjustifiably in attempting to dictate to the government they have formed: I hold such dictation to be as criminal in its nature, as the conduct was, which caused the expulsion of the late government. So long as the authorities of this country do not abuse their powers, I wholly deny that the sovereignty rests in the people; because I know that they have given it for ever under regulations to these authorities, without reserving any power of resumption, save through defined breach of stipulation in the latter. On looking into the Constitution, I find that while they have retained the right to express their will, they have made it the duty of the ruler to exercise his discretion on it, and to act in direct opposition to it when his discretion tells him to do so; I find also that they have empowered him to treat them as rebels in case they take up arms to compel him to obey it. The compact which

they voluntarily entered into, leaves me no alternative to the conviction, that as a matter of right the will of the People may be at all times firmly resisted, on sufficient reason and evidence.

As a member of the Democracy, I might here strain something, if the People had been over-reached in the compact, or if the lapse of time had made it an unjust one to them; but I have proof to the contrary. I know that, by the power they possess in the choice of the House of Commons, they can at all times compel the government to obey their will to the utmost point called for by their good; and that if the House be an improper one, it flows from their own negligence or crimes, and therefore can form no excuse for their violation of the most solemn engagements.

I have here this potent reason for opposing to the utmost the Spirit of the Age. It strikes at the root of all free and good government, by inculcating the doctrine that the People may violate at pleasure the sacred stipulations they enter into with their rulers. If the subject be not bound, how can the ruler be? How can any other than a despotic government of the worst kind exist, if the will of the People be despotic, that is, if the majority govern the minority by tyranny alone, and if the subject be bound by nothing but the brute force of the ruler?

As the right to oppose the will of the People, in a country like this, is demonstrably one of law granted by themselves; let us now consider the expediency of exercising it. The Spirit tells me that they consist almost exclusively of the lower orders; it will not suffer the wealthy to be numbered amidst them. On looking at these orders, I find that their will is commonly a borrowed one, and very frequently one borrowed from the worst sources, without knowledge and judgment, and at the instigation of guilty interests and passions. I perceive that they are little more than a speaking-trumpet to give utterance to the will of certain individuals. I hear the People speak, but notwithstanding its loudness and hoarseness, I find it is in reality the voice of Mr Brougham. A voice of thunder issues from the trumpet, which I clearly distinguish to be that of Mr O'Connell, Mr Cobbett, or Mr

Hunt. Again the trumpet sounds, but I discover that it only sends abroad the accents of Mr Carlile or Mr Taylor. In these cases the will expressed by the People is in essentials not their own; they would never have thought of it, had not their ignorance and passions been worked on by the most profligate arts; it is really the will of these individuals. Of course, implicit submission to it would practically arm these men with despotic power.

Why is it that in a free constitution—even in a republic, deliberative powers, and the right to oppose the will of the People at discretion, are given to the government? Because there can be no freedom without—because it is notorious that the less knowing and more numerous part of the People frequently take their will through delusion from demagogues and traitors; and it must be withstood to prevent the most grievous tyranny. In a republic, the government exists as much to oppose the will of the People, when it is an erroneous one, as to give effect to it when it is the contrary.

The laws of God declare that certain acts constitute crime, and it is very evident that they cannot be annulled by the will of the People. Experience has proved that particular institutions, laws, regulations and conduct are essential for the prosperity and happiness of the People; and in consequence their protection to the last against the will of the latter, is a sacred duty which the People themselves have imposed on the ruler.

Now what are the things which the Spirit of the Age labours to compel us to adopt, on the ground that they are supported by the popular will?

The Spirit declares that its grand object is to establish free and good government in every quarter. I sanction the object with all my heart, but it does not follow that I am to sanction its means. I stand on the stalest of truisms, when I say, that such government must at any rate be based on morals. The ruler must take his character from that of the subject in a free country. Profligate electors must form a profligate legislature, and such a legislature must create a profligate executive.

Profligacy must make a government tyrannical, and render a people incapable of being governed, save through tyranny. Freedom never could obtain being, save through morals, and it never could outlive them! They have made various countries prosperous and happy with a bad form of government, while the want of them has caused others to be distressed and wretched with the best. In proportion as a nation is immoral, its government must, and will, be despotic.

And morals cannot exist without religion.

The Spirit wages eternal war against them. I say not that it openly denounces them, or that it does not occasionally bestow on them vague and extorted commendation; but it regularly encourages and defends their violation. It is not only the apologist of the grosser and meaner vices, but the eulogist of the more grave and dangerous moral crimes. Breach of obligation in the elector—abandonment of principle in the member of the legislature—and violation of pledge, and betrayal of trust, in the minister, are lauded by it as splendid virtues.

But of the sources of morals, it is the open foe. It assails religion in every quarter. The Catholic Church abroad, and the Protestant one at home, are attacked, not to replace them with better systems of faith, but to destroy them as religions. In so far as it professes friendship to any religion, it does so only to use it as an instrument against another; but it allies itself in creed with none, and it speaks of the best as prejudices and evils, to be tolerated, because they cannot be got rid of. The practice of religion it constantly ridicules. It seeks to destroy every law, regulation, and institution for the protection of morals. On the other hand, it is the zealous champion of all the sources of immorality. Sabbath-breaking, that prolific parent of irreligion, vice, and crime—licentious publications—cheap liquor, and other means of drunkenness—in a word, all things calculated to generate profligacy, find in it their constant advocate.

Another of the essentials for forming the basis of free and good government, consists in the proper in-

fluence of the superior over the inferior. The wholesome control and guidance of the master, landlord, and other superiors, must exist, or amidst the mass of the people morals cannot; if the lower classes be not kept in order by morals, and the influence of masters, &c. nothing can keep them so but despotism in the ruler. The body of them, from the want of knowledge and understanding, must always be incapable of exercising the elective franchise in a proper manner without counsel; and in consequence, if they be not led by their superiors, they will be by demagogues and traitors; they must follow the former, duly divided into balanced parties for public good, or they will follow the latter in an irresistible whole for public evil.

This influence the Spirit incessantly labours to destroy. It incites the dependent and inferior throughout society, to cast it from him as a thing destructive to both his rights and his well.

And a third essential for forming the basis of free and good government, must be found in the harmony and just feelings towards each other of the different classes and interests which are comprehended in a country. Each must respect the rights of the others, and be as ready to concede the advantages they draw from it, as to take those they yield it. And all must be willing to act disinterestedly together on sound principles for general good.

The Spirit constantly attempts to annihilate this essential. It teaches the poor, the servant, and the inferior, to regard the rich, the master, and the superior, as natural enemies; and it does the same to the different interests. The poor are to seek gain in the loss of the wealthy, and the workman in that of his employer; commerce is to find prosperity in the ruin of agriculture, and the latter is to draw relief from the robbery of the funded interests; the Democracy is to benefit itself by destroying the Aristocracy, and the religious bodies are to flourish through the extermination of each other. All classes and interests are to be engaged in eternal war for separate benefit, and if not for this, for the sake of war. Whether the aristocracy and the rich seek the good, or the con-

trary, of the democracy and the poor, they are still to be opposed by the latter. Thus the power of the people to govern themselves is perverted into an engine for producing all kinds of mal-government.

Melancholy illustration of the truth of all this may be found in the state of the country. What makes it necessary for Ireland to be always governed by a practical despotism? The want of morals, and the proper control of superiors. What has created the stack-burners of Kent? The same cause, combined with the enmity of classes and interests. What has given to a Scotchman like Mr Hume, looking only at the sentiments he has on different occasions put forth in the legislature touching religion, a seat for an English county? What has enabled men like Long Wellesley to divide the electors of a county? What has sent the O'Connells, Whittle Hervey's, &c. to Parliament? What has given to the House of Commons its present feelings and principles? What has enabled the profligate demagogue to triumph over the virtuous patriot in almost every election contest? The same causes.

What makes the body of the poor on the one hand war against all kinds of property; and the body of the rich, on the other, war against the poor man's bread in every quarter? The want of morals, and the hostility of classes and interests for the sake of separate gain. What has plunged almost every class and interest into suffering, and destroyed all security of property and bread? The same causes.

If the body of the labouring classes practise the feelings they are known to entertain, and imitate the Kent ones, what but despotism can keep them in order? If the House of Commons continue to degenerate as it has long done, what but a despotic government can flow from it?

I therefore find that the Spirit of the Age, under the pretence of wishing to establish free and good government, really seeks to destroy it, through the destruction of the only things on which it can stand. I find that it is practically labouring to establish in every quarter, government of the most tyrannical and savage description. Of course I have

no alternative to decided opposition to it: if I am told that it is supported by the will of the people, my reply is—this only forms a reason for opposing it the more openly and sternly; I must sacrifice the will of the people to their rights, interests, duties, and obligations.

Passing from general matters, and looking at my own country only, I find that the Spirit of the Age has, according to common opinion, placed it in imminent danger of revolution—of such revolution as will change the form of government, overthrow institutions, abolish laws, despoil the wealthy of their property, and produce every conceivable national calamity. Without saying that this affords conclusive proof of the detestable character of the Spirit, let me examine the defence it urges for creating such an appalling state of things.

In the first place, it pleads, that it wishes for a republic. Does it then offer any fair evidence that this is the best form of government? No. Its historical evidence, in so far as it produces any, is in the main misrepresentation and invention. The ancient republics had in many respects great advantages, which this country ~~would~~ not possess as one; and, ~~yet they became~~ sources of such profligacy, corruption, licentiousness, and tyranny, as were never known under the British monarchy. Put into the scale against the latter, they kick the beam.

But there is the American republic. Is, then, America in circumstances like those of Britain and Ireland? Is her land over-peopled, is she burdened with an enormous debt, and has she a profusion of rich men? She has comparatively no taxes to pay; but this flows not from her form of government: she has cheap food and dear labour, but she is not indebted for these to her republican institutions. At any rate, she has a cheap government. If I grant all that is claimed on the score of this, what does it amount to? A monarchy costs the poorer part of my countrymen a fraction of a penny per annum more than a republic would do. But even this argument of cheapness is baseless. The American republic draws its cheapness, in a large degree, from its situation;

if it were transferred to England, its expenses of necessity would be much greater than they are. The comparative dearness of the British monarchy is, to a great extent, caused by other things than its form.

As to the charges of corruption, they are in proportion as prevalent in America as in this country. Corruption, waste of the public money, &c., can be as well prevented under one form of government as under the other.

Is there a single right, liberty, or privilege enjoyed by the American, in virtue of his republic, which the Englishman does not, or could not, enjoy through his monarchy? There is not one. If the republican have greater elective privileges than the monarchist, this flows from difference of law, and not of form of government.

But in the republic there is no aristocracy. Well, what is the profit? There is no such foolery as Lord This, and Lady That. There are Esquires, and even Honourables, in America, but I will not plead it; I may be excused for not noticing minds which can concern themselves with such "foolery," and find in empty titles and names a cause of revolution.

Does the Aristocracy in this country enjoy a single privilege as such, which is really injurious to the Democracy? No. All material ones are enjoyed by its members as public servants, for the benefit of the Democracy as well as of themselves. Even the titles which cause such annoyance to the Spirit of the Age, are in a large degree honours and rewards conferred on the Democracy.

Does the House of Peers possess a more injurious portion of power than the Senate of the republic? Its impotence, when opposed to the other House, has been acknowledged by every authority, proved by the whole of history, and placed above question by the events of the last five years.

Do titles give to the boroughmongers their boroughs, or to the peers their county influence? Such boroughs and influence would be with republican equality precisely what they are; they are no more created by a monarchy than by a republic.

Some of the boroughs belong to commoners; and Mr Coke of Norfolk would not find his election influence increased by the gift of a peerage. The House of Commons would be what it is if there were no aristocratic distinctions: whatever may be its defects and abuses, they are not to be charged on the monarchy.

Do the great gain pensions, sinecures, and place, through their titles? They gain them from things wholly different, and which have no more to do with a monarchy than with a republic.

Do the interests of the Democracy suffer in any way, because there is in the form of government an Aristocracy? No. If the members of the latter receive any protection and advantages at the expense of the former, they receive them on account of their property and rights as private individuals, and not of their rank and power as aristocrats. The case would not be altered by republican equality. The corn law is defended as a measure of general good, which gives no more to the peer than is enjoyed by the labourer: its object is to benefit not Peers alone, but half the Democracy. A law precisely similar, in nature and object, exists in the American republic in favour of manufacturers and certain descriptions of agriculturists.

Does the King of this country enjoy greater powers because he is a king, than are enjoyed by the Presidents of the American republic? No; his powers, in every particular, are strictly defined with reference to public good only. Are the Ministers more despotic because they serve under a king? No. Is the general government more tyrannical and less efficient because it is a monarchy? Every kind of evidence proves the contrary.

So far as concerns the form of government, there is not a single advantage drawn from the American republic which is not drawn from the British monarchy. Whatever the American may possess beyond the Englishman, flows from things with which the form of government has nothing to do in either state. I might enlarge on the glaring defects of the republic, and its great inferiority in

many particulars to our own monarchy, but it is not necessary.

But there are more republics than one in America, and what are the others? The most corrupt, tyrannical, inefficient, and destructive governments in the civilized world. Compared with them, the most despotic monarchy in Europe is a source of freedom, prosperity, and happiness.

The Spirit thus cannot produce a title of evidence, to shew that the people would gain from the establishment of a republic; on the contrary, it is manifest that they would lose greatly both in making the change, and afterwards. For their sake, I must regard its plea here as a reason for opposing it.

The taxes form another of the Spirit's pleas for revolution. To give it validity, it ought at the very least to be proved that they are levied and expended unjustly; but no such proof is tendered. The Spirit attacks them mainly on account of their existence, but it points out no honest mode of getting rid of them. Whatever difference of opinion may prevail touching the origin of the public debt, there can be none respecting the justice of paying it; therefore, here is a sufficient defence for the principal part of the taxes. As to the remainder, it is demonstrable that the greater portion must be collected, and could not even be abolished with revolution. I can pay no attention to the Spirit's vague assertions, that they are five or ten millions more than they ought to be, because they are unsupported by evidence. Allowing them to be true, what follows? The poor pay each a few shillings per annum more than they ought, and the rich contribute their full proportion. I can find in this no cause for revolution.

Why does the Spirit assail the taxes? It charges on them the want and misery of the people. It is matter of historical fact, that when they were really, taking every thing into consideration, more than double their present amount, they were borne with ease, and the community in every class was wealthy and prosperous. To this triumphant proof of the Spirit's ignorance and error may be added others; looking at every

interest separately, it is demonstrable, that the losing prices of the capitalist, and the bad wages of the labourer, have been produced by other things than taxes.

I find, that with revolution the taxes could not be materially reduced, save through the most scandalous robbery, perpetrated as much on the Democracy as on the Aristocracy. I know that, by the laws of God as well as of man, the poor man has not more right to his bread, than the rich one has to his justly-acquired property. I have proof, that the Spirit seeks to perpetrate this robbery on the most baseless reasons. Of course, I must oppose it on this plea, or make myself a party to the darkest villainy.

A third cause of revolution with the Spirit, is formed by pensions and sinecures. If the latter be not granted unworthily and corruptly, it cannot be deserving of notice. Individuals may enjoy pensions, and certain families may receive a large amount of the public money, but if they do so on the ground of public service, it is sanctioned by right and justice. Sinecures have been so far abolished, that the Spirit cannot point to the existence of any important ones; and pensions have been regulated by law on the principle of fair and equitable reward for public service. The families clamoured against for receiving so much of the public money, receive it, without reference to person and birth, as the due remuneration of official toil. If there be fault here, it is this: The offices are not overpaid, but one family can obtain too many of them. Speaking generally, the places and pensions which exist, do so for public benefit—for the good of the poor as well as the rich; and if the Spirit can offer reasonable proof that one of them is unnecessary, this will cause its abolition. If even these wretched allegations were true, it would only follow that the poor pay each a few more half-pence per annum in taxes than they ought. I cannot be other than the enemy of the Spirit when it thus circulates falsehood and error for the purpose of injuring the Democracy as much as the Aristocracy.

The lack of general economy and retrenchment forms a fourth plea with it. It is known to all men, that these

are supported in every quarter to the widest extent which the weal of the empire will admit of; and that they are never opposed save on the ground that they will produce public injury. If the Spirit will prove the existence of profusion and waste by fair evidence, I will support it; but I cannot do so when I find its wild assertions refuted by conclusive fact and argument.

The Church and her property form another cause of its discontent. I am one of those who think the State ought to supply the poor man gratuitously with spiritual instruction and consolation—with a religious friend and benefactor; therefore, on democratic notions, I am an advocate for a national religion. The Spirit can allege nothing against the religion of the Church of England; it cannot assert that she forms a burden to the people; and it is manifest that if she were destroyed, the poor would have either no religion, or a much more expensive one. With regard to her property, her right to it is above question. No part of it, save the tithes, can, by any abuse of language, be called a burden; and if they form one, it, at any rate, rests not on the poor, but principally on the aristocrats. I, however, am convinced that they are not one to any man. If this property gave the clergy too great an influence in political matters, I might think it too large; but I have melancholy evidence, that they have too little of such influence. That it is not greater than the fair needs of the Church, as a whole, require, is abundantly obvious.

But the property of the Church is to be taken for the purpose of reducing the taxes. This is open to various fatal objections—it would be flagrant robbery—it would either deprive the lower classes of religious instruction, or make the cost of obtaining it outweigh the remission of taxation—it would, on the one hand, spread infidelity, and, on the other, fanaticism and superstition—and it would strike at the root of liberty and good government, by striking at religion and morals. These, which might be easily multiplied, are met by the Spirit with nothing but fallacious and guilty declamation. I must, therefore, as a democrat oppose it.

The Corn Law is one of the Spirit's great grievances. To what I have said of this law I will add, that it exists through the wish of vast numbers of the democracy; and that its destruction would demonstrably take from them in effect the chief parts of their property, saying nothing of incomes. The Spirit's absurd self-contradictory assertions to prove that such demoniacal confiscation would yield national benefit, are refuted by this historical fact. Putting out of sight years of scarcity, this country, in every class, always prospered the most with general high prices of corn, and was the most distressed with general low ones. It declares that wages must fall in an equal degree with corn, and this is tantamount to a confession that the abolition of the law is not to benefit the labouring classes. When, therefore, on its own shewing, the abolition would only profit a comparatively trifling part of the population, while it would manifestly plunge half of it into ruin and suffering, I cannot be other than its enemy.

The next item in the Spirit's list of grievances is, the want of Parliamentary Reform. To a certain extent, I am friendly to such reform, as has, on former occasions, been avowed in this Magazine. As a member of the democracy, I dissent altogether from the doctrine that the aristocracy ought to possess not only one House of Parliament, but the ascendancy in the other. While the aristocratic boroughs were pretty fairly divided between the Ministry and the Opposition, I never could discover that the democracy could reap any thing but injury from their abolition. They were then so far from giving the ascendancy in the House of Commons to the aristocracy, that, on general questions, they neutralized its influence; half of them not only supported the democratic cause, but gave it infinitely more effectual support than the democratic ones. But long before the House of Commons acted as it did on the Catholic Question, it was stated, more than once, in this Magazine, that if ever the great borough interests should be brought into lasting union, they ought to be destroyed.

In the last six years, I have seen a union take place and continue session after session, giving a destructive

ascendency over both Houses of Parliament, at one time to the democracy, and at another to the aristocracy. I have seen the latter use its borough power in the most profligate manner to inflict a vital injury on the constitution—the command of the majority in the House of Commons taken from the democracy in the legitimate sense of the term—and this House completely reversed in its working, divested of its uses, and perverted into a monstrous engine of evil. In addition, I am not blind to the fact, that the question of reform arrays the democracy against not only the aristocracy, but almost all public institutions. I find in all this abundant reason for thinking that the House of Commons needs reforming in various particulars; I cannot think differently without apostatizing from principles which I have always maintained.

But why does the Spirit of the Age call for reform? For several years the House of Commons has followed its principles, and been its obsequious menial in general policy—what more could it be under any system of election? When in all leading matters, the Whigs and Liberals, nay the Radical reformers, have, according to their own boast, led the House, I ask what they could gain from reform?

The Spirit wishes for reform, that the influence of the aristocracy in the House of Commons may be destroyed. Its argument is—the aristocracy returns so many members, *ergo* it holds the majority in the House. Any one may see that this is worthless, without proof that these members generally act together as one party; what, therefore, is the fact? Previously to late years, they were commonly divided into two hostile parties of nearly equal strength. Did such parties prevent the members elected by the democracy from acting on their own judgment? These members spontaneously followed them: one of them on creed went with the democracy, and it is clear that if it had been elected by the latter, it would not have been more democratic than it was in principle and deed. Since the aristocratic members have acted in union, they have generally supported the democratic cause, and always followed the Spirit; they have

acted on the Spirit's own confession, against the wishes of the aristocracy. Its main fact is thus demonstrably a falsehood.

On whom does the Spirit seek to confer the influence which it wishes to take from the aristocracy? On the working classes chiefly. Is there then any evidence that they will use it more purely and beneficially than the aristocracy has done? The evidence is all of a contrary character. If the aristocrat sells his vote for place and pension, the labourer sells his for liquor and money; if the former is ignorant and prejudiced, the latter is more so; if the one labours to injure the democracy, and is hostile to popular freedom, the other wishes to effect the political and pecuniary ruin of the aristocracy, and attacks both the Church and the Monarchy. Whether we look at integrity, intelligence, or feeling, it is clear that the Spirit wishes to transfer power from bad hands to worse.

But, forsooth! the labourer has a right. Where is the proof? The member of a free community has no rights save those granted by its constitution and laws; he voluntarily abandons all other. In this preposterous doctrine of right, the Spirit virtually maintains that the House of Commons ought to be chosen without reference to its capacity for discharging its duties; and that only one mode of choice ought to be followed, even if it should make of the House a destroyer of both liberty and the empire.

This pretended individual right is a grievous individual wrong to great part of the community. What gives birth to the right to be represented? The right to be equally protected, and to have an equal share in the government. The Spirit grounds its doctrine of universal suffrage on this—every man who pays taxes ought to have a vote in electing those who impose them. Now, if every man have a vote, the most numerous class, of necessity, must monopolize the representation; and, of course, other classes must be deprived of protection and share in the government. Universal suffrage must give the House of Commons exclusively to the lower orders, and thereby, in effect, strip a very large part of the democracy of the right of represen-

tation, putting the aristocracy out of the question. Each class and interest must, as a whole, have an equal share of elective power, or there demonstrably can be no real equality of individual representation.

The Spirit of the Age, by its false theory, would give the formation of the House of Commons to the lower classes; it avows that to do so is its object. When I look at these classes, I find that they are advocating schemes which would take from the landowners, farmers, fund-holders, colonists, and clergy, the chief part of their property—that they are warring against property of almost all descriptions. I find them hostile to the existence of the aristocracy, and in no small degree friendly to the overthrow of the Monarchy. In addition, it is notorious, that, as a whole, they exercise the elective franchise in a most corrupt and prejudiced manner, and are disqualified by want of knowledge for making a proper choice. The Spirit tells me that the representative must be what the constituent is; I am compelled to believe that a House of Commons formed by them would be anxious to give effect to their wishes; and I cannot but know, that putting physical force out of view, there would be nothing to prevent it. What this House is, the Ministry must be; and what the ministry is, the peers and crown must be.

I cannot feel any desire to see such a House of Commons. As a member of the democracy, I cannot discover that my order would reap any advantage from the destruction of property, the loss of religious instruction, the extinction of the aristocracy, and the establishment of a republic. On the contrary, I can easily perceive, that the ruin would fall the most heavily on this order—that while it would smite the wealthier part of my brother democrats, it would not spare to the labouring classes the remnant of food and comfort which they still possess. The reform advocated by the Spirit would clearly be the destruction of almost every thing worth possessing.

If the elective franchise be abused, it can make small difference whether the abuse be committed by an aristocrat or a democrat; corruption and incapacity must be as injurious in

the one as in the other. This is self-evident; therefore, what am I to think of the Spirit's honesty, when I see it not only sparing the profligate burgess, while it strikes at the less profligate boroughmonger; but pretending to remedy the deficiencies and misdeeds of the latter by protecting and enlarging those of the former? I must think its honesty is not a jot greater than its wisdom.

As a reformer, I follow such men as Mr Pitt and Mr Fox. I must look at the duties of the House of Commons, to know what reform is necessary. In so far as it has to represent public opinion, I find that this is not the mere opinion of the lower orders, which is commonly a borrowed one, and borrowed, too, from these vile sources, the party slave, demagogue, and traitor; it is the opinion of the independent, virtuous, intelligent, and wise part of society; and, consequently, it is even less that of these orders than of the aristocracy. But the House has other duties—it has to manage public affairs, to protect public institutions, and to act with rigid impartiality towards all classes. It is so far from being a democratic thing, formed merely to wage war for the sake of war against the aristocracy, that with its duty of resisting the encroachments of the latter, is associated that of being its adviser, ally, and champion. I must, of course, confide the formation of the House as far as possible to such electors as will make it the most efficient in point of duty: in so far as aristocratic

influence is beneficial, I must have it; and to the extent in which democratic influence is pernicious, I must reject it. When I look at late years, I find that both the aristocracy and the democracy have most grossly abused their election power; I therefore wish to apply a remedy to the abuse in both. When I look at the House, I find that the two great parties in it are far too powerful, and that the independent part is much too weak; I therefore wish to weaken the former, and strengthen the latter. From all this, my views of reform make me anxious to transfer power positively and negatively from both the aristocracy and the lower orders, to the better part of the democracy. My object is to make the House of Commons still more democratic—to give it to the democracy; but this must be the real, and not the spurious one. I insist, that, in respect of person, sentiment, and right of corporeal and political character, the democracy is not formed either wholly or principally by the lower classes, and that, as a whole, its political power ought to be exercised by its virtue, intelligence, and wisdom.*

Another grand grievance with the Spirit is, the general power and even existence of the aristocracy: it proclaims not only that the latter ought to have no influence, but also that its natural, as well as constitutional being, is an evil. Its reasons are in a large degree met by what I have said already. A leading one is, that, independently of its seats in the House

* These defects of the present system deserve notice. The labourers in manufactures and trade enjoy the elective franchise to a vast extent; but the agricultural labourer is deprived of it. The annual increase of electors is almost wholly confined to manufacturing and trading ones; while it is very great in them, it scarcely reaches those of agriculture. This annual increase takes place chiefly amidst the lower orders. Every year, in respect of votes, manufactures and trade are gaining immensely on agriculture; and the lower classes on the middle and upper ones. Manufacturing and trading freeholders have multiplied so greatly in late years that they have taken the control of the election in various counties from the agricultural ones. A comparatively short period of time has in many boroughs doubled the number of burgesses, and enabled the lower to wrest the command of the election wholly from the middle classes. I think any Tory worthy of the name, may in this find reason to believe that some change is necessary; at any rate, I am sure every man may, who wishes to preserve the constitution. Those who blindly oppose reform, instead of attacking the reformers with a call for a proper one, will do well to reflect, that while they are doing it, the present system is hourly making a radical reform—is continually expelling both agriculture and the middle classes from the House of Commons. A mighty revolution has already been thus made in the House, and if no remedy be applied, the aristocracy will soon have no other part of it than its boroughs, and the populace will have all the remainder.

of Commons, the aristocracy monopolizes too large a share of office, patronage, and control in the general executive. To the mass of the democracy, it makes small difference whether office be held by aristocrats or democrats, provided its duties be performed uprightly and wisely. All history testifies that democratic rulers have been quite as ambitious, mercenary, and unprincipled, as aristocratic ones; I might go farther, but it is not necessary. With regard to wisdom, a glance at the empire is sufficient to prove that, on the whole, it has been governed as wisely as any republic ever was. I grant that continued public suffering proves incapacity in the ruler, and that, on this test, the British government has been for several years a most imbecile one; but I cannot overlook the fact, that, in this term, the government has been under the dictation of the democracy—has been the servile follower of the Spirit of the Age, and its democratic sages. Judging from both the practical rule and general principles of the latter, I cannot discover that they surpass the aristocracy in any point of official character.

Are there any important matters in which the interests of the aristocracy are brought into offensive conflict with those of the democracy? None can be named. The opponents of reform stand only on the defensive, and they plead the general good, but not that of the great alone: their argument is, that the change would be as destructive to the lower as to the higher classes. Whatever may be said against the Corn Law, it obviously stands on that principle of equal protection to property which forms the foundation of the manufacturer's protecting duties; and if there were not a single peer or great landowner in being, it would still be necessary to an immense part of the community. The constitutional use of the aristocracy is, to form a defence to property, right, law, and authority, without regard to rank—to restrain the lower orders from unjust inroads on these to their own injury, as well as that of others; and to act in concert with these orders in promoting the general weal of all classes, without distinction. Its interests are identified with those of the democracy.

Are there any important matters in

which these bodies act as separate and hostile ones? On reform, the corn law, &c. &c., the aristocracy is about as much divided as the democracy; while half the latter fights on the aristocratic side, half the former uses its weapons on the democratic one.

Let us suppose the aristocracy to be wholly destroyed, and the state of things wished for by the Spirit to be established. In such case the Broughams, Humes, O'Connells, Cobbetts, Hunts, &c., would be the rulers of the empire; and is there the smallest reason for believing that they would be more honest, disinterested, and wise ones, than it has hitherto generally had? Is there any fair ground for supposing that, with them as the executive, a House of Commons, chosen exclusively by the lower orders, and a republic, the population would be more beneficially governed than it has commonly been? It would be superfluous to answer the questions. Every one may see that the community would be as much divided as it now is on leading questions, and that while, on the one hand, it would be at once plunged into war with all Europe, and stripped of its colonies; on the other, half of it would be, in regard to both labourer and employer, sacrificed to the rest. As a democrat, I must of course defend the aristocracy against the Spirit for the benefit of my own order.

I will only notice another of its causes of revolution which is its leading one—to wit, the distress of the population. I am as anxious to remove this distress as it can be, but I cannot be ignorant that it can only be accomplished by the removal of the causes—what, then, are they? Demonstrably the Spirit and its principles. What has destroyed capital and employment—reduced profits and wages—created foreign competitors—and produced an excess of population? Clearly the Spirit and its principles. And what has constantly opposed all enquiry, remedy, and relief, and insisted, not only that nothing should be done to mitigate the distress, but that nothing should be left undone calculated to increase it? The knowledge of every man replies—the Spirit and its principles.

Putting this aside, is there any

evidence to prove that revolution would be a remedy? The Spirit only offers evidence of a contrary character. On its own declarations, it would carry confiscation and want infinitely beyond the point they have reached, and take from the majority of the population the chief part of the property and subsistence it still retains. In addition, it proclaims its great rule of government to be, adherence to its theories and opinions, in utter scorn of their consequences. You must plunder one class of society, and hew another to pieces—destroy this institution, and annul that law—plant confiscation here, and lawlessness there—remove your trusts, reverse your rules, and renounce your convictions, solely from obedience to my will. You must not look at facts, or regard demonstrations—fruits and effects you must not notice—petitions and remonstrances you must sternly disdain—and if your theories and systems overwhelm you with ruin and calamity, you must maintain them merely because they have emanated from my assertions. Such is practically its language. As I know that the worst tyranny which ever cursed the human race, never went to a greater extreme of despotism and oppression, I must be an enemy to a revolutionary government founded upon it.

I might concede much on all these points, if the House of Commons had wholly passed from the influence of the Democracy. The just rights and power of the latter are quite as essential, as those of the Aristocracy; and if any cause had really placed the election of the majority in this House under the control of the aristocracy or the executive, I will, without hesitation, say I would have sanctioned the application of a violent remedy to so violent and portentous an evil. But I find that in one way or another the Democracy controls the election of such a majority in the House, as is abundantly sufficient for giving due effect to its wishes; and I find farther, that for several years, the House has generally followed the opinions of the populace. Here is proof that the people possess ample means, without revolution, for redressing every wrong and grievance they can justly complain of; and I cannot admit that their neglect, or

abuse of them, forms any ground for an appeal to treason and rebellion.

This is the Spirit of the Age which I am to take for my bodily and mental tyrant—these are the principles and objects which I am to blindly embrace without examination, merely because the will of the people demands it. If I do, I must violate the laws of my God, and aid in robbing the people of their rights, liberties, privileges, property, and subsistence—I must be a traitor to my religion, my country, and my species; therefore, nothing is left me but indignant refusal.

I now ask, What has made a Spirit like this so omnipotent? What has severed the people from their rulers—marshalled them against their institutions—kindled the fratricidal war between the Democracy and the Aristocracy, the poor and the rich—and created the horrible tempest of revolution, anarchy, and blood, which hangs over us? A thousand voices from amidst the trembling authorities of the realm reply, The bad feelings of the people! The fault is all in the people! I deny it, and solemnly arraign these authorities. I maintain that, in the nature of things, nothing else could have flowed from the conduct which has been for several years pursued by the Crown, the Cabinet, the Legislature, the Aristocracy, and the Clergy.

Previously to this term, it was the policy of government to teach the people to revere the wisdom of their ancestors, and regard as sacred the principles which had made them so great and happy—to make their institutions, religion, and country, objects of chivalrous affection—to cherish the proper feelings between superior and inferior—and to hold speculative change and innovation in abhorrence. Each interest and class was instructed to look on the others as its brethren, and to seek its prosperity in theirs; if one of them fell into distress, the rest were told to sympathize with it, and to think relief given it, at their cost, not a loss, but a gain.

And it was then the policy of government to watch vigilantly over the people's weal, and promptly to administer to them comfort and remedy in suffering. While it carefully protected them from all hazardous

changes on theory, it removed all proved evils and abuses to the utmost of its power. Every well-grounded petition from them met its friendly attention; and if any part of them were distressed, it spontaneously and at once gave them consolation, and laboured to relieve them. Every interest and class knew, when overtaken by misfortune, that government, as a matter of course, would take up its case, and render it all the assistance possible.

The British government was then a paternal one.

What followed? The Crown and Ministry naturally carried with them the leading part, not only of the legislative aristocracy, clergy, and press, but also of the democracy; they carried with them the nation. The cause of the constitution and laws, the church and the country, good principles and feelings of every kind, was thus made that of the ascendant party, as well as the national one; patriotism was aided by the fierce and determined enthusiasm of party in rendering it invincible. A gigantic moral force—an overpowering public opinion, was thus created to repress the bad in every thing. It made the profligate publication infamous, and thereby banished it from the better parts of society; even the mighty powers of Lord Byron in their evil efforts were smote and rendered innocuous by it. Insubordination and disloyalty it everywhere restrained, as things criminal, despicable, and disgraceful. In every emergency Government had only to make the appeal, and an omnipotent host appeared in the field, which by moral power bore down all opposition. In the worst days of Radicalism, disaffection was chiefly confined to the lower classes; not only the upper, but the middle ones, were enthusiastically attached to the constitution and laws, and were as ready to draw the sword in their defence against their misguided brethren, as they would have been to do it against a foreign enemy.

Farther, the bonds of union and affection were preserved between different interests and classes. If the lower classes were distressed in any quarter, they received the compassion and assistance of their superiors. The better and influential part of the

Democracy saw its principles held, and its interests defended, by the Aristocracy; the various interests saw the same in regard to each other. Government, by removing suffering immediately on its appearance, prevented it from acquiring great magnitude, and forming a source of bad feeling. When its endeavours were unsuccessful, they formed evidence of its good wishes, which satisfied the better part of the sufferers. Its anxiety to protect property made all who possessed any—small landowners, farmers, shipowners, manufacturers, &c., as well as others—its supporters through interest. It placed preservation and profit on the side of loyalty and order; and loss and ruin on that of disaffection and insubordination.

Beyond all this, the community was generally kept in prosperity.

Five or six years ago this policy was totally reversed; and let it never be forgotten, that the change was made without the shadow of compulsion and necessity. The Spirit of the Age, which had previously been ravaging the earth, was subdued; and all was peace, prosperity, content, harmony, and happiness.

The weight of government, physical and moral, was now thrown into the scale with the infidel and revolutionist; it was employed to resuscitate the fallen Spirit of the Age. The Cannings declared that the constitution was essentially vicious and tyrannical in regard to the privileges and protection it gave to the religion of the State. The Huskissons and Grants ridiculed the wisdom of our ancestors, and insisted that the general principles on which the empire had been governed were erroneous and pernicious. The Peels maintained that the country had "outgrown all its institutions," and of course that a batch of new ones was necessary. They naturally smote principles and feelings with laws and institutions; individually, or collectively, they taught the people to despise and hate all established things, to think the political and social system full of barbarous defects and evils, and to regard a comprehensive change on theory as essential. This change, in important points, was, as they confessed, the one called for by the

Spirit of the Age. Granting that they did not go quite so far in avowal as their new brethren, this was of no moment. Mr Canning's general insinuations against "foreign despots" and the Church received ample explanation from the explicit diatribes of Mr Brougham and Mr O'Connell. Mr Huskisson's vague assertions in favour of the working classes, had precise meaning given them by the speeches of Mr Hume. When Sir R. Peel declared himself a friend to free trade, the expounders of the latter stated it to be flatly opposed to the Corn Laws and colonial monopolies. If ministers made reservations in act and detail, they avowed that they agreed in general principle with the Whigs and Liberals; and the latter testified to the truth of it. Their newspapers intimated that they were fettered in word and deed by situation and circumstance,—that the Aristocracy prevented them, much against their wishes, from giving the widest application to liberal doctrines. In addition, their open enmity was exclusively directed against those by whom such doctrines were opposed.

Government, by this reversal of policy, not only arrayed the people against their institutions and laws, but incited every interest and class to seek the ruin of the others. It taught the masters to seek wealth in the starvation of their workmen, and the workmen to look for abundance in their masters' loss of capital and profit: it told manufactures and trade they could only find prosperity in the sacrifice of agriculture, and the latter it could only flourish by destroying the protections of the former. The colonies, the banks, and every other interest, were thus, in detail, held up by it as a prey to be hunted down by the other. The divisions, fury, and strife, which this generated throughout the community, all harmoniously conspired to feed the general hostility towards the constitution and laws. The working classes found they could not well pull down their masters, without pulling down law and property. Manufactures and trade perceived that it would aid them greatly in crushing agriculture, to crush the House of Commons and the aristocracy; and the democracy saw, that to subdue its

enemy, the aristocracy, it was necessary to subdue the church and monarchy.

And government not only prohibited itself from protecting, but compelled itself to destroy, the public prosperity. This or that interest was flourishing, but it was doing so on mistaken policy, at the cost of the others, therefore it was plunged into ruin for their gain. The shipping interest, or some other, was involved in bankruptcy, but its loss was profit to the others, therefore it could not on any account be relieved. The hundreds and thousands of workmen employed by this trade were enjoying good wages and comfort; but they were doing so to the injury of other trades, therefore they were precipitated into want and wretchedness; and the hundreds of thousands employed in that were perishing from hunger, but their famine was the benefit of other trades, therefore it could not be mitigated. Government, like the Destroying Angel, traversed the empire to give the blow of death to prosperity and competence in every quarter.

The Executive naturally made the Legislature, the Aristocracy, the Democracy, and the Press, with little exception, unanimous in support of its new policy. It combined all parties in such support as a party matter. A moral force—a public opinion, infinitely more stupendous and irresistible than that which had previously existed to protect good feelings and institutions, was created to destroy them. The bad side before had always possessed a strong party, but the good one now had every one against it. The infidel and republican publication sprung from bankruptcy into prosperous and exalted circulation, because it was enabled to mount the colours of the Cabinet. The Whig and the Radical, the foe of the Church and the reviler of the Aristocracy; not only the Broughams and Humes, but the Hunts and Carliles, were now red-hot ministerialists; and propagated their doctrines as those of constituted authorities. Error, guilt, shame, and infamy, were transferred by all authority and moral power to those who defended the constitution and laws, religion and subordination.

The distress produced by govern-

ment, as well as the strife of interest and class, operated in the most powerful manner in favour of the cause of revolution. It acquired the greatest magnitude, and took a permanent character; every one saw that government had caused his sufferings, and would give him no relief; the man of property perceived that, under the existing system, he must go on from loss to ruin; and the labourer, that he had nothing to expect but an increase of misery; all were assured by the doctrines of authority that the changes which revolution would make would be highly beneficial. Interest was thus placed by government wholly on the side of disaffection, disorder, and rebellion.

When all things in and out of power thus harmoniously conspired to inculcate the principles of the Spirit of the Age, and suppress opposite ones, is it matter of wonder that they were triumphantly successful?

I cannot conceive how the present Ministry can have acquired the hardihood to complain of the feelings and conduct of the people. For several months after it was formed, it was, in genuine popularity, almost the most powerful one that ever existed; it had perfect freedom of choice in policy and creed. Had it resolved to exterminate the Spirit, and re-establish the principles of loyalty, subordination, and harmony, it would have been enthusiastically supported by the better part of the community, and but little opposed by the other. All sides expected it would do so. The bubble of free-trade and innovation had burst, and novelty of an opposite kind was wished for. How has it acted?

It gained office through the only party which has defended the institutions and good feelings of the empire; and then it commenced a war of extermination against it for defending them. Upon this party, the ruffians of the Wellington Press, and the Dawsons of the Wellington Ministry, have heaped all their scurrilities; its publications have been the only ones which the man who fills the office of Attorney-General has thought deserving of being singled out for ruin by his prosecutions; and its principles have been those to which the leading Ministers have

confined their dissent and reprobation.

It has at last destroyed this party in respect of feeling and object. As soon as it got fairly seated in office, it made a sweeping change in the fundamental laws of the realm, and in a vital part of the constitution; it did this in defiance of national feeling; and it was enabled to do it by such a hideous display of violated principle and pledge in the legislature as the astonished world never before witnessed. This of course brought the Crown, Cabinet, Legislature, Aristocracy, and Clergy, into fatal conflict with the only part of the community still faithful to them; and it was abundantly sufficient for converting affection into enmity. Nothing else could have severed the powerful bonds which yet bound the mass of the people to their government and institutions. The ground for opposing change and innovation was thus converted into a necessity for them; the party which had opposed them went over to their advocates.

And yet a Ministry which could so act, complains of the feelings and conduct of the people! In the exercise of that birthright which the blood of my fathers purchased, I fervently rejoice, as an Englishman, that rulers who could exhibit such an abuse of power, could not do it with impunity—that it covered them with public animosity, and shook the allegiance of the country to its centre.

On the other hand, this Ministry has regularly supported the Whigs and Liberals. It has praised them as individuals, patronised their publications, and identified itself as far as possible with their principles. In the few points in which it has refused to comply with the full extent of their demands, it has ostentatiously proclaimed its agreement with them in general creed.

Yet a Ministry like this complains of the feelings and conduct of the people! There is not a single feeling or principle entertained by the people, which this Ministry has not directly or indirectly taught them. It has treated loyalty and content as crimes, and given a bounty to disaffection and convulsion. While it

has held up those as the only true instructors, who have arrayed the servant against the master, the poor against the rich, revolution against conservation, and republicanism against monarchism; its whole conduct has been of a kind to goad the people into the adoption of their schemes by suffering. Several years since, it was proved before Parliament that a great excess of labourers existed in Kent, which was producing deplorable effects on their circumstances and morals. It has since been again and again pressed on its attention, that the same causes were producing the same effects in various other counties; and it has been clear, that the evil would increase without legislative remedy. Yet Ministers have constantly refused to do any thing in the way of relief. They have acted in the same manner touching every petition from the distressed. The owner of property sinking into ruin, and the starving labourer in every quarter, have been told nothing could be done for them. The community at large has been for years involved in unexampled distress, and these Ministers have regularly refused all enquiry and remedy, save a remission of taxes, little felt, and incapable of reaching the quarters where the distress was the most severe.

Constituted as human nature is, is it possible for a people to remain attached to a system of government which will apply no remedy to its losses and sufferings, and promise nothing but a continuance of them?

What but the conduct of this Ministry on the Catholic question completed the destruction of the character of the Legislature with the People at large, of the Aristocracy with the Democracy, and of the Clergy with the Laity—caused reform to be taken up by the intelligent and virtuous part of the community as a matter of salvation—and converted that question which made the influential part of the Irish people ardent supporters of the constitution and government, and prohibited Irish independence from being mentioned, into one of national strife between England and Ireland for the overthrow of the empire?

Yet a Ministry like this complains

of the feelings and conduct of the people!

And what right has the Legislature to join in the complaint? It has for many years zealously taught the feelings and principles entertained by the people, and laboured to suppress all others. When it has regularly made the Broughams, Huskissons, Humes, and O'Connells, the general expounders of its sentiments, why does it quarrel with the people for adopting them? Were its sweeping denunciations against institutions and laws—its attacks on the well-affected, and protection of the traitorous and rebellious—its incitements of every description to revolutionary objects, to be disregarded? When it held up all who defended the glorious fabric under which the country had become so great and happy, as fools, knaves, and enemies of the State, why does it condemn the People for believing it, and lament that such defenders have vanished?

Has not the Legislature in late years swept away the laws which placed the servant under the authority of the master, and prohibited the working classes from forming themselves into the ungovernable masses they now exhibit? Has it not countenanced the doctrine, that the lower orders were the most enlightened and wise part of the community; and sanctioned the schemes for teaching them science without religion, and party-politics without morals? Has it taken a single step to promote religion and morals; and has it not carried on regular war against the Church, and adopted every measure brought before it, calculated to injure morals?

What right, then, has the Legislature to complain of the people?

When it has constantly told the people, that the cheaper corn is, the better for them; and that the principles of free trade are the true ones; is it not natural for them to be the enemies of the corn law and the Aristocracy? When it has assured them that the taxes are the great cause of their sufferings, and cut down property and wages in every calling, without compensation, is it not natural for them to call for the extinction of taxes through the robbery of the public creditor? When

it has treated the Church as it has done, can they think her deserving of support? When its ridicule and censures have been cast on every institution, can they be expected to regard the two Houses of Parliament as exceptions? Was it possible for it to act as it did on the Catholic question, and still retain the respect and confidence of the people?

For several years, not a single petition from the people has been able to gain the attention of the Legislature; and, in general, it has covered the petitioners with slander and insult. Immense masses of them have, in detail, implored it to enquire, and receive proofs, in order that it might spare their possessions, or remedy their sufferings; but they have implored in vain. When the country at large was in unparalleled distress, it refused investigation, and declared nothing could be granted as relief beyond a remission of taxes.

While this has been the case in free, but, alas! no longer happy England, the despots of the Continent have been introducing new kinds of employment, making canals, colonizing their waste land, encouraging their manufactures, and doing every thing possible to employ the labour, and protect the property, of their subjects.

When I, as one of the people, look at this humiliating contrast, where am I to find the justification of the Legislature? When I know that the latter had evidence before it, proving the labouring classes in many counties to be almost wholly on the poor-rates, sinking the farmers into insolvency, infinitely too numerous for the quantity of labour, employed as beasts are, and plunged into the extreme of penury and barbarism;—and when I know, too, that my country had, at home and abroad, abundance of waste land, loose capital, and idle shipping, can I think it possessed no means of removing so tremendous an evil? When I know that the suffering interests were in great prosperity before the Legislature took from them their protections, and that the latter could have been easily restored, can I believe that it had no means of relieving them? When I know that, previously to late years, the Legislature almost immediately removed the distress of any interest,

can I give credit to the assertion that its means are now restricted to the production of distress?

What am I to think of the defence of the Legislature, as put forth by its spokesmen, the Whigs and Liberals—people who have long formed to this empire the greatest curse that ever scourged humanity? “We know,” cried the Broughams and Humes, “that you are in terrible suffering; but nothing shall be done to relieve you. Your excess of starving labourers cannot be removed, because it is prohibited by political economy. We will relieve them by taking from them their parish allowance, and reducing taxes they do not pay. Free trade must bind your landowners to loss of rent—your farmers to losing prices—your shipowners to losing freights—your producers to loss of capital and profit—and your labourers to famine wages, for the benefit of the rest of the community; by this it is now filling you with riches and abundance. Your distress flows from your taxes, which, when they were double their present amount, never injured you; and now wise and enlightened measures which have swept away your property, profits, wages, and employment, have only prevented it from being more severe. We will remove the loss of your landowners, farmers, shipowners, and other capitalists, by taking a few shillings per annum from their taxes; and give abundance to your famishing labourers by supplying them with cheap beer when they cannot afford to buy any. This will be wonderfully efficacious—it will be an infallible nostrum; but if it happen to be insufficient, we will abolish the corn-law, throw away your colonies, and destroy every remaining protection. In truth, the high prices which your landed and other interests still obtain, form a great source of their loss and insolvency!”

Such has been in plain English the language of these sham patriots—these pretended friends of the people—these real apostles of confiscation, beggary, hunger, misery, and national ruin. On every occasion, they have occupied the first place in refusing enquiry, rejecting petitions, insisting that no suffering, however extreme, no remedy, however obvious, should

be attended to, and urging the Ministry to strike at what remained of food and property. Their barbarous ignorance and folly could deceive no man who knew his right hand from his left; and the People could only feel disgust and indignation when they saw the Legislature make itself the menial of such persons.

Free trade has long been acknowledged throughout the country, even by its friends—saving, of course, the scribblers and orators who write and speak of what they do not understand—to be a complete failure: a more conclusive proof of the truth of this could not be given, than the fact, that from the five years which have elapsed since it came into effect, grievous suffering has sat on the community, and especially on those divisions of it which it has more directly affected. Prices and other things prove at this moment that the leading doctrines were wholly erroneous on which small notes were suppressed. Here is demonstration that the Legislature has been long on vital matters acting on the most false and mischievous principles; and can it, therefore, with reason complain that it possesses not the confidence of the people when it still clings to them?

When the labourer who is always on the parish, who is treated like a brute, and who is destitute of common necessities, is assured by the Legislature that nothing shall be done for him—is it matter of wonder that he becomes an incendiary and rebel? When the mechanic and artisan find that the Legislature has given them want for competence, and tells them they have nothing better to hope for—can it be expected that they will be contented and well-affected? When the small and middling landowners, farmers, shipowners, colonists, and other people of property, see that, from the measures of the Legislature, their property is sustaining daily waste, and that it covers them with contumely, and refuses protection from the ruin into which they are sinking—would it not be contrary to the laws of nature for them to be attached to their rulers? When the labourer cannot oppose revolution, without giving permanency to his own want and misery—when the man of property cannot

oppose it, without binding himself to a continuance of loss—when the people at large cannot oppose it, without perpetuating a system of rule, which, on creed, plunges division of them after division into ruin, and obstinately refuses protection to the losing, and assistance to the starving—is it not at variance with all that is known of human nature, to imagine they will be its enemies?

In speaking thus of the Legislature, I speak of that which is dead, for the benefit of the living.

And why does the Aristocracy complain of the feelings and conduct of the People? Half of it has taken the lead in giving them such instructors as they have had, and teaching them such doctrines as they have embraced; in this, it has received the sanction and assistance of the other half. To the charge, that they will no longer follow it, I reply, They have been made what they are, by being its followers, and it is only in obedience to its own tuition that they now wish to be its leaders.

Has the Aristocracy in the body endeavoured to convince the People that cheap corn would injure them through the distress it would bring on landowners, farmers, and husbandry labourers? Has it attempted to prove to them that the corn-law, in so far as it gives protection and prosperity to the agriculturists, is beneficial to the rest of the community? Has it defended this law on grounds of general benefit? No; it has told them that cheap bread would be highly advantageous to them, that the doctrines which called for the abolition of the corn-law are true, and that the latter is an evil rendered necessary by the taxes alone. Has it laboured to obtain for other interests the same protection which it enjoys? No; it has assisted in depriving some wholly of protection, and in restricting the rest to that which is not equal to one-third of its own. Some of its publications teach the doctrines of free trade, attack the protecting duties of other interests, and insist that the shipping interest, the fishing one, &c., ought to have none.

What right, then, has it to blame the People for insisting on cheap bread, calling for the robbery of the public creditor, and treating it as an enemy? When shipowners, fisher-

men, &c. find its own organs declaring that they ought to have no protection whatever, is it not natural for them to attack the protecting duties of the overgrown landowners, and regard it as a destroyer of their fortunes and subsistence?

Has the Aristocracy employed its borough influence in the House of Commons to keep out of this House the empiric and innovator, the infidel and demagogue, the foe of religion and assailant of the constitution; and to place its great parties under the guidance of upright, patriotic, and noble-minded men—men duly qualified to instruct and lead not only it, but the nation? Has it employed this influence to uphold, in the House, virtue, public spirit, honour, and fidelity; and to punish apostasy and profligacy? Has it employed this influence to protect the Church and other institutions, laws and morals? Has it employed this influence to compel the House to listen to the prayers of the people—enquire into the causes of distress—investigate the truth of the principles it acted on—save sinking property—remove penury—and promote prosperity, harmony, and happiness?

If it have done this, I, as one of the People, will be satisfied without reform, and I will answer for the mass of my brethren.

It cannot be necessary for me to say it has done the contrary. My country knows as well as I do, that the Aristocracy alone sent the men to the House of Commons who have brought on her such appalling calamities, and placed her on the brink of revolution—that the Aristocracy alone gave them the power to produce what they have produced—that the Aristocracy alone made them invincible against the people—and that the Aristocracy could at any time have put a stop to their mad career of ruin. I need not point to its conduct on the Catholic Question; nothing but this conduct did induce, and could have induced, the intelligent and virtuous part of the people to take up the cause of reform.

In condemning the call for reform, it attacks its own offspring.

Has the Aristocracy in late years done its constitutional duty in upholding the Monarchy and Church—protecting the just power and inde-

pendence of the Crown—defending the Sovereign from the tyranny of his Ministers—and repelling the encroachments of the Commons?

The evidence all proves the reverse.

As one of the People, I am reproached for not following the Aristocracy. Which division of it am I to follow? If I select the Whigs, I must associate with those most loathsome of all unnatural reptiles, titled demagogues and rabble Nobles; I must believe all the Spirit of the Age teaches, and make of the House of Commons an engine for stifling the people's prayers, and heaping on them every calamity. If I follow Ministerialists, I must mix with those most venomous of all unnatural reptiles, Nobles whose honour cannot be trusted, Peers who have violated their pledges, and betrayed their cause; I must still be the Spirit's disciple, and I must obey all the commands of the Whigs. I cannot stoop to the contamination, or be so far the enemy of myself and the People. Higher and better leaders than the Aristocracy must be mine.

And what ground have the Clergy for complaining of the feelings and conduct of the People? Have they, as in duty bound, zealously opposed the destructive doctrines which have inundated the country? Have the Universities refuted the mock sciences and counterfeit ethics which have caused government to fill the empire with suffering and demoralization? Has the eloquence of the Prelates, from their seats in Parliament, pointed to the spread of infidelity and licentiousness—denounced public as well as private immorality—invoked opposition to those who were undermining the foundations of society—and supplicated for the means of extending religious instruction amidst the lower orders? Have the Clergy industriously toiled to instruct the ignorant, and reclaim the erring—to win the affection of the laity, and to promote the interests of the Church? In the extremity of the latter, has the laity found in them leaders of apostolic sanctity and courage—the true amidst the faithless—the pure amidst the corrupt—the examples of inflexible fidelity and heroic martyrdom?

History asserts the contrary. She offers evidence that the universities have filled the Cabinet and Legislature with the creed of national ruin; and that the voice of the Prelates has been scarcely heard in Parliament. She proves farther, that the clergy have gone with the stream—have been the instruments of men in power—have used little effort to gain the attachment of the laity—have, in a large degree, fought against it in assailing the Church—have neglected, and, to a great extent, betrayed the interests confided to their care—and have furnished some of the most dark and disgusting examples of violation of principle, treachery, treason, corruption, and profligacy.

What right, then, have the clergy to complain that the people no longer confide in and follow them?

The charges of Radicalism, which are so profusely scattered about, may probably be thrown on me for speaking in this manner. If they be, I care not. I have, for nearly seven years, occupied a prominent place in the political department of this Magazine; and my labours will amply protect me in the eyes of those whose favour I value from the suspicion of being the enemy of my country and her institutions. I have separated the principle from the individual—the object from the party; and that holy cause which I have ever maintained is still mine. I am assailing Radicalism in its head-quarters—attacking the great Radicals—arraigning the worst of the revolutionists, the leaders of revolution; and I am not to be deterred, because I find in these the principles and persons of constituted authorities. I charge, but to reform; and scourge, but to correct. In a crisis like this, we must have before us, in utter scorn of fear and reserve, the great causes.

Here is a state of things wholly without example. The working classes are, with trifling exceptions, on the side of revolution, and the mass of them decidedly so; the body of the middle classes is on the same side, or neutral. Moral power is about as much with revolution, as physical; no one scarcely dares to mention the exploded words—loyalty, subordination, and attachment to the constitution—or to oppose the main

doctrines and objects of the revolutionists.

What must be the remedies?

The Ministry is most deservedly despised by the mass of the population. The Whigs naturally are opposed to it, and the body of the Tories, saving a worthless part of the aristocratic ones, are the same; all parties are against it, and this is one great reason why there is no power fully equal to oppose revolution: in addition, the creed of this Ministry prevents effectual opposition to the latter.

Give us a Ministry to which some great portion of the community will warmly attach itself; and let it boldly oppose the doctrines of the Spirit of the Age. A mighty physical and moral force, comprehending the authorities of the realm, will thus be at once brought into the field on the side of peace and conservation.

The great objects of the revolutionary part of the people have much less to do with politics, than they had formerly. Reform and a republic are but secondary matters and means; the King is popular; and no great degree of exasperation is manifested towards public authorities. The war is one of hunger against property, and loss against the causes of it; it seeks principally employment, adequate wages, and protection of property. For the last two or three years it has been the general remark amidst the working classes—We cannot bear this much longer, and if government will do nothing for us, we must do something for ourselves. The disaffection of the middle classes arises chiefly from their losses.

Acting upon this, let the new Ministry begin without delay to remove want and loss. Let it clear Kent and other counties of their excess of labourers. Let it give to landowners and farmers that protection which will secure their property and enable them to give adequate wages; and do the same to every interest. Give employment and proper wages to the husbandry labourers, artisans, &c., and they will be again peaceable and contented; give security of property and profits to the landowners, farmers, shipowners, &c. &c., and they will be again loyal: give good wages to your labouring classes, and good profits to your producers; and you

will make your town shopkeepers prosperous and well affected.

In giving the most prompt and liberal relief to every suffering interest and class, let evil things be sternly repressed in every quarter. In giving food and employment to the labourers, put down their combinations, and bring them again under the government of their masters. In giving protection and prosperity to the various interests, extinguish those brutal and horrible doctrines which assert that each must flourish through the injury of the others—that the capitalist must be enriched by the starvation of the labourer; and manufactures must prosper through the insolvency of agriculture. In giving to each interest all the protection it can fairly desire, resolutely compel it to contribute liberally to the benefit of the others.

Let the Aristocracy employ its influence in the House of Commons in aid of all this. Let it at once take up the real cause of the people, and insist on comprehensive enquiry and remedy. Let it, in this House, silence the wretched brawlers who keep up the outcry touching taxes and retrenchment, and who insist that the Legislature ought to produce loss and hunger, but not to relieve them. Let it demand ample protection, not only for the small landowner and farmer, but for every manufacturer and trader who needs it. In addition to this, let it on its estates use its influence to bring its tenants and their labourers together under the same roof, and to establish the excess of labourers on the waste lands.

Let the Clergy think of their religion, and not of themselves—shake off their subserviency to power—cultivate the attachment of the laity—place themselves at its head for the protection of the Church—and labour

without ceasing for the extension of religion amidst the lower orders.

You may call this unworthy of notice; be it so, but what can ~~you~~ hope for from a continuance of your system? If you still follow the Huskissons, Peels, Broughams, and Humes, what will they next lead you to? You have got your cheap labour, and it has given you incendiaries and rebels; you have got your low prices, and they have given you beggary, convulsion, and revolution. You may smite what remains of protection, and then stand still in savage insensibility to the ruin and misery you have produced; but will your inaction be tolerated? You may, when the suffering body brings its distresses before you, “let it alone,” but will the let-it-alone system let you alone? Let your present situation cause you to reflect deeply on these questions before you proceed farther. It is demonstrable, that, if the sufferings of your labouring classes be but a little increased, they will, in a mass, overthrow your whole fabric of government and society;—it is equally demonstrable, that, with your present system, these sufferings will continually increase;—it is equally demonstrable, that nothing but legislative measures can remove their excess, and enable their employers to give them adequate wages;—it is equally demonstrable, that nothing but such measures can relieve the distressed interests;—and it is therefore demonstrable, that you must wholly reverse your system, or have revolution. You have money, land, and every other requisite in profusion for making the empire almost immediately prosperous, contented, harmonious, and loyal; and woe to you if you refuse to employ them!

I am, sir, &c. &c.

ONE OF THE DEMOCRACY.

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A LATE PHYSICIAN.

CHAPTER V.

A "MAN ABOUT TOWN."—DEATH AT THE TOILET.

* * THE London Medical Gazette having, in somewhat uncourtly terms, preferred an accusation of plagiarism against the original writer of this Diary—with reference to the citation (in the case "*Intriguing and Madness*") of the passage from Shakspeare, affirming memory to be the test of madness—"Bring me to the test," &c.);—asserting, in downright terms, that the illustration in question was "borrowed without scruple or acknowledgment from Sir Henry Hallford,"—and was "truly a little too bare-faced;"—the Editor of these Passages simply assures the reader, that from circumstances, this is *impossible*, and the reader would know it to be so, could these circumstances be communicated consistently with the Editor's present purposes. And farther, the Editor immediately wrote to Sir Henry Hallford, disproving the truth of the assertion in the Medical Gazette, and has received a note from Sir Henry, stating his "perfect satisfaction" with the explanation given. The other absurd and groundless allegations contained in the article in question, are not such as to require an answer.

London, 12th November, 1880.

A "MAN ABOUT TOWN."

I HATE humbug, and would eschew that cant and fanaticism which are at present tainting extensive portions of society, as sincerely as I venerate and wish to cultivate a spirit of sober, manly, and rational piety. It is not, therefore, to pander to the morbid tastes of overweening saintliness, to encourage its arrogant assumptions, sanction its hateful, selfish exclusiveness, or advocate that spirit of sour, diseased, puritanical seclusion from the innocent gaieties and enjoyments of life, which has more deeply injured the interests of religion than any of its professed enemies; it is not, I repeat, with any such unworthy objects as these that this melancholy narrative is placed on record. But it is to shew, if it ever meet their eyes, your "men about town," as the *élite* of the rakish fools and flutterers of the day are significantly termed, that some portions of the page of profligacy are black—black with horror, and steeped in the tears, the blood of anguish and remorse wrung from ruined thousands!—that often the "iron is entering the very soul" of those who present to the world's eye an exterior of glaring gaiety and recklessness;—that gilded guilt must, one day, be stripped of its tinsel, and flung into the haze and gloom of

outer darkness. *These* are the only objects for which this black passage is laid before the reader, in which I have undertaken to describe pains and agonies, *which these eyes witnessed*, and that with all the true frightfulness of reality. It has, indeed, cost me feelings of little less than torture to retrace the leading features of the scenes with which the narrative concludes.

"Hit him—pitch it into him! Go it, boys—go it! Right into your man, each of you, like good ones!—Top sawyers these!—Hurra! Tap his claret-cask—draw his cork!—Go it—go it—beat him, big one! lick him, little one! Hurra!—Slash, smash—fib away—right and left!—Hollo!—(Clear the way there!—Ring! ring!)"

These, and many similar exclamations, may serve to bring before the reader one of those ordinary scenes in London—a street row; arising, too, out of circumstances of equally frequent recurrence. A gentleman(!) prowling about Piccadilly, towards nightfall in the month of November, in quest of adventures of a certain description, had been offering some impertinence to a female of respectable appearance, whom he had been following for some minutes. He was in the act of putting his arm

round her waist, or taking some similar liberty, when he was suddenly seized by the collar from behind, and jerked off the pavement so violently, that he fell nearly at full length in the gutter. This feat was performed by the woman's husband, who had that moment rejoined her, having left her only a very short time before, to leave a message at one of the coach-offices, while she walked on, being in haste. No man of ordinary spirit could endure such rough handling tamely. The instant, therefore, that the prostrate man had recovered his footing, he sprang towards his assailant, and struck him furiously over the face with his umbrella. For a moment the man seemed disinclined to return the blow, owing to the passionate dissuasions of his wife; but it was useless—his English blood began to boil under the idea of submitting to a blow, and, hurriedly exclaiming, "Wait a moment, sir,"—he pushed his wife into the shop adjoining, telling her to stay till he returned. A small crowd stood round. "Now, by —, sir, we shall see which is the better man!" said he, again making his appearance, and putting himself into a boxing attitude. There was much disparity between the destined combatants, in point both of skill and size. The man last named was short in stature, but of a square iron-build; and it needed only a glance at his posture to see he was a scientific, perhaps a thoroughbred, bruiser. His antagonist, on the contrary, was a tall, handsome, well-proportioned, gentlemanly man, apparently not more than twenty-eight, or thirty years old. Giving his umbrella into the hands of a bystander, and hurriedly drawing off his gloves, he addressed himself to the encounter with an ungaurded impetuosity, which left him wholly at the mercy of his cool and practised opponent.

The latter seemed evidently inclined to play a while with his man, and contented himself with stopping several heavily-dealt blows, with so much quickness and precision, that every one saw "the big one *had caught a Tartar*" in the man he had provoked. Watching his opportunity, like a tiger, crouching noiselessly in preparation for the fatal spring, the short man delivered such a slaugh-

tering left-handed hit full in the face of his tall adversary, accompanied by a tremendous "doubling-up" body-blow, as in an instant brought him senseless to the ground. He who now lay stunned and blood-streamed on the pavement, surrounded by a rabble jeering the fallen "swell," and exulting at seeing the punishment he had received for his impertinence, which the conqueror pithily told them, as he stood over his prostrate foe, was the Honourable St John Henry Effingstone, presumptive heir to a marquise; and the victor, who walked coolly away as if nothing had happened, was Tom —, the prize-fighter.

Such was the occasion of my first introduction to Mr Effingstone; for I was driving by at the time this occurrence took place; and my coachman, seeing the crowd, slackened the pace of his horses, and I desired him to stop. Hearing some voices cry, "Take him to a doctor," I let myself out, announced my profession, and seeing a man of very gentlemanly and superior appearance, covered with blood, and propped against the knee of one of the people round, I had him brought into my carriage, saying I would drive him to his residence close by, which his cards shewed me was in — Street. Though much disfigured, and in great pain, he had not received any injury likely to be attended with danger. He soon recovered; but an infinitely greater annoyance remained after all the other symptoms had disappeared—his left eye was sent into deep mourning, which threatened to last for some weeks; and could any thing be more vexatious to a gay man about town? for such was Mr Effingstone—but no ordinary one. He did not belong to that crowded class of essenced fops, of silly coxcombs, hung in gold chains, and bespangled with a profusion of rings, brooches, pins, and quizzing-glasses, who are to be seen in fine weather glistening about town, like fire-flies in India. He was no walking advertisement of the superior articles of his tailor, mercer, and jeweller. No—Mr Effingstone was really a *man about town*, and yet no puppy. He was worse—an abandoned profligate, a systematic debauchee, an irreclaimable reprobate. He stood pre-eminent amidst the

throng of men of fashion, a glaring form of guilt, such as Milton represents Satan—

"In shape and gesture proudly eminent,"

among his gloomy battalions of fallen spirits. He had nothing in common with the set of men I have been alluding to, but that he chose to drink deeper from the same foul and maddening cup of dissipation. Their minor fooleries and "naughtinesses," as he termed them, he despised. Had he not neglected a legitimate exercise of his transcendent talents, he might have become, with little effort, one of the first men of his age. As for actual knowledge, his powers of acquisition seemed unbounded. Whatever he read he made his own; good or bad, he never forgot it. He was equally intimate with ancient and modern scholarship. His knowledge of the varieties and distinctions between the ancient sects of philosophers was more minutely accurate, and more successfully brought to bear upon the modern, than I am aware of having ever known in another. Few, very few, that ever I have been acquainted with, could make a more imposing and effective display of the "dazzling fence of logic." Fallacies, though never so subtle, so exquisitely *raisonné* to the truth, and calculated to evade the very ghost of Aristotle himself, melted away instantaneously before the first glance of his eye. His powers were acknowledged and feared by all who knew him—as many a discomfited sciolist now living can bear testimony. His acuteness of perception was not less remarkable. He anticipated all you meant to convey, before you had uttered more than a word or two. It was useless to kick or wince under such treatment—to find your own words thrust back again down your own throat as useless, than which few things are more provoking to men with the slightest spice of petulance. A conviction of his overwhelming power kept you passive beneath his grasp. He had, as it were, extracted and devoured the kernel, while you were attempting to decide on the best method of breaking the shell. His wit was radiant, and, fed by a fancy both lively and powerful, it flashed and sparkled on all sides of you like lightning. He

had a strong bent towards satire and sarcasm, and that of the bitterest and fiercest kind. If you chanced unexpectedly to become its subject, you sneaked away consciously seared to your very centre. If, however, you really wished to acquire information from him, no one was readier to open the vast storehouses of his learning. You had but to start a topic requiring elucidation of any kind, and presently you saw, grouped around it, numerous, appropriate, and beautiful illustrations, from almost every region of knowledge. But then you could scarce fail to observe the spirit of pride and ostentation which pervaded the whole. If he failed anywhere—and who living is equally excellent in all things?—it was in physics. Yes, here he *was* foiled. He lacked the patience, perseverance, and almost exclusive attention, which the cold and haughty goddess presiding over them invariably exacts from her suitors. Still, however, he had that showy general intimacy with its outlines, and some of its leading features, which earned him greater applause than was doled out reluctantly and suspiciously to the profoundest masters of science.

Yet Mr Effingstone, though such as I have described him, gained no distinctions at Oxford; and why? because he knew that all acknowledged his intellectual supremacy; that he had but to extend his foot, and stand on the proudest pedestal of academical eminence. This satisfied him. And another reason for his conduct once slipped out in the course of my intimacy with him:—His overweening, I may say, almost unparalleled pride, could not brook the idea of the remotest chance of failure! The same thing accounted for another manifestation of his peculiar character. No one could conceive how, when, or where, he came by his wonderful knowledge. He never *seemed* to be doing any thing; no one ever *saw* him reading or writing, and yet he came into the world *au fait* at almost every thing! All this was attributable to his pride, or, I should say more correctly, his vanity. "*Results*, not processes, are for the public eye," he was fond of saying. In plain English, he would shine before men, but would not that they should know the pains

and expense with which his lamp was fed. And this highly-gifted individual, as to intellect, it was, who chose to track the waters of dissipation, to career among their sunk rocks, shoals, and quicksands, even till he sunk and perished in them! By some strange omission in his moral conformation, his soul seemed utterly destitute of any sympathies for virtue; and whenever I looked at him, it was with feelings of concern, alarm, and wonder, akin to those with which one might contemplate the frightful creature brought into being by Frankenstein. Mr Effingstone seemed either wholly incapable of appreciating moral excellence, or wilfully contemptuous of it. While reflecting carefully on his *intimacy*, which several years' intimacy gave me many opportunities of doing, and endeavouring to account for his fixed inclination towards vice, and that in its most revolting form, and most frantic excesses, at a time when he was consciously possessed of such capabilities of excellence of every description;—it has struck me that a little incident, which came to my knowledge casually, afforded a clew to the whole—a key to his character. I one day chanced to overhear a distinguished friend of his father's lamenting that a man "of Mr St John's mighty powers" could prostitute them in the manner he did; and the reply made by his father was, with a sigh, that "St John was a *splendid* sinner, and he knew it." From that hour the key-stone was fixed in the arch of his unalterable, irreclaimable depravity. He felt a Satanic satisfaction in the consciousness of being an object of regret and wonder among those who most enthusiastically acknowledged his intellectual supremacy. How infinitely less stimulating to his morbid sensibilities would be the placid approval of virtue—a commonplace acquiescence in the ordinary notions of virtue and religion! He wished rather to stand out from the multitude—to be severed from the herd. "Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven," he thought; and he was not long in sinking many fathoms lower into the abyss of atheism. In fact, he never pretended to the possession of religious principle; he had acquiesced in the reputed truths of Christianity like his neighbours; or,

at least, kept doubts to himself, till he fancied his reputation required him to join the crew of fools, who blazon their unbelief. This was "*dammed fine*."

Conceive, now, such a man as I have truly, but, perhaps, imperfectly, described Mr Effingstone—in the possession of L.3000 a-year—perfectly his own master—with a fine person and most fascinating manners—capable of acquiring with ease every fashionable accomplishment—the idol, the dictator of all he met—and with a dazzling circle of friends and relatives:—conceive for a moment such a man as this, *let loose upon the town!* Will it occasion wonder if the reader is told how soon nocturnal studies, and the ambition of retaining his intellectual character which prompted them, were supplanted by a blind, absorbing, reckless devotion—for he was incapable of anything but *in extremes*—to the gaming-table, the turf, the cockpit, the ring, the theatres, and daily and nightly attendance on those haunts of detestable debauchery, which I cannot foul my pen with naming?—that a two or three years' intimacy with such scenes as these had conducted, in the first instance, to shed a haze of indistinctness over the multifarious acquirements of his earlier and better days, and finally to blot out large portions with blank oblivion?—that his soul's sun shone in dim discoloured rays through the fogs—the vault-vapours of profligacy?—that prolonged desuetude was gradually, though unheededly, benumbing and palsyng his intellectual faculties?—that a constant "feeding on garbage" had vitiated and depraved his whole system, both physical and mental?—and that, to conclude, there was a lamentable, an almost incredible, contrast between the glorious being, Mr Effingstone, at twenty-one, and that poor faded creature—that prematurely superannuated debauchee, Mr Effingstone, at twenty-seven?

I feel persuaded I shall not be accused of travelling out of the legitimate sphere of these "Passages," of forsaking the track of professional detail, in having thus attempted to give the reader some faint idea of the intellectual character of one of the most extraordinary young men that have ever flashed, meteor-like,

across the sphere of my own observation. Not that in the ensuing pages, it will be in my power to exhibit him such as he has been described, doing and uttering things worthy of his great powers. Alas, alas! he was "fallen, fallen, fallen" from that altitude long before it became my province to know him professionally. His decline and fall are alone what remain for me to describe. I am painting from the life, and those are living who know it: that I am describing the character and career of him who once lived,—who deliberately immolated himself before the shrine of debauchery; and they can, with a quaking heart, attest the truth of the few bitter and black passages of his remaining history, which here follow.

The reader is acquainted with the circumstances attending my first professional acquaintance with Mr Effingstone. Those of the second are in perfect keeping. He had been prosecuting an enterprise of *seduction*, the interest of which was, in his eyes, enhanced a thousandfold, on discovering that the object of his illicit attentions was—married. She was, I understood, a very handsome, fashionable woman; and she fell—for Mr Effingstone was irresistible! He was attending one of their assignations one night, which she was, unexpectedly unable to keep; and he waited so long at the place of meeting, but slightly clad, in the cold and inclement weather, that when he returned home at an early hour in the morning, intensely chagrined, he felt inclined to be very ill. He could not rise to breakfast. He grew rapidly worse; and when I was summoned to his bedside, he exhibited all the symptoms of a very severe inflammation of the lungs. One or two concurrent causes of excitement and chagrin aggravated his illness. He had been very unfortunate in betting on the Derby, and was threatened with an arrest from his tailor, whom he owed some hundreds of pounds, which he could not possibly pay. Again—a wealthy remote member of the family, his god-father, having heard of his profligacy, altered his will, and left every farthing he had in the world, amounting to upwards of fifty or sixty thousand pounds, to a charitable institution, the whole of which had been originally destined to Mr Effingstone.

The only notice taken of him in the old gentleman's will was, "To St John Henry Effingstone, my unworthy godson, I bequeath the sum of five pounds sterling, to purchase a Bible and Prayer-book, believing the time may yet come when he will require them."—These circumstances, I say, added to one or two other irritating concomitants, such as will sometimes succeed in stinging your *men about town* into something like reflection, brief and futile though it be, contributed to accelerate the inroads of his dangerous disorder. We were compelled to adopt such powerful antiphlogistic treatment as reduced him to within an inch of his life. Previous to, and in the course of, this illness, he exhibited one or two characteristic traits.

"Doctor—is delirium usually an attendant on this disorder?" he enquired one morning. I told him it was—very frequently.

"Ah! then, I'd better become *zygotic*, with one of old, and bite out my tongue; for, d—n it! my life won't bear ripping up! I shall say what will horrify you all! Delirium blackens a poor fellow sadly among his friends, doesn't it? Babbling devil—what can silence it? D—n, if you should hear me beginning to *let out*, suffocate me, doctor." * *

"Any chance of my giving the GREAT CUT this time, doctor, eh?" he enquired the same evening, with great apparent nonchalance. Seeing my puzzled air—for I did not exactly comprehend the low expression, "great cut"—he asked quickly, "Doctor, shall I die, d'ye think?" I told him I certainly apprehended great danger, for his symptoms began to look very serious. "Then the ship must be cleared for action. What is the best way of ensuring recovery, provided it is to be?" I told him that, among other things, he must be kept very quiet—must not have his mind excited by visitors.

"Nurse, please ring the bell for George," said he, suddenly interrupting me. The man in a few moments answered the summons. "George, d'ye value your neck, eh?" The man bowed. "Then, harkee, see you don't let in a living soul to see me, except the medical people. Friends, relatives, mother, brothers, sisters, d—n, sirrah! shut them all out

—And, harkee, duns especially. If ——— should come, and get inside the door, kick him out again; and if ——— comes, and ———, and ———, tell them, that if they don't mind what they are about, d—n them! I'll die, if it's only to cheat them." The man bowed and retired. "And—and —doctor, what else?"

"If you should appear approaching your end, Mr Effingstone, you would allow us, perhaps, to call in a clergyman to assist you in your devot—"

"What—ch—a parson? Oh, ——— it! no, no—out of the question—*non ad rem*, I assure you," he replied hastily. "D'y^e think I can't roll down to hell fast enough, without having my wheels oiled by their hypocritical humbug? Don't name it again, doctor, on any account, I beg."

* * * He grew rapidly worse, but ultimately recovered. His injunctions were obeyed to the letter; for his man George idolized his master, and turned a deaf ear to *all* applications for admission to his master's chamber. It was well there was no one of them present to listen to his ravings; for the disorgings of his polluted soul were horrible. His progress towards convalescence was by very slow steps; for the energies of both mind and body had been dreadfully shaken. His illness, however, had worked little or no alteration in his moral sentiments—or, if any thing, for the worse.

"It won't do at all, will it, doctor?" said Mr Effingstone, when I was visiting him, one morning, at the house of a titled relation in ——— square, whither he had been removed to prepare for a jaunt to the continent. "What do you allude to, Mr Effingstone?—*What* won't do?" I asked, for I knew *not* to what he alluded, as the question was the first break of a long pause in our conversation, which had been quite of a miscellaneous character. "*What* won't do? Why, the sort of life I have been leading about town these two or three last years," he replied. "By G—, doctor, it has nearly wound me up, has not it?"

"Indeed, Mr Effingstone, I think so. You have had a very, very nar-

rowescape—have been within a hair's breadth of your grave."—"Aye," he exclaimed, with a sigh, rubbing his hand rapidly over his noble forehead, "twas a complete toss up whether I should go or stay!—But come, come, the good ship has weathered the storm bravely, though she *has* been battered a little in her timbers!" said he, striking his breast, "and she's fit for sea again already, with a little caulking, that is. Helgho! what a d—d fool illness makes a man! I've had some of the strangest, oddest twingings—such gleams and visions!—What d'y^e think, doctor, I've had dinging in my ears night and day, like a d—d church-bell? Why, a passage from old Persius, and this is it (you know I was a *dab* at Latin once, doctor,) *rotundo ore*,

'Magne Pater divum! sævos punire tyrannos

Hand alia ratione velis, quam dira libido Moverit ingenium, ferventi tineta veneno;
—Virtutem videant—intabescantque relictâ! *

True and forcible enough, isn't it?"

"Yes," I replied, and expressed my satisfaction at his altered sentiments. "He might rely on it," I ventured to assure him, "that the paths of virtue, of religion"—I was going too fast.

"Pho, pho, doctor! No humbug, I beg—come, come, no humbug—no nonsense of that sort! I meant nothing of the kind, I can assure you! I'm a better Bentley than you, I see! What d'y^e think is my reading of '*virtutem videant*?'—Why—let them get wives when they're worn out, and want nursing—ah, ha!—curse me! I'd go on raking—ay, d—n it, I would, sour as you look about it!—but I'm too much the worse for wear at present—I must recruit a little."

"Mr Effingstone, I'm really confounded at hearing you talk in so light a strain! Forgive me, my dear sir, but"—

"Fiddle-de-dee, doctor! Of course, I'll forgive you, if you won't repeat the offence. 'Tis unpleasant—a nuisance—'tis, upon my soul! Well, however, what do you think is the upshot of the whole—the prac-

tical point—the winding up of affairs—the balancing of the books”—he delighted in accumulations of this sort—“the shutting up of the volume, eh? D—e! I’m going to get married—I am, by —! I’m at dead-low water-mark in money-matters—and, in short, I repeat it, I intend to marry—a gold bag! A good move, isn’t it? But, to be candid, I can’t take all the credit of the thing to myself, either, having been a trifle bored, bullied, *badgered* into it by the family. They say the world cries shame on me! simpletons, why listen to the world!—I only laugh, ha, ha, ha! and cry, curse on the world—and so we are quits with one another!—By the way, the germ of that’s to be found in that worthy fellow Plautus!”

All this, uttered with Mr Effingstone’s characteristic emphasis and rapidity of tone and manner, conveyed his real sentiments; and it was not long before he carried them into effect. He spent two or three months in the south of France; and not long after his return to England, with restored health and energies, he singled out from among the many, many women who would have exulted in being an object of the attentions of the accomplished, the celebrated, Mr Effingstone, Lady E——, the very flower of English aristocratical beauty, daughter of a distinguished peer, and sole heiress to the immense estates of an aged baronet in——shire.

The unceasing exclusive attentions exacted from her suitor by this haughty young beauty, operated for a while as a salutary check upon Mr Effingstone’s reviving propensities to dissipation. So long as there was the most distant possibility of his being rejected, he was her willing slave at all hours, on all occasions; yielding implicit obedience, and making incessant sacrifices of his own personal conveniences. As soon, however, as he had “run down the game,” as he called it, and the young lady was so far compromised in the eyes of the world, as to render retreat next to impossible, he began to slacken in his attentions; not, however, so palpably and visibly as to

alarm either her ladyship or any of their mutual relations or friends. He compensated for the attentions he was obliged to pay her by day, by the most extravagant nightly excesses. The pursuits of intellect, of literature, and philosophy, were utterly and apparently finally discarded—and for what? For wallowing swinishly in the foulest sinks of depravity, herding among the acknowledged outcasts, commingling intimately with the very scum and refuse of society, battenning on the rottenness of obscenity, and revelling amid the hellish orgies celebrated nightly in haunts of nameless infamy. Gambling, gluttony, drunkenness, harlotry, blasphemy! * * *

¶ I cannot bring myself to make public the shocking details with which the five following pages of Dr ——’s Diary are occupied. They are too revolting for the columns of this distinguished Magazine, and totally unfit for the eyes of its miscellaneous readers. If printed, they would appear to many absolutely incredible. They are little else than a corroboration of what is advanced in the sentences immediately preceding this interjected paragraph. What follows must be given only in a fragmentary form—the cup of horror must be poured out before the reader, only *κατὰ σταγόνας.*†]

Mr Effingstone, one morning, accompanied Lady E—— and her mother to one of the fashionable shops, for the purpose of aiding the former in her choice of some beautiful Chinese toys, to complete the ornamental department of her boudoir. After having purchased some of the most splendid and costly articles which had been exhibited, the ladies drew on their gloves, and gave each an arm to Mr Effingstone to lead them to the carriage. Lady E—— was in a flutter of unusually animated spirits, and was complimenting Mr Effingstone, in enthusiastic terms, on the taste with which he had guided their purchases; and they had left the shop door, the footman was letting down the carriage steps, when a very young woman, elegantly dressed,

* Alex. in Aphrodio.

who happened to be passing at that moment, seemingly in a state of deep dejection, suddenly started on seeing and recognising Mr Effingstone, placed herself between them and the carriage, and lifting her clasped hands, exclaimed, in piercing accents, "Oh, Henry, Henry, Henry! how cruelly you have deserted your poor ruined girl! What have I done to deserve it? I'm broken-hearted, and can rest nowhere! I've been walking up and down M—— street nearly three hours this morning to get a sight of you, but could not! Oh, Henry! how differently you said you would behave before you brought me up from ——shire!" All this was uttered with the impassioned vehemence and rapidity of highly excited feelings, and uninterrupted; for both Lady E—— and her mother seemed perfectly petrified, and stood pale and speechless. Mr Effingstone, too, was for a moment thunderstruck; but an instant's reflection shewed him the necessity of acting with decision one way or another. Though deadly pale, he did not disclose any other symptom of agitation; and with an assumed air of astonishment and irrecognition, exclaimed, concernedly, "Poor creature! unfortunate thing! Some strange mistake this!" — "Oh, no, no, no, Henry! it's no mistake! You know me well enough — I'm your own poor Hannah!"

"Pho, pho! nonsense, woman! I never saw you before." —

"Never saw me! never saw me!" almost shrieked the girl, "and is it come to this?" — "Woman, don't be foolish — cease, or we must give you over to an officer as an impostor," said Mr Effingstone, the perspiration bursting from every pore. "Come, come, your ladyships had better allow me to hand you into the carriage. See, there's a crowd collecting."

"No, no, Mr Effingstone," replied Lady E——'s mother with excessive agitation; "this very singular — strange affair — if it is a mistake — had better be set right on the spot. Here, young woman, can you tell me what is the name of this gentleman?" pointing to Mr Effingstone.

"Effingstone — Effingstone, to be sure, ma'am," sobbed the girl, looking imploringly at him. The instant she had uttered his name, the two ladies, dreadfully agitated, withdrew their

arms from his, and with the footman's assistance, stepped into their carriage and drove off rapidly, leaving Mr Effingstone bowing, kissing his hand, and assuring them that he should "soon settle this absurd affair," and be at —— street before their ladyships. They heard him not, however; for the instant the carriage had set off, Lady E—— fainted.

"Young woman, you're quite mistaken in me — I never saw you before. Here is my card — come to me at eight to-night," he added, in an under tone, so as to be heard by none but her he addressed. She took the hint, appeared pacified, and each withdrew different ways — Mr Effingstone almost suffocated with suppressed execrations. He flung himself into a hackney-coach, and ordered it to —— street, intending to assure Lady E——, with a smile, that he had instantly "put an end to the ridiculous affair." His knock, however, brought him a prompt "Not at home," though their carriage had but the instant before driven from the door. He jumped again into the coach, almost gnashing his teeth with fury, drove home, and dispatched his groom with a note, and orders to wait an answer. He soon brought it back, with the intelligence that Lord and Lady —— had given their porter orders to reject all letters or messages from Mr Effingstone! So there was an end of all hopes from *that* quarter. This is the history of what was mysteriously hinted at in one of the papers of the day, as a "strange occurrence in high life, which would probably break off a matrimonial affair long considered as settled." — But how did Mr Effingstone receive his ruined dupe at the appointed hour of eight? He answered her expected knock himself.

"Now, look, ——!" said he sternly, extending his arm to her menacingly, "if ever you presume to darken my doors again, by ——, I'll murder you! I give you fair warning. You've ruined me — you have, you accursed creature!"

"Oh, my God! What am I to do to live? What is to become of me?" groaned the victim.

"Do? Why go and be ——! And here's something to help you on your way — there!" and he flung her a

cheque for L.50, and shut the door violently in her face.

Mr Effingstone now plunged into profligacy with a spirit of almost diabolical desperation. Divers dark hints, stinging innuendoes, appeared in the papers, of his disgraceful notoriety in certain scenes of an abominable description. But he laughed at them. His family at length cast him off, and refused to recognise him till he chose to alter his courses—to “purge.”

Mr Effingstone was boxing one morning with Belasco—I think it was—at the latter’s rooms; and was preparing to plant a hit which the fighter had defied him to do, when he suddenly dropped his guard, turned pale, and in a moment or two, fell fainting into the arms of the astounded boxer. He had several days previously suspected himself the subject of indisposition—how could it be otherwise, keeping such hours, and living such a life as he did—but not of so serious a nature as to prevent him from going out as usual. As soon as he had recovered, and swallowed a few drops of spirits and water, he drove home, intending to have sent immediately for Mr —, the well-known surgeon; but on arriving at his rooms, he found a travelling carriage-and-four waiting before the door, for the purpose of conveying him instantly to the bedside of his dying mother, in a distant part of England, as she wished personally to communicate to him something of importance before she died. This he learnt from two of his relatives, who were up stairs giving directions to his servant to pack up his clothes, and make other preparations for his journey, so that nothing might detain him from setting off the instant he arrived at his rooms. He was startled—alarmed—confounded at all this. Good God, he thought, what was to become of him? He was utterly unfit to undertake a journey, requiring instant medical attendance, which had already been too long deferred; for his dissipation had already made rapid inroads on his constitution. Yet what was to be done? His situation was such as could not be communicated to his brother and sister-in-law—for he did not choose to encounter their sarcastic reproaches.

He had nothing for it but to get into the carriage with them, go down to —shire, and when there, devise some plausible pretext for returning instantly to town. That, however, he found impracticable. His mother would not trust him out of her sight one instant, night or day—but kept his hand close locked in hers; he was also surrounded by the congregated members of the family—and could literally scarce stir out of the house an instant. He dissembled his illness with tolerable success—till his aggravated agonies drove him almost beside himself. Without breathing a syllable to any one but his own man, whom he took with him, he suddenly left the house, and without even a change of clothes, threw himself into the first London coach—and by two o’clock the next day was at his own rooms in M—street, in a truly deplorable condition, and attended by Sir — and myself. The consternation of his family in —shire may be conceived. He trumped up some story about his being obliged to stand second in a duel—but his real state was soon discovered. Nine weeks of unmitigated agony were passed by Mr Effingstone—the virulence of his disorder for a long time setting at defiance all that medicine could do. This illness, also, broke him down sadly, and we recommended to him a second sojourn in the south of France—for which he set out the instant he could undertake the journey with safety. Much of his peculiar character was developed in this illness; that haughty, reckless spirit of defiance, that contemptuous disregard of the sacred consolations of religion,—that sullen indifference as to the event which might await him, which his previous character would have warranted me in predicting.

* * * *

About seven months from the period last mentioned, I received, one Sunday evening, a note, written in hurried characters; and a hasty glance at the seal, which bore Mr Effingstone’s crest, filled me with sudden vague apprehensions that some misfortune or other had befallen him. This was the note:—

“Dear Doctor,—For God’s sake come and see me immediately, for I have this day arrived in London

from the continent, and am suffering the tortures of the damned, both in mind and body. Come—come—in God's name come instantly, or I shall go mad. Not a word of my return to any one till I have seen you. You will find me—in short, my man will accompany you. Yours in agony, St J. H. Effingstone. Sunday evening, November, 18—."

Tongue cannot utter the dismay with which this note filled me. His unexpected return from abroad,—the obscure and distant part of the town (St George's in the East) where he had established himself,—the dreadful terms in which his note was couched, revived, amidst a variety of vague conjectures, certain fearful apprehensions for him which I had begun to entertain before he quitted England. I ordered out my chariot instantly; his groom mounted the box to guide the coachman, and we drove down rapidly. A sudden recollection of the contents of several of the letters he had sent me latterly from the continent, at my request, served to corroborate my worst fears. I had given him over for lost—by the time my chariot drew up opposite the house where he had so strangely taken up his abode. The street and neighbourhood, though not clearly discernible through the fogs of a November evening, contrasted strangely with the aristocratical regions to which my patient had been accustomed. **E**row was narrow, and the houses were small, yet clean and creditable-looking. On entering No. —, the landlady, a person of quiet respectable appearance, told me that *Mr Hardy*,—for such, it seems, was the name he chose to go by in these parts—had just retired to rest, as he felt fatigued and poorly, and she was just going to make him some gruel. She spoke in a tone of flurried excitement, and with an air of doubt, which were easily attributable to her astonishment at a man of Mr Effingstone's appearance and attendance, with such superior travelling equipments, dropping into such a house and neighbourhood as hers. I repaired to his bedchamber immediately. It was a small comfortably furnished room; the fire was lit, and two candles were burning on the drawers. On the bed, the plain chintz curtains

of which were only half drawn, lay — St John Henry Effingstone. I must pause a moment to describe his appearance, as it struck me at first looking at him. It may be thought rather far-fetched, perhaps, but I could not help comparing him, in my own mind, to a gem set in the midst of faded tarnished embroidery: the coarse texture of the bed-furniture—the ordinary style of the room—its constrained dimensions, contrasted strikingly with the indications of elegance and fashion afforded by the scattered clothes, toilet, and travelling paraphernalia, &c.—the person and manners of its present occupant, who lay on a bed all tossed and tumbled, with only a few minutes' restlessness. A dazzling diamond ring sparkled on the little finger of his left hand, and was the only ornament he ever wore. There was something, also, in the snowiness, simplicity, and fineness of his linen, which alone might have evidenced the superior consideration of its wearer, even were that not sufficiently visible in the noble, commanding outline of the features, faded though they were, and shrinking beneath the inroads of illness and dissipation. His forehead was white and ample; his eye had lost none of its fire, though it gleaned with restless energy; in a word, there was that ease and loftiness in his bearing, that indescribable *manière d'être*, which are inseparable from high birth and breeding. So much for the appearance of things on my entrance.

"How are you, Mr Effingstone—how are you, my dear sir?" said I, sitting down by the bedside.

"Doctor—the pains of hell have got hold upon me. I am undone," he replied gloomily, in a broken voice, and extended to me a hand cold as marble.

"Is it as you suspected in your last letter to me from Rouen, Mr Effingstone?" I enquired, after a pause. He shook his head, and covered his face with both hands, but made me no answer. Thinking he was in tears, I said in a soothing tone, "Come, come, my dear sir, don't be carried away; don't"—

"Faugh! Do you take me for a puling child, or a woman, doctor: Don't suspect me again of such con-

temptible pusillanimity, low as I am fallen," he replied with startling sternness, removing his hands from his face.

"I hope, after all, that matters are not so desperate as your fears would persuade you," said I, feeling his pulse.

"Doctor, don't delude me; all is over, I know it is. A horrible death is before me; but I shall meet it like a man. I have made my bed, and must lie upon it."

"Come, come, Mr Effingstone, don't be so gloomy, so hopeless; the exhausted powers of nature *may* yet be revived," said I, after having asked him many questions.

"Doctor —, I'll soon end that strain of yours. 'Tis silly—pardon me—but it *is*. Reach me one of these candles, please." I did so. "Now, I'll shew you how to translate a passage of Persius.

*‘Tentemus fauces. — tenero latet ulcus in ore
Pulcrum quod haud deceat plebei radere beta.’*

"Eh, you recollect it? Well, look! —What say you to this; isn't it frightful?" he asked, bitterly raising the candle, that I might look into his mouth. It was, alas, as he said! In fact, his whole constitution had been long tainted, and exhibited symptoms of soon breaking up altogether! I feared, from the period of my attendance on him during the illness which drove him last to the continent, that it was beyond human power to dislodge the harpy that had fixed its cruel fangs deeply, inextricably in his vitals. Could it be wondered at, even by himself? Neglect, in the first instance, added to a persevering course of profligacy, had doomed him long, long before, to premature and horrible decay! And though it can scarcely be credited, it is nevertheless the fact; even on the continent, in the character of a shattered invalid, the infatuated man resumed those dissolute courses which in England had already hurried him almost to death's door!

"My good God, Mr Effingstone!" I enquired, almost paralyzed with amazement at hearing him describe recent scenes in which he had mingled, which would have made even satyrs skulk ashamed into the woods of old, "how *could* you have been so insane, so stark staring mad?"

"By instinct, doctor, by instinct! The *nature* of the beast!" he replied, through his closed teeth, and with an unconscious clenching of his hands. Many enquiries into his past and present symptoms forewarned me that his case would probably be marked by more appalling features than any that had ever come under my care; and that there was not a ray of hope that he would survive the long, lingering, and maddening agonies, which were "measured out to him from the poisoned chalice" which he had "commended to his own lips." At the time I am speaking of, I mean when I paid him the visit above described, his situation was not far from that of Job, described in chap. xx. v. 7, 8. * * *

He shed no tears, and repeatedly strove, but in vain, to repress sighs with which his breast heaved, nearly to bursting, while I pointed out—in obedience to his determination to know the worst—some portions of the dreary prospect before him.

"Horrible! hideous!" he exclaimed, in a low broken tone, his flesh creeping from head to foot. "*How* shall I endure it!—Oh, Epictetus, how?" He relapsed into silence, with his eyes fixed on the ceiling, and his hands joined over his breast, and pointing upwards, in a posture which I considered supplicatory. I rejoiced to see it, and ventured to say, after much hesitation, that I was delighted to see him at last looking to the right quarter for support and consolation.

"Bah!" he exclaimed impetuously, removing his hands, and eyeing me with sternness, almost approaching fury, "*why* will you persist in pestering your patients with twaddle of that sort?—*candem semper canens cantilenam, ad nauseam usque*—as though you carried a psalter in your pocket? When I want to listen to any thing of that kind, why, I'll pay a parson! Haven't I a tide enough of horror to bear up against already, without your bringing a sea of superstition upon me? No more of it—no more—'tis foul." I felt roused myself, at last, to something like correspondent emotions; for there was an insolence of assumption in his tone which I could not brook.

"Mr Effingstone," said I, calmly, "this silly swagger will not do.

"Tis unworthy of you—unscholarly—ungentlemanly—you *force* me to say so. I beg I may hear no more of it, or you and I must part. I have never been accustomed to such treatment, and I cannot now learn how to endure it from you.—From what quarter can you expect support or fortitude," said I, in a milder tone, seeing him startled and surprised at the former part, "except the despised consolations of religion?"

"Doctor—you are too superior to petty feelings not to overlook a little occasional petulance in such a wretched fellow as I am! You ask me whither I look for support? I reply, to the energies of my own mind—the tried disciplined energies of my own mind, doctor—a mind that never knew what fear was—that no disastrous combinations of misfortune could ever yet shake from its fortitude! What but *this* is it, that enables me to shut my ears to the whisperings of some pitying friend, who, knowing what hideous tortures await me, has stepped out of hell to come and advise me to *suicide*—Eh?" he enquired, his eye glaring on me with a very unusual expression. "However, as religion, that is, your Christian religion, is a subject on which you and I can never agree—an old bone of contention between us—why, the less said about it the better. It's useless to irritate a man whose mind is made up. D—n it! I shall *never* be a believer—may I die first!" he concluded, with angry vehemence.

The remainder of the interview I spent in endeavouring to persuade him to relinquish his present unsuitable lodgings, and return to the sphere of his friends and relations—but in vain. He was fixedly determined to continue in that obscure hole, he said, till there was about a week or so between him and death, and then he would return, "and die in the bosom of his family, as the phrase was." Alas, however, I knew but too well, that in the event of his adhering to that resolution, he was fated to expire in the bed where he then lay; for I foresaw but too truly that the termination of his illness would be attended with circumstances rendering removal utterly impossible. He made me pledge my word that I would not, without

his express request or sanction, deprive any member of his family, or any of his friends, that he had returned to England. It was in vain that I expostulated, that I represented the responsibility imposed upon me; and reminded him, that, in the event of any thing serious and sudden befalling him, the censure of all his relatives would be levelled at me. He was immovable. "Doctor, you know well I dare not see them, as well on my own account as theirs," said he, bitterly. He begged me to prescribe him a powerful anodyne draught; for that he could get no rest at nights; that an intense cracking pain was gnawing all his bones from morning to evening, and from evening to morning; and what with this and other dreadful concomitants, he "was," he said, "suffering the tortures of the damned, and perhaps worse." I complied with his request, and ordered him also many other medicines and applications, and promised to see him soon in the morning. I was accordingly with him about twelve the next day. He was sitting up, and in his dressing-gown, before the fire, in great pain, and suffering under the deepest dejection. He complained heavily of the intense and unremitting agony he had endured all night long, and thought that from some cause or other, the laudanum draught I ordered, had tended to make him only more acutely sensible of the pain. "It is a peculiar and horrible sensation; and I cannot give you an adequate idea of it," he said: "it is as though the marrow in my bones were transformed into something animated—into blind-worms, writhing, biting, and stinging incessantly"—and he shuddered, as did I also, at the revolting comparison. He put me upon a minute exposition of the *rational* of his disorder: and if ever I was at a loss for adequate expressions or illustrations, he supplied them with a readiness, an exquisite appositeness, which, added to his astonishing acuteness in comprehending the most strictly technical details, filled me with admiration for his great powers of mind, and poignant regret at their miserable desecration.

"Well, I don't think you can give me any efficient relief, doctor," said

he, "and I am therefore bent on trying a scheme of my own."

"And what, pray, may that be?" I enquired curiously.

"I'll tell you my preparations. I've ordered—by ———!—nearly a hundredweight of the strongest tobacco that's to be bought, and thousands of pipes; and with these I intend to smoke myself into stupidity, or rather insensibility, if possible, till I can't undertake to say whether I live or not; and my good fellow, George, is to be reading me *Don Quixote*, the while." Oh, with what a sorrowful air of forced gaiety was all this uttered!

One sudden burst of bitterness I well recollect. I was saying, while putting on my gloves to go, that I hoped to see him in better spirits the next time I called.

"Better spirits? Ha! ha! How the ——— can I be in better spirits—an exile from society—and absolutely *rotting* away here—in such a contemptible hovel as this—among a set of base-born brutal savages?—laugh! laugh! It *does* need something here—here," pressing his hand to his forehead, "to bear it—aye, it does!" I thought his tones were tremulous, and that for the first time I had ever known them so—and I could not help thinking the tears came into his eyes; for he started suddenly from me, and affected to be gazing at some passing objects in the street. I saw he was beginning to sink under a consciousness of the bitter degradation into which he had sunk—the wretched prospect of his "sun's going down in darkness!" I saw that the strength of mind to which he clung so pertinaciously for support, was fast disappearing, like snow beneath the sunbeam. * * *

[Then follow the details of his disease, which are so shocking as to be unfit for any but professional eyes. They represent all the energies of his nature as shaken, beyond the possibility of restoration—his constitution thoroughly polluted—wholly undetermined. That the remedies resorted to had been almost more dreadful than the disease—and yet exhibited in vain! In the next twenty pages of the Diary, the shades of horror are represented as gradually closing and darkening around this

wretched victim of debauchery; and the narrative is carried forward through three months. A few extracts only, from this portion, are fitting for the reader.]

Friday, January 5.—Mr Effingstone continues in the same deplorable state described in my former entry. It is absolutely revolting to enter his room, the effluvia are so sickening—so overpowering. I am compelled to use a vinaigrette incessantly, as well as eau de Cologne, and other scents, in profusion. I found him engaged, as usual, deep in Petronius Arbitr! He still makes the same wretched show of reliance on the strength and firmness of his mental powers; but his worn and haggard features—the burning brilliance of his often half-frenzied eyes—the broken, hollow tones of his voice—his sudden starts of apprehension—belie every word he utters. He describes his bodily sufferings as frightful. Indeed Mrs ——— has often told me, that his groans both disturb and alarm the neighbours, even as far as over the way! The very watchman has several times been so much startled in passing, at hearing his groans, that he has knocked at the door to enquire about them. Neither Sir ——— nor I can think of any thing that seems likely to assuage his agonies. Even laudanum has failed us altogether, though it has been given in unprecedented quantities. I think I can say with truth and sincerity, that scarce the wealth of the Indies should tempt me to undertake the management of another such case. I am losing my appetite—loathe animal food—am haunted day and night by the piteous spectacle which I have to encounter daily in Mr Effingstone. Oh, that Heaven would terminate his tortures—surely he has suffered enough! I am sure he would hail the prospect of death with ecstasy!

Wednesday, 10.—Poor, infatuated, obstinate Effingstone will not yet allow me to communicate with any of his family or friends, though he knows they are almost distracted at not hearing from him, fancying him yet abroad. Colonel ——— asked me the other day, earnestly, when I last heard from Mr Effingstone! I wonder my conscious looks did not be-

tray me. I almost wish they had. Good God! in what a painful predicament I am placed! What am I to do? Shall I tell them all about him, and disregard consequences? Oh—no—no;—how can that be, when my word and honour are solemnly pledged to the contrary?

Saturday, 20.—Poor Effingstone has experienced a signal instance of the ingratitude and heartlessness of mere men of the world. He sent his man, some time ago, with a confidential note to Captain —, formerly one of his most intimate acquaintances, stating briefly the shocking circumstances in which he is placed, and ~~begging~~ ^{urging} him to call and see him. The captain sent back a *viva voce* (!) message, that he ~~should~~ ^{ought} feel happy in calling on Mr Effingstone in a few days' time, and would then, but that he was busy making up a match at billiards, and balancing his betting-book, &c. &c. &c. This day the fellow rode up to the door, and—*left a card for Mr Effingstone, without asking to see him!* Heartless, contemptible thing! I drove up about a quarter of an hour after this gentleman had left. Poor Effingstone could not repress tears while informing me of the above. "Would you believe it, doctor," said he, "that Captain — was one of my most intimate companions—that he has won many hundred pounds of my money—and that I have stood his second in a duel?"—"Oh, yes—I could believe it all, and much more!"—"My poor man, George," he resumed, "is worth a million of such puppies! Don't you think the good, faithful fellow looks ill? He is at my bedside twenty times a-night! Do try and do something for him! I've left him a trifling annuity out of the wreck of my fortune, poor fellow!" and the rebellious tears again glistened in his eyes. His tortures are unmitigated.

Friday, 26.—Surely, surely I have never seen, and seldom heard or read, of such sufferings as the wretched Effingstone's. He strives to endure them with the fortitude and patience of a martyr—or rather is struggling to exhibit a spirit of sullen, stoical submission to his fate, such as is inculcated in Arrian's Discourses of Epictetus, which he reads almost all day. His anguish is so excruciating and uninterrupted, that

I am astonished how he retains the use of his reason. All power of locomotion has disappeared long ago. The only parts of his body he can move now are his fingers, toes, and head—which latter he sometimes shakes about, in a sudden ecstasy of pain, with such frightful violence as would, one should think, almost suffice to sever it from his shoulders! The flesh of the lower extremities—the flesh——* * * Horrible! All sensation has ceased in them for a fortnight! He describes the agonies about his stomach and bowels to be as though wolves were ravenously gnawing and mauling all within.

Oh, my God! if "men about town," in London, or elsewhere, could but see the hideous spectacle Mr Effingstone presents, surely it would palsy them in the pursuit of ruin, and scare them into the paths of virtue!

Mrs —, his landlady, is so ill with attendance on him—almost poisoned by the foul air in his chamber—that she is gone to the house of a relative for a few weeks, in a distant part of the town, having first engaged one of the poor neighbours to supply her place as Mr Effingstone's nurse. The people opposite, and on each side of the house, are complaining again, loudly, of the strange nocturnal noises heard in Mr Effingstone's room. They are his groanings! * * *

Tuesday, 31.—Again I have visited that scene of loathsomeness and horror, Mr Effingstone's chamber. The nurse and George told me he had been raving deliriously all night long. I found him incredibly altered in countenance, so much so, that I should hardly have recognised his features. He was mumbling, with his eyes closed, when I entered the room.

"Doctor!" he exclaimed, in a tone of doubt and fear, such as I had never known from him before, "you have not heard me abuse the Bible lately, have you?"

"Not *very* lately, Mr Effingstone," I replied, pointedly.

"Good," said he, with his usual decision and energy of manner. "There are awful things in that book—aren't there, doctor?"

"Many very awful things there are indeed."

"I thought so—I thought so. Pray"
 — his manner grew suddenly
 perturbed, and he paused for a mo-
 ment, as if to recollect himself—
 "Pray—pray"—again he paused,
 but could not succeed in disguising
 his trepidation—"do you happen to
 recollect whether there are such
 words in the Bible as—as—'MANY
 STRIPES?'"

"Yes, there are; and they form
 part of a very fearful passage,"
 said I, quoting the verse as nearly
 as I could. He listened silently. His
 features swelled with suppressed
 emotion. There was horror in his
 eye.

"Doctor, what a—a—remark—able
 —nay, hideous dream I had last
 night! I thought a fiend came and
 took me to a gloomy belfry, or some
 other such place, and muttered
 'many stripes—many stripes,' in my
 ear; and the huge bell almost tolled
 me into madness, for all the damned
 danced around me to the sound of
 it! ha, ha!" He added, with a faint
 laugh, after a pause, "There's some-
 thing cu—cur—cursedly odd in the
coincidence, isn't there? How it
 would have frightened *some* wise-
 acres!" he continued, a forced smile
 flitting over his haggard features, as
 if in mockery. "But it is easily to be
 accounted for—the intimate con-
 nection—sympathy—between mind
 and matter, reciprocally affecting
 each other—affecting each — ha,
 ha, ha!—Doctor, it's no use keeping
 up this damned farce any longer,
 human nature won't bear it! D—n!
 I'm going down to HELL! I am!" said
 he, almost yelling out the words. I
 had never before witnessed such a
 fearful manifestation of his feelings.
 I almost started from the chair on
 which I was sitting.

"Why"—he continued, in nearly
 the same tone and manner, as if he
 had lost all self-control, "*what* is it
 that has maddened me all my life,
 and left me sober only at this ghastly
 hour—too late?" My agitation would
 not permit me to do more than whis-
 per a few unconnected words of
 encouragement, almost inaudible to
 myself. In about ten minutes' time,
 neither of us having broken the si-
 lence of the interval, he said, in a
 calmer tone, "Doctor, be good
 enough to wipe my forehead—will
 you?" I did so. "You know better,

doctor, of course, than to attach any
 importance to the nonsensical rant-
 ings extorted by deathbed agonies,
 eh? Don't dying people, at least
 those who die in great pain, almost
 always express themselves so? How
 apt superstition is to rear its dismal
 flag over the prostrate energies of
 one's soul, when the body is racked
 by tortures like mine! Oh, oh, oh,
 that maddening sensation about the
 centre of my stomach! Doctor, go
 home, and forget all the stuff you've
 heard me utter to-day—'Richard's
 himself again!'"

Thursday, 2d February.—On ar-
 riving this morning at — row, I
 was shewn into the back parlour,
 where sat the nurse, very sick and
 faint. She begged me to procure a
 substitute, for that she was nearly
 killed herself, and nothing should
 tempt her to continue in her present
 situation. Poor thing! I did not
 wonder at it! I told her I would send
 a nurse from one of the hospitals that
 evening; and then enquired what sort
 of a night Mr Effingstone had passed.
 "Terrible," she said; "groaning,
 shaking, and roaring all night long,
 'many stripes,' 'many stripes,' 'oh
 God of mercy!' and enquiring per-
 petually for you." I repaired to the
 fatal chamber immediately, though
 latterly my spirits began to fail me
 whenever I approached the door. I
 was going to take my usual seat in
 the arm-chair by the bedside.

"Don't sit there—don't sit there,"
 groaned, rather gasped Mr Effing-
 stone, "for a hideous being sate in
 that chair all night long," every
 muscle in his face crept and shrunk
 with horror, "muttering, '*many
 stripes!*' Doctor, order that blight-
 ed chair to be taken away, broken
 up, and burnt, every splinter of it!
 Let no human being ever sit in it
 again! And give instructions to the
 people about me never to desert me
 for a moment—or—carry me
 off!—they will! * * * My
 frenzied fancy conjures up the
 ghastliest objects that can scare man
 into madness!" He paused:

"Great God, doctor! suppose,
 after all, what the Bible says should
 prove true!" he literally gnashed his
 teeth, and looked a truer image of
 despair than I have ever seen repre-
 sented in pictures, on the stage, or
 in real life. "Why, Mr Effingstone,

if it *should*, it need not be to your sorrow, unless you choose to make it so," said I, in a soothing tone.

"Needn't it, needn't it?" with an abstracted air—"Needn't it? Oh, good!—hope—There, there it sate, all night long, there! I've no recollection of any distinct personality, and yet I thought it sometimes looked like—of course," he added, after a pause, and a sigh of exhaustion—"of course these phantoms, or similar ones, must often have been described to you by dying people—eh?"

Friday, 3d.—* * * He was in a strangely altered mood to-day; for though his condition might be aptly described by the words "dead alive" his calm demeanour, his tranquillized features, and the mild expression of his eye, assured me he believed what he said, when he told me that his disorder had "taken a turn,"—that the "crisis was past;" and he should *recover*! Alas, was it ever known that dead *mortified* flesh ever resumed its life and functions! To have saved himself from the spring of a hungry tiger, he could not have moved a foot or a finger, and that for the last week! Poor, poor Mr Effingstone began to thank me for my attentions to him during his illness; said, he "owed his life to my consummate skill;" he would "trumpet my fame to the Andes, if I succeeded in bringing him through."

"It has been a very horrible affair, doctor—hasn't it?" said he.

"Very, very, Mr Effingstone; and it is my duty to tell you, there is yet much horror before you!"

"Ah! well, well! I see you don't want me to be too sanguine—too impatient—it's kindly meant—very! Doctor, when I leave here, I leave it an *altered man*! Come, does not that gratify you, eh?"

I could not help a sigh. He *would* be an *altered man*, and that very shortly! He mistook the feelings which prompted the sigh. "Mind—not that I'm going to commence saint—far from it; but—but—I don't despair of being a Christian. I don't, upon my honour. The New Testament is a sublime—a—I believe—a true revelation of the Almighty. My heart is quite humbled; yet—mark me—I don't mean exactly to say I'm a believer—not by any means; but I can't help thinking that my enqui-

ries might tend to make me so." I hinted that all these were indications of bettered feelings. I could say no more.

"I'm bent on leading a different life to what I have led before, at all events! Let me see—I'll tell you what I've been chalking out during the night—I shall go to Lord —'s villa in —, whither I've often been invited, and shall read Lardner, and Paley, and get them up thoroughly—I will, by —!"

"Mr Effingstone, pardon me!"

"Ah—I understand—'twas a mere slip of the tongue—what's bred in the bone, you know!"

"I was not alluding to the oath, Mr Effingstone; but—but it is my duty to warn you!"

"Ah—that I'm not going the right way to work—eh? Well, at all events, I'll consult a clergyman. The Bishop of — is a distant connexion of our family, you know,—I'll ask his advice! * * * Oh, doctor, look at that rich—that blessed light of the sun! Oh, draw aside the window-curtain, let me feel it on me! What an image of the beneficence of the Deity! A smile flung from his face over the universe!" I drew aside the curtain. It was a cold clear frosty day, and the sun shone into the room with cheerful lustre. Oh, how awfully distinct were the ravages which his wasted features had sustained! His soul seemed to expand beneath the genial influence of the sunbeams; and he again expressed his confident expectations of recovery.

"Mr Effingstone, do not persist in cherishing false hopes! Once for all," said I, with all the deliberate solemnity I could throw into my manner, "I assure you, in the presence of God, that, unless a miracle takes place, it is utterly impossible for you to recover, or even to last a week longer!" I thought it had killed him. His features whitened visibly as I concluded—his eye seemed to sink, and the eyelids fell. His lips presently moved, but uttered no sound. I thought he had received his death-stroke, and was immeasurably shocked at its having been from my hands, even though in the strict performance of my duty. Half an hour's time, however, saw him restored to nearly the same state in which he had been previously. I begged him to allow

me to send a clergyman to him, as the best means of soothing and quieting his mind; but he shook his head despondingly. I pressed my point, and he said deliberately, "No." He muttered some such words, as "The Deity has determined on my destruction, and is permitting his devils to mock me with hopes of this sort—Let me go, then, to my own place!" In this awful state of mind I was compelled to leave him. I sent a clergyman to him in my chaise—the same whom I had called to visit Mr — (alluding to the "Scholar's Death-Bed;") but he refused to see him, saying, that if he presumed to force himself into the room, he would spit in his face, though he could not rise to kick him out! The temper of his mind had changed into something perfectly diabolical, since my interview with him.

Saturday, 14th.—Really my own health is suffering—my spirits are sinking through daily horrors I have to encounter at Mr Ellingstone's apartment. This morning, I sat by his bedside full half an hour, listening to him uttering nothing but groans that shook my very soul within me. He did not know me when I spoke to him, and took no notice of me whatever. At length his groans were mingled with such expressions as these, indicating that his disturbed fancy had wandered to former scenes.

"Oh!—oh!—Pitch it into him, Bob! Ten to two on Cribb!—Horrible!—These dice are loaded, Wilmington, by —, I know they are!—Seven's the main!—Ha!—done, by —! * * Hector, yes—[he was alluding to a favourite race-horse]—won't 'bate a pound of his price!—Your Grace shall have him for six hundred—Fore-legs, only look at them!—There, there, go it! away! away! neck and neck—In, in, by —! * * Hannah! what the —'s become of her—drowned? No, no, no,—What a fiend incarnate that Bet — is! * * Oh! horror, horror! Rottenness! Oh, that some one would knock me on the head, and end me! * * Fire, fire! Stripes, many stripes—Stuff! You didn't fire fair. By —, you fired before your time—[alluding, I suppose, to a duel in which he had been concerned]—d— your cowardice!"

Such was the substance of what he

uttered—it was in vain that I tried to arrest the torrent of vile recollections. * * *

"Doctor, doctor, I shall die of fright!" he exclaimed an hour afterwards—"What d'ye think happened to me last night? I was lying here, with the fire burnt very low, and the candles out. George was asleep, poor fellow, and the woman gone out to get an hour's rest also. I was looking about, and suddenly saw the dim outline of a table, set, as it were, in the middle of the room. There were four chairs, faintly visible, and three ghostly figures came through that door and sat in them, one by one, leaving one vacant. They began a sort of horrid whispering, more like gasping—they were devils, and talked about—my damnation! The fourth chair was for me, they said, and all three turned and looked me in the face. Oh! hideous—shapeless—damned!" He uttered a shuddering groan. * *

[Here follows an account of his interview with two brothers—the only members of the family—whom he had at last permitted to be informed of his frightful condition—who would come and see him.] * * * He did little else than rave and howl, in a blasphemous manner, all the while they were present. He seemed hardly to be aware of their being his brothers, and to forget the place where he was. He cursed me—then Sir —, his man George, and charged us with compassing his death, concealing his case from his family, and execrated us for not allowing him to be removed to the west end of the town. In vain we assured him that his removal was utterly impossible—the time was past; I had offered it once. He gnashed his teeth, and spit at us all! "What! die—die—Die in this damned hole?—I won't die here—I will go to — street. Take me off!—Devils, then, do you come and carry me there!—Come—out, out upon you! —* * *—You have killed me, all of you!—You're twisting me!—You've put a hill of iron on me—I'm dead!—all my body is dead—[* * *]—George, you wretch! why are you ladling fire upon me?—Where do you get it?—Out—out—out!—I'm flooded with fire!—Scorched—Scorched!—* * Now—now for a dance of devils—Ha—I see! I see!—There's

—, and —, and —, among them!—What! all three of you dead—and damned before me?—W——! Where is your d—d loaded dice?—Filled with fire, eh?—* *—So, you were the three devils I saw sitting at the table, eh?—Well, I shall be last—but, d—e, I'll be the chief of you!—I'll be king in hell!—* *—What—what's that filthy owl sitting at the bottom of the bed for, eh?—Kick it off—strike it!—Away—out on thee, thou imp of hell!—I shall make thee sing presently!—Let in the snakes—let them in—I love them! I hear them writhing up stairs!" He began to shake his head violently from side to side, his eyes glaring like coals of fire, and his teeth gnashing. I never could have imagined any thing half so frightful. What with the highly excited state of my feelings, and the horrible scents of death which were diffused about the room, and to which not the strongest salts of ammonia, used incessantly, could render me insensible, I was obliged to leave abruptly. I knew the last act of the black tragedy was closing that night! I left word with the nurse, that so soon as Mr Effingstone should be released from his misery, she should get into a hackney-coach, and come to my house.

* * * * *

I lay tossing in bed all night long—my mind suffused with the horrors of the scene of which I have endeavoured to give some faint idea above. Were I to record half what I recollect of his hideous ravings, it would scare myself to read it!—I will not! Let them and their memory perish!—I fancied myself lying side by side with the loathsome thing bearing the name of Effingstone—that I could not move away from him—that his head, shaking from side to side as I have mentioned above, was battering my cheeks and forehead; in short, I was almost beside myself!—I was in the act of uttering a fervent prayer to the Deity, that even in the eleventh hour—the eleventh hour—when a violent ringing of the night-bell made me spring out of bed. It was as I suspected. The nurse had come—and, already, all was over. My heart seemed to grow suddenly cold and motionless. I dressed myself, and went down into the drawing-room.

On the sofa lay the woman: She had fainted. On recovering her senses, I asked her if all was over;—she nodded with an affrighted expression!—A little wine and water restored her self-possession. "When did it occur?" I asked. "Exactly as the clock struck three," she replied. "George, and I, and Mr——, the apothecary, whom we had sent for out of the next street, were sitting and standing round the bed. Mr Hardy lay tossing his head about for nearly an hour, saying all manner of horrible things. A few minutes before three he gave a loud howl, and shouted, 'Here, you wretches—why do you put the candles out—here—here—I'm dying!'"

"God's peace be with you, sir!—The Lord have mercy on you!"—we groaned, like people distracted.

"Ha—ha—ha!—D—n you!—D—n you all!—Dying?—D—n me! I won't die!—I won't die!—No—no!—D—n me—I won't—won't—won't—!" and made a noise as if he was choked. We looked—yes, he was gone!"—He was interred in an obscure dissenting burying-ground in the immediate neighbourhood, under the name of Hardy, for his family refused to recognise him.

So lived and died a "man about town"—and so, alas, will yet live and die many another MAN ABOUT TOWN!

DEATH AT THE TOILET.

"'Tis no use talking to me, mother, I *will* go to Mrs P——'s party to-night, if I die for it—that's flat! You know as well as I do, that Lieutenant N—— is to be there, and he's going to leave town to-morrow—so up I go to dress."

"Charlotte, why will you be so obstinate? You know how poorly you have been all the week, and Dr—— says late hours are the worst things in the world for you."

"Pshaw, mother! nonsense, nonsense."

"Be persuaded for once, now, I beg! Oh dear, dear, what a night it is too—it pours with rain, and blows a perfect hurricane! You'll be wet and catch cold, rely on it. Come now, won't you stop and keep me company to-night? That's a good girl!"

"Some other night will do as well for that, you know; for now I'll go to Mrs P——'s, if it rains cats and dogs. So up—up—up I go!" singing jauntily

"Oh she shall dance all dress'd in white, So ladylike."

Such were, very nearly, the words, and such the manner in which Miss J—— expressed her determination to act in defiance of her mother's wishes and entreaties. She was the only child of her widowed mother, and had, but a few weeks before, completed her twenty-sixth year, with yet no other prospect before her than bleak single-blessedness. A weaker, more frivolous and conceited creature never breathed—the torment of her amiable parent, the nuisance of her acquaintance. Though her mother's circumstances were very straitened, sufficing barely to enable them to maintain a footing in what is called the middling genteel class of society, this young woman contrived by some means or other to gratify her penchant for dress, and gadded about here, there, and everywhere, the most showily dressed person in the neighbourhood. Though far from being even pretty-faced, or having any pretensions to a good figure, for she both stooped and was skinny, she yet believed herself handsome; and by a vulgar, flippant forwardness of demeanour, especially when in mixed company, extorted such attentions as persuaded her that others thought so.

For one or two years she had been an occasional patient of mine. The settled pallor, the tallowiness of her complexion, conjointly with other symptoms, evidenced the existence of a liver complaint; and the last visits I had paid her were in consequence of frequent sensations of oppression and pain in the chest, which clearly indicated some organic disease of her heart. I saw enough to warrant me in warning her mother of the possibility of her daughter's sudden death from this cause, and the imminent peril to which she exposed herself by dancing, late hours, &c.; but Mrs ——'s remonstrances, gentle and affectionate as they always were, were thrown away upon her headstrong daughter.

It was striking eight by the church

clock, when Miss J——, humming the words of the song above mentioned, lit her chamber-candle by her mother's, and withdrew to her room to dress, soundly rating the servant-girl by the way, for not having starched some article or other which she intended to have worn that evening. As her toilet was usually a long and laborious business, it did not occasion much surprise to her mother, who was sitting by the fire in their little parlour, reading some book of devotion, that the church chimes announced the first quarter past nine o'clock, without her daughter's making her appearance. The noise she had made over-head in walking to and fro to her drawers, dressing-table, &c. had ceased about half an hour ago, and her mother supposed she was then engaged at her glass, adjusting her hair, and preparing her complexion.

"Well, I wonder what can make Charlotte so very careful about her dress to-night!" exclaimed Mrs J——, removing her eyes from the book, and gazing thoughtfully at the fire; "Oh! it must be because young Lieutenant N—— is to be there. Well, I was young myself once, and it's very excusable in Charlotte—heigho!" She heard the wind howling so dismally without, that she drew together the coals of her brisk fire, and was laying down the poker when the clock of —— church struck the second quarter after nine.

"Why, what in the world can Charlotte be doing all this while?" she again enquired. She listened—"I have not heard her moving for the last three quarters of an hour! I'll call the maid and ask." She rung the bell, and the servant appeared.

"Betty, Miss J—— is not gone yet, is she?"

"La, no, ma'am," replied the girl, "I took up the curling irons only about a quarter of an hour ago, as she had put one of her curls out; and she said she should soon be ready. She's burst her new muslin dress behind, and that has put her into a way, ma'am."

"Gout to her room, then, Betty, and see if she wants any thing; and tell her it's half past nine o'clock," said Mrs J——. The servant accordingly went up stairs, and knocked at the bedroom door, once, twice, thrice, but received no answer. There was

a dead silence, except when the wind shook the window. Could Miss J—— have fallen asleep? Oh, impossible! She knocked again, but unsuccessfully as before. She became a little flustered; and after a moment's pause, opened the door and entered. There was Miss J—— sitting at the glass. "Why, la, ma'am!" commenced Betty in a petulant tone, walking up to her, "here have I been knocking for these five minutes, and"— Betty staggered horror-struck to the bed, and uttering a loud shriek, alarmed Mrs J——, who instantly tottered up stairs, almost palsied with fright.—Miss J—— was dead!

I was there within a few minutes, for my house was not more than two streets distant. It was a stormy night in March: and the desolate aspect of things without—deserted streets—the dreary howling of the wind, and the incessant pattering of the rain—contributed to cast a gloom over my mind, when connected with the intelligence of the awful event that had summoned me out, which was deepened into horror by the spectacle I was doomed to witness. On reaching the house, I found Mrs J—— in violent hysterics, surrounded by several of her neighbours who had been called in to her assistance. I repaired instantly to the scene of death, and beheld what I shall never forget. The room was occupied by a white-curtained bed. There was but one window, and before it was a table, on which stood a looking-glass, hung with a little white drapery; and various paraphernalia of the toilet lay scattered about—pins, broaches, curling-papers, ribands, gloves, &c. An arm-chair was drawn to this table, and in it sat Miss J——, stone-dead. Her head rested upon her right hand, her elbow supported by the table; while her left hung down by her side, grasping a pair of curling-irons. Each of her wrists was encircled by a showy gilt bracelet. She was dressed in a white muslin frock, with a little bordering of blonde. Her face was turned towards the glass, which,

by the light of the expiring candle, reflected with frightful fidelity the clammy fixed features, daubed over with rouge and carmine—the fallen lower jaw—and the eyes directed full into the glass, with a cold dull stare, that was appalling. On examining the countenance more narrowly, I thought I detected the traces of a smirk of conceit and self-complacency, which not even the palsying touch of Death could wholly obliterate. The hair of the corpse, all smooth and glossy, was curled with elaborate precision; and the skinny sallow neck was encircled with a string of glistening pearls. The ghastly visage of death thus leering through the tinselry of fashion—the "vain show" of artificial joy—was a horrible mockery of the fooleries of life!

Indeed it was a most humiliating and shocking spectacle. Poor creature! struck dead in the very act of sacrificing at the shrine of female vanity! She must have been dead for some time, perhaps for twenty minutes, or half an hour, when I arrived, for nearly all the animal heat had deserted the body, which was rapidly stiffening. I attempted, but in vain, to draw a little blood from the arm. Two or three women present proceeded to remove the corpse to the bed, for the purpose of laying it out. What strange passiveness! No resistance offered to them while straightening the bent right arm, and binding the jaws together with a faded white riband, which Miss J—— had destined for her waist that evening.

On examination of the body, we found that death had been occasioned by disease of the heart. Her life might have been protracted, possibly for years, had she but taken my advice, and that of her mother. I have seen many hundreds of corpses, as well in the calm composure of natural death, as mangled and distorted by violence; but never have I seen so startling a satire upon human vanity, so repulsive, unsightly, and loathsome a spectacle, as a *corpse dressed for a ball!*

ERRATA.

In page 760, of our last number, line 27—for "fostered by foolish ears"—read "fostered by foolish lads."

————— 789—line 25—for "behaved perfectly"—read, "behaved peaceably."

AN AUTUMN WALK.

BY DELTA.

I.

SWEET is the smile of the vernal morn,
When upon zephyr's wing is borne
The breath of the opening flowers, and skies
Day after day to the gazer's sight
Expand a thousand fairy dyes,
More softly pure, more serenely bright;
When Ocean lulls his foamy roar,
To tell that the boreal storms are o'er;
While naked boughs put on their green;
And morning listens the early lark;
And the snowdrop, like a spirit, is seen
Peeping up from earth's caverns dark:—
Oh, then is the season of hope—the heart
Feels of the universe a part;
The blooming flowers—the budding trees—
The brightening sun—the tender sky—
The singing birds, and the humming bees—
Speak they not all to the ear or eye—
To say, after darkness, and cold, and rain,
Come loveliness, warmth, and life again!

II.

Nor glorious less is the summer noon,
When, from its azure zenith, June
Looks on the beautiful earth, to spread
A darkening shadow beneath the bowers,
And the boughs of the chestnut overhead
Are spangled over with gorgeous flowers;
When the trout leaps up from the tepid stream;
And the cattle, from the hot day-beam,
Take to the shelter of cooling groves,
Where, 'mid the pillar'd emerald gloom,
From tree to tree the cushat roves,
And unseen flowers the air perfume:—
Then to the loiterer of the fields
A source of enduring joy it yields,
'To pause amid the pastures green,
And hearken a thousand notes that fill
The air with music from throats unseen—
A long, loud song of praise, until
The bosom's cares are subdued to rest,
And a holy calm pervades the breast.

III.

How should the seasons the heart employ?
To Spring give hope, and to Summer joy;
But to Autumn belongs majestic thought—
The shadows of Time and Eternity,
Like visions before the eye are brought
From her yellow woods and her changing sky:
Thou, Autumn, now art around my way,
As lonely thus abroad I stray,
While the afternoon melts into eve—
Alas! how rapidly day is done!—
And clouds of a thousand colours weave
Their glories around the setting sun.

All nature seems bathed in a tender grief ;
 There is a red-brown tint on the leaf,
 That proclaims of desolation blank ;
 And the flowers that erewhile bloom'd so fair,
 Now, seeding, wither along the bank,
 Sered by the chill of the alter'd air :
 The aspect of all things seems to say—
 Man like the seasons shall pass away !

IV.

October, my moralist thou shalt be—
 Shake down thy fragile leaves from the tree ;
 Pour out thy tears from the sullen cloud ;
 And, while the gleaner forsakes the field,
 Let the winds of evening, piping loud,
 A chorus sad to the partridge yield.
 What saith the river that rushes down
 From its nursing mountains, foamy and brown ?
 It tells of tempest—of sleet and rain—
 Of summer past and of winter near,
 Of glories that shall not revive again,
 Until a new life re-illumine the year :—
 Of the shortening and the lengthening night ;
 Of departed sunshine ; and beauty's blight ;
 Omens of death and of pale decay—
 Types of destruction's impending gloom—
 Flitting o'er man on life's thorny way,
 And pointing alike to his goal—the tomb ;
 For, when finishes Age's childlike reign,
 No second boyhood comes round again !

V.

Thus to my soul—in my lonely walks
 Of contemplation—Autumn talks :
 The red-breast, as it hops along,
 Like a restless spirit, from bough to bough,
 Seems warning me, with its dirge-like song,
 Of the changes that wait upon all below !
 Speaks not the hollow-sounding sea
 Of what hath been—and no more shall be !
 Of days that are past—of friendships gone ;
 Of visions whose glory made boyhood bright !
 Of pleasures flown—for ever flown—
 Of hopes that shone, but to set in night !
 The fading flower and the falling leaf,
 Do they not emblem that life is brief ?
 'Tis not in beauty—they seem to say—
 From year to year to retain its glow ;
 'Tis not in strength to resist decay—
 All is doom'd to the dust below—
 The meek and the mighty—the free and the slave—
 The rich and the poor—the coward and brave,—
 The young and the old, meet they not in the grave ?

THE MYSTERIOUS BRIDE.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

A GREAT number of people now-a-days are beginning broadly to insinuate that there are no such things as ghosts, or spiritual beings visible to mortal sight. Even Sir Walter Scott is turned renegade, and, with his stories made up of half-and-half, like Nathaniel Gow's toddy, is trying to throw cold water on the most certain, though most impalpable, phenomena of human nature. The bodies are daft. Heaven mend their wits! Before they had ventured to assert such things, I wish they had been where I have often been; or, in particular, where the Laird of Birkendelly was on St Lawrence's Eve, in the year 1777, and sundry times subsequent to that.

Be it known, then, to every reader of this relation of facts that happened in my own remembrance, that the road from Birkendelly to the great muckle village of Balmawhapple, (commonly called the muckle town, in opposition to the little town that stood on the other side of the burn,)—that road, I say, lay between two thorn hedges, so well kept by the Laird's hedger, so close, and so high, that a rabbit could not have escaped from the highway into any of the adjoining fields. Along this road was the Laird riding on the Eve of St Lawrence, in a careless, indifferent manner, with his hat to one side, and his cane dancing a hornpipe on the curch of the saddle before him. He was, moreover, chanting a song to himself, and I have heard people tell what song it was too. There was once a certain, or rather uncertain, bard, ycleped Robert Burns, who made a number of good songs; but this that the Laird sung was an amorous song of great antiquity, which, like all the said bard's best songs, was sung one hundred and fifty years before he was born. It began thus:

"I am the Laird of Windy-wa's,
I cam nae here without a cause,
An' I hae gotten forty fa's

In coming o'er the knowe, joe!

The night it is baith wind and weet;
The morn it will be snaw and sleet;
My shoon are frozen to my feet;
"O, rise an' let me in, joe!"
Let me in this ae night," &c. &c.

This song was the Laird singing, while, at the same time, he was smudging and laughing at the catastrophe, when, ere ever aware, he beheld, a short way before him, an uncommonly elegant and beautiful girl walking in the same direction with him. "Aye," said the Laird to himself, "here is something very attractive indeed! Where the deuce can she have sprung from? She must have risen out of the earth, for I never saw her till this breath. Well, I declare I have not seen such a female figure—I wish I had such an assignation with her as the Laird of Windy-wa's had with his sweetheart."

As the Laird was half-thinking, half-speaking this to himself, the enchanting creature looked back at him with a motion of intelligence that she knew what he was half-saying, half-thinking, and then vanished over the summit of the rising ground before him, called the Birky Brow. "Aye, go your ways!" said the Laird; "I see by you, you'll not be very hard to overtake. You cannot get off the road, and I'll have a chat with you before you make the Deer's Den."

The Laird jogged on. He did not sing the "Laird of Windy-wa's" any more, for he felt a sort of stifling about his heart; but he often repeated to himself, "She's a very fine woman!—a very fine woman indeed—and to be walking here by herself! I cannot comprehend it."

When he reached the summit of the Birky Brow he did not see her, although he had a longer view of the road than before. He thought this very singular, and began to suspect that she wanted to escape him, although apparently rather lingering on him before. "I shall have another look at her, however," thought the Laird; and off he set at a flying trot. No. He came first to one turn, then

another. There was nothing of the young lady to be seen. "Unless she take wings and fly away, I shall be up with her," quoth the Laird; and off he set at the full gallop.

In the middle of his career he met with Mr M'Murdie of Aulton, who hailed him with, "Hilloa! Birkendelly! where the deuce are you flying at that rate?"

"I was riding after a woman," said the Laird, with great simplicity, reining in his steed.

"Then I am sure no woman on earth can long escape you, unless she be in an air balloon."

"I don't know that. Is she far gone?"

"In which way do you mean?"

"In this."

"Aha-ha-ha! Hee-hee-hee!" nickered M'Murdie, misconstruing the Laird's meaning.

"What do you laugh at, my dear sir? Do you know her, then?"

"Ho-ho-ho! Hee-hee-hee! How should I, or how can I, know her, Birkendelly, unless you inform me who she is?"

"Why, that is the very thing I want to know of you. I mean the young lady whom you met just now."

"You are raving, Birkendelly. I met no young lady, nor is there a single person on the road I have come by, while you know, that for a mile and a half forward your way, she could not get out of it."

"I know that," said the Laird, biting his lip, and looking greatly puzzled; "but confound me if I understand this; for I was within speech of her just now on the top of the Birky Brow there; and, when I think of it, she could not have been even thus far as yet. She had on a pure white gauze frock, a small green bonnet and feathers, and a green veil, which, flung back over her left shoulder, hung below her waist; and was altogether such an engaging figure, that no man could have passed her on the road without taking some note of her.—Are you not making game of me? Did you not really meet with her?"

"On my word of truth and honour, I did not. Come, ride back with me, and we shall meet her still, depend on it. She has given you the go-by on the road. Let us go; I am only going to call at the mill about some

barley for the distillery, and will return with you to the big town."

Birkendelly returned with his friend. The sun was not yet set, yet M'Murdie could not help observing that the Laird looked thoughtful and confused, and not a word could he speak about any thing save this lovely apparition with the white frock and the green veil; and lo, when they reached the top of the Birky Brow, there was the maiden again before them, and exactly at the same spot where the Laird first saw her before, only walking in the contrary direction.

"Well, this is the most extraordinary thing that I ever knew!" exclaimed the Laird.

"What is it, sir?" said M'Murdie.

"How that young lady could have eluded me," returned the Laird; "see, here she is still."

"I beg your pardon, sir, I don't see her. Where is she?"

"There, on the other side of the angle; but you are short-sighted. See, there she is ascending the other eminence in her white frock and green veil, as I told you—What a lovely creature!"

"Well, well, we have her fairly before us now, and shall see what she is like at all events," said M'Murdie.

Between the Birky Brow and this other slight eminence, there is an obtuse angle of the road at the part where it is lowest, and, in passing this, the two friends necessarily lost sight of the object of their curiosity. They pushed on at a quick pace—cleared the low angle—the maiden was not there! They rode full speed to the top of the eminence from whence a long extent of road was visible before them—there was no human creature in view! M'Murdie laughed aloud; but the Laird turned pale as death, and bit his lip. His friend asked at him, good-humouredly, why he was so much affected. He said, because he could not comprehend the meaning of this singular apparition or illusion, and it troubled him the more, as he now remembered a dream of the same nature which he had had, and which terminated in a dreadful manner.

"Why, man, you are dreaming still," said M'Murdie; "but never mind. It is quite common for men of your complexion to dream of beau-

tiful maidens, with white frocks and green veils, bonnets, feathers, and slender waists. It is a lovely image, the creation of your own sanguine imagination, and you may worship it without any blame. Were her shoes black or green?—And her stockings, did you note them? The symmetry of the limbs, I am sure you did! Good-bye; I see you are not disposed to leave the spot. Perhaps she will appear to you again.”

So saying, M'Murdie rode on towards the mill, and Birkendelly, after musing for some time, turned his beast's head slowly round, and began to move towards the great muckle village.

The Laird's feelings were now in terrible commotion. He was taken beyond measure with the beauty and elegance of the figure he had seen; but he remembered, with a mixture of admiration and horror, that a dream of the same enchanting object had haunted his slumbers all the days of his life; yet how singular that he should never have recollected the circumstance till now! But farther, with the dream there were connected some painful circumstances, which, though terrible in their issue, he could not recollect, so as to form them into any degree of arrangement.

As he was considering deeply of these things, and riding slowly down the declivity, neither dancing his cane, nor singing the “Laird of Windy-wa's,” he lifted up his eyes, and there was the girl on the same spot where he saw her first, walking deliberately up the Birky Brow. The sun was down; but it was the month of August, and a fine evening, and the Laird, seized with an unconquerable desire to see and speak with that incomparable creature, could restrain himself no longer, but shouted out to her to stop till he came up. She beckoned acquiescence, and slackened her pace into a slow movement. The Laird turned the corner quickly, but when he had rounded it, the maiden was still there, though on the summit of the Brow. She turned round, and, with an ineffable smile and curtsy, saluted him, and again moved slowly on. She vanished gradually beyond the summit, and while the green feathers were still nodding in view and so nigh, that the Laird could

have touched them with a fishing-rod, he reached the top of the Brow himself. There was no living soul there, nor onward, as far as his view reached. He now trembled every limb, and, without knowing what he did, rode straight on to the big town, not daring well to return and see what he had seen for three several times; and, certain he would see it again when the shades of evening were deepening, he deemed it proper and prudent to decline the pursuit of such a phantom any farther.

He alighted at the Queen's Head, called for some brandy and water, quite forgot what was his errand to the great muckle town that afternoon, there being nothing visible to his mental sight but lovely fairy images, with white gauze frocks and green veils. His friend, Mr M'Murdie, joined him; they drank deep, bantered, reasoned, got angry, reasoned themselves calm again, and still all would not do. The Laird was conscious that he had seen the beautiful apparition, and, moreover, that she was the very maiden, or the resemblance of her, who, in the irrevocable decrees of Providence, was destined to be his. It was in vain that M'Murdie reasoned of impressions on the imagination, and

“Of fancy moulding in the mind,
Light visions on the passing wind.”

Vain also was a story that he told him of a relation of his own, who was greatly harassed by the apparition of an officer in a red uniform, that haunted him day and night, and had very nigh put him quite distracted several times; till at length his physician found out the nature of this illusion so well, that he knew, from the state of his pulse, to an hour when the ghost of the officer would appear; and by bleeding, low diet, and emollients, contrived to keep the apparition away altogether.

The Laird admitted the singularity of this incident, but not that it was one in point; for the one, he said, was imaginary, and the other real; and that no conclusions could convince him in opposition to the authority of his own senses. He accepted of an invitation to spend a few days with M'Murdie and his family; but

they all acknowledged afterwards that the Laird was very much like one bewitched.

As soon as he reached home, he went straight to the Birky Brow, certain of seeing once more the angelic phantom; but she was not there. He took each of his former positions again and again, but the desired vision would in nowise make its appearance. He tried every day, and every hour of the day, all with the same effect, till he grew absolutely desperate, and had the audacity to kneel on the spot, and entreat of Heaven to see her. Yes, he called on Heaven to see her once more, whatever she was, whether a being of earth, heaven, or hell!

He was now in such a state of excitement that he could not exist; he grew listless, impatient, and sickly; took to his bed, and sent for M'Murdie and the doctor; and the issue of the consultation was, that Birkendelly consented to leave the country for a season, on a visit to his only sister in Ireland, whither we must now accompany him for a short space.

His sister was married to Captain Bryan, younger of Scoresby, and they two lived in a cottage on the estate, and the Captain's parents and sisters at Scoresby Hall. Great was the stir and preparation when the gallant young Laird of Birkendelly arrived at the cottage, it never being doubted that he had come to forward a second bond of connexion with the family, which still contained seven dashing sisters, all unmarried, and all alike willing to change that solitary and helpless state for the envied one of matrimony—a state highly popular among the young women of Ireland. Some of the Misses Bryan had now reached the years of womanhood, several of them scarcely; but these small disqualifications made no difference in the estimation of the young ladies themselves; each and all of them brushed up for the competition, with high hopes and unflinching resolutions. True, the elder ones tried to check the younger in their good-natured, forthright, Irish way; but they retorted, and persisted in their superior pretensions. Then there was such shopping in the county-town! It was so boundless, that the credit

of the Hall was finally exhausted, and the old squire was driven to remark, that "Och and to be sure it was a dreadful and tirrrell concussion, to be put upon the equipment of seven daughters all at the same moment, as if the young gentleman could marry them all! Och, then, poor dear shoul, he would be after finding that one was sufficient, if not one too many. And, therefore, there was no occasion, none at all, at all, and that there was not, for any of them to rig out more than one."

It was hinted that the Laird had some reason for complaint at this time; but as the lady sided with her daughters, he had no chance. One of the items of his account was, thirty-seven buckling-combs, then greatly in vogue. There were black combs, pale combs, yellow combs, and gilt ones, all to suit or set off various complexions; and if other articles bore any proportion at all to these, it had been better for the Laird and all his family that Birkendelly had never set foot in Ireland.

The plan was all concocted. There was to be a grand dinner at the Hall, at which the damsels were to appear in all their finery. A ball was to follow, and note taken which of the young ladies was their guest's choice, and measures taken accordingly. The dinner and the ball took place, and what a pity I may not describe that entertainment, the dresses, and the dancers, for they were all exquisite in their way, and *outré* beyond measure. But such details only serve to derange a winter's evening tale such as this.

Birkendelly having at this time but one model for his choice among womankind, all that ever he did while in the presence of ladies, was to look out for some resemblance to her, the angel of his fancy; and it so happened, that in one of old Bryan's daughters named Luna, or more familiarly, Loony, he perceived, or thought he perceived, some imaginary similarity in form and air to the lovely apparition. This was the sole reason why he was incapable of taking his eyes off from her the whole of that night; and this incident settled the point, not only with the old people, but even the young ladies were forced, after every exertion on their own parts, to "yild the pint to their

sister Loony, who certinly was nit the mist genteelest nor mist hand-someest of that guid-lucking family."

The next day Lady Luna was dispatched off to the cottage in grand style, there to live hand and glove with her supposed lover. There was no standing all this. There were the two parrocked together, like a ewe and a lamb, early and late; and though the Laird really appeared to have, and probably had, some delight in her company, it was only in contemplating that certain indefinable air of resemblance which she bore to the sole image impressed on his heart. He bought her a white gauze frock, a green bonnet and feathers, with a veil, which she was obliged to wear thrown over her left shoulder; and every day after, six times a-day, was she obliged to walk over a certain eminence at a certain distance before her lover. She was delighted to oblige him; but still when he came up, he looked disappointed, and never said, "Luna, I love you; when are we to be married?" No, he never said any such thing, for all her looks and expressions of fondest love; for, alas, in all this dalliance, he was only feeding a mysterious flame, that preyed upon his vitals, and proved too severe for the powers either of reason or religion to extinguish. Still time flew lighter and lighter by, his health was restored, the bloom of his cheek returned, and the frank and simple confidence of Luna had a certain charm with it, that reconciled him to his sister's Irish economy. But a strange incident now happened to him which deranged all his immediate plans.

He was returning from angling one evening, a little before sunset, when he saw Lady Luna awaiting him on his way home. But instead of brushing up to meet him as usual, she turned, and walked up the rising ground before him. "Poor sweet girl! how condescending she is," said he to himself, "and how like she is in reality to the angelic being whose form and features are so deeply impressed on my heart! I now see it is no fond or fancied resemblance. It is real! real! real! How I long to clasp her in my arms, and tell her how I love her; for, after all, that is the girl that is to be mine,

and the former a vision to impress this the more on my heart."

He posted up the ascent to overtake her. When at the top she turned, smiled, and curtsied. Good Heavens! it was the identical lady of his fondest adoration herself, but lovelier, far lovelier than ever. He expected every moment that she would vanish as was her wont; but she did not—she awaited him, and received his embraces with open arms. She was a being of real flesh and blood, courteous, elegant, and affectionate. He kissed her hand, he kissed her glowing cheek, and blessed all the powers of love who had thus restored her to him again, after undergoing pangs of love such as man never suffered.

"But, dearest heart, here we are standing in the middle of the highway," said he; "suffer me to conduct you to my sister's house, where you shall have an apartment with a child of nature having some slight resemblance to yourself." She smiled, and said, "No, I will not sleep with Lady Luna to-night. Will you please to look round you, and see where you are." He did so, and behold they were standing on the Birky Brow, on the only spot where he had ever seen her. She smiled at his embarrassed look, and asked if he did not remember aught of his coming over from Ireland. He said he thought he did remember something of it, but love with him had long absorbed every other sense. He then asked her to his own house, which she declined, saying she could only meet him on that spot till after their marriage, which could not be before St Lawrence's Eve come three years. "And now," said she, "we must part. My name is Jane Ogilvie, and you were betrothed to me before you were born. But I am come to release you this evening, if you have the slightest objection."

He declared he had none; and, kneeling, swore the most solemn oath to be hers for ever, and to meet her there on St Lawrence's Eve next, and every St Lawrence's Eve until that blessed day on which she had consented to make him happy, by becoming his own for ever. She then asked him affectionately to exchange rings with her, in pledge of their faith

and truth, in which he joyfully acquiesced; for she could not have then asked any conditions, which, in the fulness of his heart's love, he would not have granted; and after one fond and affectionate kiss, and repeating all their engagements over again, they parted.

Birkendelly's heart was now melted within him, and all his senses overpowered by one overwhelming passion. On leaving his fair and kind one, he got bewildered, and could not find the road to his own house, believing sometimes that he was going there, and sometimes to his sister's, till at length he came, as he thought, upon the Liffey, at its junction with Loch Allan; and there, in attempting to call for a boat, he awoke from a profound sleep, and found himself lying in his bed within his sister's house, and the day sky just breaking.

If he was puzzled to account for some things in the course of his dream, he was much more puzzled to account for them now that he was wide awake. He was sensible that he had met his love, had embraced, kissed, and exchanged vows and rings with her, and, in token of the truth and reality of all these, her emerald ring was on his finger, and his own away; so there was no doubt that they had met,—by what means it was beyond the power of man to calculate.

There was then living with Mrs Bryan an old Scots woman, commonly styled Lucky Black. She had nursed Birkendelly's mother, and been dry-nurse to himself and sister; and having more than a mother's attachment for the latter, when she was married, old Lucky left her country, to spend the last of her days in the house of her beloved young lady. When the Laird entered the breakfast parlour that morning, she was sitting in her black velvet hood, as usual, reading "*The Fourfold State of Man*," and being paralytic and somewhat deaf, she seldom regarded those who went out or came in. But chancing to hear him say something about the ninth of August, she quitted reading, turned round her head to listen, and then asked, in a hoarse tremulous voice, "What's that he's saying? What's the unlucky calkant saying about the ninth of August?"

Aih? To be sure it is St Lawrence's Eve, although the tenth be his day. It 's ower true, ower true! ower true for him an' a' his kin, poor man! Aih? What was he saying then?"

The men smiled at her incoherent earnestness, but the lady, with true feminine condescension, informed her, in a loud voice, that Allan had an engagement in Scotland on St Lawrence's Eve. She then started up, extended her shrivelled hands, that shook like the aspen, and panted out, "Aih, aih? Lord preserve us! whaten an engagement has he on St Lawrence's Eve? Bind him! bind him! shackle him wi' bands of steel, and of brass, and of iron!—O, may He whose blessed will was pleased to leave him an orphan sae soon, preserve him from the fate which I tremble to think on!"

She then tottered round the table, as with supernatural energy, and seizing the Laird's right hand, she drew it close to her unstable eyes, and then, perceiving the emerald ring chased in blood, she threw up her arms with a jerk, opened her skinny jaws with a fearful gape, and uttering a shriek, that made all the house yell, and every one within it to tremble, she fell back lifeless and rigid on the floor. The gentlemen both fled, out of sheer terror; but a woman never deserts her friends in extremity. The lady called her maids about her, had her old nurse conveyed to bed, where every means were used to restore animation. But, alas! life was extinct! The vital spark had fled for ever, which filled all their hearts with grief, disappointment, and horror, as some dreadful tale of mystery was now sealed up from their knowledge, which, in all likelihood, no other could reveal. But to say the truth, the Laird did not seem greatly disposed to probe it to the bottom.

Not all the arguments of Captain Bryan and his lady, nor the simple entreaties of Lady Luna, could induce Birkendelly to put off his engagement to meet his love on the Birky Brow on the evening of the 9th of August; but he promised soon to return, pretending that some business of the utmost importance called him away. Before he went, however, he asked his sister if ever she had heard of such a lady in Scotland as Jane Ogil-

vie. Mrs Bryan repeated the name many times to herself, and said that name undoubtedly was once familiar to her, although she thought not for good, but at that moment she did not recollect one single individual of the name. He then shewed her the emerald ring that had been the death of old Lucky Black; but the moment the lady looked at it, she made a grasp at it to take it off by force, which she had very nearly effected. "O, burn it, burn it!" cried she; "it is not a right ring! Burn it!"

"My dear sister, what fault is in the ring?" said he. "It is a very pretty ring, and one that I set great value by."

"O, for Heaven's sake, burn it, and renounce the giver!" cried she. "If you have any regard for your peace here, or your soul's welfare hereafter, burn that ring! If you saw with your own eyes, you would easily perceive that that is not a ring befitting a Christian to wear."

This speech confounded Birkendelly a good deal. He retired by himself and examined the ring, and could see nothing in it unbecoming a Christian to wear. It was a chased gold ring, with a bright emerald, which last had a red foil, in some lights giving it a purple gleam, and inside was engraven "*Elegit*," much defaced, but that his sister could not see; therefore he could not comprehend her vehement injunctions concerning it. But that it might no more give her offence, or any other, he sewed it within his vest, opposite his heart, judging that there was something in it which his eyes were withholden from discerning.

Thus he left Ireland with his mind in great confusion, groping his way, as it were, in a hole of mystery, yet the passion that preyed on his heart and vitals more intense than ever. He seems to have had an impression all his life that some mysterious fate awaited him, which the correspondence of his dreams and day visions tended to confirm. And though he gave himself wholly up to the sway of one overpowering passion, it was not without some yearnings of soul, manifestations of terror, and so much earthly shame, that he never more mentioned his love, or his engagements, to any human being, not even to his friend M'Murdie, whose company he forthwith shunned.

It is on this account that I am unable to relate what passed between the lovers thenceforward. It is certain they met at the Birky Brow that St Lawrence's Eve, for they were seen in company together; but of the engagements, vows, or dalliance, that passed between them, I can say nothing; nor of all their future meetings, until the beginning of August 1781, when the Laird began decidedly to make preparations for his approaching marriage; yet not as if he and his betrothed had been to reside at Birkendelly, all his provisions rather bespeaking a meditated journey.

On the morning of the 9th, he wrote to his sister, and then arraying himself in his new wedding suit, and putting the emerald ring on his finger, he appeared all impatience, until towards evening, when he sallied out on horseback to his appointment. It seems that his mysterious innamora had met him, for he was seen riding through the big town before sunset, with a young lady behind him, dressed in white and green, and the villagers affirmed that they were riding at the rate of fifty miles an hour! They were seen to pass a cottage called Mosskilt, ten miles farther on, where there was no highway, at the same tremendous speed; and I could never hear that they were any more seen, until the following morning, when Birkendelly's fine bay horse was found lying dead at his own stable door; and shortly after, his master was likewise discovered lying a blackened corpse on the Birky Brow, at the very spot where the mysterious, but lovely dame, had always appeared to him. There was neither wound, bruise, nor dislocation, in his whole frame; but his skin was of a livid colour, and his features terribly distorted.

This woful catastrophe struck the neighbourhood with great consternation, so that nothing else was talked of. Every ancient tradition and modern incident were raked together, compared, and combined; and certainly a most rare concatenation of misfortunes was elicited. It was authenticated that his father had died on the same spot that day twenty years, and his grandfather that day forty years, the former, as was supposed, by a fall from his horse when in liquor, and the latter, nobody knew how; and now this Allan was

the last of his race, for Mrs Bryan had no children.

It was moreover now remembered by many, and among the rest, the Rev. Joseph Taylor, that he had frequently observed a young lady, in white and green, sauntering about that spot on a St Lawrence's Eve.

When Captain Bryan and his lady arrived to take possession of the premises, they instituted a strict enquiry into every circumstance; but nothing farther than what was related to them by Mr M'Murdie could be learned of this Mysterious Bride, besides what the Laird's own letter bore. It ran thus :—

"DEAREST SISTER,

"I shall, before this time to-morrow, be the most happy, or most miserable, of mankind, having solemnly engaged myself this night to wed a young and beautiful lady, named Jane Ogilvie, to whom it seems I was betrothed before I was born. Our correspondence has been of a most private and mysterious nature; but my troth is pledged, and my resolution fixed. We set out on a far journey to the place of her abode on the nuptial eve, so that it will be long before I see you again.

"Yours till death,

"ALLAN GEORGE SANDISON.

"*Birkendelly, August 8th, 1781.*"

That very same year, an old woman, named Marion Haw, was returned upon that, her native parish, from Glasgow. She had led a migratory life with her son—who was what he called a bell-hanger, but in fact a tinker of the worst grade—for many years, and was at last returned to the muckle town in a state of great destitution. She gave the parishioners a history of the Mysterious Bride, so plausibly correct, but withal so romantic, that every body said of it, (as is often said of my narratives, with the same narrow-minded prejudice and injustice,) that it was *a made story*. There were, however, some strong testimonies of its veracity.

She said the first Allan Sandison, who married the great heiress of Birkendelly, was previously engaged to a beautiful young lady, named Jane Ogilvie, to whom he gave any thing but fair play; and, as she believed, either murdered her, or

caused her to be murdered, in the midst of a thicket of birch and broom, at a spot which she mentioned; that she had good reasons for believing so, as she had seen the red blood and the new grave, when she was a little girl, and ran home and mentioned it to her grandfather, who charged her as she valued her life never to mention that again, as it was only the nubbles and hide of a deer, which he himself had buried there. But when, twenty years subsequent to that, the wicked and unhappy Allan Sandison was found dead on that very spot, and lying across the green mound, then nearly level with the surface, which she had once seen a new grave, she then for the first time ever thought of a Divine Providence; and she added, "For my grandfather, Neddy Haw, he dec'd too; there's naebody kens how, nor ever shall."

As they were quite incapable of conceiving, from Marion's description, any thing of the spot, Mr M'Murdie caused her to be taken out to the Birky Brow in a cart, accompanied by Mr Taylor, and some hundreds of the townsfolk; but whenever she saw it, she said, "Aha, birbies! the haill kintra's altered now. There was nae road here then; it gaed straight ower the tap o' the hill. An' let me see—there's the thorn where the cushats biggit; an' there's the auld birk that I aince fell aff an' left my shoe stickin' i' the cleft. I can tell ye, birbies, either the deer's grave, or bonny Jane Ogilvie's, is no twa yards aff the place where that horse's hind feet are standin'; sae ye may howk, an' see if there be any remains."

The minister, and M'Murdie, and all the people, stared at one another, for they had purposely caused the horse to stand still on the very spot where both the father and son had been found dead. They digged, and deep, deep below the road, they found part of the slender bones and skull of a young female, which they deposited decently in the churchyard. The family of the Sandisons is extinct—the Mysterious Bride appears no more on the Eve of St Lawrence—and the wicked people of the great muckle village have got a lesson on Divine justice written to them in lines of blood.

THE HISTORY OF A FRENCH ARTIZAN DURING THE LAST REVOLUTION.

I WAS born in the beautiful valley of the Seine, near the small town of Bonnières. It is a lovely place, and I will say no more of it; for in sitting down to write all the miseries and horrors that have visited me since I left it, the fair calm spot of my birth, and the sweet peaceful scenes of my boyhood, rise up like the reproachful spirit of a noble parent before a criminal son, and upbraid me for having ever quitted my tranquil home. My father, though but the gardener at the chateau, was also a small *propriétaire*; and, in his spare time, used to cultivate his own fields by the banks of the river. The chateau had been purchased by Monsieur V——, the rich bookseller in Paris; and in hanging about the house while a child, I became a great favourite with the good Parisian. Still my principal patron was Monsieur le Curé of Bonnières, who discovered in me an amazing genius for my catechism, taught me to read and write, gave me a smattering of Latin, and declared, that if I took pains and behaved well, he and Monsieur V—— between them, would procure me the means of studying, and make me a clergyman like himself.

My ambition was flattered with the prospect; and during my early years, the dream of my future honours was always before me: but, as I grew up and learnt to dance upon the green with the girls of the village, my sentiments insensibly changed. I began to think of leaving off dancing, and being grave, and serious, and never marrying—each with an augmented degree of horror. The decisive blow, however, was struck, when I had seen three times Mariette Dupont. We were both as young as we well could be to fall in love; but she was so beautiful, and her soft dark eyes looked so imploringly into one's heart, that from the very first moment I saw her, I felt an inclination to put my arm round her, and say, "Thou shalt be my own; and I will guard thee from sorrow, and care, and adversity; and shelter thee from every blast that blows in the bleak cold world around." But on this I must not pause either, for the memory of such dreams is bitterness. The mat-

ter went on—I loved Mariette, and she — Ay! that joy is at least my own—lasting—imperishable, and the annihilation of a world could not take it from me—She loved me—deeply, truly, devotedly—through life—to the tomb!

Years flew by; and we were married; for my father had never liked the thought of my becoming a priest, which he looked upon as being buried alive. He said I should do much better to labour as my ancestors had done; or, since I had a superior education, could read and write, and understood Latin, I might easily make my fortune in Paris. So he willingly gave his consent to my marriage with Mariette. Monsieur V—— the bookseller, said it was always right to let fools have their own way; and the Curé frowned and united us, merely observing, that he had bestowed his time and attention very much in vain.

By my father's counsel, we determined to go to Paris immediately, for he and my brother were both sure that I should there become a great man, and Mariette had no doubt of it. "Besides," my father said, "if you do not get on there, you can come back here, and help to take care of our own ground, while I work at the chateau."

To Paris we went, and took a small lodging in the Faubourg Poissonnière, where, for two or three weeks, Mariette and myself spent our time and our money in love and amusement. We were not extravagant, but we were thoughtless; and surely a three-week's thoughtlessness was but a fair portion for such happiness as we enjoyed. At length I began to think of seeking something to do; and I had sufficient self-confidence to fancy I could even write in a newspaper. Forth I went to propose myself; and Mariette's eyes told me how high were her anticipations of my success. To the proprietors of the *Constitutionnel*, my first application was made; but the gentleman I saw bent his ear to catch my provincial jargon—looked at me from head to foot—told me I was dreaming; and turned upon his heel. How I got out of the house, I know

not ; but when I found myself in the street, my head swam round, and my heart swelled with mingled indignation, shame, and disappointment.

It required no small effort to force myself to enter the office of the National, which was the next I tried. There I mentioned my pretensions, in a humbler tone, and only proposed that something from my pen might be received as an experiment. The clerk to whom I spoke bore my message into an inner room, and returned with a calm, business-like face, to inform me that all departments were full. This had occupied me the whole morning; and I now returned to Mariette, who instantly read my mortification in my countenance. She asked no questions, but only cast her arms round my neck, and with a smile, which was not gay, though it was not desponding, she whispered, "Do not be vexed, Frank. They cannot know yet how clever you are. When they see more of you, they will be glad enough to have you. Besides, we can go back again to Bonnières."

The thought of returning unsuccessful to my own home, was not what I could endure. I imagined the cold eye of the curate; and the disappointment and surprise of my father and brother; and the jeers and the wonder of the whole village; and I determined to do any thing rather than go back to Bonnières. The landlord of our lodgings was a tinman, a great politician, and a literary man. All his information, however, was gathered from a paper called the *Globe*, which he cited on every occasion. To the office of the *Globe*, then, I went, after dinner; and, having taken a couple of turns before the door, to gather resolution, I went in, and modestly asked when I could see the editor. One of the young men in the office answered that Monsieur—— was then in the house, and ushered me into another room. Here I found a gentleman writing, who looked up with a pleasant and intelligent expression, and pointing to a seat, asked my business.

As I explained it to him, his countenance took a look of great seriousness; and he replied, "I am extremely sorry that no such occupation as you desire can be afforded you by the editors of the *Globe*, for we have applications every day,

which we are obliged to reject, from writers of known excellence. I am afraid, also, that you will find much difficulty in obtaining what you seek, for one of the worst consequences of bad government is now affecting the whole of France. I mean the undue proportion between the number of the population and the quantity of employment. Where the fault lies, I must not presume to say, but that there must be a great fault somewhere is evident; otherwise every man who is willing to labour, would find occupation."

It has struck me since, that there must often be causes for want of employment, which no government could either control or remedy; but, at the time, his reasoning seemed excellent; and all I felt was renewed disappointment, and a touch of despair, which I believe shewed itself very plainly in my face, for the editor began to ask me some farther questions which soon led me to tell him my precise situation.

He mused, and seemed interested; but for a moment replied nothing. At length, looking at me with a smile, he said, "Perhaps, what I am about to propose to you, may be very inferior to your expectations; nevertheless it will afford you some occupation."

The very name of occupation was renewed life, and I listened with eagerness, while he offered to recommend me to a printer, as what is called a reader, or corrector of the press. I embraced his proposal with unutterable thankfulness; and having ascertained that I was capable of the task, by some proof-sheets that lay upon the table, he wrote a note to Monsieur Manson, the printer, and put it into my hand. I could almost have knelt and worshipped him, so great was the change from despair to hope. With the letter in my hand, I flew to the printing-house, was tried and received; and, though the emotion held out was as small as it well could be, my walk home was with the springing step of joy and independence; and my heart, as I pressed Mariette to my bosom, and told her my success, was like that of a great general in the moment of victory, before the gloss of triumph has been tarnished by one regret for the gone, or one calculation for the future. I was soon installed in my

new post; and though what I gained was barely enough for the necessities of life, yet it sufficed; and there was always a dear warm smile in the eyes I loved best, which cheered and supported me whenever I felt inclined to despond or give way.

It is true, I often regretted that I could not procure for Mariette those comforts and those luxuries which I little valued myself; but she seemed to heed them not, and every privation appeared to her a matter of pride—to be borne rather as a joy than a care. Six months thus passed; and they were the happiest of my life, for though I laboured, I laboured in the sunshine. I had perfectly sufficient time also, to make myself thoroughly acquainted with the whole art of printing, and to fit myself for the task of a compositor, which, though more mechanical, was more lucrative; and it became necessary that I should gain more, as a change was coming over Mariette which promised us new cares and new happiness. Strange, that when I looked upon her languid features, and her altered shape, she seemed to me a thousand times more lovely, than in all the fresh graces of expanding womanhood! And when fears for her safety mingled with the joy of possessing her—when her calm sweet eyes rested long and fixedly upon me, as if she strove to trace out the image of her future child in the looks of its father—a new and thrilling interest appeared to have grown up between us, which was something more than love.

At length, one of the compositors having gone to conduct a printing office at Rennes, my object was accomplished; and I obtained his vacant place. Still the emoluments were infinitely small, for the book trade was bad, and of course the printers suffered. Sometimes there was plenty of work, and sometimes there was none; and the whole of my companions murmured highly at the government, whose imbecility and tyrannical conduct, they said, had destroyed the commerce of the country, and done every thing to ruin and degrade the press. There was many a busy whisper amongst us, that nothing could save the nation but a new revolution; and as we all felt more or less the sharp tooth of want, we madly thought that no change would be detrimental to us.

I doubted some of the opinions that I heard; but one of my comrades worked at the *Globe*, which had now become a daily paper, and he used often to give us long quotations, which convinced us all that the government was opposed to the wishes of the whole nation, and that any change must be for the better.

During the autumn, I contrived to save some little portion of my wages; but the rigour of the winter, and the quantity of wood we were obliged to burn, soon consumed all that I had laid by; so that the provision for Mariette's confinement became a matter of serious and dreadful anxiety. One morning, however, I received a letter from my brother, telling me that my father had died suddenly on the preceding night. I will not rest upon all that I felt. I had always been the slave of my imagination: and it had been one of my favourite vanities to think how proud my father's heart would be to see me raise myself high in the world, and how comfortable I should be able to render his old age, when the smile of fortune should be turned upon me. But now he was dead, and those dreams all broken.

The little patch of ground which we possessed was of course divided between me and my brother; and my portion was instantly sold to provide for the occasion which was so near at hand. The depression of all property, and the haste with which I was obliged to effect the sale, rendered it the most disadvantageous that can be conceived; and what with the expenses of Mariette's confinement, a long illness which she underwent after, and a fit of sickness which I suffered myself—before the end of March my stock of money was reduced to fifty francs.

Work was by this time sufficient and regular, so that I could maintain myself, Mariette, and our boy. We had, indeed, no superfluity; we knew no luxury; and the external enjoyments which I saw many possessing, far less worthy than ourselves, were denied to us.

Mariette bore it all with cheerfulness, but I grew gloomy and discontented, and the continual murmurs at the government, which I heard amongst my companions, wrought upon me. I gradually began to dream that every thing unpleasant

in my situation was attributable to the state of society in which I lived. Every political change now seemed to irritate and affect me. Whereas, before I heard a word of politics, I used to work on with hope and activity—encountering hardships boldly, and feeling them the less, because I did not let my mind rest upon them—I now dwelt upon every uncomfot, and magnified it in my own eyes, for the purpose of making it a greater reproach to the government, whose evil measures, I thought, caused it. I would pause long in my work to read scraps from a newspaper, and to comment on the folly and tyranny of our rulers; and thus I met several reproofs for my slowness and negligence. The fires in Normandy I heard of with indignation and horror, and I attributed them all to the ministers, whose wickedness I thought was capable of any baseness, till one day I heard one of my republican companions observe, that the incendiaries were very much in the right, to burn down the barns and destroy the grain, as by making the great mass of the people as miserable and pennyless as themselves, they would force them to bring about a revolution, which would set all things to rights. Besides, he asked, what right had a rich man to corn, when the poor were starving?

The elections for the chamber of deputies was another great source of anxiety to me; and when I found they were all liberal, I felt nearly as much satisfaction as if I had been elected myself. At length the meeting of the chambers approached; and many a warm discussion took place amongst the journeymen printers, on the questions likely to be brought under consideration. Every one said that the ministers must go out, or dissolve the chambers; and many observed with a shrewd glance, that neither the dissolution of the chambers, nor the resignation of the ministers, would satisfy the people. "We must have a change," they said—"a complete change;" and several began to talk boldly of revolution.

The continual irritation and discontent I felt, had their effect on my countenance; and Mariette grew anxious about me. She did all she could to soothe me—sat with her

arms round my neck, and endeavoured to persuade me that I should be happier if I did not think of politics. "Kings and governments," she said, and said truly, "could only provide for the general good; and that there must always be many in every country whose fate destined them to labour and live hard. She could not but think," she added, "that the way to be happy, was for every one to try, by his own exertions, to improve his own condition; and neither to envy his neighbour nor to meddle with affairs in which he was not well practised." She sought to induce me, too, to return to Bonnières. We had never been so happy since we left it; and so sweetly, so perseveringly did she urge a request which I saw was made for my sake more than her own, that at length I consented to go, and, quitting all the vain dreams which had led me to Paris, to reassume the class and occupation of my fathers.

We had not money to go by the Diligence; but we were both good walkers; and the baby, being brought up by hand—and that upon the simplest food—would prove but little encumbrance.

This determination was taken on Sunday the 25th of July, and the next day I gave my employer notice that, at the end of the month, I should quit him. In the meantime we determined to save every sou that was possible, in order to provide for our expenses by the way; for which we had hitherto made no reserve. On the Monday following, I joined the rest of the printers, and we worked through the day in tranquillity. At night, however, as I was returning over the Pontneuf, I met one of my companions, who grasped my hand, asking, with a look of intense eagerness, "If I had heard the news?" The suddenness of the question, and his look of anxiety, alarmed me. I knew not well what I dreaded, but at all events, my fears were all personal. His tale soon relieved me of my apprehensions for Mariette and our child; but raised my indignation to the highest pitch against the government. The King, he told me, had violated the charter, struck at the liberty of the press, altered the law of election, and reduced the people to a nation of slaves.

Distant shouts met our ear as we were crossing the Rue St Honoré; and hurrying on in the direction from which they proceeded, we came upon an immense multitude, who were breaking the lamps, and yelling execrations against the government.

I was well enough inclined to join them; but remembering Mariette, I returned home, and told her all that had occurred. As I spoke, a paleness came over her beautiful face, so unusual, so ghastly, that it made me start. It seemed as if some warning voice had told her that every happy dream was at an end—that the eternal barrier had fallen between us and joy for ever. The next morning every thing seemed to have passed by which had disturbed the tranquillity of the town on the previous evening—the streets were quiet, and the people engaged in their usual occupations. Mariette's mind appeared somewhat calmed; but still she looked at me anxiously, as she saw me about to depart, and made me promise more than once, that I would go straight to my work, without mingling with any mob I might see. I kept my word; and, though I saw several groups of people gathered round the corners of the streets, where the obnoxious ordinances were posted up, I did not even stop to read, but hurried on to the printing-house with all speed. The scene in the workrooms was different from any I had ever beheld. All the presses were standing still; and the workmen, gathered into knots, were each declaiming more violently than the other, on the infamy and folly of the government; and, with furious gestures, vowing vengeance. The overseer came in soon after, and with some difficulty got us to our work; but, about twelve o'clock, the proprietor of the establishment himself appeared, and told us to leave off our labours. "My good friends," said he, "the government has annihilated the liberty of the press. The type of several of the journals has been seized this morning. Our liberties are at an end without we secure them by our own force. Far be it from me to counsel tumult or bloodshed—the law is quite sufficient to do us justice. However, I have determined, as well as Monsieur Didot and all the other printers, to cease business, and discharge my workmen." We were

then paid the small sum owing to each, and dismissed, with a caution to be quiet and orderly, and to trust to the law; though the very fact of turning out a number of unemployed and discontented men, upon such a city as Paris, seemed to me the very best possible way of producing that tumult which we were warned to avoid.

I soon after found, that it was not alone the printers who had been discharged, but that almost all the workmen in the city had been suddenly thrown out of employment. As I returned home, there was a sort of ominous silence about the town that had something fearful in it. Not ten persons were to be seen upon the *Quais*, which are usually so crowded; and, it seemed as if the whole population had been concentrated on particular points. To my great surprise, on entering my lodging, I found my brother sitting with Mariette, and holding our infant on his knee, while the child looked up in his face and smiled, as if it knew that those were kindred eyes which gazed upon it. My brother soon told me the occasion of his coming to Paris, which was to buy seeds and plants for the hothouse at the Chateau; and about three o'clock, as every thing was quiet, I went out with him. As we passed onward, we soon saw that all was not right. The shops were closed—the gates of the Palais Royal were shut—groups of gloomy faces were gathered at every corner—and the whole town wore the dull, heavy aspect of a thunder-cloud, before the storm bursts forth in all its fury. A few *gens-d'armes* were to be seen, but no extraordinary military force appeared; and gradually the same sort of yelling shouts came upon our ear that I had heard the night before.

As we approached the Rue St Honoré, the cries became louder; and turning down the Rue des Bons Enfans, we found ourselves suddenly in the crowd from which they proceeded. It consisted of about five hundred men and boys, all unarmed. Some had stones in their hands, and some had sticks; but no more deadly weapon could I discern amongst them. A great proportion of the mob were discharged printers, and I was instantly recognised by several of my fellow-workmen, drawn into the crowd with my brother, who

was very willing to go, and hurried on towards the Place Vendôme, whither the rioters were directing their steps, with the purpose of attacking the house of Monsieur de Peyronnet, one of the obnoxious ministers. The numbers in the Rue St Honoré were in no degree tremendous; but, as we entered the Place Vendôme, I saw an equal body coming up the Rue Castiglione, and another approaching by the Rue de la Paix. A large force of mounted gens-d'armes was drawn up in the square; and shortly after, a party of the guard, and the troops of the line, appeared. There seemed to be considerable hesitation on both parts to strike the first blow; and as long as we kept to shouts, the military remained passive. What took place towards Peyronnet's house, I could not discover for the heads of the people, but there seemed a considerable tumult in that direction; and a moment after, a lad beside me threw an immense brick at the head of the officer of gens-d'armes, crying, "A bas le Roi! Vive la Charte!"

The missile took effect, knocked off the officer's hat, and covered his forehead with a stream of blood. That instant the word was given to charge; and in a moment, we were driven down the Rue St Honoré in confusion and terror. My brother could not run so fast as I could, and at the corner of the Palais Royal, I found that he was left several yards behind, while the horses were close upon him. I instinctively started back to assist him, and seeing no other means, I seized a wine cask that stood at one of the doors, and rolled it with all my strength between him and the soldiers. The nearest gens-d'armes's horse, stopped in full course, stumbled and fell over the barrel. A loud shout of gratulation and triumph burst from the people; and turning in their flight, they discharged a shower of bricks and stones upon the advancing cavalry, which struck more than one horseman from his saddle, and afforded time for my brother and myself to join the rest, which we did amidst great cheering and applause, as the first who had actively resisted the military. Elated by the cheers, my brother entered with enthusiasm into the feelings of the multitude, while I felt as if I had com-

mitted a crime, in injuring men who were but doing their duty.

A temporary cessation of hostility now occurred between the people and the soldiery. The gens-d'armes established themselves in the Place du Palais Royal, some troops of the line took possession of the Rue St Honoré, and the mob occupied the end of the Rue de Richelieu, and the corners of the Rue Montpensier, where the new and incomplete buildings afforded plenty of loose stones, which were soon again used as missiles against the gens-d'armes. I would fain now have got away and returned home, but my brother would remain; and my companions, remembering the affair of the barrel, put me forward as a kind of leader; so that vanity joined with enthusiasm to make me continue, while the thought of Mariette came from time to time across my memory with a thrill of dispiriting anxiety. The next two hours passed all in tumult. The soldiers charged us several times, and we fled, but still returned to our position as they reassumed theirs. Many shots were fired, but few fell, and muskets, fowling-pieces, pistols, and swords began to appear amongst the crowd, while in one or two places I discerned the uniform of the National Guard, and two or three youths from the Polytechnic School. Darkness soon after this came on; the multitudes opposed to the soldiery were increasing every minute, and a cry began to run through the crowd, "To the gunsmiths' shops! To the gunsmiths' shops!" Instantly this suggestion was obeyed. We dispersed in a moment. Every gunsmith's shop in the neighbourhood was broken open, and almost before I was aware myself, I was armed with a double-barrelled gun and a brace of pistols, and provided with powder and ball. The shop from which these instruments of slaughter were procured was one at the end of the Rue de Vivienne, and as I came out, I paused to consider which way I should now turn. "Let us go to the Corps de Garde near the Exchange," cried one of the men who had been near me all the day. "Lead on, *mon brave*," he continued, laying his hand on my shoulder, "*you* shall be our captain." I looked round for my brother, but he was no longer there, and I followed

the man's suggestion. As we went, by the advice of one of the Polytechnic School, we put out all the lamps, and spread the cry everywhere to do the same. It was now quite dark, and our number increased at every step as we advanced. Opposite the Corps de Garde, at the Bourse, a small body of soldiers was drawn up, and two or three torches were lighted. A warning to stand off! was given, as soon as the troops heard our approach, and as we still advanced, increasing our pace, a volley instantly followed. A ball whistled close by my ear and made me start, but I still rushed on; and the soldiers, seeing the multitude by which they were attacked, attempted to retreat into the guard-house. We were upon them, however, before the doors could be closed, and a terrific struggle took place, man to man. One strong fellow closed with me, and the strife between us soon grew for life. Our feet slipped, and we fell together, rolling over and over, wrapped, with a sort of convulsive fold, in each other's arms. All thought was out of the question; but suddenly getting one of my hands free, I brought the muzzle of a pistol close to my opponent's head, and fired. For an instant his fingers pressed more tightly round my throat—then every muscle was in a moment relaxed, and as I sprang up, he rolled backwards on the pavement. The fury of excitement was now upon me, and hearing some shots still ringing within the guard-house, I was rushing towards it, when I perceived the multitude pouring forth, and a thick smoke, with some flashes of flame, streaming from the windows. The guard-house was on fire, and in an instant the whole sky was in a blaze. I stood to look at it, for a moment, as the fire light flashed and flickered upon the dark and demon-like figures that surrounded the pile, and on the various dead bodies that lay in the open space the people had left, as in awe, between them and the destruction they had wrought. It was a fearful sight—sweet memories of peace and home rushed upon my brain—I shuddered at my own deeds, and turning from the whole vision of excited passion before my eyes, I ran as hard as I could to reach my home.

Oh never did I feel the thought of returning to the secure arms of her

I loved, so exquisite, as at that moment! and I flew up the stairs rather than ran. I opened the door and entered. Mariette was kneeling by the cradle of our child. She did not hear me come in. I pronounced her name. At first she made no reply; but then turned round with a face that will haunt me to the grave, and pointed to the cradle. I sprang forward and looked. There were traces of blood and bloody bandages strewn about, and round the poor infant's white and delicate shoulder were the compresses and dressings of a fresh wound.

"Good God, Mariette," I exclaimed, "how is this? How?"—"I heard firing in the streets," she answered, with an awful degree of calmness, "I feared for my husband—ran out to see; and not daring to leave it all alone, I took my child to death. I had scarcely gone a yard, when a shot struck it in my arms."

Through the whole of that dreadful night, Mariette and I sat by the cradle of our dying child—silent as the grave, with our eyes fixed upon its pale and ashy countenance, and hardly daring to lift our looks towards each other. From time to time it gave a faint and torturing cry, but in general, seemed in a panting sort of sleep, till towards four in the morning, when the breathing stopped, and I know not what grey shadow fell over its calm sweet face. I did not think it was dead; but Mariette threw her arms round my neck, and hid her eyes upon my bosom.

It was nearly mid-day on the Wednesday, when one of my companions came to tell me that the man who, it was reported, had been seen with me the day before, had been killed by a shot on the Boulevards, and I hastened after the messenger to ascertain the truth, for my brother had not yet reappeared. He led me to the door of the Exchange, over which the tri-coloured flag was now flying in triumph, but on each side of the gate was stretched a dead corpse, and the first I saw was indeed my brother. Rage and revenge took possession of my whole heart. I joined the brave men who were marching down to the Place de Greve; and from that moment, I entered into every act of the revolution, with all the enthusiasm, the zeal, the fury

of the rest. It is needless to detail every scene I witnessed, and every struggle in which I shared. Suffice it, I was in most of those that occurred—at the taking and re-taking of the Hotel de Ville—at the storming of the Louvre, and at the capture of the Tuileries. The enthusiasm amongst us was immense and overpowering; and the moderation and heroism with which it was conducted, reconciled me fully to the revolution. From time to time, I ran home to soothe and console my poor Mariette, and to snatch a mouthful of bread, for our purse was now so low that we did not dare to purchase any thing else. Mariette ate little while I was there, but she assured me that she had plenty, and that she generally took something while I was gone in the middle of the day. Grief and anxiety had worn her sadly; the lustre had quitted hereye, and the rose had left her cheek; and she looked at me so sadly, so painfully, as I went away, that every time I determined it should be the last. At length the royal troops were beaten out of Paris, and the palace where monarchs had revelled fell into the hands of the people. A few of the National Guard and a few of the common people were selected, as to a post of high honour, to guard the Tuileries during the night, under the command of a student of the Polytechnic School. I was one of those fixed upon; and having sent, by a comrade, a message to Mariette, which he forgot to deliver, I remained for the night in those scenes of ancient splendour. There was something awfully melancholy in the solitary palace, and a feeling of compassion for the de-throned king grew over my heart as I sat in the midst of the magnificent halls that he might never see again. As soon as we were relieved the next morning, I flew to Mariette. She had passed a night of the most dreadful anxiety, my comrade having, as I have said, never delivered my message. Her eye was hollow and her cheek was sunk, but all seemed forgotten when she beheld me safe; and seeing me fatigued and faint, she made me eat some bread and drink a glass of water, almost weeping that she had not something better to give me.

As the last bit touched my lip, a vague thought struck me that she had had none herself, and I insisted on

her telling me. She cast her arms round me, and assured me with a smile, that it did her more good to see me eat than to take any thing herself; but I at length drew from her that all our money was expended, and that she had not tasted any thing for two days.

I thought I should have gone distracted; and after remaining for a few minutes stupified as it were, I ran to the printing-house to see if I could get work, and induce the overseer to advance me a single franc to buy some bread for my poor Mariette. The office, however, was shut up, and I knocked in vain for admittance. I then turned to the lodging of one of my fellow-printers, who might lend me, I thought, even a few sous. I hurried up the narrow dirty staircase where he lived, and went into his room; but the sight I saw soon convinced me he wanted assistance as much as I did. He was sitting at an uncovered table, with five children of different ages about him. His cheek was wan and hollow; and as I entered, he fixed his haggard eye upon the door, while a little girl kept pulling him importunately by the arm, crying, "Give me a piece, papa—I will have a piece of bread." "Lend me a franc," cried he as soon as he saw me; "my children are starving—I will pay you when I get work."

I told him my own condition; but he burst forth in the midst, as if seized with a sudden frenzy, trembling with passion, and his eye glaring like that of a wild beast. "You are one of the revolutionists too. God's curse and mine upon you! See what your revolutions have brought! My children are starving—every artizan in Paris is beggared and unemployed. I am starving—my wife is dying for want of medicines in that bed—all these dear infants are famished; and all by your cursed revolutions! Out of my sight! Begone! for fear I commit a murder."

With a heart nearly breaking I returned home, and folding my poor Mariette in my arms, I gave way to tears, such as had never stained my cheeks before. She tried to soothe me—and smiled—and told me that really she was not hungry—that she did not think she could eat if she had any thing: but oh! I could not deceive myself. I saw famine on her

cheek, and heard faintness in her tone; and after a long fit of thought, I determined to go to Monsieur V——, the great bookseller, who had been so kind to me while a boy. I told Mariette my errand, and as Paris was now nearly as quiet as ever, she willingly let me go.

It was a long way, and I had to cross the whole city, so that it was late when I arrived. Even then I found that Monsieur V—— was out; but the servant told me I could see him the following morning at nine. With this cold news I was forced to return; and no one can conceive what a miserable night I spent, thinking that every hour was an hour of starvation to the dear creature by my side. She lay very still, but she slept not at all, and I felt sure that the want of rest must wear her as much as hunger. When I rose, however, she seemed rather sleepy, and said she would remain in bed, and try for some repose, as she had not closed her eyes since Monday. It was too early to go to Monsieur V——, so I hurried first to the printing-office, for I hoped that the tranquillity which was now returning, might have caused Monsieur Manson to resume his usual business. I only found the porter, who told me that there was no chance of the house opening again for weeks at least, if not months, and with a chilled heart, I proceeded to the house of Monsieur V——.

Admission was instantly granted me, and I found the great bookseller sitting at a table with some written papers before him, on which he was gazing with an eye from which the spirit seemed withdrawn, to rest upon some deep absorbing contemplation within. He was much changed since I had seen him, and there were in his appearance those indescribable traces of wearing care, which often stamp, in legible characters, on the countenance, the misfortunes which man would fain hide from all the world. There was a certain negligence, too, in his dress, which struck me, but as he received me kindly, I told him all my sorrows, and all my wants.

As I spoke, his eyes fixed upon me with a look of painful and intense interest, and when I had done, he rose, closed the door, and took a turn or two thoughtfully in the room. "What has ruined you," said he at

length, pausing before me, and speaking abruptly, "has ruined me. The revolution we have just past through has been great and glorious in its character, and all the world must look upon it with admiration; but it has made you and me, with hundreds, nay thousands, of others—beggars—ay, utter beggars. It is ever the case with revolutions. Confidence is at an end throughout the country, and commerce receives a blow that takes her centuries to recover. The merchant becomes a bankrupt—the artizan starves. I have now seen two revolutions, one bloody and extravagant, the other generous and moderate, and I do not believe that at the end of either of them, there was one man in all France who could lay his hand upon his heart and say, that he was happier for their occurrence; while millions in want and poverty, and millions in mourning and tears, cursed the day that ever infected them with the spirit of change.—To tell you all in one word: within an hour from this time I am a bankrupt, and I am only one of the first out of thousands. Those thousands employ each thousands of workmen, and thus the bread of millions is snatched from their mouths. I do not say that revolutions are always wrong; but I do say that they always bring a load of misery, especially to the laborious and working classes—and now leave me, good youth. There is a five-franc piece for you. It is all I can give you, and that, in fact, I steal from my creditors. I pity you from my soul, and the more, perhaps, because I feel that I need pity myself."

The five-franc piece he gave me, I took with gratitude and ecstasy. To me it was a fortune, for it was enough to save my Mariette. I hastened home with steps of light, only pausing to buy a loaf and a bottle of wine. I ran up stairs—I opened the door. Mariette had not risen. She slept, I thought—I approached quietly to the bed. All was still—too still. A faintness came over my heart, and it was a moment or two before I could ascertain the cause of the breathless calm that hung over the chamber. I drew back the curtain, and the bright summer sunshine streamed in upon the cold—dead—marble cheek of all that to me had been beautiful and beloved!

THE LATE CABINET.

PERHAPS in the records of this kingdom there have been three critical periods of trial since the Revolution of 1688-9, which might justify a thoughtful patriot, and not merely the factious intriguer, in reposing the burden of his anxieties upon purely *personal* considerations, and anchoring his final hopes upon the individual composition of the Cabinet. The Revolution, for itself, was a measure of that paramount character which transcended all distinctions of party: as we have repeatedly explained, in opposition to the false views of Mr Fox and others, that great consummate evolution of tendencies, which had long been silently ripening in the constitutional balance of forces, was the joint product of Whigs and Tories; and not by favour of circumstances or accident of position, as modern theorists have imagined, but in virtue of fundamental principles. Thus far was no room for a choice between an executive of Whigs or of Tories; seeing that, in this crisis, all turned upon the legislative body; and that they—no matter whether Whigs or Tories—went into this immortal measure with a perfect passion of fervid cordiality, one heart, and one soul; seeing also, that no recusants did, or could appear, without branding themselves as *personal* (not official) adherents of the king; (i. e. *Jamesmen*, or Jacobites,) and therefore, as *ipso facto* disavowing principles of any kind whatever, and audaciously professing even to sink the permanent rights of the crown in the fleeting interests of an individual. Here, then, in this first and greatest crisis subsequent to the formal establishment by name of the two parties, it was a matter of indifference which, or in what proportion both united, should hold the reins of administration. In the two wars, however, that followed, the last war of William III., and Queen Anne's war "of the succession," which were as essential a reaction from the English Revolution, and as indispensable ratifications (baptisms by fire and blood) of the Protestant succession in Great Britain, as the thirty years' war in Germany was the last seal of the Reformation

and of the Protestant existence on the continent,—the preponderance of the Whigs had first become a *sine qua non* guarantee for the ultimate triumph of all which had been done. The Whigs of those days had two advantages: fidelity was for them a matter of necessity; they were pledged by their interests, as well as their principles, to the prosecution of the Revolution to its final results: no tampering was possible; whereas the Tories had still a *locus penitentie* left open with the fugitive king; and old connexions with the exiled court, opened a thousand avenues and a thousand disguises to a renewal of the intercourse. Secondly, as the Whigs were inevitably more single-minded and more consciously compromised as regarded their ends, so also they stood on vantage ground for most of the means. With them were the commanding talents for war—for diplomacy—for finance; but above all, that great organ of prosperity, without which the large foundations of William could not have been laid; that organ, under any drooping of which they would have been laid in vain, and Europe would have sighed hopelessly for that superstructure, and in those gigantic proportions, which Marlborough raised upon that noble foundation,—this organ, public credit, was wholly *their* creature. The banks, and national loans, were then, and in that service, first brought forward. These agencies were the growth of the Revolution, and of the Protestant interest; and reciprocally they soon became the most effectual guardians of that interest. From misconception on matters then so little understood by any body, and from the unfortunate position in which they stood towards the government, the Tories, and the old landed interest, looked with jealous and discouraging eyes upon these allies of our dearest interests. They occupied, in fact, the false position of the modern Whigs for the last forty years; and were the same narrow-minded and anti-national politicians that the Whigs have shewed themselves during the entire wars of the French Revolution. A Whig leader it was, in those days, that set the seal to the

English revolution, by that immortal march, or rather eagle's flight, upon the Danube, which in one day's work withered the military pride of France, and unravell'd the whole web of her policy—trampling on all that had been reared by the counsels of Richelieu or by the sword of Turenne. But even this great captain was indebted for half his triumph to a Whig Treasurer and a Whig Chancellor of the Exchequer, who, going “cap in hand” through the city of London, personally soliciting and canvassing for each L.100, and backing the security of the state by municipal, or even by private countersigns—manifesting, in fact, for the noblest of causes, the address—the suppleness, almost, if one might venture to say it, the shuffling and the evasiveness of a Jewish money-changer—by such means compensated in zeal whatever was wanting in strength to the yet infant immaturity of the national system of finances. The persons, therefore, the very individuals, as well as the principles, of those illustrious Whig administrators, who directed the policy of William, and the first ten years of his successor, seem to have been indispensable to the prosperous management of that great conflict upon which Europe was thrown by the British revolution. And this judgment, sufficiently sustained by the Parliamentary conduct of the Tories, during the twenty and odd years of their opposition to government, is placed beyond all question by the four memorable years during which female caprice, dotage, and their own intrigues, called them to the possession of power. What a scenical display of national humiliation! And difficult it is to say, whether each separate year, and the several parts of our foreign policy in progress, or the general winding up of the whole in the treaty of Utrecht, most signally proclaim the critical necessity to our affairs of the early Whigs at the period following the Revolution. Blenheim and Utrecht! “Into what depth thou seest, from

what height fallen!” And, indeed, from the very enormity of the transition, may be derived a plausible palliation for the Tories. Were it not, we hear an objector saying, for the dazzling supremacy* of the Somerses, the Godolphins, and the Marlboroughs, by comparison with ministers of less immoderate splendour, and making allowances for its own internal dissensions, the cabinet of Queen Anne's last years would not have been thought a feeble one. But in reality, a juster sentiment suggests, that this very juxtaposition and immediate succession to the administration of Marlborough, ought to operate rather in the way of aggravation than of palliation. For undoubtedly the policy of Harley benefited more in substance by the immediate heirship of influence and consideration, bequeathed by six or seven campaigns of unbroken triumph, than it could by any possibility have suffered under the unfavourable judgments of men from the disadvantages of contrast. Whosoever succeeded to Marlborough, though he were weaker than Sporus, that man inherited Blenheim; so much was clear: and *there* was a dowry ample enough for a title of rejuvenescence to a superannuated empire, and for giving one generation of borrowed power and influence to a cabinet, in its own pretensions the feeblest or least aspiring. Without some violent effort of retarding force, the mere impetus of the acquired motion, long after the moving power should be withdrawn, was evidently adequate to sustain an appearance of energy and progress in the government. What was the retarding force in Lord Oxford's administration, it is more and more difficult, as the curtain is more and more raised upon those times, to express by one word. But it is evident, after all allowances for a distracted choice, that a very principal element of that force was—incompetence, and deficiency in moral elevation, to face the service of his times. He was not on a level with his duties; in talents even, un-

* It is remarkable that Lord Bolingbroke, by the testimony of all his contemporaries who could be considered fine judges on such a question, was the most brilliant of the brilliant. Yet, in some unaccountable way, either he was neutralized by his hated associate in power, or he neutralized himself; for he never shone except to those who saw him or who heard him.

less it were for caballing, he was below the occasion. But much more than that, he was unsound in heart. He did not even perceive, nor would he have cared if he *had* perceived, that the stake played for in the wars of Europe during the next quarter of a century succeeding to the Revolution, was the Protestant succession in name, and virtually, therefore, the security of the Protestant interest throughout the world. In reality, this was the last of the wars which Popery has attempted for recovering her supremacy; a line of Popish princes on the throne of Great Britain, together with the active bigotry of Louis XIV. in his later years, having revived the last gleams of a hope which had else sunk below the provisions of the peace of Westphalia. Had, therefore, Lord Oxford, or any other man as little alive to the true grandeur of the interests at stake, presided in the early part of the period in question, we may conjecture the amount of general evil which he would have effected by that which he did effect, even in its four last years, when his course had been in a great measure effectually predetermined by the potent policy of his predecessors, and his range of mischief proportionately narrowed.* Burke has very emphatically described the fervor, almost, we might say, the agony, of zeal with which the otherwise phlegmatic William, surmounting victoriously the depressions of a sinking constitution, laboured, in conjunction with the noblest of his English counsellors, to raise the nation up to his own level, and to the level of that great crisis which, during the two last years of his life, he saw advancing upon Europe. If he, if Burke, were right in their several apprecia-

tions of that crisis, then it cannot be denied, that a *personal* importance attached to any ministry capable of meeting it, and that the individual characters of the predominant ministers between 1689 and 1710, may be counted amongst the providential blessings of that period.

From that time up to the French Revolution, an interval of 78 years, no capital interest of Europe was brought into conflict within the sphere of cabinets. Great men appeared occasionally on the stage of nations; great powers and accomplishments were displayed; great questions even were debated and fought for; but not those paramount questions, which, accordingly as they are well or ill conducted, seem likely to retard the very progress of society, or to carry it forward with accelerated pace. The vast explosion of the French Revolution, and the consequent convulsion of all European states, first in our days developed a condition of danger, and a ferment of public feeling, which gave an almost terrific importance to the personal qualities of the existing cabinet. Had Mr Pitt, Mr Dundas, and Mr Thomas Grenville, happened to die at that crisis, we know not by what course of substitutions, under the reckless and anti-national bearing of those into whose hands the power would naturally have fallen, that crusade against jacobinism could have been evoked, or the energies of the national character combined, for those great results which the mere salvation of Europe demanded. And, in reality, all depended for a time upon the leading of one man. Mr Burke, on whom devolved the functions of Peter the Hermit, was doubtless a herald and an organizer of this sacred conspiracy—great-

* At first sight it may seem too much of a refinement for the absolute realities of practice, but unquestionably there are strong grounds for believing that, over and above more directly treasonable purposes, which afterwards governed the unsteady policy of Lord Oxford, he had really the wish continually before his mind to depreciate the war services of his predecessors by the treaty in which they terminated. Naturally, and in the regular course of causes and effects, every treaty of peace stands in the relation of an index of value—a criterion—or exponent of profit—to the war which it closes. And though this can never be true except by approximation, even where the same or equal talents and equal zeal have been applied to the war and to the treaty, yet there is always a presumption of some broad proportion between the two services in the same period of time. And to this natural presumption Lord Oxford seems to have intrusted the inference, that a war could not, on the whole, have been very splendidly managed, which could justify a treaty of Utrecht.

er than the greatest cause could reasonably expect. But, as an efficient leader, he wanted rank; and he was at the end of his career. So that on Mr Pitt's single life the total burden of hope, with which the cause of anti-jacobinism was freighted, at one time rested. The same loyalty to the demands of the crisis—the same stern integrity—the same disinterested honour, which had distinguished the foremost ministers of William and of Anne, in contrast with the most eminent of their opponents, marked out Mr Pitt as the great servant of his age and country. He obeyed the appeal of Europe with perfect fidelity and singleness of purpose; and though he was called away from us in the very thickest darkness of the storm, just half-way between its opening and its glorious catastrophe, yet he had by that time provided for the necessities of the public service by the formation and training of a cabinet, which, though neither having nor needing his powers, was yet sufficiently prepared to comprehend the sanctity of their own mission, to appreciate Mr Pitt's policy of unrelenting war with jacobinism and its monstrous progeny, and finally to pursue that policy with honesty and vigour.

It was almost frightful that so much stress should lie upon a single life, that a mere personal question should carry with it such mighty results for good and evil, as had been the case in Mr Pitt's instance at one period of his life. As the poet, looking upon the English Channel, at Dover, felt it to be almost a terrific reflection, at the height of Napoleon's desolations, that in such "a span of waters" lay our sole separation from that dark empire of evil principles; something of the same awe fell at one time upon the politician when reflecting that, laying together the whole circumstances, one frail life was all that divided us from regicide and triumphant jacobinism. Under the policy opposed to Mr Pitt's, had that gained the ascendancy, England would not only have been infected in her own population, but would have become a party to the extensive propagation of evil. As it was, she both saved herself, and became the chief bulwark of others. Mr Pitt's, therefore, was the *second* case in

which the choice of a good cabinet was narrowed, or rather strictly determined, by purely personal considerations. But a *third* case arose within the year succeeding to his death, and in behalf of those very disciples of his school who inherited his policy, and might, as statesmen, be regarded in the light of his direct lineal representatives. Every body knows the value which belonged to the Peninsular struggle in the series of means for shattering the power of Bonaparte. It acted in two ways: First, By disenchanting the prostrate world from the spells of French military prowess;—the day at Baylen, and consequent surrender of Dupont's army, the brilliant actions at Vimiera and Roleia gave a shock to all Europe which disabused them of their timid prepossessions; from that shock Bonaparte never recovered. Secondly, The Spanish war it was, and the aceldama which it provided for the French military levies, which made the hideous ruins of the Moscow campaign irreparable. The flight from Moscow would even have been arrested at Smolensko, and its carnage effaced in a week, had it not been for the Peninsula, which locked up at all times a quarter of a million of men. The Spanish war, therefore, was the apparent means, under Heaven, by and through which Europe retrieved her station, her dignity, and her hopes. Such being its value, we can appreciate the claims of those two parties between whom it became the chief point of contest whether any war of that name, or, at least, of that magnitude and character, should ever exist. Had the Whigs prevailed—had the Fox and Grenville administration continued to direct the policy of England through 1807 and 1808—no Spanish war would have been made available to the service of Europe; starved of British supplies in money and arms, but, above all, defrauded of the military aid from this country which, as regarded the open campaigns between regular armies, was pretty nearly the sole reliance of Spain and Portugal for presenting a continued front of resistance in the field; it is as certain as any one conclusion can be from merely human premises, that nothing more than a desultory Guerilla warfare, computed by most

judges* as adequate for the neutralizing of about 50,000 French troops, could have been sustained, and probably not that beyond a term of two years. It is also well known to many politicians, that, at a domestic crisis subsequent to the commencement of the Peninsular war, when it seemed every way probable that the Whigs would come again into power, the most positive assurances were circulated on their part, that every man of the English army would be brought home from the frontiers of Spain; ostensibly for the preservation of "so many valuable lives:" but really and truly to save the credit of the too flagrant Whig predictions of inevitable ruin to our arms when matched against Napoleon. This was familiarly known at the time; but apart from direct positive testimony, every man who remembers the Whig mode of dealing with our foreign policy, and the passionate violence with which they reiterated one uniform doctrine of the hopelessness of all resistance to Napoleon except by sea, must be satisfied that mere shame would have compelled them to act upon the policy they had advocated with so much loss of character in the nation. Consistency, if nothing else, and the mortification of adopting the very line of conduct marked out by their opponents, would have obliged them to such a course. Besides which, though it is very true that the intemperance of opposition had carried them farther than they designed, and their own violence had pledged them to consequences which they had soon reason to regret deeply—it is also true, that from the long habit of cherishing an admiration for a man whom they viewed as a thorn in the side of their antagonists, and from originally servile constitution of mind, the Whigs did undoubtedly share themselves in that panic which they laboured so zealously to diffuse: they were of the *genus attonitorum*; and their prostrate reverence of the French power long survived its object. At their hands, therefore, we

repeat that no Peninsular war could have been obtained. And hence it follows, that the men who were at issue with the Whigs on this capital question, were then *personally* indispensable to their country and their age. This was the *third* case of that nature. Does a *fourth* exist at present?

Those times are gone. New interests have succeeded: other questions are agitated—other hopes—and "other palms are won." The men are gone who then vexed and cursed the earth; those are gone also who delivered it, or most of them. But our own troubles have arisen for our own generation: who is it that shall face them in the Cabinet? A new and mighty revolution in France has given a shock to the remotest realms; much more then to this great kingdom, so keen and quick in political sympathy, and related to her as an emulous competitor, and as virtually the nearest of her neighbours. Old questions among ourselves are revived accordingly with a heat commensurate to the stir and ferment of the revolutionary times and neighbourhood. Great difficulties of a financial kind blend with these political troubles. The existing administration, estimated by those even who view the times with too much awe—too much solemnity of feeling to have a thought left for faction and its low regards,—does not inspire the confidence which could sustain the nation under its anxieties. Their recent conduct has increased the general distrust. People without party know not which way to turn, or whither to direct their hopes. A general distraction of feeling exists, aided by the utter dissolution of party ties consequent upon the political death of Lord Liverpool. The king's speech powerfully promotes the public ferment. The insurrectionary movements grow more and more alarming. And in the midst of the general confusion, the Wellington Cabinet is suddenly and decisively overthrown, in a manner which, whilst it satisfies our

* Col. Napier, who, however otherwise acute, is blinded by his prejudices on this occasion, and grossly contradicts himself in arguing the value of the Guerrilla service, estimates the amount of French troops that might be supposed neutralized by the whole of the Guerrillas through Spain, according to our recollection, at 40,000 men.

sense of justice, offers no prospect of permanent advantage, unless the opportunity can be improved for recomposing a new administration, strong enough and honest enough to face the necessities of the age. Have we the materials for such a ministry? Are we now in a *fourth* crisis corresponding to the three we have described? That is to say, are there any men, who, either for qualities purely personal, (as might be said of Mr Pitt,) or as the sole remaining representatives of a party that have not betrayed its principles, may be looked upon as indispensable at this time to the public service?—What answer can be given to this question by men who, with a single and exclusive regard to the public interests, know also and confess the value of party combinations, and would be glad to find *any* constitutional party surviving the late wrecks of principle, presuming one condition only, that it should be a party not pledged to some measure of ruinous reform?

Not to speak invidiously, we will not undertake to deny that there are individuals who stand in that relation to the public service, which our question presumes. But any sufficient body of such men to make up an effective ministry, and that shall at the same time have such a determinate personal superiority, (Mr Pitt's case,) or superiority of position, (the case of his successors,) as to exclude all competition, we fear it would be vain to look for. The case, however, as we have described it above, has returned upon us in one half of the former precedents: but it is the unpropitious half. If there are no men, or body of men, whose presence is indispensable to the public service, there are some whose absence (to say the least) is highly desirable: and as *preponderant* members of the new cabinet, we may go so far as to say that their absence is indispensable. At the same time, we frankly confess that these are the very men who have the best chance for coming in. The persons we mean are the Whigs. And they will themselves feel that we speak with no offensive purpose, when we add our reason. It is this:—the old arguments for excluding the Whigs, strong and insurmountable as they were in that

day, are departed with the system of things to which they referred. Others may have arisen; but on these we do not dwell. One overruling argument applies to this time. Reform in Parliament, formerly a hopeless speculation, is now adopted strenuously, as the favourite measure of the times. Reforms might be devised of a character to do no harm; but these are not what is sought. In any sense in which reform would satisfy those who clamour for it, we view it as the most dangerous scheme that ever has been agitated. In connexion with the Ballot, which also is demanded by the majority, it will practically overthrow the constitution; and a sweeping, agrarian revolution will inevitably follow within two or three years. Now, it is true that the great Whig aristocrats, the territorial nobility, have precisely the same interests in resisting *such* reform, as those of the same rank who happen to be Tories. Lord Fitzwilliam, Lord Spencer, Lord Lansdown, Lord Grosvenor, Sir W. W. Wynne, or the Duke of Devonshire, we presume, would as little like to see their borough interest, or their county interest, destroyed, as the Duke of Newcastle or Rutland, Lord Lonsdale, or Lord Harewood. But, however *they* might behave, there are several Whigs, with no such interests at stake, who are *pledged* to the question; and an influential post in the administration might furnish them with means for carrying it. On this ground, we should look at any Whig cabinet, unbalanced by men of opposite views, as peculiarly ominous at this particular crisis: though, on other considerations, the nation would, perhaps, prefer such a composition of the ministry as would give some chance for re-moulding the shattered parties into something like their ancient form.

Beyond the one absolute disqualification we have mentioned, viz. the being pledged to reform in a dangerous shape, or a shape not accurately limited, we know of no other; but that one is so urgent at this time, that if there should be found any man or party that would as resolutely oppose all reforms that were not of a temperate and constitutional character, as others will support them, we should be disposed to think

that this man, or his party, would have the same advantage of position over their antagonists at the present crisis of revolutionary clamour, as the Tories, who would fight, had, during 1807—15, over the craven Whigs who would *not*. In such a case, a fourth instance would be realized, in addition to the three we have recorded, where there was a *personal* call for a particular set of men. But, as we are not aware of such a set, acting in concert with each other, we take it for granted, that, with the single reservation we have stated for the class of desperate reformers, all other statesmen on the public arena are open to the public choice, with recommendations varying in every possible degree, but none absolutely disqualified, as were Mr Pitt's opponents, by their anti-national doctrines.

Amongst these, therefore, the ejected ministers will have *their* titles to plead as well as others. A ministry will probably be so formed as to exclude them: but it is also possible, though much less likely, that an arrangement may be made comprehensive enough to take in some fragments of that party. We do certainly not expect to see the Duke of Wellington ever returning to office. Age and disgust will indispose him to come forward again in a character of which he now understands the difficulties, and the vexatious embarrassments. Sir Robert Peel, however, sooner or later, is sure to creep back into office; his habits of business, and plain—practical good sense—will always find a ready and full appreciation: and as to any scruples of party or principle in receiving his alliance, those have perished; and, except Mr Canning, nobody has so much aided in destroying them as himself.—Considered in this light, as candidates for office in some future arrangement, the late ministers became doubly interesting to us in their character of persons violently dispossessed of office. The reasons for the past become important to the future. They are still nominally Tories, and partially they are really such. It would, therefore, be satisfactory to know what part of their conduct it is which has really led to their overthrow: because, in that way, we might ascertain how far they can be

relied on in any cabinet having it as a chief object to promote Tory measures; and, above all, to resist those revolutionary schemes of reform which will now come forward every year in greater abundance, and in more violent forms. We cannot dissemble that, spite of the past, and though we had ceased (with every body else, we suppose) to put faith in the strength of their integrity, or firmness of their principles, we did rely a good deal on three qualities in the late Cabinet, all of which seemed pledges for their resistance to the violent reformers. These qualities were—good sense, moderation, and firmness. This last, degenerating too often into obstinacy, seemed peculiarly to characterise the Duke of Wellington; the two others seemed at one time the common property of the Cabinet, making some allowances in two or three instances. Hence we cannot deny, that though pleased, (as all were,) on a general principle of retribution, at hearing of their fall, we could not but feel it too probable, that, setting aside all personal feelings, the great cardinal interests of the public, as bound up with the maintenance of the Constitution, might suffer by their loss of power. At the same time it must be granted, that our confidence, as well in their good sense and their moderation, as in their firmness, has been shaken a good deal by the indiscretions of their Parliamentary conduct through one fortnight of this month. With what reason, will best appear from a short survey of the most important topics in the King's speech, in connexion with the ministerial comments and explanations.

The questions of the Regency and the Civil List, though important, are less so than their names imply. The *subjects* are important no doubt; but the questions, which can be raised upon them, are limited. The regency in particular has been so "bolted," winnowed, and sifted, on former occasions, (1751, and the several bills and modifications of bills, through the long reign of George III.)—the constitutional casuistry of the question has been so thoroughly exhausted—the rights of individuals are so notorious, and so vigilantly protected by the Press, by Parliament, by the nation, that the widest range of pos-

sible differences between party and party is narrowed to a trifle. None but a professed alarmist can imagine any danger from that quarter beyond the stormy intrigues incident to a female minority and a female regency, with the sequel of a long female reign. One difficulty indeed besets the present case, of a very anomalous kind. Casulists in points of state difficulty have long been aware, that, in the singular contingency of a Queen Consort declaring herself *enceinte* on the demise of the crown, a very embarrassing dilemma arises:—On the one hand the crown is never in abeyance, not for a moment. In England, as in France, the cry is, and must be, "*The Sovereign is dead: Long live the Sovereign!*" But then, on the other hand, in this case who *is* the sovereign? It is not even known whether any at all will be born; for the queen-dowager may be delivered of a still-born child. Again, it is still less known whether the heir in contingency will prove a king or a queen. And according to all the analogies from our law regulating the succession to real property, in such a case the heir-presumptive has absolute rights, which, as regards the privileges of royalty, would make a most intractable collision with the rights of the contingent heir. Certainly the case is difficult; and it is also without precedent in England; consequently without provision. However, it is happily an improbable, though a possible, event. The continued duration of his present Majesty's life, if the general prayer of his subjects should be granted, will put an end to such an anticipation. In the worst result, it will be dealt with by Parliament according to the best lights which the analogies of our laws furnish. On this question only, the late ministers have satisfied the nation. Was it in their power to have done otherwise?

As to the *Civil List*, that subject comes before us under far greater incitements—provocations, we might

say—to agitating dissensions. Seldom have we been compelled to such profound moral disapprobation of the whole course pursued by the Government. And though it is unquestionable that an opposition to the Duke of Wellington's administration, growing out of much deeper and more important grounds of indignation, was in fact what made this particular ground available for its dissolution; yet even upon this single and insulated topic we might take our stand,—and if our sense of expedience altogether coincided with our sense of justice, we could ensure ourselves a general sympathy in expressing an undivided satisfaction on the late ministerial defeat, taken in connexion with the prominent occasion of it. The moral sense is shocked, the just pride of the public mind is affronted, and the homeliest discretion is outraged by the line of argument taken by Sir Robert Peel, and afterwards* by Mr Goulburn. A system of delusion, which could not impose upon a child of five years' growth, plainly and obstinately advanced with the avowed purpose of perplexing this most enlightened nation, who, by means of the reports, must be presumed present at the whole of the debate—and an attentive party to the whole principle and items of the plot upon itself. As the reporters, or some of them at least, gave a very confused and incoherent account of what Sir Robert Peel really meant in first urging this logic of mystification, we shall in one sentence explain it fully to those who may have missed the two debates. Sir Robert then urged, seriously, by way of justifying the studied confusion of the Civil List, and the assembling under one head of provision many different services, having little or no connexion, that, supposing the Civil List to cover the royal household and personal expenses with a strict exclusion of every other charge—it would always be possible for disaffected

* This line of argument was much used and relied upon in the second debate by Mr Goulburn, and was in consequence treated as *his* exclusively in the attacks of a morning paper. But the truth was, that Sir Robert Peel had first brought it forward in the original debate when the resolutions were first proposed, and the subject first opened to the House.

persons to assign the exact sum, £400,000, or £450,000, which the nation paid for royalty, and to use it as one of the commonplaces in the rhetoric of sedition, for sharpening and converging the attention upon the particular disadvantages of monarchy in a contrast with republican simplicity. Whereas, in the present confusion of accounts, a standing contradiction was open to the loyal subject, in the known fact, that the general vote of a million, or thereabouts, provided for many branches of the public service, that must continue to exist even in a republic—such as the allowances of judges, ambassadors, &c. Now, considering that the Civil List has been thrown into a distinct classification of its items since the time of Mr Burke's reforms, that is, for sixty years back, as things stand at present, the seditious haranguer already possesses that power which Sir Robert professed to intercept; he can draw the line as sharply as he pleases, even at present, between a King of England and a President of the United States, or Columbia; this he can do at any rate, with no more light than Mr Goulburn allows us: and unfortunately, from the darkness which Sir Robert patronizes, and the mystery which now envelops the Civil List, he can just double the mischievous impression which the facts of the case allow: when no unfriendly critic is at hand to expose his misstatements, the public documents certainly warrant him in taking credit for the whole million as an appropriation to the king's household. And this at least is a delusion that he never could have attempted, had that separation of the public services existed, which Sir

Robert was opposing. On the other hand, in the very worst case, he could make his retreat into that exclusively regal allowance, which Sir Robert supposes it so necessary to muffle and mantle by a voluminous drapery of irrelevant provisions, pretty much as some ciphers (in the age of cryptical letter-writing) proceeded on the principle of enveloping the true and significant part of the letter in a world of impertinence. The truth is, and it cannot be disguised, that the House of Commons and the nation have not witnessed, without indignation, the attempt to enlist their loyal enthusiasm to the throne and the constitution in the service of a "job:" for though the word be ugly, that is the true description of a Civil List brought forward in this shape, (no matter with what advantages of ancient precedent,) and scandalously supported by appeals to the patriotic feeling of men as in a question between the constitution on the one hand, and sedition on the other.* It will not, and it cannot come to good—that at a time when the true friends of social order, and of our admirable establishments, more than ever before need the whole benefit of character, pure hands, and freedom from suspicion, grave and responsible servants of the king should attempt by a juggle to tie up the freedom of Parliament through an entire reign, and to disarm a wise minister, if such should arise, for all attempts at propitiating the democracy by the reforms in this part of our expenditure where reforms may really be found practicable.

The King's name was most iniquitously introduced; his interest is not the one which is truly at stake. The

* Sir Robert was as unfortunate in his illustrations as in his argument. He produced one of the inflammatory hand-bills, now circulated in London, which represented the Marquis of Bute as receiving £50,000 a-year of the public money. Now this is a blank falsehood, and serves but ill to illustrate the mischiefs of publishing the truth. Were the pension list made as public as the items of the civil list even now are under every attempt to perplex them, it would then be impossible to circulate falsehoods of this magnitude with any hope of deluding the people extensively. The fact is, that here, as elsewhere, *omne ignotum pro magifico*. And the bishops, and many of the temporal peers, are at this time grievous sufferers by the ignorance which prevails on the money value of their appointments. In default of any true knowledge, incendiary reformers publish the most hyperbolical exaggerations of their profits. Witness the case of the Bishops of Durham, Winchester, and London.

object of the opening of every reign is to be in under the King's wing, and in the moments of enthusiasm which greet the first accession of every prince, all and each of those classes amongst the receivers of public money, whose appointments are open to doubt and question. The ambassadors, we are told, are the King's representatives at foreign courts: their outfits are, in fact, the King's outfits, and so forth. Therefore they form part, in an extended sense, of the King's household; and their appointments must be provided for in the civil list. But so also are the roads the King's highways. And the ships of war are his Majesty's ships. Yet these and other departments are, and will be, kept separate from the civil list. Why? Because, with respect to those there is no disposition to shrink from public enquiry. But the pension list, the appointments of foreign ministers, and other sources of valuable patronage, which are most sensitively alive to the anxieties and perils of scrutiny—these are regularly locked up from all action upon their detail of the public mind by a hasty vote which pledges the nation for an indefinite extent of time. Periodically thrown open to enquiry by a constitutional necessity, they are instantly restored to a long repose, and a total immunity from that surveillance which haunts and vexes all other parts of the public service.

We have said, however, that the practical questions which arise upon the civil list, properly or improperly so called, are limited. Undoubtedly they are so. Whatever may be the wishes in some classes of our population, no part of those who are likely (we trust) to obtain much weight in the House of Commons, cherish any desire to dismantle the Crown, or any branch of the national service which represents at home or abroad our civil grandeur as a nation, of any plumage that can add real grace or distinction to the objects of public favour and privilege. We speak the wishes of the sober-minded and moderate among the faithful supporters of the crown and its dignity, when we say that the following reformations would give entire satisfaction, without prejudice to vested interests, or

to any just claim upon the public gratitude:—

First, that the statement of the accounts, in this department more even than in any other, may not be specially addressed to the purpose of deceit, but above all, to the purpose of throwing difficulties in the way of enquiry. One part of a salary is charged upon one fund, another part upon another fund; one part is quartered upon the English, another upon the Irish civil list; and these, with some half dozen more of senseless artifices, unworthy of a paternal government in its dealings with an affectionate people, have this effect beyond every other, that they prevent all unity of view or comprehensive survey from any one station that can be taken. What the Greeks call *τὸ συνωστῆναι*, or facility of combination into one point of view—is a matter of great importance in overlooking intricate accounts; and this it is one main purpose of the Civil List, as now presented, to evade:

Secondly, that all charges of the same class should be brought together under the same head, stated explicitly for what they are, and not dislocated. The House of Commons is told that the Pension List amounts to L.74,000; and the case is regarded by some, and debated by all, on that footing. Afterwards, when that part of the general question is disposed of, in some obscure nook a discovery is made of L.40,000 for the very same service on the Irish establishment, and L.25,000 on the Scottish; as though the government which administered those branches of patronage were distinct from the English. Members are ashamed to avow that they had overlooked items so important; and thus the burden is viewed, so far as it attracts any notice at all, under half its pressure. But a far more impressive instance of this plan for breaking the strength of the impression, by separating and distracting the parts under review, is to be found in the practice with regard to arrears at each demise of the crown. The country is hardly aware, that, in fact, a sum of more than L.50,000 per annum, beyond the parliamentary allowance, through the whole of the last century, has been, in a manner, settled

upon the crown by itself. For the uniform practice, with one solitary exception, has been to apply to Parliament, at the beginning of each reign, for a vote of money in liquidation of arrears contracted during the course of the preceding reign.* In that way, a sum amounting to upwards of five millions will be found to have been voted during any period of 100 years, calculated either from the beginning or the end of Queen Anne's reign. Now, when it is recollected, that the particular part of the Civil List upon which these arrears arose, was that which regarded the royal household, (*i. e.* the three first heads in the present distribution,) and that this part of the total allowance did not much exceed L.400,000, it will be found, on review, that the crown assumed to itself an extra allowance of about 14 per cent throughout the whole of the last century.

We do not contend that this allowance was too much. Without specific enquiry, minute knowledge of the royal establishments, and a continual revisal of the whole estimates, under the varying value of money, no considerate man would attempt to fix either a *maximum* or a *minimum* for such a case. But undoubtedly it ought not, in the smallest proportion, to have been taken in that irregular way; and, above all, if the necessity existed, Parliament ought to have contemplated it from the first, and not to have continually deceived the nation by assigning a fixed income, which served no purpose of really fixing the expenditure.

But far beyond even this source of delusion to the nation, and all other arrears in other quarters of the royal family, have been the palaces. Here, as in so many hundreds of cases besides, we have an illustration of that inaccuracy of understanding in Mr Brougham, which, employed for ever in seeking topics for sarcasm and censure, uniformly blunders on the

true subject of blame, or misdirects its application. How many sneers have we had from his quiver on this question of palaces! And even the grave has proved no screen from his unforgetting wrath. Yet, the late King was, by comparison, but little to blame. Ornamental building fell within that reasonable encouragement to the fine arts, which belonged to his station; to see that it did not exceed the just limits, and to have given it a more discreet direction, fell properly within the province of Parliament. How many ungracious rebukes, to say nothing of some harsh acts, within the House of Commons, have lent a bolder tone to disaffection without, which a few prospective measures of practical good sense would have evaded! Contrast the spectacle of Louis XIV. building sumptuous palaces, under the continual correction of his ministers' experience; or the grandfather of Louis using Sully as the controller of his architects' bills, with that of George IV. surrendered into the hands of private artists, each having his own ends to serve, and no interference from any powerful quarter being supposed warrantable, unless after some lavish expenditure. The fault, we repeat, was not in the King, but in the House of Commons. Instead of being reduced to stop the supplies suddenly in the midst of unfinished work, they ought uniformly to have placed all money voted for such purposes, under the management of select commissioners—some of them well qualified by knowledge of the fine arts, and others by knowledge of the world and practical business—with instructions to deal liberally with the King, but in concert with him to compass two objects; first, to conduct his buildings or alterations in a style that might do honour to the country, and raise them into national works; and, secondly, to save him from the hands of rapacious agents. In Eug-

* The single exception to this established usage is the case of George IV., who has left no arrears. This will be ascribed by the *candid* insulters of his memory to the shortness of his reign, in connexion with the unusual magnitude of the Civil List, which ran beyond L.1,200,000. But the reign is to be viewed as a short one, chiefly by comparison with the enormous one of his father. And then, for the magnitude of the Civil List, that was swollen mainly in those branches which did not regard the King's household.

land, it is notorious that even private gentlemen are seldom able to contend with success against the estimates of interested architects and capability-mongers. The policy pursued by such people is that of the lowest attorneys in seducing farmers, or others of that rank, into suits at law. The first step, under all the baits of novelty, is soon gained: the royal speculator is committed: to go back is impossible without immense loss. The oily artist has his compliments to the royal taste in one pocket, and his specious plans of economy in the other. He has procured marble direct from the Italian quarries, without paying the London merchant's commission. He will sell the old materials at high prices. And by thousands of other tricks, which it costs the labour of a committee to expose when all is too late, he dupes a prince—as he would probably have duped a more experienced person. Inexperience in such affairs is fit and becoming in a king of this country; and, with suitable provisions on the part of Parliament, it would not be mischievous. Without such provisions it is idle and unjust to complain of profusion in the king. Such, however, has hitherto been the course: and what is the result? Taking all items of building, un-building, furnishing, ornamenting grounds, &c. a sum of perhaps considerably more than twenty millions has been granted by Parliament in the one hundred years between 1730 and 1830: and, with the exception of Windsor Castle, which is pretty much what it was at the beginning of this period, for any thing which appeals to the public eye, we have absolutely nothing, in a national sense, to shew for it. How irritating for a great nation to look back upon such abuses of its generosity, and to know, that sums, which in the hands of a Sir Christopher Wren, would have raised up one of the glories of the earth,

have been absolutely trifled away, in mere caprices of pulling down, throwing square things into round, round into square! Within the last six years, no less than three palaces have been pulled down, the king's villa in Windsor Park, Carlton Palace, and Buckingham House. Two of these have been swept away finally, and carted off as rubbish, after costing the nation beyond a million of money: and one of them had even more signally proclaimed the folly of the Royal advisers in its erection* than in its demolition. But one fact on this painful subject speaks volumes. After half a million of money had been spent on the new and yet unfinished Buckingham House, (we call it by its old name,) after the inventive talents of the architect had been cramped and overruled by the volunteer plan of retaining the outside shell, and after the king's peculiar wishes had been sacrificed to the same senseless principle, accident suggested to a member of the Committee appointed by the House of Commons this question,—Supposing that the old plan had been entirely abandoned, and a free range for the architect's skill had been obtained by totally destroying the walls, what addition would that have made to the cost? The answer was, “ten thousand pounds” at the utmost. Now, the total estimate of good judges for completing the palace was one million at the least; so that here again, as in so many former cases, an ocean of profusion, that might at least have terminated in giving the nation something to be proud of as a public building, is defeated and neutralized by an act of the most childish and inconsistent parsimony in the outset. If to this anecdote were added others equally well established in the secret history of George III.'s creations at Kew, the late King's at Brighton, &c. &c., it might truly be said that the very stones cry out

* With such rash haste is every thing of that nature undertaken in England, that in planning the domain and precincts of Carlton House, no provision was made for that privacy which is among the mere decencies of a royal household. The late Princess Charlotte of Wales, when walking in the gardens of that palace with the Prince of Orange, then standing on the footing of a lover, was suddenly shocked by discovering a group of chambermaids at the open windows of the adjoining houses, watching her motions, and speculating on the Royal fashion of making love. On the other front of the palace, matters were far worse.

against the folly of our public expenditure in this department. And the issue is this: after an expenditure, which the nations of the continent would hear with their hair on end, except for their internal decorations, we have not a palace worth shewing to a foreigner; and the first servant of the East India Company is lodged at Calcutta in a palace, to which the very numerous palaces of the King of England would not form menial offices of proportionate splendour. And the blame lies, we repeat again and again, in the false delicacy and the negligence of the House of Commons.* The nation expects that this system of folly should at last be reformed; and that whether nominally annexed or not to the consideration of the Civil List, it should be treated as virtually connected with that department of our civil economy, and remodelled with a reference to that subject in its total bearings.

Thirdly, It is undoubtedly the wish of the nation, with respect to the king's household itself, that some reforms should be made in a spirit adapted to the age. With every provision for splendour, it is certainly advisable, in placing that establishment upon a new basis, to abolish all superannuated offices and functions growing out of the feudal manners, in which the present arrangement originated. Another consideration of the same tendency should be kept in view:—Every body acquainted with parliamentary history must remember Mr Burke's pleasantry in the House of Commons on the public embarrassments created by the circumstance "*that the king's turnspit was a member of parliament.*" Now, it must occur to all sensible men, when turning their thoughts to

the best mode of reconciling splendour for the king and his court with the least possible burden to the people, that a very great increase of expenditure arises from the old traditional custom of confiding certain offices in the household, which *in these days* are but little in the public eye, to members of the *haute noblesse*. A duke, or a marquis, does not, in a histrionic sense, look the part he performs better than thousands of others would do: there is no porcelain class of patricians to match against the common delf ware of the vulgar; and no man carries his rank emblazoned on his person. There is, therefore, no advantage on that consideration for employing him. But, in another view, there is the very greatest disadvantage; for he is a far more costly servant to the state than a person of inferior pretensions. It would be easy to apply a remedy to this. In our peerage, we have few, if any houses, that can be regarded as absolutely decayed; but there are several which are depressed below the level of their order. Now, by introducing a principle of allowing a preference, *ceteris paribus*, to as many of these families as possible in court appointments, a real national purpose would be served; a resource would be provided to the sinking houses of the aristocracy. Offices of pomp and shew would become ministerial to a point of state prudence; and the pension list would be considerably lightened.

Such is the outline of those reasonable reforms which the nation will look for in this department, now that the public attention has been so powerfully called to it by the conspicuous and ever-memorable triumph which the question raised upon its

* There is too much reason to think that this negligence arises out of that contemptuous indifference to the fine arts which has unaccountably governed the political economy of this country long after it has given way to the general illumination of the nation in the practice of our aristocracy as individuals. From a date even antecedent to the illustrious example on this subject of Charles I., that is, for a clear period of 200 years, it is no more than justice to say, that the British aristocracy has exceeded the whole European nobility in splendour of patronage directed to the arts of painting, music, sculpture, and perhaps architecture. Yet the same persons, in their functions as senators, seem to think it as necessary to shew disregard of the arts, as a judge to show the influence of beauty in a prisoner at his bar. Hence it happens that the question which they ever raise in a case of this nature is about the amount of money to be voted; but with the application of the money, when once voted, they are anxious to disclaim all interference in the most ostentatious manner.

abuses has obtained for the late Opposition. Consideration for this casual and momentary effect has obliged us to enlarge a little more upon the subject, than its separate importance in the scale of our expenditure would have justified. For a great majority of people will suppose that the question upon the Civil List was the cause, and not merely the occasion, of the late event; though, in truth, were it not that the House of Commons had been led by other jealousies into a state of great irritability, that cause, taken singly, would have been found inadequate to so considerable an effect. Combustible materials had been rapidly accumulated, or that spark would have fallen innocuously. Either by acts that could not be forgotten, or menaces that could not be forgiven, it is too evident that the Duke of Wellington's Cabinet had alienated the popular mind, and forfeited the support of all parties whose support was of value.

What acts? what menaces? These are now become questions of mere speculation, as regards the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel; but they are questions of fearful importance for the prospects of this nation under any successors to their power, considering that the circumstances of Europe, and the growing demands of the people, will not allow of their being evaded. The acts of the Wellington Cabinet—that which they have *done* to alienate this nation, we shall recur to in our closing remarks. At present, let us consider their *words*, since the opening of this session, as well those which they have put into the mouth of the King, as those which they have added, by way of direct comment from themselves. These are the sole indications of the policy they had meant to pursue as a Cabinet, and (so far as they were distinctly expressed) will continue to be pledges for their conduct as a party. Three great, three overwhelming questions now occupy the national mind, each separately capable of involving our best interests in ruin: they are these—Reform; the insurrectionary spirit of our peasantry, English as well as Irish; and, finally, the condition of the Continent. On each of these, the late Cabinet delivered an opinion; but it was a

divided opinion on the first, and a most equivocal one on the two last. We will first speak to the case of the Continent.

Belgium, and the extent of her privilege in framing new modes of government for herself, was the only shape under which the continental question was presented by the King's Speech. Apparently the Duke of Wellington had not contemplated any nearer or greater form of peril. But if that were the worst cloud impending, it has already, in a great measure, passed off. In the London papers of November 18, it is announced, that the Provisional Government at Brussels had accepted the overture of mediation from the five great powers. And the general impression is, (warranted by many scattered declarations published under the sanction of the most severe amongst these powers,) that Belgium will be allowed to adopt any form of government, except one purely republican. So that, in that quarter, the revolutionary frenzy may be supposed to have burnt itself pretty nearly out for the present; though there can be no doubt that stormy dissensions will arise in the Congress, and also between Congress and the Provisional Government. It is equally inevitable, that past experience of impunity will encourage future insurrections against any form of government that shall happen to be established. However, the recent events, the armistice, and the substitution of a diplomatic for an armed interference, has removed the danger which threatened Europe from this quarter to a little further distance. It seems also a plausible construction of the policy pursued in this instance by Austria, and still more by Prussia and Russia, that no war is meditated with France, but that a pacific course has been agreed on for all Europe; for neither Prussia nor Russia, connected as they are by close ties of relationship with the House of Orange, can be imagined to have shewn so little vigour in upholding the interest of that House upon any other consideration than that of a fixed indisposition to provoke hostilities with France. One step against the Belgians, on the part of Prussia or Russia, would have ensured a corresponding step in their

behalf, on the part of the French Cabinet; and, if the Cabinet could venture upon hesitating, then a worse result for Europe would happen, of an instant collision between this imbecile Cabinet and the people. Hence it seems but reasonable to allow it, as a just inference from the late conduct of all those powers who are essentially parties to every anti-Gallican confederacy—that no such confederacy is meditated, and that the strongest disposition exists to prevent it. So much we grant. And were it probable that the absolute decision of this great question lay with Russia, Austria, Prussia, and England, we should cheerfully admit that no great danger threatened the harmony of Europe.

But Cabinets are not the *officines belli* in the new system of things. It is France who will determine this question for the future in the clubs of Paris. It is the people, not the government, of France, who are to be considered henceforwards the arbiter of European destinies. Out of France no resolution, wearing a pacific character, can be final: it is merely provisional until affirmed by the countersign of the French Jacobins, and merely hypothetical so long as it is liable to be negatived by their *veto*. And not merely the people of France, but through *them* the people of every other country in Europe, have a controlling interest above the decisions of their governments. No band of insurgents upon a sufficient scale can ever conduct the cause of agitation or rebellion with a continued appeal to French protection and countenance, as in the case of Belgium; but the several cabinets of Europe will be obliged to moderate and subdue the temper of their interference, as they have done with regard to that country, under a prospective regard to some warlike reaction in France. In reality France, Jacobin France, is virtually present and assisting at all Democratic assemblies throughout Europe: a sympathy and powerful understanding passes to and fro between Paris and all the outlying systems of revolution: every hope of the anti-monarchical party in every land in Christendom gravitates to that centre. Discountenance where and whenever to the popular voice

is interpreted by a standing rule as an insult to France; and that construction is openly adopted into the cabinet policy of Europe.

This view of things is true for every condition of France under her new system of republicanism a little disguised. The aspects of the Cabinet may fluctuate, but the great foundations of power are immovably fixed upon a basis of democratic forces, which can never shift, except under the remote contingency, less inevitable than in former days, of a military despotism. That power of insolent dictation, which all Europe banded together to chain down into compulsory silence in 1813-14-15, has broke loose again in a far more formidable shape, because no angry collision now exists between the military instincts of the nation and their civic aspirations. Any momentary variations of the French Cabinet, therefore, can indicate no permanent resistance, or possibility of resistance, to the popular will.

Meantime, in what direction are the recent variations of that Cabinet which have just been completed? All tending, in the most headlong manner, to confirm and promote the wildest frenzy of the mob; all in a combination to complete the development of republican agencies, to knit the sinews of immature democracy, and to organize its future expansion. Lafitte, the banker of Napoleon, wields the destinies of France. A person of the same stamp and the same profession presided in the French councils during the first early budding of the revolutionary mania. The banker Neckar was prime minister then, as Lafitte is now: and to Neckar has been imputed much of the mischiefs which followed. The fact is, that bankers in France, and generally on the continent, are the natural enemies of the aristocracy, and have many facilities for making themselves centres to the aspiring factions of great cities. But Neckar, though weak, and a captive to infirm sensibilities, was amiable; and, according to his notions, he was patriotic and well meaning. He had been lifted into power by the voice of the country most powerfully expressed, and in opposition to the views of the court. Naturally, therefore, his first gratitude was directed to

his patron—the people; and he held a civic tone in his speeches, his writings, and his measures. But his desire was to be dutiful to his sovereign; and he did not stand upon the support of a narrow party, or of personal intrigues. Lafitte, on the other hand, has made himself obnoxious to suspicions which, at one time, might have brought him to the scaffold, had they been pursued with a vindictive scrutiny: and this augurs ill for the moderation of his government, even if his party principles were not pledges for his determination to open a clear path to the very loudest expression of the very wildest democratic doctrines. It is true that, with us, a political party, after wearing one set of opinions as a sort of feather in their caps, or by way of a popular badge or cognizance, not unfrequently abandon or temper them in practice on coming into power. But this arises because the nominal or traditional distinctions of party have merely served as a centre about which has gathered a large body of personal attachments, and attachments to measures or modes of policy standing in no particular relation to the original principles which divided them from other state parties. Hence the secondary distinctions of a party come gradually to usurp the place of the older and more characteristic. For example, neither Whig nor Tory principles, in their radical distinctions, bore any relation to a war in Spain; and yet, by the course of events, power under certain circumstances in the one party, and opposition in the other, it so happened that Whigs and Tories were more rancorously divided upon that question, and, indeed, generally upon the question of war with Bonaparte, than upon any point of state policy that might bear a much closer relation to the differences in their characteristic creeds. Particular position at the moment, and not original principles, determine the conduct of political parties amongst ourselves when invested with power. But in France, where parties have had no time to cement in this personal sense by long hereditary adhesions of great families (even supposing that the condition of the aristocracy were otherwise favourable to the growth of such attach-

ments), there is no language by which party differences can express themselves, or party fidelity be made conspicuous, but by pressing the distinguishing principles of that party to harsh extremities, and to a continual assertion. The single exception to this rule may be looked for where the peculiar profession of the party lies in the very abjuration of all extremities, and in avowed moderation, as was the case of that party which composed the first Cabinet of Louis Philippe. But the party of Lafitte is clamorous, rash, stormy, and uncompromising; nor could it long acknowledge a member who did not seek a triumphant career for its doctrines. It is remarkable also, that there is a growing disposition to recall to power all the most energetic (in *their* case, but another name for unprincipled) agents of Napoleon. To say nothing of many others from the military body, Sebastiani—the odious, hired assperser of this country during the peace of Amiens—is placed in a situation of eminent authority; and there is reason to think that he will soon be called to the superintendence of the army and war department, in which capacity he will do his utmost to foster and befriend the martial propensities of the country; and, indeed, his name in any ministry is a kind of pledge that the war spirit is predominant. Men such as Lafitte and Sebastiani are not only dangerous in themselves, but are also standing sureties and sponsors, as it were, to the world, that their system is triumphant and victorious over opposition—the system of anarchy in domestic affairs, and domineering insolence in foreign. For men of that faction do not accept office but in combinations. A divided triumph is none at all for them.

Another member of the present administration, Montalivet, less backed in intrigues, and more open to generous impressions than the rest, is rather more dangerous perhaps by his theories and his eager nationality. To say the truth, in the French Cabinet, there is a provision made, as in an organic body, for every variety of functions that can belong to a system of intense unity. The grave and the gay, the generous and the selfish, all find their appropriate organ in a Cabinet, varying through every mode

of temperament and character, but pledged collectively to one system of doctrines. They will fall in powerfully with the predominant infirmities of the people. The approaching trial of Polignac and his brethren, and the preliminary discussion of the House of Peers upon their own competence as a tribunal for such an impeachment, will call out the worst passions of the multitude: the acquittal or execution, final reprieve or respite of the prisoners, will alike terminate in dreadful uproars and bloody excesses.* The appetite for blood once awakened, and a pretext furnished for suspecting the "civism" (to revive that Jacobin word) of eminent citizens, there will be a strong effort made to open anew the shambles of the terrorists. The present ministers are not the men to carry any weight of authority into the scale of moderation and political forbearance. They would find in the bloodthirsty tumults, and in the too evident risk that the nation was again on the brink of disgracing itself by massacres and party sacrifices, a motive for drawing off the national interest in any direction whatever, and thus a kind of virtuous "bounty"—a patriotic "drawback" would arise upon war.

War, therefore, not less by position than by party pledges and principle, the French Cabinet will be driven to seek in no distant period. And it is not all the pacific advances of Russia and Austria, nor even the dishonourable cession of capital rights, nor the unprecedented substitution for the old frank dealing by manifestos of the whispering dalliance by protocol and conference, that will avail to buy off the hostility of democratic France, or to propitiate the revolutionary leviathan. "Leviathan is not so tamed." War is now rapidly striding onward by gigantic steps on the continent;

and three or four months probably will dissipate the delusion, that with the temper, the revolutionary ferment, and the vindictive recollections of France, that cup can be put aside.

In the approach to such a crisis, what ought to be the attitude of Cabinets? what has been recently the attitude of our own? First, let us look to the demeanour of foreign states—Austria, for example, and Prussia. Both powers are evidently aware of the great probabilities in favour of war by the active preparations they have been making to face it. Prussia during the last three months has made unexampled exertions for placing her military force of every arm in condition to take the field: and Austria has called out in Hungary alone an extraordinary levy of fifty thousand men. Concurrently with them France has created an immense addition to her military establishments, and has remounted the whole equipage of her army, under as close a system of disguise and dissimulation as is compatible with her open and loquacious press. Meantime, for the present, all these powers have practised the utmost suavity of deportment to each other, and have carried their forbearance (as we have already hinted) to an excess which is very likely to provoke insults from France. Waiving the excess, nobody can question that the principle is good, and the more so as the real approach of war is the nearer. True and solid grounds of alarm justify every *honourable* precaution in denying to them all fuel of irritation, such as giving even an open and public expression to those apprehensions upon which it may be necessary to act. But in these circumstances, what has been the conduct of our government? They have exactly reversed the old politic maxim, and have behaved *suaviter in*

* Perhaps the sole gleam of hope for the unhappy prisoners lies in a strong and combined effort of interposition on the part of England. A general appeal to the mercy and generosity of the French people from this country, would be well adapted to the French character and passion for theatrical effects. Unfortunately, there is one powerful objection: to be acceptable, it must be highly complimentary to the Revolution of July. Now that one feature of the address would present a bar to the weightiest class of English signatures. Yet, still the measure is singularly adapted to the good and the bad of the French character, and it is the only scheme which has any hope in it.

re (as to the actual preparations for war) but *fortiter in modo* (as to the verbal denunciations of the danger). An interference with the affairs of Belgium was proclaimed from the throne. Public opinion was so powerfully expressed against it, and so immediately, that in their *later* explanations, both the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel have found it convenient to shift their ground. They have attempted to persuade Parliament that nothing more was designed than an amicable interposition. But it is *certain* that the real intention of government went farther. And the proof lies in these two evidences—first, in the presumption, not to be evaded, that an interference for the purposes avowed could not *but* commit the parties interfering to a state of war in one alternative of the result; in reality, that decision rested with the Provisional Government at Brussels:—secondly, in the fact, that Sir Robert Peel, when closely pressed, did most unequivocally avow in the House of Commons, that the question of war, in the last resource, would depend upon the circumstances that might arise in the course of the negotiation: his words were, “that a pacific policy would be maintained unless the honour of the country should seem imperatively to require its abandonment.” Such words, from such a mouth, are intelligible to every body. No minister would make that avowal without war in his heart and expectation. And two great comments arise upon it:—First, that the late Cabinet had not the common discretion, which has governed every Cabinet on the continent, of reserving and dissembling their expectations until war should be found inevitable. Had they waited but a fortnight or so, they would have found, in the frank acceptance of the mediating overtures by the Provisional

Government of Belgium, one principal presumption of war from that quarter of Europe invalidated: jealous equivocations, or even blank refusals, had been counted upon as a probable expectation, in the case of so mobbish a government, consciously supported by so powerful a neighbour. Secondly, it cannot but strike every person of reflecting and observing habits, that the Duke of Wellington’s Cabinet must have known less, than the least that is consistent with a tolerable success in government, of the public temper in this nation at this time, when they could allow themselves in such careless levity of allusion to a contingency so abominated by men of every party, as that of war and its burdens for us. Here we have one evidence, (and there are many others,) that, in whatever degree recommended by some of their constitutional principles to the conduct of our affairs, yet, on the other hand, mere indiscretions on their own part with regard to some capital interests, and the total ignorance* which they have so repeatedly manifested on the state of public feeling and public opinion, make it almost impossible for many, who even wish them well by comparison with some of their competitors, to grant them a cheerful or cordial support. War contemplated as though it had been a secondary trifle, and (worse than that) war needlessly announced as in the rear, before even their own case of necessity had begun to unfold itself! And this alarm scattered over Europe, with as much disregard to the natural effect, as though no more weight were attached to the words of a government than of a mob orator! And, finally, the burden of a war expenditure seriously entertained as a plausible speculation, at that very crisis when the exhaustion of the country is expressing itself by out-

* One manifestation of this ignorance, and no slight cause of it, comes before us continually in the avowals both of the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, that they keep up no acquaintance with the public journals. In cases where remarkable scenes of distress or outrage, deaths of eminent persons, scandalous promotions, &c. had occupied the columns of every newspaper in London, it has been the ordinary practice of these ministers, when questioned about them in Parliament, to say, that they had never heard of the matter before. Now, in so popular a government as ours, no weight of official business can excuse a minister from the duty of daily watching the course of public events and of public opinion, as recorded in the newspapers.

rages amongst the very *élite* of our peasantry, such as we have never witnessed in England before, except once as to the kind, but never as to the degree; and when the strength and fury of the contagion is now diffusing them over the whole south-east quarter of the kingdom! This leads us to another of the three great questions before the public mind—the insurrectionary spirit in our rural population.

We shall not go into the subject at length. It is so immeasurably important, that we shall probably consider it in a separate paper on some early occasion; for the spirit of turbulence and outrage rests hitherto not upon political disaffection, (though that will soon co-operate with the other causes,) but upon distress; and that again rests upon causes that are not momentary, but will continue to operate until some act of the legislature restrains the unhappy surplus of Irish population from coming into ruinous competition with the local peasantry at the only season of the year which, but for this competition, would yield high wages to rural industry. For the present, however, we shall notice only those few points of the case which are in any degree connected with the subject of our present review. What strikes us as remarkable in the Duke of Wellington's Cabinet on this occasion is, that within a very few days they have approached the two extremes of timidity and of presumptuous confidence. We do not ourselves blame them in the business of the Lord Mayor's Day. We believe it to be almost certain that riots were meditated, perhaps a massacre. Some mysterious efforts are undeniably at work in London for incendiary purposes: the numerous inflammatory placards, distributed for some time back, have put that beyond a doubt. And the repeated attacks made of late upon the Duke of Wellington by mobs, particularly on the opening of the Session, shew that he was a personal object of the popular hatred. Still, if there had been any extraordinary means of repressing tumults, (and we think there were,) it is matter of

regret that the visit was postponed. The postponement has brought much obloquy, and (what is worse) much ridicule upon the government; the people love a bold course; and there were many resources at hand. In particular, the Horse Guards might have been employed under colour of adding splendour to the shew. The Blues acquired the favour of the people some years back, under the same circumstances which made the other regiment of Horse Guards violently unpopular. Their presence would have intercepted mischief, and would not have been resented. Then, as to the apprehended extinction of the lights, it was singular that nobody should have recollected that the general illumination of the houses in the line of procession would have made *that* a matter next to impossible. The extinction of the coloured lamps, wax-lights, &c. employed in illuminations on the London plan, would only have been possible by obtaining possession of each separate house, after which there would still have remained the torches usually employed in all congregations of carriages by night. However, the postponement may be justified; but certainly, as a measure of caution verging on excess. Now, with such views of the popular spirit as the Wellington Cabinet acknowledged in this case, and considering the sudden and really alarming steps taken for putting the Bank into a state of defence, and the Tower into a state of preparation for supporting a siege of the most desperate character, the parliamentary language of the same cabinet on the Kent disturbances does certainly seem unaccountable. The Duke of Wellington treated the whole affair as of the most trivial importance,* and pronounced the whole kingdom to be in a state of "profound repose." Sir Robert Peel's language was not less surprising. He thought fit to vindicate the peasantry (as did Lord Darnley in the other house) from any participation in the nightly burnings. The Duke of Richmond, by the way, in the Lords, took equal pains to vindicate the farmers from having yielded to intimidation;

* We are glad, however, to find that he was sensible of its true cause, or aggravation however, from the influx of a supernumerary Irish population.

so that apparently nobody is to blame for any part of the disturbances. Now, of Sir Robert we would ask this question—To what purpose are the peasantry acquitted of burning haystacks and cornstacks, and the guilt charged upon strangers with political purposes, when it is notorious, that at all events, the peasantry are the breakers in open daylight of every kind of farming machinery? This kind of outrage, by the way, now extends from the extreme South of England into Buckinghamshire, affecting perhaps one-sixth of the English counties. With regard to the incendiaries, they are still unmasked; but Lord Darnley's defence of the peasantry on the charge of indifference or refusal to assist in working the fire-engines on a particular occasion has been met by the most pointed contradiction from a writer who appeals by name to too many eye-witnesses to permit doubts to remain that the charge is true. To the Duke of Richmond's vindication of the farmers, we could reply by scores of well-attested cases of intimidation. What else indeed than intimidation could have extorted an assent from various clergymen, when summoned by the infatuated peasantry to resign forever large proportions of their tithes? Scenes more childish or disgusting we have seldom heard of.* The truth is, that the labourers seem to be in a demoralized state; and the farmers, by all we can learn, are worse than they. It is remarkable, that at all the public meetings this body of men seemed in the closest sympathy with the labourer, and eager to suggest his landlord and

the clergyman as the proper object^s of spoliation. What makes this peculiarly disgusting, is, that the two latter are often the chief subscribers to the relief of the peasantry, and that it is the farmer, on the other hand, who has chiefly impoverished them, by encouraging, for his own exclusive profit, the competition of Irish labour. But whatever may be thought of the several proportions of blame amongst the different ranks of the rural population, the disturbances are seriously alarming, and cannot be treated wisely with the negligence expressed by the Duke of Wellington. Sir Robert Peel has certainly *not* been negligent; but he has evidently misconceived the case. To treat it merely as a matter of police, as though the sole object were to ascertain the particular author of a particular fire, will answer no sufficient end. The outrages upon property are merely adopted as a language for expressing the discontent and distress. To stifle this expression will do nothing to remedy the evil. And the carelessness, with which the ministers treated that part of the case has left a very unfavourable impression of their wisdom and their regard for the people.

The third great question at this time before the public is that of reform in Parliament. On this, and its great dangers to the constitution, we have already spoken; and there is no occasion that we should say more at present. We notice it now only in connexion with the really puerile conduct of the Duke of Wellington, in wantonly raising up countless enemies by a manifesto of abstract

* Take by way of specimen the following scene of outrageous folly. A score of others might be cited. Now what but intimidation could draw a ready agreement to a proposal so knavish and so frantic?—At Guestling, near Hastings, the paupers gave notice to the heads of the parish, that their company was requested to meet them at ten o'clock in the forenoon of Monday; with this addition, that if they did not come they would be fetched. But few were absent from the meeting, at which about one hundred and twenty labourers were assembled. They informed their late masters, that they did not any longer intend to go on in misery; they had resolved on receiving higher wages. 'What wages did they seek?' The reply was, 2s. 3d. a-day till summer, and then 2s. 6d; we only want to be paid for our labour; and that you may meet this fair demand, you must share the tithes. Mr Parson, (he was there,) we say to you, that as your demand on the parish has been raised to above L.800 a-year for a very little done by you, we demand that you do immediately give up L.500 a-year to our employers.' The parson very readily agreed, and the men gave cheers.—*Brighton Guardian*.

hostility to reform, without question of the peculiar shape which it may assume. This was wholly needless to his own purpose: all which *that* required was—that each scheme of reform should be resisted on its own merits—a course which would still have left it open to him to resist all, without seeming, therefore, to have foreclosed his mind to every possible scheme before its tendency and provisions were known. This precipitate and juvenile declaration of unconditional hostility to Reform has armed against him the whole collective wrath of the reformers, without gaining any counterbalancing object. As to the favour of the ultra-tories, (to propitiate whom he is said to have made this declaration,) *that* was worth gaining. But certainly they would have been satisfied with the hostility, without asking for the public declaration of hostility—which, by making him an object of public indignation, must in that degree have made him less serviceable to their views. For ourselves, we are no enemies to every kind of reform, but to that only in any eminent and uncompromising degree which would go to weaken or abolish the power of the aristocracy in influencing the composition of the House of Commons. That and the Ballot in connexion, we shall not cease to repeat, would revolutionize this country. With the large abiding masses of hereditary property must remain a principal share of political power; or else the possibility of resisting the democracy of the land is gone. Let any change be wrought which shall have the effect of breaking down the power of the landed aristocracy, and every *other* barrier will soon give way to the impetus of the people, who will then find no real obstacle in their way. The dissociation of the property and the political power of a country, is the true secret of Agrarian revolutions. However, the more imperative the call to resist reform under this democratic shape, the more binding it is upon our consciences and our prudence to avoid any revolting violence, or rash intemperance, which may shock or alienate the half-informed and the irresolute. No statesman, that we have ever heard of, has so committed him-

self as the Duke of Wellington, and with so little temptation from necessity, or excuse from any previous excitement, raised up, by one single sentence, a standing body of prejudice against himself that will cleave to him through life.

With these memorable indiscretions, and these tortuous supports lent to the worst part of court abuses, under the shelter of the king's name, but for real purposes in which the king's interest is as little as that of the meanest of his subjects, it cannot well surprise us that the Duke of Wellington's government has fallen. A slight blow was sufficient to destroy it. For it was self-destroyed by conscious weakness, before external violence prevailed. And the result of our survey satisfies us that the weakness, rashness, incoherences, and self-contradictions we have noticed in this cabinet, (for in the matter of Reform, let it be remembered that Sir George Murray was in broad contradiction to his principal, and Sir Robert, again, in contradiction to both,) are simply the natural expression of that restlessness and distraction of mind which never fails to follow an eminent sacrifice of conscientious feeling, no matter to what mode of fantastic expediency. The same want of firmness, of moderation, and of good sense, which has been so conspicuously displayed through the early part of November, will continue, we cannot doubt, to haunt the public actions of these men so long as the sense of increasing unpopularity recalls them to the memory and embittered consciousness of their unavailing sacrifice. And hence, in answer to one question which we proposed at the beginning of our review, we may conclude, that the Wellington cabinet can never be much relied upon to support the objects of Tory politics. With the consciousness of high and untarnished character has vanished their strength and firmness, dignity and discretion. We do not wish to use harsh words: but our readers, we are sure, will have anticipated us in saying—that no casual attack in the House of Commons could have shaken them, had they not been already shaken by the general expressions conveyed to them,

in a thousand ways, that the confidence of the country was withdrawn—never more to be restored.

The Duke of Wellington is a soldier, and perhaps undervalues the obligations which he violated with something of a military negligence. He is, besides, dogged and haughty; and to find himself unpopular is with him a reason for cleaving to that which has made him so. But Sir Robert Peel is of a more ingenuous nature. His conscience, perhaps, is originally more sensitive; and he has, besides, less power to control its "compunctious visitings" by artifices of pride or defiance. In Manchester—the place of his family influence, in Oxford—the university which it was his pride to represent, he has been memorably insulted. There, where once he was welcomed with festivals, and sat at good men's tables, every eye would be averted if he should venture to appear. In exchange for this heartfelt honour and affection,

he has now the cold tribute of sneering praise from the Whigs. And even that tribute is paid reluctantly, on the same principle that the magistrate in public bestows a freezing countenance upon the professional informer whom in private he would not so much as ask to be seated in his presence. Whether we perfectly understand and do justice to the feelings of Sir Robert Peel, we cannot be certain. The mind has many modes of duping itself, and escaping for a time from its own reproaches. But be that as it may, the fall of the apostate Cabinet at a time when no serious opposition had been organized against it, and the tone of gratified justice in the general expressions on witnessing that fall, have forcibly carried home to men's hearts a public moral of ancient standing, but which cannot be too often impressed—that with the integrity of statesmen in a religious country like this, stands or falls their political respectability.

TO A PICTURE OF THE MADONNA.

BY MRS HEMANS.

Ave Maria! May our spirits dare
Look up to thine, and to thy Son's above?

BYRON.

FAIR vision! thou'rt from sunny skies,
Born where the rose hath richest dyes;
To thee a southern heart hath given
That glow of Love, that calm of Heaven,
And round thee cast th' ideal gleam,
The light that is but of a dream.

Far hence, where wandering music fills
The haunted air of Roman hills,
Or where Venetian waves of yore
Heard melodies, they hear no more,
Some proud old minster's gorgeous aisle
Hath known the sweetness of thy smile.

Or haply, from a lone, dim shrine,
'Mid forests of the Apennine,
Whose breezy sounds of cave and dell
Pass like a floating anthem-swell,
Thy soft eyes o'er the pilgrim's way
Shed blessings with their gentle ray.

Or gleaming through a chestnut wood,
Perchance thine island-chapel stood,
Where from the blue Sicilian sea,
The sailor's hymn hath come to thee,
And bless'd thy power to guide, to save,
Madonna! watcher of the wave!

Oh! might a voice, a whisper low,
Forth from those lips of beauty flow!
Couldst thou but speak of all the tears,
The conflicts, and the pangs of years,
Which, at thy secret shrine reveal'd,
Have gush'd from human hearts unseal'd!

Surely to thee hath woman come,
As a tired wanderer back to home!
Unveiling many a timid guest,
And treasured sorrow of her breast,
A buried love—a wasting care—
Oh! did those griefs win peace from prayer?

And did the poet's fervid soul
To thee lay bare its inmost scroll?
Those thoughts, which pour'd their quenchless fire
And passion o'er th' Italian lyre,
Did they to still submission die,
Beneath thy calm, religious eye?

And hath the crested helmet bow'd
Before thee, 'midst the incense-cloud?
Hath the crown'd leader's bosom lone,
To thee its haughty griefs made known?
Did thy glance break their frozen sleep,
And win the unconquer'd one to weep?

Hush'd is the anthem—closed the vow—
The votive garland wither'd now;

Yet holy still to me thou art,
 Thou that hast soothed so many a heart!
 And still must blessed influence flow
 From the meek glory of thy brow.

Still speak to suffering woman's love,
 Of rest for gentle hearts above;
 Of Hope, that hath its treasure there,
 Of Home, that knows no changeful air!
 Bright form, lit up with thoughts divine,
 Ave! such power be ever thine!

THE PALMER.

BY MRS HEMANS.

The faded palm-branch in his hand
 Shew'd pilgrim from the Holy Land.

SCOTT.

ART thou come from the far-off land at last?
 Thou that hast wander'd long!
 Thou art come to a home whence the smile hath pass'd,
 With the merry voice of song.
 For the sunny glance and the bounding heart,
 Thou wilt seek—but all are gone;
 They are parted ev'n as waters part,
 To meet in the deep alone!
 And thou—from thy lip is fled the glow,
 From thine eye the light of morn;
 And the shades of thought o'erhang thy brow,
 And thy cheek with life is worn.
 Say what hast thou brought from the distant shore,
 For thy wasted youth to pay?
 Hast thou treasure to bring thee joys once more?
 Hast thou vassals to smooth thy way?
 "I have brought but the palm-branch in my hand,
 Yet I call not my bright youth lost!
 I have won but high thought in the Holy Land,
 Yet I count not too dear the cost!
 "I look on the leaves of the deathless tree,—
 These records of my track;
 And better than youth in its flush of glee,
 Are the memories they give me back!
 "They speak of toil, and of high emprise,
 As in words of solemn cheer,
 They speak of lonely victories
 O'er Pain, and Doubt, and Fear.
 "They speak of scenes, which have now become
 Bright pictures in my breast;
 Where my spirit finds a glorious home,
 And the love of my heart can rest.
 "The colours pass not from *these* away,
 Like tints of shower or sun;
 Oh! beyond all treasures that know decay,
 Is the wealth my soul hath won!
 "A rich light thence o'er my life's decline,
 An inborn light is cast;
 For the sake of the Palm from the Holy Shrine,
 I bewail not my bright days past!"

LETTER ON THE POLITICAL CHANGES.

DEAR NORTH,

AS soon as it was seen that the Duke of Wellington proposed to work his way through the present session with the same mindless men who were his colleagues in the last, no rational man doubted that his ministry must be overthrown. It was despised for mental incapacity; no enemy could fear it, and no friend could feel proud in fighting under its banners. If the Duke of Wellington did not see this, he must be a man with political perception so dull, as to be unfit to be a minister. If he did see it, but had such confidence in his own powers, that he chose rather to have ignorant commonplace assistants, that would obey his bidding without question, than persons of a different stamp, who would take the liberty of acting upon their own judgment, then was his love of personal command too great to make it expedient or even safe for the country, that he should continue minister. Finally, if, seeing and duly estimating the mental mediocrity, or less than mediocrity, of his colleagues, he had not the courage to get rid of them, or the skill to search out and associate with himself abler men, then was he too weak for a political leader, and it was better he should give place to some one of stronger mind, and one more capable of availing himself of whatever mental efficiency the country possessed. In any point of view, the Duke of Wellington (for I shall not take the trouble of discussing such negative quantities as the merits of the rest of the Ministers) was in that condition that it became desirable to have his place filled by another, who would select more capable men to co-operate with him in carrying on the government of the country. It is a very singular fact, and might afford room for curious enquiry to those who speculate in the strange incongruities of human character, that there was less of greatness in the government of the late Premier, than of any minister of modern times, not even excepting the ridiculous government of Lord Goderich.

The mere manner of the Duke's government was not, indeed, of that small gossipy description, which made Cabinet discussions become, within a

quarter of an hour, the news of the streets; but the business of government, though secret, was full of pettiness. It was notorious, that women had a good deal to do with it, and those whose habits unfitted them for domestic virtues, were not thought unworthy to guide the distribution of political patronage. Places were continually given away on grounds of mere personal favour, without reference to fitness or propriety. The inferior officers of the Treasury were unusually busy and important personages, and were continually urged to effect that which, with a different kind of government, would have required no such agency or urging. Every thing that became difficult to oppose was conceded; and it seemed as if the Duke considered his duty to be, to keep his little Cabinet army from defeat, by retreating whenever the enemy appeared in force against him.

Through the Session of 1828, the Duke's illustrious name—his inextinguishable fame as the conqueror of Napoleon—his reputation as a foreign negotiator—his influence with the Aristocracy—and the opinion formed of his Parliamentary skill in the defeat of Mr Canning's Corn bill, carried him on with triumphant success, which was not a little increased by the peremptory dismissal of the Liberals towards the close of the Session—a set of quacks, of whom the country was sick, and, doubtless, will soon be sick again.

With the beginning of the Session of 1829 came the Catholic Relief bill, that tremendous blow to the unity of party action in England: this great question carried, every thing else followed in its wake—the current was irresistible—political men were scattered and astounded—the Whigs were loud in their praise of the Duke—and the old Tories, except those of the Press, departed in disgust from the political arena, or remained nursing their hate in sullen silence.

With 1830 came a state of affairs which scarcely admits of description—the House of Commons *felt itself* too contemptible to do any business, and no business was done, except the repeal of the Beer-tax—the death of the sovereign took place, and a new Parliament was elected.

Whatever may be thought of the moral littleness of the intellectual cleverness of the present day, it cannot be denied that there is a generality of thought and mental exercise of every kind, that heretofore was not, and that in no period was a Ministry, without any mental attainments whatever, more likely to be despised by the people at large. Accordingly, wherever politics were discussed—and, at the time of a general election in England, what place is there so dull, or so insignificant, as not to be in some measure occupied by such discussion?—the ministers were treated with a curious universality of scorn, and, as was remarked by Mr Brougham in Yorkshire, no candidate was rash enough to try to recommend himself to electors by stating his respect for, or adherence to, the Ministry. But far above all in power and extensiveness of influence was the Press. Review, Magazine, Pamphlet, Newspaper—all joined in one storm of contempt; and only one pamphlet of the least pretension, ventured to uphold the Ministerial cause. Even this pamphlet was dull whenever the Ministry was introduced. The master hand who spiced it for the public, knew it was in the power of wit to make Mr Brougham ridiculous, but not in the power of reasoning to make the Ministry respectable. The consequence of all this seems to have been a determination on the part of the Ministry to assume a bolder tone, and to obtain, by dint of assurance, the influence which ability would command. Here it is that the Premier was to blame. The commencement of a new reign and of a new parliament—the result of the elections—the extraordinary events upon the continent, and their effects upon the public mind at home—all these things must have suggested to any man of the least practical foresight or political caution, that parliamentary discussion would necessarily assume a high degree of interest and importance,—that the ablest men in Parliament would task themselves to the uttermost at such a time—and that it was of the most obvious necessity to have persons of some intellectual pretension on the Treasury bench to speak the sentiments of government. But nothing of the kind was attempted; and the men who had been hooted with scorn from every place which it was of the

least importance to represent,—who had been railed on, pitied, laughed at, and covered with every species of contempt, merely because of their weakness and incapacity for great affairs—at such a time as this, every one of these men was again brought forward to support the government, and to defend a state paper, put into the mouth of the King, which, as respected foreign affairs, was alarming, and, as respected domestic affairs, was by no means satisfactory to the popular party either within or without the House. This was downright folly of the Prime Minister. It was positively ridiculous in the very last degree to meet such a Parliament as had been elected, and in such times as these, with no one to say a word for the Ministry that would be listened to with patience but Sir Robert Peel. One more there was, no doubt, on the Treasury bench, though not of the Cabinet, who could have spoken if he would, and have grappled with even the best of the Opposition; but Mr Croker has hitherto refrained from seeking the troublesome distinction of an habitual debater.

The King's speech, I have said, was unpalatable. The speech of the Duke of Wellington, and his incautious and unnecessary declaration respecting reform, which reached the public ear almost along with the speech, was much worse. In these days very few men will venture to coincide with the Duke in his opposition to *every thing* in the nature of Parliamentary reform. Almost every one, with God knows how little sense or perception of probable consequences, has his own pet project of *sage* reform, and this sweeping declaration of the Duke was, except to a few Noble Lords and their connexions, a matter of general offence. This added much to the unpopularity of the Premier; but the affair of the abandonment of the King's visit to the city, made even the Duke of Wellington appear ridiculous and absurd, and either in the act itself, or in the manner of managing its announcement to the public, there was something so unfortunate, so absurdly exaggerated beyond the occasion, or at least beyond the occasion shewn in Parliament, that the public lost all patience. The people of London believed, and no doubt the belief spread fast enough to the provinces, that some

fearful and very important conspiracy had certainly been discovered—that the Guildhall, or at the least some part of the way to it, had been undermined and charged with gunpowder, for the purpose of blowing up the King and all his Court, and the Court of Aldermen into the bargain. The more serious and incredulous were satisfied that a scheme of revolution had been discovered, and that the postponement of the King's visit was a matter of absolute and awful necessity. When therefore it was found that the postponement had no such serious grounds, that there was in fact no ground for it at all, or none supported by any competent authority—that the decision of Ministers upon a matter which gave such extreme alarm, and caused such very serious consequences in the public funds, was made without any sufficient reason—that the whole affair was matter to be laughed at, and actually was laughed at in the House of Commons, and the Ministry called insane for yielding to such idle fears—when all this was found out, it was also found, that the Ministry could be held in still greater contempt than they had been before.

“ And in that lowest deep, a lower still”

was discovered by the public. It would be idle to deny that there was occasion to dread some riotous disturbance in the streets of the metropolis on the night of the royal visit if it had taken place; and it may be argued with perfect truth, that no amusement to be derived by the staring crowd, from a pompous show of this sort, was to be put in the scale as an equivalent to the remotest probability of public riot and of the loss of lives; but granting these facts,—and the statements of Ministers themselves went no further,—could any thing be more absurdly injudicious than their manner of dealing with them; or did they not see that there were consequences connected with a pageant, in itself of no manner of importance, which rendered their hurried, incautious method of procedure matter of serious blame, as well as of certain ridicule?

While the full tide of unpopularity and contempt was running breast-high against the Ministry, they ventured to bring forward their Civil List arrangements. This subject, at any time of great and weighty import-

ance, was rendered still more so, as it was to be the test of the voluntary pledge for economy, put forth by the Ministry in the King's Speech. It came before the House under most unhappy auspices for the Ministry. In the first place, there was a point connected with it which had the appearance of a public trick—the language of the King's Speech having been so framed as to give the public the idea that *all* the King's personal revenues, including of course the Duchies of Lancaster and Cornwall, were to be given up to the public. Those who knew any thing about those offices, did not of course participate in the impression which the words of the Speech were calculated to give to the uninitiated; but even Mr Brougham affects to have been one of the deceived, and he is not a man to affect a misunderstanding, except where there is something very capable of being misunderstood. I am sure that Ministers did not *mean* so shallow and shortlived an artifice to obtain popularity, as that of persuading the public they were about to give up that, which a few days would shew they were determined to retain; yet such is the language of the speech, that you can only exonerate ministers from the intention of deceiving, by admitting that they had most clumsily and obscurely expressed themselves. In the next place, the Civil List arrangements were introduced to the House in a speech so totally devoid of any one point of merit—so dull, stale, flat, and unprofitable, as to transcend in feebleness any thing which even the immense powers of mediocrity, known to be possessed by the speaker, could have given reason to expect. Along with all this feebleness, there was an apparent obstinacy, almost doggedness, of resolution, to take his own way with the Civil List, in spite of the wish generally expressed through the House, for a more particular and select examination; and the Opposition, taking advantage of the state of feeling in the House, moved the amendment which overthrew the Wellington Cabinet. The result, however, of the division of the 15th of November, was, to both parties, a very great surprise; certainly the Government did not expect it, whatever fears they might have had for the next evening, for which the Reform Question was fixed; and

that the Opposition did not expect it, is evident from this, that Mr Brougham, seeing how very strong they mustered in the lobby, and not weary of the glory of heading a huge minority, made a speech to those around him, requesting them to wait, and divide on another amendment which would be proposed, if that on which they were then in division should not be carried. Had there been any sanguine hope of success, it would not have needed any lobby speech to induce the Opposition to remain and cry out victory.

Sir Robert Peel, who can say as much about nothing sometimes as any other man, had nothing to say, when put to the question, after the division by the member for Westminster, whose Parliamentary courage is frequently a little exuberant, at a certain hour after dinner—he prudently resolved not to be taken by surprise when he could avoid it, but before noon the next day the resignation of Ministers was in the hands of the King. Thus fell the Wellington Administration; and thus ought to fall “a Tory administration acting upon Whig principles;” which disgraceful description of it was uttered in Parliament by the mover of the address at the commencement of the last session, and was not contradicted by any member of the Government. I contend, that the defeat of the Duke’s Ministry is no defeat of Tory principles. It was not worthy of the name of a Tory Ministry; and if, on political grounds, I have more satisfaction than regret, in the change which has taken place, it is, because I hope that the Tory party, though, for the present, out of power, will once more have fair play—that no official necessities will drown or dilute their energy—and that the political battle will once more be fairly fought on the floors of the Houses of Parliament. But who are to be the combatants upon this field? This we must wait for a little time to develop; but they exceedingly deceive themselves, who, judging from the want of ability conspicuous in the greater number of the Members of the Wellington Cabinet, suppose that there are no materials for an effective Tory Opposition. Men whose energies have slumbered will now rouse themselves up; and though no factious opposition will be at-

tempted for the sake of place, yet who can hope that, with Brougham for a Lord Chancellor, Lord Grey, Premier, Lord Melbourne at the Home Department, Lord Palmerston at the Foreign, and Lord Althorp Chancellor of the Exchequer, with all the rest either of the Whig party or “Liberals,” there will not be enough, and too much occasion, for the most strenuous efforts of the Tory party, to preserve the best institutions of the country from invasion, if not destruction? I write before these appointments are officially announced; but there seems to be no doubt that they will be announced; and I confess, that I cannot see how any Tory can look without dread and deep dissatisfaction at the prospect which they hold out of the management of the country’s affairs. According to the list which I have seen, there is but one exception to the Whig and “Liberal” character of the Ministry, and that is to be found in the appointment of the Duke of Richmond. His frank and manly bearing, the goodness of his heart, and the honesty of his principles, make me heartily wish him a more comfortable position, than that of standing alone with such a Ministry as he is stated to have joined. Does he deem it possible that, with honour to himself, and advantage to the country, he can join with Lord Holland, in deliberations upon political measures? I suspect his tenure of office, with such colleagues, will be but brief—he has not had much experience as a politician, and has yet to learn the annoyances attendant upon some political associations. With respect to the new Ministry, or rather with respect to those who, it is said, will form the new Ministry, it is not to be denied, that they are for the most part men of superior mental cleverness to those who have gone out; but, while it is quite true that men of small or feeble understanding can carry on no government respectably, it is also true, that ability is not enough, without right principles, to ensure its direction to a valuable end. That Mr Brougham is a man of transcendent ability, who can doubt? but it seems something monstrous and incredible, that such a man—the chosen of the Dissenters—the fierce promoter of discontent—the impetuous opponent of every

thing established, except it be the written theory of the constitution—that he should be Lord Chancellor! That he should hold an office which is all but ecclesiastical in its character, from its intimate connexion with the affairs of the Church, and its judicial power to decide matters of conscience, for which the law has made no express provision. One can hardly believe it possible, that without, at least, some interval of judicial calm, in a less important office, he would be appointed to such duties; but if it be so, let the friends of the constitution be on their guard, for there is no safety in such a man. Possibly, he who has thus arrived at the climax of his most ambitious dreams, and who must necessarily give up the task of reforming the lower House of Parliament, may now think of a reform of himself. Undoubtedly, if he is to hold the office of Lord Chancellor, he could not effect a reform of more immediate importance to the country.

Granting the cleverness, (and that word is lofty enough to express the merit of any of the men named for the new Ministry, except the Premier and the Lord Chancellor,) granting the cleverness of the men who are said to have accepted office, they seem to have been strangely assorted, as to places, and I doubt whether they can fill them with any degree of respectable efficiency. Lord Lansdowne may preside over the Council with due dignity, and Lord Durham keep the Privy Seal safe enough, if he can but keep *himself* quiet; and poor Lord Frederick has, perhaps, head enough for the Colonies, but what shall be said of the Treasury bench in the House of Commons, or who is to face Sir Robert Peel, and Sir George Murray, and Mr Croker, suppose they become active in opposition? Lord Palmerston and Mr C. Grant can, either of them, make an exceedingly good speech, with a week's preparation, but that would be rather long, sometimes, to wait for a minister's reply. Lord Althorp, they say, will be Chancellor of the Exchequer, and *leader of the House of Commons!* If I do not exceedingly mistake, Goulburn would be

an excellent match for him. His lordship has, to be sure, advantages of birth and fortune, and weight in the country, to ensure him that respect which his talents, never would; but all these, though they give force to an oppositionist, are not of very material use to an official servant. Lord Althorp would be a most valuable person as the chairman at a Quarter's Sessions, or to take the lead in an Assembly of Turnpike Trustees; but if he have really accepted the office assigned to him, I marvel at his rashness. Sir James Graham, they tell us, is to sit in the Cabinet as Lord of the Admiralty. A fine personage truly to put at the head of our naval concerns! What a strange association of the elegant Sir James, with the rude Jack tars of England! He will be of assistance as a talker in the House of Commons; but if he attempts Admiralty affairs, he may find a troublesome adversary. I consign him to the care of Mr Croker, but, being of a compassionate nature, I beg leave to recommend him to mercy.

But it is, perhaps, as yet too early to speculate upon the holders of particular offices; the general character, however, of the future ministry, cannot be doubted; it will be one that will present to the Tories what the lawyers would call a *prima facie* case for opposition, and, as I trust, there is no chance of a conversion of the former absurdity, which would give us a Whig ministry acting upon Tory principles, I think we may at least calculate upon more intelligibility of principle, and more manly discussion, than for some years we have been accustomed to. There will, I trust, be no longer an opportunity for men of mingled timidity and dishonesty to go on in a peddling pitiful way, with no fixed principle but their own personal advantage. They must dare to act with plainness and boldness, or sink to their fitting station of profitless contempt.

I remain, yours always,
AN OLD TORY.*

London, Nov. 20, 1830.

* *Maga* was just about to issue from the press in all her—not virgin—but matronly charms, when this Letter, from a highly esteemed London Correspondent and Contributor—was put into our hand, it having been delayed beyond the usual time of delivery, by one of the not unfrequent breakdowns of that heavy—if not crazy administration—the Morpeth Mail-cart.

PROMOTIONS, APPOINTMENTS, &c.

September.

Brevet	Col. Rooke, h. p. M. Gen. in the Army, he having repaid the difference he received on exchanging to h. p.	31 F.	Staff Assist. Surg. Hart, M.D. Surg. vice White, 16 Dr.	31 Sept.
	22 July 1830	33	Maj. Knight, Lt. Col. by purch. vice Moffatt, ret.	10 do.
	Bt. Col. Gordon, h. p. 16 Gar. Bn. M. Gen. in the Army		Capt. Grote, Maj.	do.
	Capt. Madden, 50 F. Maj. in the Army		Lt. Tathwell, Capt.	do.
	— Clerk, Staff Capt. at Chelsea, Maj. in the Army	36	Ens. Smith, Lt.	do.
	— Mann, 57 F. Maj. in the Army, do.		T. S. Clarke, Ens.	do.
	Col. J. Le Conteur, Aid-de-Camp to the King for the service of Militia in Jersey	37	Bt. Maj. (rose, Maj. by purch. vice Howley, prom.	31 Aug.
	Col. J. Guille, do.		Lt. Murray, Capt.	do.
2 Dr. Gds.	Surg. Hatley, from 64 F. Surg. vice Brown, prom.		Ens. Reeve, Lt.	do.
	Staff Surg. Melin, Surg. vice Peacocke, prom.		W. Mauleverer, Ens.	do.
	Surg. Franklin, from 57 F. Surg. vice Webster, prom.	39	Lt. Dyer, Capt. vice Dallas, dead, 11 do.	do.
	Lt. T. Atkinson, Capt. by purch. vice Hodges, ret.	40	Ens. Hebson, Lt.	do.
	Cor. Sir J. L. Duntze, Lt.		Gent. Cadet F. A. Cook, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens.	31 do.
	A. Shirley, Cor.		Staff Assist. Surg. Wahab, M.D. Surg. vice Franklin, 4 Dr. Gds.	21 Sept.
Dr.	Capt. Everard, Maj. by purch. vice Blois, ret.	42	Capt. Waldron, from h. p. 9 F. (repaying diff. he rec.) vice Hodgson, 19 F.	do.
	Lt. Petre, Capt.		do.	
	Cor. Sands, Lt.	41	Lt. Stopford, Capt. by purch. vice Montagu, ret.	10 do.
	J. Dalton, Cor.		Ens. Rawlings, Lt.	do.
7	A. A. Cotton, Cor. by purch. vice Morgan, ret.	50	F. W. Smith, Ens.	do.
	Surg. Hibbert, M.D. from 99 F. Surg. vice Thomas, prom.		J. C. Macpherson, Ens. by purch. vice Dundas, Coldst. Gds.	do.
16	W. Webster, Cor. by purch. vice Gavin, prom.	51	Maj. Gray, from h. p. Maj. vice Mackrell, prom.	31 Aug.
	Surg. White, from 51 F. Surg. vice Robinson, prom.	52	Bt. Maj. Shum, from h. p. 26 F. Capt. paying diff. vice Hon. F. Petre, 60 F.	10 Sept.
Gr. Gds.	Ens. and Lt. Digby, Lt. and Capt. by purch. vice Rowley, ret.	56	H. Hopwood, Ens. by purch. vice Law, Gren. Gds.	21 do.
	Ens. Hon. W. T. Law, from 51 F. Ens. and Lt.		Lt. Hay, from 7 F. Capt. vice St John, prom.	31 Aug.
	Coldst. Gds. Lt. and Capt. Short, Capt. and Lt. Col. by purch. vice Girardot, ret.	57	Ens. Mallison, Lt. vice Nesbit, dead,	12 do.
	Ens. and Lt. Lord F. Paulet, Lt. and Capt.	59	— H. B. Barclay, from 96 F. Ens.	31 do.
	R. S. Hulse, Ens. and Lt.		Assist. Surg. Macdonald, from 55 F. Surg. vice Evans, prom.	21 Sept.
2 F.	C. W. Wolsley, Ens. vice Malcolm, Rif. Br.		Bt. Maj. Fuller, Maj. vice Cust, dead,	4 Aug.
7	Capt. Lord Win. Thynne, Maj. by purch. vice Disney, prom.	60	Lt. Hartford, Capt.	do.
	Lt. Hall, Capt.		Ens. Yates, Lt.	do.
	Ens. Paget, from 69 F. Lt.		Gent. Cadet A. E. Burmeister, from R. Mil. Col. Ens.	51 do.
10	Ens. and Adj. Shanley, Lt.		Capt. Hon. F. Petre, from 50 F. Capt. vice Campbell, h. p. 26 F. rec. diff.	10 Sept.
16	Lt. Luxmore, Capt. by purch. vice Macdonald, prom.	62	Assist. Surg. Radford, from 46 F. Surg. vice Macpherson, 61 F.	21 do.
	Ens. Proud, Lt.	61	Surg. Macpherson, from 62 F. Surg. vice Hatley, 2 Dr. Gds.	do.
	C. C. Adams, Ens.	68	Maj. Gledstanes, from h. p. Unat. Maj. vice Reed, prom.	10 do.
19	Capt. Hodgson, from 39 F. Capt. vice Sweny, ret. h. p. 9 F.	69	G. D. Jenkins, Ens. by purch. vice Paget, 7 F.	31 Aug.
21	Lt. Booth, Capt. by purch. vice Lord W. Paulet, prom.	84	Ens. Craufurd, Lt. by purch. vice Bulman, ret.	do.
	2d Lt. Brade, 1st Lt.		E. G. Pilsworth, Ens.	do.
	H. Wemyss, 2d Lt.		Lt. Adair, Capt. by purch. vice Sweeney, ret.	10 Sept.
22	Capt. J. Macpherson, from h. p. 5 F. Capt. vice Kilbally, cane.		Ens. Goslin, Lt.	21 do.
25	Maj. Chambers, Lt. Col. by purch. vice Walker, ret.	87	Lt. Thomson, Adj. vice Greaves, res.	do.
	Capt. Priestley, Maj.	88	Adj. only	do.
	Lt. Iderton, Capt.		Ens. Irwin, Adj. vice Woollard, res.	31 Aug.
	Ens. McDonald, Lt.	91	Assist. Surg. Divir, from 79 F. Surg. vice Lamert, prom.	21 Sept.
	S. Bristow, Ens.	92	Qua. Mast. Jones, from h. p. 80 F. Qua. Mast. vice Bates, ret. receiving a commuted allowance	3 do.
29	Lt. Sheppard, Capt. by purch. vice Oulton, ret.		Lt. O'Meara, Capt. vice Bt. Maj. Noleken, prom.	31 Aug.
	Ens. Alves, Lt.	93	Ens. Collard, Adj. vice Simpson, res.	do.
	E. H. M. Kelly, Ens.	95	Adj. only	do.
31	Ens. Kelly, Lt. by purch. vice Wetenhall, prom.	96	Gent. Cadet, J. Lee, from R. Mil. Col. Ens. vice Barclay, 56 F.	do.
	R. Boys, Ens.			
	Lt. Col. Sir J. R. Colleton, Bt. from h. p. Lt. Col. vice Daly, cane. 10 Sept.			

99 F. Assist. Surg. Williams, Surg. vice Hibbert, 7 Dr. 21 Sept.
 Rifle Br. Lt. Webb, Capt. vice A. R. Wellesley, 19 Aug.
 Lt. Heckwith, Capt. by purch. vice Ferguson, prom. 31 do.
 2d Lt. Martin, 1st Lt. vice Webb 19 do.
 — Buckner, 1st Lt. by purch. vice Heckwith 31 do.
 Ens. Malcolm, from 9 F. 2d Lt. vice Martin do.
 A. J. Fraser, 2d Lt. by purch. vice Buckner, prom. 10 Sept.

Staff.

Lt. Col. Moore, h. p. Unat. Dep. Adj. Gen. in Mediterranean, vice Lt. Col. FitzRoy, As. Adj. Gen. in Ireland 25th Aug. 1850

Garrisons.

Maj. Gen. Thornton, Lt. Gov. of Jersey, vice Lt. Gen. Sir C. Halket, K.C.B. 18 Aug. 1850

Royal Military College.

Lt. Tipping, h. p. Cav. Staff Corps, Quar. Mast. vice Calder, dead 10 Sept. 1850

Hospital Staff.

Dep. Purv. Weaver, from h. p. to be Dep. Purv. to Forces 10 Sept. 1850

To be Insp. Gen. of Hospitals.

Bt. Insp. Woolriche, h. p. 22 July 1850
 — Farrel, M.D. do.
 — Robb, M.D. h. p. do.
 — Thomson, M.D. h. p. do.
 — Higgins, M.D. h. p. do.

To be Dep. Insp. Gen. of Hospitals.

Bt. Dep. Insp. M'Mullin, M.D. h. p. 22 July 1850
 — John Arthur, M.D. h. p. do.
 — Short do.
 — Collier do.
 — Mahng do.
 — Hartle do.

Physician James Arthur, M.D. h. p. do.

Staff Surg. Thomson do.
 — Murray, M.D. do.
 — Marshall do.
 — Howell, M.D. h. p. do.
 — Halliday, M.D. do.

Surg. Brown, from 2 Dr. Gds. do.

— Lamont, from 91 F. do.

— Robinson, from 16 Dr. do.

— Webster, from 4 Dr. Gds. do.

— Thomas, M.D. from 7 Dr. do.

— Peacocke, M.D. from 3 Dr. Gds. do.

— Evans, from 57 F. do.

As. Surg. Jemmett, from 12 Dr. to be Surg. to Forces do.

Unattached.

To be Lieut.-Colonels of Infantry by purchase.

Maj. Disney, from 7 F. 31 Aug. 1850

— Rowley, from 56 F. do.

To be Majors of Infantry by purchase.

Capt. Ferguson, from Rifle Brig. 31 August, 1850

Lord W. Paulet, from 21 F. 10 Sept.

To be Captains of Infantry by purchase.

Lt. Wettenhall, from 31 F. 31 Aug. 1850

To be Lieut.-Colonels of Infantry without purchase.

Maj. Linton, from 6 Dr. 31 Aug. 1850

— Scott, from 17 Dr. do.

— Graham, from 12 Dr. do.

To be Major of Infantry without purchase.

Bt. Maj. Nolcken, from 93 F. 31 Aug. 1850

The undermentioned Cadets, of the Honourable the East India Company's Service, to have temporary rank as Ensigns during the period of their being placed under the command of Lt. Col. Pasley, of the Royal Engineers, at Chatham, for Field Instructions in the art of Sapping and Mining.

Genl. Cadet J. W. Rundall 19 Aug. 1850

— E. J. Brown do.

— J. Trail do.

— T. Studdert do.

— H. C. Armstrong do.

— H. J. Margary do.

Local Rank.

Maj. Baker, h. p. Unatt. Lt. Col. whilst engaged as a Commissioner to Greece 31 Aug. 1850

Memorandum.

The King has been pleased to direct, that Henry Bristow, Esq. late Maj. h. p. 38 F. be restored to his rank in the Army.

Exchanges.

Capt. Biggs, 29 F. with Capt. Oulton, h. p. 57 F.

— Foskett, 50 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Hon. F. Petre, h. p.

— Hon. R. Watson, 10 Dr. rec. diff. with Capt. Osborne, h. p.

— Bolton, 11 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Pinckney, h. p.

— Galbraith, 27 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Anisnek, h. p.

— Grey, 56 F. with Capt. Kilkelly, h. p.

— Sir A. T. C. Campbell, 13 Dr. rec. diff. with Capt. Vyner, h. p.

— Lane, 1 F. with Capt. Davency, 57 F.

— Godfrey, 73 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Bower, h. p.

Lieut. Bayly, 22 F. with Lieut. Hay, 60 F.

— Atkinson, 74 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. J. Earl of Portarlington, h. p.

— Ellis, 25 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. M. A. Stewart, h. p.

Cancelled.

Lieut. Col. Daly, 51 F.

Capt. Kilkelly, 22 F.

Retirements.

Major-General.

J. O. Brien

Lieut.-Colonels.

Girardot, Goldstream Guards

Walker, 25 F.

Moffatt, 53 F.

Major.

Blois, 1 Dr.

Captains.

Hodges, 7 Dr. Gds.

Rowley, Gren. Gds.

Oulton, 29 F.

Montagu, 40 F.

Sweeny, 48 F.

Lieutenants.

Bulman, 87 F.

Hughes, h. p. 59 F.

Potts, h. p. 87 F.

Holland, h. p. 88 F.

Atkinson, h. p. 105 F.

Burrard, h. p. Royal Staff Corps

Hylton, h. p. 2 W. 1. Reg.

Cornets and Ensigns.

Morgan, 7 Dr.

Bidwell, h. p. 4 Dr.

Ruspin, h. p. Wag. Train.

Corrigan, h. p. 5 F.

Hook, h. p. 4 F.

Ashley, h. p. 40 F.

White, h. p. 60 F.

Derbyshire, h. p. 82 F.

Carter, h. p. 101 F.

Campbell, h. p. 5 W. 1. Reg.

Lucas, h. p. 2 Gar. Batt.

Mackenzie, h. p. Unatt.

Simons, h. p. Batt. of Incorp. Militia of Upper Canada

Quartermaster.

Bate, 92 F.

Surgeons.

Clarke, h. p. 21 F.

Thomas, h. p. 37 F.

Assistant Surgeons.

Cowie, h. p. 3 Dr. Gds.

Eyre, h. p. 13 F.

Dethick, h. p. 39 F.

James, h. p. 59 F.

May, h. p. 40 F.

Anderson, h. p. 49 F.

Symes, h. p. 88 F.

Proudfoot, h. p. Rifle Brig.

Scott, h. p. 1 Ceylon Regt.

Hospital Assistant.
 Simoens, h. p.
Deaths.
Colonel.
 Philipps, Pembroke Militia
Lieut.-Colonel.
 Stables, h. p. Unatt.
Captains.
 Brebant, 26 F. on passage from Madras 17 July 1850
Lieutenants.
 Fitzherbert, h. p. 50 F.
 Coyne, h. p. 63 F. 27 Feb.
 Quicke, h. p. Unatt. Bath 7 Sept.
 J. G. Campbell, do. Madeira 6 Aug.
 Kerr, h. p. Queen's American Rang. Amherst, Nova Scotia 6 June
Lieutenants.
 Farwell, 46 F. India 9 May
 Mackenzie, 58 F. Ceylon
 Sutter, late 5 Vet. Batt. Atwirth, Wiltshire 28 Aug.
 Murray, h. p. 21 F. 28 May
 Duncombe, h. p. 52 F.
 Mackenzie, h. p. 75 F. 8 Aug.
2d Lieutenant and Ensign.
 L. Maclean, Ceylon Rifle Regt. Columbe 22 March

M'Intosh, h. p. New South Wales Vet. Comp. Sidney 30 Oct. 1850
Paymasters.
 Fulton, 7 Dr. Dublin 4 Sept. 1850
 Broek, 13 F.
 Heartzoak, 91 F.
Quartermasters.
 Edwards, h. p. Bourbon Regt. 27 Aug.
 Greville, h. p. 2 W. 1. Regt. Carraghine, County Dublin 8 July

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

Deputy Inspector.
 Alexander Robertson.
Surgeons.
 Lindsay, 18 F. Stoke Hospital, near Devonport 21 Sept. 1850
 Featherstone, h. p. 71 Ft. 13 do.
Assistant Surgeons.
 Brown, 52 F. Edinburgh 10 June
 Grier, h. p. Staff
Hospital Assistant.
 Dr W. C. Smith, Jamaica 30 Aug.

October.

Brevet Col. Alexander Bethune, h. p. 16 Gar. Bn. Maj. Gen. in the Army 22 July 1830
 — William Augustus Johnson, h. p. 3 Ceylon Regt. do.
 Lt. Col. Sir Dudley St Leger Hill, At. h. p. Unatt. Col. in the Army do.
 Maj. Henry Shum, 50 F. Lt. Col. in the Army do.
 — Henry Bristow, h. p. 54 F. do. do.
 — Colin Pringle, h. p. Ger. Leg. do.
 Capt. John Macpherson, 22 F. Maj. in the Army do.
 — George Pinckney, 11 F. do. do.
 — Bayley, Commandant of Gozo, do.
 — Mackie, 91 F. do.
 Local Rank, Lt. Col. Findlay, h. p. R. Afr. Corps, Col. on West Coast of Africa only 26 Oct.
 4 Dr. G. Cor. Lovell, Lt. by purch. vice Daniel ret. 8 do.
 J. H. Gibsons, Cor. by purch. vice Lovell do.
 2 Dr. Lt. Hull, Capt. by purch. vice Heyman, do.
 Cor. Gillies, Lt. by purch. vice Hull do.
 George Bagle, Cor. by purch. vice Gillies do.
 4 Cor. Lloyd, Lt. vice Ramsbottom, prom. 12 do.
 — Paxton, do. vice Harvey, prom. do.
 G. R. Anster, Cor. vice Lloyd do.
 J. J. Torkington, Cor. vice Paxton do.
 6 Surg. Callom, from 54 F. Surg. vice Alexander, Staff 8 do.
 — Fiddes, from 85 F. Surg. vice Badenach, Staff do.
 12 As. Surg. Greatorex, from 1 F. As. Surg. vice Jemmett, prom. do.
 — Thomson, from 26 F. do. vice Shean, 16 F. 26 do.
 14 Cor. E. S. Curwen, Lt. by purch. vice Kennedy, ret. 28 Sept.
 Charles Thornhill, Cor. by purch. vice Curwen do.
 Gren. Gds. Lt. and Capt. Honeyman, Capt. and Lt. Col. by purch. vice Clarke, ret. do.
 Lt. Col. Fox, from 31 F. do. vice Hunter, h. p. 8 Oct.
 Ens. and Lt. Dunlop, Lt. and Capt. by purch. vice Honeyman 28 Sept.
 P. A. Freke, Ens. and Lt. by purch. vice Dunlop do.
 3 F. Gds. Edward Gage, Ens. and Lt. by purch. vice Booth, ret. 26 Oct.

5 F. Lt. Thorpe, from 14 F. do. vice Johnstone, 53 F. 28 Sept.
 — Eustace, from 14 F. do. vice Carr, h. p. 14 F. do.
 5 — Greene, from 6 F. do. vice Campbell, h. p. 1 F. do.
 6 Capt. Atherton, from h. p. Capt. vice Campbell, 47 F. do.
 Lt. Wilson, from 1 F. Lt. vice Greene, 5 F. do.
 J. E. Young, Ens. vice Egerton, 18 F. do.
 8 Lt. Cox, from late 4 R. Vet. Bn. Paym. vice Mac Dermott, ret. do.
 12 Maj. Turberville, Lt. Col. by purch. vice Bayly, ret. 8 Oct.
 Capt. Jones, Maj. by purch. vice Turberville, Lt. Col. do.
 Lt. Bayly, Capt. by purch. vice Jones, Maj. do.
 Ens. Bell, Lt. by purch. vice Bayly, Capt. do.
 Edward Walthouse, Ens. by purch. vice Bell, Lt. do.
 Robert Maule, do. by purch. vice Pitcairn, prom. do.
 15 Lt. Colman, Capt. vice Bl. Maj. Quill, prom. do.
 16 Staff As. Surg. Gordon, As. Surg. vice Drysdale, h. p. 12 do.
 As. Surg. Shean, from 13 Dr. Surg. vice Fraser, h. p. 26 do.
 18 Ens. Boddam, Lt. by purch. vice Reed, prom. 28 Sept.
 — Egerton, from 6 F. Ens. vice Boddam do.
 As. Surg. Davies, Surg. vice Lindsay, dead 26 Oct.
 19 Ens. Semple, Lt. by purch. vice Burns, prom. 28 Sept.
 R. A. M. Franklin, Ens. by purch. vice Semple do.
 23 2d Lt. Powell, 1st Lt. by purch. vice Griffiths, Paym. 26 Oct.
 Harry George Chester, 2d Lt. do.
 Lt. Griffiths, Paym. vice Macdonald, dead do.
 26 — Calder, Capt. vice Brebant, dead do.
 Ens. Pierce, Lt. do.
 Staff As. Surg. Minto, As. Surg. vice Thomson, 15 Dr. do.
 31 Lt. Col. Peddie, from h. p. Lt. Col. vice Colleton, ret. do.
 35 Lt. Johnston, from 3 F. Lt. vice Rogers, h. p. 11 F. 28 Sept.

34 F. Lt. Col. Kelly, from h. p. Lt. Col. vice Fox, Gren Gds. 8 Oct.

36 Quar. Mast. Hall, from h. p. 88 F. Quar. Mast. vice McCabe, ret. rec. cum. 12 do.

37 As. Surg. M'Donogh, from h. p. Staff As. Surg. 23 Sept.

38 Lt. Watson, from 11 F. Lt. vice Vernon, Paym. do.

41 — Jankins, from 14 F. do. vice Sheppard, h. p. 14 F. do.

— Ross, from 1 F. do. vice Horne, h. p. 1 F. do.

43 Quar. Mast. Serj. Rand. Quar. Mast. vice Williams, ret. 8 Oct.

44 Lt. Collins, from 89 F. Lt. vice Crowther, 80 F. 28 Sept.

46 Staff As. Surg. Cowen, As. Surg. vice Radford, 62 F. 26 Oct.

47 Capt. Campbell, from 6 F. Capt. vice Clarke, P. M. 27 Sept.

— Hon. S. Hawke, from 94 F. Capt. vice Eccles, h. p. 6 Dr. Gds. 28 do.

— James Clarke, Paym. vice Mitton, dead 27 do.

W. M. Caldwell, Ens. by purch. vice Hutchinson, 58 F. 8 Oct.

48 Lt. Brown, from 1 F. Lt. vice Hull, 69 F. 28 Sept.

52 — Gunning, Capt. by purch. vice Hay, ret. 8 Oct.

Ens. Davis, Lt. by purch. vice Gunning, Capt. do.

Brian Palmes, Ens. by purch. vice Davis, Lt. do.

As. Surg. Spence, from 6 F. As. Surg. vice Brown, dead 26 do.

53 Quar. Mast. Fair, from h. p. Quar. Mast. vice Minchin, ret. rec. cum. all. 12 do.

57 Bt. Lt. Col. Shadforth, Lt. Col. 28 Sept.

Bt. Maj. Hunt, Maj. vice Shadforth do.

Lt. Brown, Capt. vice Hunt do.

— Ball, from h. p. 59 F. Lt. do.

— Putnam, from h. p. 101 F. do. do.

— Saunders, from 75 F. do. do.

Ens. Lockyer, do. do.

— Alexander, do. do.

— Darling, do. do.

2d Lt. MacCarthy, from Ceyl. Regt. do.

Ens. Baynes, from 88 F. do. do.

— Bevan, from 77 F. do. do.

— Loft, from 92 F. do. do.

— vice Brown do.

— Blythe, from 1 W. India Regt. Ens. vice W. Lockyer do.

A. T. Allan, do. vice E. Lockyer do.

John Spence, do. vice Alexander do.

S. F. de Samarez, do. vice Darling 1 Oct.

58 Ens. Herbert Hutchinson, from 47 F. Ens. vice Howard, 83 F. 8 do.

Qua. Mas. Gorman, Adj. with rank of Ens. vice Robertson, res. Adj. only 26 do.

59 Ens. Heathcote, Adj. vice Calder, res. Adj. only 12 do.

60 As. Surg. M'Credie, from 65 F. As. Surg. 28 Sept.

61 Lt. Verner, Capt. by purch. vice Gloucester, prom. 8 Oct.

Ens. Philipps, Lt. by purch. vice Verner, Capt. do.

Alexander Gerard, Ens. by purch. vice Philipps, Lt. do.

65 Ens. Freer, Lt. by purch. vice Tracie, ret. 26 do.

William Pyne Young, Ens. do.

As. Surg. Miller, from h. p. 5 W. 1. Regt. As. Surg. vice M'Credie, 60 F. 28 Sept.

68 Ens. Witham, Lt. by purch. vice Gibson, prom. 26 Oct.

Arthur Surtees, Ens. do.

Lt. Hull, from 48 F. Lt. vice Vernon, h. p. 1 F. 28 Sept.

As. Surg. Stewart, from h. p. 6 F. As. Surg. vice Hughes, can. do.

77 James S. Atkinson, Ens. vice Bevan, 30 F. 30 do.

79 Staff As. Surg. Cruickshank, As. Surg. vice Divir, 91 F. 28 do.

80 Lt. Crowther, from 41 F. Lt. vice Thomley, can. do.

83 F. Ens. Howard, from 58 do. by purch. vice Watson, 58 F. 25 Sept.

86 — Stuart, do. by purch. vice Grant, prom. do.

John Dowman, Ens. do.

88 E. A. Hawker, Ens. vice Baynes, 57 F. 30 Oct.

91 Capt. Graham, from h. p. Capt. vice Mahon, ret. 12 Oct.

92 D. Stewart, Ens. vice Loft, 57 F. 30 Sept.

93 Ens. Grant, Lt. by purch. vice O'Meara, prom. 28 do.

W. B. Ainslie, Ens. do.

94 Capt. Mackie, h. p. 6 Dr. Gds. Capt. vice Hawke, 47 F. do.

Ens. Cunningham, Lt. by purch. vice Workman, prom. do.

J. T. Bligh, Ens. by purch. vice Cunningham, do.

1 W. I. R. G. Rawstorne, Ens. vice Blyth, 57 F. 29 do.

Ceyl. Regt. J. Heyliger, 2d Lt. vice M'Carthy, 57 F. 30 do.

Jas. Mitchell Macdonald, 2d Lt. vice Maclean 26 Oct.

Royal Art. 2d Lt. Young, 1st. Lt. 1 do.

Staff.

Lt. Col. Hugh Edward Hunter, h. p. Gren. Gds.
Dep. Adj. Gen. in the Mauritius, vice Mai.
L'Estrange 8 Oct. 1830

Commissariat Department.

To be Dep. Com. Gen. to the Forces.
As. Com. Gen. Maturin, 10 Sept. 1850
— Strachan do.
— Moore do.
— Spurrier do.
— G. Moore do.
— Ibbsen do.
— Cumming do.
— Smelling do.

To be Assist. Com. Gen. to the Forces.
Dep. As. Com. Gen. Alsopp do.
— Cuning do.
— Hill do.
— Raqueneau do.
— Yeoland do.
— M'Nab do.
— Cundell do.
— Chiaran do.
— Green do.
— Riddell do.
— William Alex. Thomson do.
— W. Thomson do.

To be Dep. Assist. Com. Gen. to the Forces.
Com. Clerk A. O. Saunders do.
— Chn. Seymour do.
— F. T. Mylrea do.
— J. Macpherson do.
— W. Montresor do.
— Tho. Wilson do.
— Wm. Nichols do.

Hospital Staff.

To be Surgeons to the Forces.
Surg. Alexander, M.D. vice Short, prom. 8 Oct.
— Badenach, M.D. from 8 Dr. vice Maling, prom. do.

To be Assistant Surgeons to the Forces.
Assist. Surg. M'Isaac, from h. p. vice Gordon, 16 F. 5 May 1825
— O' Brien, from 28 F. vice Cruickshank, 79 F. 26 Oct. 1850
— Duncanson, M.D. from h. p. 49 F. vice Hart, 31 F. do.
Hosp. Assist. Menzies, from h. p. do.

Unattached.

To be Lieut. Colonel of Infantry by purchase.
Maj. Gilman, from 69 F. 26 Oct. 1850

To be Majors of Infantry.
Capt. Gloster, from 61 F. by purch. 8 do.
Bret et Maj. Hamilton, from 19 F. 12 do.
— Quill, from 15 F. 26 do.

To be Captains of Infantry.

Lieut. Graham , from 71 F.	8 Oct.
— Ramsbottom , from 4 Dr.	Gds. by purch. 12 do.
— Hilvey , from 4 Dr. by purch.	do. 28 do.
— Butler , from 55 F.	do.
— Downie , from 1 W. I. R.	do.
— Cockrane , from 55 F.	do.
— Boyes , from 58 F.	do.
— Robertson , from 56 F.	do.
— Gordon , from 22 F.	do.
— Colthurst , from 4 F.	do.
— Reardon , from 22 F.	do.

To be Lieutenants of Infantry by purchase.
 Ens. **Pitcairn**, from 12 F. 26 Oct. 1826

Exchanges.

- Capt. **Mackey**, 21 F. rec. diff. with Capt. **Wilkinson**, h. p. 49 F.
 Lieut. **Dennis**, 6 F. with Lieut. **Curtis**, R. Afr. Corps
 — **Coombe**, 20 F. with Lieut. **Kennedy**, h. p. R. W. I. Rang.
 — **Canny**, 99 F. with Lieut. **Bunyon**, h. p. 30 F.
 — **Macintyre**, 1 W. I. R. with Lieut. **Palmer**, h. p. York Rang.
 — **Keen**, Ceyl. Regt. with Lieut. **Clare**, h. p. 60 F.
 — **Nowlan**, 75 F. with Lieut. **Combe**, h. p. W. I. Rang.

Memorandum.

The exchange between Capt. **McCarthy**, 14 Dr. and Capt. **Musgrave**, h. p. on the 8th Oct. 1829, was with the difference between a Full Pay Troop and a Full Pay Company, Capt. **McCarthy** having repaid the sum of £511.

Cancelled.

Lt. **Thoruley**, 80 F.
 Assist. Surg. **Hughes**, 71 F.

*Resignations and Retirements.**Lieutenant-Colonels.*

Bayley, 12 F.
 Sir **J. R. Colleton**, 31 F. Major.
Ebhart, h. p. Unatt. Captain and Lieutenant-Colonel.
Clark, Gren. Gds.
Heyman, 2 Dr. Captains.
Hay, 52 F.
Mahon, 91 F.
Macdonald, h. p. 35 F.

Lieutenants.

Daniel, 7 Dr. Gds.
Kennedy, 14 Dr.
Booth, 3 F. Gds.
Tracie, 65 F.
Chas. Macdonald, h. p. Unatt.
Davies, h. p. 99 F.
Miller, h. p. 1 F.
Moses, h. p. 7 Dr. Gds.
Fettes, h. p. 14 Dr.

Ensigns.

Taylor, h. p. W. I. Rang.
Jackson, h. p. 3 F.
Lodington, h. p. 55 F.
Von Reiche, h. p. 1 Line Ger. L. Pygmasts.

Quartermasters.

Mac Dermot, 8 F.
Jas. McCabe, 56 F.
Williams, 45 F.
Munichin, 55 F.
Coleman, 65 F.

Surgeon.

Rendall, h. p. Staff Assistant Surgeons.

Starr, 95 F.
Dundas, h. p. 60 F.
Macfadgean, h. p. 25 F.
Maurice, h. p. 7 Dr.
Bow, h. p. 77 F.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTS, from 23d September to 23d October.

Ackertman, J., Bruton, draper
Arnold, J., Thorn-tree, farmer
Ashcroft, H. and J. R., Liverpool, marble-masons
Atkin, G., Clerkenwell-green, victualler
Ash, H., Bulwell, grocer
Boraman, J., Store-street, butcher
Bigne, A. P. la, Bristol, wine-merchant
Bryant, S., Waterloo-road, Surrey, broker
Boldron, W., Aliborough, farmer
Bourne, E., Bartholomew-lane, stock-broker
Bullard, J., Brighton, tobacco-merchant
Blake, W., Tooting, brewer
Baker, J. S. Bradford, innkeeper
Blackburn, A., Preston, linen-draper
Cross, J., Turnmill-street, pawnbroker
Carter, E., Walbrook-buildings, money-scrivener
Duncan, M., and J. Mouday, Kingston-upon-Hull, wine-merchants
Evans, A., Shiffhall, victualler
Elliott, T., Bennett-street, grocer
Ellis, W., Swanage, brewer
Frisby, R. M., Mark-lane, wine-merchant
Frasley, W. H., Shacklewell-green, stock-manufacturer
Featherstone, J., Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant
Force, H., Exeter, upholsterer
Flander, J., Down-street, plumber
Grundy, T., Penfold, manufacturer
Gibson, W., Deddington, victualler
Greening, G. S., Sheffield, draper
Hudson, R., Birmingham, currier
Hollinsworth, C. H., Southwark, coal-merchant
Hudson, W., Birmingham, victualler
Harris, A. E., Goulston-square, dealer in scathers
Jackson, J. M., Brighton, cabinet-maker
King, J., Lamb's Conduit-street, draper
Knevett, J., Hammersmith, victualler
Lawrence, E., Ipswich, ship-owner
Leeson, J., Nottingham, hosier
Ledden, W., Liverpool, merchant

Lunsden, E. and R., Monkwearmouth-shore, ship-builders
Leach, R., and W. M. Pousset, Cow Cross, dealers
Lane, J., Brixham, ship-builder
Mann, J., Cleobury Mortimer, baker and grocer
Morris, C. J., Leamington-priors, bookseller
Minton, R., Hereford, draper
Mattison, W., Clerkenwell, victualler
Metcalfe, G., Liverpool, grocer
Morrel, J., Store-street, builder
Neve, A., Portsea, draper
Pollard, J., Deptford, baker and smack-owner
Page, J., Thame, linen-draper
Pierce, P. M., Liverpool, common-brewer
Pelham, J., Rotherhithe, print-seller
Pickthorne, F. P. B., Southampton-row and Arlington-street, surgeon
Potter, T., Nottingham, cheesemonger
Pryke, P., Great Coggeshall, tailor
Randall, J., Iver, farmer
Rees, R., Swansea, ironmonger
Robinsaw, J., Rochdale, flannel-manufacturer
Routledge, W., Wigton, butcher
Rusher, J., Stamford, woolstapler
Somers, L., Aldgate, jeweller
Smith, C., and G. Arnold, Bath, innholders
Stanford, J., Paddington, smith
Smith, G., Birmingham, cock-founder
Sporle, G., Ipswich, shoemaker
Tindall, G. and W., Beverley and Hull, seedsmen
Tadman, J., Newcastle-upon-Tyne, perfumer
Taylor, G., Old Bond-street, shoemaker
Thomas, W., Holborn, linen-draper
Waller, E. H., Bristol, timber-merchant
Wellington, R., Chard, carrier
Weller, A., Maresfield, victualler
Wilkinson, R., Shrewsbury, draper
Williams, R., Weobley, grocer
Westerby, R., Biotheron, lime-burner
Yapp, R., and G. Yapp, Hopton, dealers

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTS, from 1st October to 1st November.

Clark, William, merchant, Inverness
 Fraser, Robert, grocer, Inverness
 Johnston and Bell, cattle-dealers, by Lockerby,
 and John Johnston, Stobohill, and Walter Bell,
 Holemeadows, the partners, as individuals
 Robertson, Jedediah, cloth-merchant, Perth
 Stevenson, John Carpenter, merchant, Fortrose
 Strachan, James, manufacturer, road-contractor,
 and general merchant, residing at Myres of

Murie, in the parish of Errol, and county of
 Perth
 Wilson and Co., distillers at Blackburn, near
 Aberdeen, as a company, and George Wilson
 of Glasgow, distiller at Blackburn, and ad-
 vocate in Aberdeen, and Thomas Wilson, dis-
 tiller at Blackburn, and farmer at Clintarty,
 two of the partners of that company, as indi-
 viduals

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

June 14. At Calcutta, the lady of David Mac-
 farlan, Esq. Civil Service, Bengal, of a daughter.
 July 21. At No. 60, York Terrace, London, the
 lady of Adam Duff, Esq. of a son.
 Sept. 19. At Coll House, Mull, the lady of Hugh
 McLean, Esq. younger of Coll, of a son.
 30. At Feltham, Middlesex, Mrs W. Graham,
 of a daughter.
 — At Dunavold House, the lady of John
 Forbes, Esq. M.D. of a son.
 Oct. 1. At Port-Augustus, Mrs Fraser of Aber-
 tairf, of a son, since deceased.
 — At Sindola, Mahabuleshur Hills, the lady of
 Lieut.-Colonel Archibald Robertson, resident at
 Satara, of a son.
 — At Sanquhar House, Morayshire, the lady of
 Arthur Ruxton, Esq. of a son.
 3. At Kirkmichael House, Ayrshire, the lady
 of Captain Halliwell Carew, R.N. of a son.
 5. At Laurence Park, the lady of Thomas
 Lennox, Esq. of a daughter.
 7. The lady of William C. Hamilton, Esq. of
 Craighlaw, of a son.
 9. At 60, North Hanover Street, Mrs Murray,
 of a daughter.
 10. At Eccles House, Mrs Greig, of a son.
 13. At 13, Windsor Street, Mrs Peddie, of a
 daughter.
 14. At Antermomy, the lady of John Lennox
 Kincaid, Esq. of a son.
 — At Lochton, Mrs Captain Nisbet of Lochton,
 of a son.
 17. At Southfield, Mrs Forrester of Craigthan-
 net, of a daughter.
 18. At 2, Mansfield Place, Mrs MacDowall, of
 a daughter.
 — At London, Mrs William Kirk, of a son.
 — At Ramsay Lodge, Mrs C. Innes, of a
 daughter.
 20. At Redgorton, Mrs Liston, of a daughter.
 — At Bee Lunk, the lady of Sir John Gordon
 of Earlston, Bart., of a son.
 — Mrs A. Watson, 11, Duncan Street, of a son.
 21. At 11, Leopold Place, Mrs M. Turnbull, of
 a daughter.
 — At Parsonage House, Musselburgh, Mrs
 Wells, of a son.
 — At Old Aberdeen, the lady of Dr Macpher-
 son, of King's College, of a daughter.
 22. Mrs Robertson, 28, Albany Street, of a son.
 — At 12, Hill Square, Mrs Day, of a son.
 23. At 51, Dundas Street, Mrs Strathly, of a
 daughter.
 24. At London, the lady of Captain Bain, James
 Watt steamer packet, of a son.
 — At the Manse of Fettercairn, Mrs Whyte,
 of a daughter.
 25. At 5, North Charlotte Street, Mrs Howden,
 of a daughter.
 — At Trinity, near Edinburgh, the lady of
 Captain R. A. Waugh, of a daughter.
 26. At Jedburgh, Mrs Nichol, of a daughter.
 27. At 9, Cassels Place, Leith, Mrs Young, of
 a daughter.
 — At Creedy, Devon, the lady of Lieut.-Col.
 Ferguson, Grenadier Guards, of a son.
 29. At Montrose, Mrs Smith, of a daughter.
 31. At 4, Henderson Row, Mrs. J. R. Prentice,
 of a son.

Nor. 3. At 55, London Street, Mrs L. Mackin-
 tosh, of a daughter.
 — At 4, Montgomery Street, Mrs James Hewat,
 of a daughter.
 4. At London, the lady of Lewis Crombie, Esq.
 of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

May 11. At Ellere, Captain George Gray, of
 the 21st native infantry, to Anna, fourth daugh-
 ter of the late Rev. Mordant Carthorn, rector of
 Mathshall, Norfolk.
 22. At Bombay, Lieut. George Deek, of the
 Royal Engineers, nephew of Mr and Lady Fran-
 ces Trail, Suffolk, to Harriet, daughter of the
 Rev. F. Grant, rector of Wrabness and Merston,
 and grand-daughter of the late Sir Archibald
 Grant, Bart. of Monymusk.
 Sept. 14. At Chipstead, the Hon. James St
 Clair, eldest son of the Right Hon. Lord St
 Clair, to Jane, eldest daughter of Archibald Little,
 Esq. of Shadden Park, Surrey.
 22. At Camberwell, Alexander, eldest son of
 D. W. Dougal, Esq. of Wyndford, Lanarkshire,
 to Caroline, only daughter of the late Rev. George
 Manson, A.M. Rector of Lair, Leicestershire.
 Oct. 1. At Tottenham Church, Mr William
 Macfarlane of Edinburgh, to Elizabeth, daughter
 of Samuel Luck Kent, Esq. Tottenham Green.
 5. At Glasgow, Lieut. John Macfarlane, Royal
 Marines, to Johanna, youngest daughter of the
 late Rev. John Macfarlane, minister of Kilbran-
 don, Argyllshire.
 6. At Brechin, the Rev. Thomas Guthrie, of
 Arbriot, to Anne, eldest daughter of the Rev.
 James Burns, one of the ministers of Brechin.
 — At Rotterdam, the Rev. William Stevens,
 one of the ministers of the National Scottish
 Church there, to Margaret, eldest daughter of
 George Gibson, Esq. of that place.
 7. At Queen Place, Leith Walk, Mark Watt,
 Esq. to Mary, youngest daughter of the late John
 Pattison, Esq. of Leith.
 — At Eastfield, Leith, Mr Malcolm Sinclair,
 merchant, Lerwick, to Elizabeth, youngest daugh-
 ter of the late Mr Henry Sinclair, merchant,
 Shetland.
 9. At Paris, George Ramsay, Esq. second son
 of the late Sir William Ramsay, Bart. of Bauff,
 Perthshire, to Emily Eugenia, daughter of the
 late Henry Lennon, Esq. county Westmeath, Ire-
 land.
 — At London, Lieut.-Col. A. Macdonald, Royal
 Artillery, to Susan Fox, eldest daughter of the
 Hon. and Rev. Charles Strangeways.
 11. At Edinburgh, James Skelton, Esq. W.S.
 to Margaret Marjory, eldest daughter of the late
 Thomas Kinneir, Esq. of Kinloch.
 12. At Dr Lewis', Leith, Robert Lorimer,
 Esq. M.D. Haddington, to Eliza, only daughter
 of the late Thomas Westwood, Esq. merchant,
 Cadiz.
 14. At Cornhill, Louis P. Legge, Esq. to Eliza-
 beth Sophia, eldest daughter of H. Compton, Esq.
 of Melkington.
 — At Bog Hall, Ayrshire, David William Jamie-
 son, Esq. accountant, Edinburgh, to Miss Euphemia
 Patricia, eldest daughter of John Baird, Esq. late
 of Allahabad.

16. The Rev. Joseph Butterworth Clarke, M.A. chaplain to his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, youngest son of Dr Adam Clarke, to Matilda Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late Henry Brooke, Esq. of Ilmberly, Gloucestershire.

18. At Grangevale, Beith, Lieut. William Lyon, R.N. to Jane, daughter of the late James Dobie, Esq. of Grangevale.

— At Inverleith Place, Thomas Wood, Esq. surgeon, 48, Great King Street, to Miss Janet Ritchie, eldest daughter of the late James Ritchie, Esq. of Inverleith.

20. At Garvock, Angus Turner, Esq. writer, Glasgow, to Mary, second daughter of Robert Graeme, Esq. of Garvock.

— At Stirling, on the 21st ult. Alexander Ritchie, Esq. Canonmills, Edinburgh, to Eliza, daughter of John Dick, Esq. Stirling.

26. At 2, Moray Street, Leith Walk, Mr John Telfer, merchant there, to Ann, daughter of W. Lamont, Esq. controlling surveyor of his Majesty's customs, Leith.

— At Edinburgh, Mr James Bruce, hosier, to Mrs Mary Ann Ferguson, daughter of the deceased Rev. Robert Stirling, late minister of Dumblane.

27. At Glasgow, the Rev. Henry Renton, Kelson, to Margaret, third daughter of the late Duncan M'Callum, Esq.

28. At Dublin, James Stewart Shanks, Esq. late of Edinburgh, to Miss Eleanor Anne Jones, of North Anne Street, Montjoy Square.

Nov. 1. At Inner Dunning, Mr Andrew Laurie, Balgavie, to Isabella, daughter of Mr David Donaldson, farmer, Inner Dunning.

— At St Paul's Chapel, Mr R. B. Stewart, teacher of dancing, to Miss Ann Emma Lally, of London.

— At Glasgow, Mr Archibald Livingston, writer there, to Jane Houshold, only daughter of the late Robert Henderson, Esq. surgeon, Glasgow.

2. At the Manse of Pitblago, James Brodie Spotswood, Esq. to Ann, eldest daughter of the Rev. Alexander Farquhar, minister of Pitblago.

Latily, At St John's Chapel, Portobello, Henry, second son of the late James Stuart, Esq. of Grenada, to Elizabeth Anna Maria, youngest daughter of Mrs Donnellan, of London.

— At Colen, near Perth, George Hoinc, Esq. of Fertile Hall, Berwickshire, to Miss Margaret Atchison, grand-daughter of the late Sir John Stirling of Clonart, Bart.

— At Henlow, Bedfordshire, W. J. Goodeve, of Clifton, Esq. to Lady Frances Jemima Erskine, eldest daughter of the late and sister to the present Earl of Mar.

— At Geneva, Thomas Hog, Esq. son of Mr Hog of Newhston, to Maynard, daughter of Captain Swinton of Warsaw.

DEATHS.

March. At Ceylon, Lieut. Lachlan MacLean, of the Ceylon rifle regiment, sixth son of the late Archibald MacLean, Esq. of Pennyross.

May 15. On board the Hon. East India Company's ship Charles Grant, while returning to Europe, Hugh Syntoe, Esq. of Singapore.

June 25. On board the Providence, on her passage from Calcutta to the Cape of Good Hope, David Dale, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company's Bengal Civil Service, aged 35.

Aug. 9. At St Andrew's, New Brunswick, after a short illness, John Campbell, Esq. aged 68. The deceased was for many years Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, and a Member of the House of Assembly of the Province, the duties of which he faithfully and honorably discharged.

Sept. 15. At Rome, in his 46th year, the Rev. Robert Fitch, M.A. of Balliol College, Oxford, F.S.A. &c.

15. At Killin, Lieut. P. Brown, York light infantry volunteers.

18. At Strathavon, Mr Francis Muir, in his 85th year; and on the 22d his wife, Ann Torrance, aged 81, as the relatives were returning from the funeral of her husband.

— At Greenock, Jean, daughter of John M'Lean, Esq. of Shumo, and relict of John M'Aulay, sen. Esq. merchant in Greenock.

19. At Woolwich, aged 75, Margaret, widow of Major Alexander Macbean, of the 14th regiment of foot, and daughter of the late William Murray, Esq. formerly of Aberdeen.

20. At New York, Robert Gillespie, Esq. merchant in that city, second son of the late Rev. John Gillespie, and brother of the late Rev. William Gillespie, both ministers of the parish of Kells.

22. At Percy Cottage, Tunbridge Wells, Grant, eldest daughter of Dr Browning, of his Majesty's ship Hyperion.

24. At 3, Lauriston Lane, Miss Sinclair, late matron of the Children's Hospital, Bristol Port, Edinburgh, and eldest daughter of the late Rev. James Sinclair, minister of the United Associate Congregation, Stronza, Orkney.

25. At Musselburgh, John Clark Stuart, youngest son of the late Mr John Stuart, merchant there.

26. At Musselburgh, Mr Alexander Moffat, aged 75.

27. At 41, North Hanover Street, Miss Margaret Maitland, daughter of the late Thomas Maitland, Esq. of Soutra.

28. At Perth, Mrs Young, relict of the late John Young, Esq. of Belwood.

29. At Collingburgh, Mr John Gourlay, aged 92.

30. At 10, Brandon Street, Neill, only son of Mr Neill M'Laren, merchant, Edinburgh. Oct. 1. At Leghorn, the Right Hon. Lady Forbes.

— At Edinburgh, Thomas Small, Esq. W.S. and one of the heralds of Scotland.

— At Aberdeen, William Davidson, Esq. merchant.

— At his seat, Brandum, in the county of Monaghan, Major Skeffingham Hamilton.

— At Bernisdale, Isle of Skye, Donald Monro, catechist, on the establishment of the Society in Edinburgh for Promoting Christian Knowledge, aged 53 years. This singular character was a native of Portree. Having lost his eyesight at the age of 14, he became incapacitated for the ordinary occupations of his station in life; but he contrived somehow or other to get himself appointed a catechist. His intellectual powers were of the first order—his memory quite remarkable for its accuracy and retentiveness. He could repeat verbatim the whole of the New Testament, and the greater part of the Old.

2. At Eekworth, the seat of the Marquis of Bristol, the Hon. Eliza Harriet Ellis, only daughter of Lord and Lady Howard de Waldon.

— At Kirkwall, Jessie Sinclair, aged 21, wife of Mr Robert Scarth, North Ronaldshay.

5. At Cross Hall, Derwicksire, Major Edward Broughton, of the Hon. East India Company's service.

— At Edinburgh, Andrew Thomson, Esq. purser, R.N.

4. At Chainberry, in Savoy, Miss Elizabeth Graham, eldest daughter of the late William Graham, Esq. younger of Gartmore.

— At Rothsay, Margaret Campbell, lady of Major John Campbell, Auchencroch, late of his Majesty's 16th infantry.

5. At the Manse, Largs, the Rev. Jacob Richardson, minister of that parish.

6. At 10, Windmill Street, Mrs Margaret Burns, wife of Mr George Lawrie, merchant, Edinburgh.

— At Hamble Cliff, Hants, Juha, eldest daughter of the Right Hon. Sir Arthur Paget, aged 17 years.

— At London, James Inglis, Esq. second son of the late John Inglis, Esq. of Vine Hills, Lanarkshire, many years a Director of the Hon. East India Company.

— At Mount-Annan, Lieut.-General Dirom.

— At Newholm, Andrew Wight, youngest son of Charles Cunningham, Esq. W.S.

— At Chichester, Mrs Teesdale, widow of Lieut.-Colonel Teesdale.

7. At 17, South Hanover Street, Mrs Robert Lormer.

— At Frankfort-on-the-Maine, Mr Robert Brown, son of the Rev. Dr William Brown, Eskdale Muir.

— At Edinburgh, Mr William Duncan, late corrector of the University Press.

9. At Dunser, Mr Adam Landals, formerly tenant in Brieryhill.

10. John Bell, Chapel-hill, Berwickshire.

— At Kilmuir, Isle of Skye, Lieut. Sorlie Macdonald, at the very advanced age of 106. He has left three children under 10 years of age.

10. At Portobello, Lieut. Donald Gilchrist, R.N.
 11. At Lowick, John Craig, student, aged 16, nephew of the Rev. Israel Craig, Lowick, Northumberland.

— At Dirleton, aged 18, Eliza, daughter of Mr James Henderson, teacher there.

— At Mount Uniacke, Nova Scotia, the Hon. Richard John Uniacke, his Majesty's Attorney-General for that province.

12. At Haddington, Mr James Deans, aged 76 years.

— At Southfield Cottage, near Duddingstone, David Beaton, youngest son of John Marshall, Esq. advocate.

— At 10, Salisbury Street, Mrs Houatson Renton, of Bridgehouse, Peebles-shire.

— At 7, St John's Place, Leith, Mr D. Martin Dudgeon, sixth son of John Dudgeon, Esq.

— At Gogar Lodge, Dr Alexander Stuart.

— At Ballumbie, near Dundee, Mrs Ainella Gardyne, relict of the late John Kirkaldy, Esq.

13. At Buccleuch Place, William Braidwood, Esq. aged 79.

— At 6, London Street, Mr Henry Greig, sen.

14. At Græme's Hall, Orkney, David Petrie, Esq. in his 79th year.

— At 10, Manor Place, Mrs Jean Pitcairn, wife of James Laidlaw, Esq. W.S.

15. At Newton, James Trotter, Esq. aged 80.

— At 6, Union Street, Mr John Walton, from the county of Durham.

16. At Portobello, William Henderson, Esq. late of Lawton.

— At Glasgow, Lieut.-General David Shank, a native of that city.

— At Woll, Gilbert Scott, Esq. youngest son of the late Charles Scott, Esq. of Woll.

17. At Ladykirk House, William Robertson, Esq. of Ladykirk.

— At Stoney Bank, Miss Anne Ramsay, second daughter of the late Captain David Ramsay, R.N.

18. At Muckhart Manse, aged 89, the Rev. Andrew Gibson.

— At Banff, aged 84, William Reid, Esq. for many years town-clerk of that burgh, and late agent there for the Bank of Scotland.

— At Belhaven, the Rev. Archibald Singers, minister of Fala.

19. At Interlachen, in Switzerland, Patrick Clark, Esq. of Elmbank.

— At Shugborough, Staffordshire, Captain the Hon. William Anson, C.B., R.N., fourth son of the late Lord Viscount Anson.

— At Broughton Hall, James Donaldson, Esq.

20. At Little Chelsea, Sir W. A. Brown, Bart. Lieut.-Colonel in his Majesty's 101st regiment of foot.

20. At 5, Brown Square, Thomas Duncan, Esq. manufacturer, Paisley.

— At 75, George Street, the infant son of James Syme, Esq.

21. At Downhill, Alexander, only son of John Murray, Esq. of Livlands.

— At Greenlaw House, in his 84th year, Sir Alexander Gordon of Culvennan, Knight, sheriff of the county, and colonel of the Kircudbrightshire local militia.

— At 22, Elm Row, Mrs Agnes Robertson, wife of Thomas Thomson, Esq. late Comptroller of his Majesty's Customs at Perth.

— At Le Mans, the Right Hon. the Earl of Beverley, in his 81st year.

— At Rothay, Mr John Crombie, senior, dyer in Edinburgh.

— At 12, Coates Crescent, Miss Janet Watson, daughter of the late James Watson, Esq. of Saughton.

24. At 2, Baxter Place, Mrs Jane Walker, wife of James Thomson, Esq. late merchant, Leith.

— At Dumfries, Dr Benjamin Bartlett Buchanan, M.D.

25. At Kilfacle, county Tipperary, Denis Scully, Esq. barrister at law, author of the celebrated Treatise on the Penal Law of Ireland.

26. At Irvine, Mrs Julia Montgomerie, widow of James Montgomerie, Esq. of Knockewart.

— At Edinburgh, the Right Hon. Lady Charlotte Leslie.

28. At 6, Manor Place, Alice, eldest daughter of the late Rev. David Wauchope, rector of Warkton.

30. At Edinburgh, Mrs Emma Monteith, wife of Alexander Earl Monteith, Esq. advocate.

31. At 49, Northumberland Street, Miss Isobel Gray, daughter of the late William Gray, Esq. of Newholm, aged 85.

— At 5, Meadow Place, George Brunton, Esq.

— At 54, South Bridge, Mrs Margaret M'Dowall.

— At 17, George Street, Miss Catherine Lillie.

Nov. 1. At Edinburgh, Mr William Lindsay, aged 56.

— At Wentworth House, York-shire, in her 45d year, the Viscountess Miltor. Her ladyship was Charlotte, daughter of Thomas, first Lord Dundas, father of the present Lord Dundas.

Lastly, At 55, Queen Street, William Walker, Esq. son of the late John Walker, minister of Tring.

— At sea, on his passage to Britain, William Collins Brunton, Esq. eldest son of the late Colonel Brunton, military Auditor General at Madras.

— At Cylon, Edward Finch, brother of the Earl of Ayleford.

— At Brighton, Lieut. Colonel Philip Clarke, late of the grenadier guards.

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